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COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

(Read before Sodales Society.)

THERE are two seasons of the year in which school-hunting is an important duty incumbent upon two-thirds of that ill-used class of persons known as school teachers. The one begins about the middle of March and lasts six weeks, but not unusually during the whole summer. The other begins about the first of September. There are various ways of hunting schools, but perhaps the two most noteworthy are, that of applying by means of letter, and that by personal application. In my own experience writing for schools invariably proved a failure, for I have written to nearly one-half the schools in the Province, enclosed stamped envelopes, stamps, postal cards, and by a late experiment have solicited an answer by enclosing all three, but have never yet got an answer from secretary, trustee, or school official in the Province. After we have waited as long as we dare, and have got no answer, we assume what people call a great amount of *presumption*, and sally out in quest of a school. There is a considerable amount of satisfaction in this mode of applying, as we generally sponge our "grub" from those *down-lipped* penurious trustees with which the country abounds. We don't mean to say that all the trustees of schools are mean and ungentlemanly, for we do occasionally stumble on one who is otherwise, but we do say that as a class, trustees guard the financial "bag" of the section so jealously, that they would prefer a teacher of a lower order, for the all important reason that they are getting him fifty cents cheaper.

There are various ways of successfully talking to trustees. If you are unacquainted with him,

I find it the best way to talk on general subjects first, and learn from him his name, descent, and last, but by no means least, the place where he was brought up. Having obtained these data you have now the requisite means to work upon, and first if you dare not inform him that you are of the same name as he is, you must at least tell him that your mother was. If you want to ensure success, you must under any circumstance, tell him you are of the same descent as he. If he is a Highlander and you neglect this, you are undone. Next if you cannot say your father was next door neighbour to his, you must tell him you have many relations residing in his birth-place. You now have some chance of being a successful applicant. But you must take him on another dodge. You must compliment the section on having trustees who take such an interest in Education, you must fully acquiesce in his views about teaching, and if there are two parties in the section, as there always are, both among trustees and rate-payers, you must side with his side, and finally give him a hint that you intend boarding with him if engaged. You must fix the thing up in one day and get your bond signed, for if you delay there will be some one who heard that you had a *cousin* who wasn't a good teacher, or you had an uncle who was dishonest, or some one heard you were a good teacher, but you acted from motives of self interest, that it wasn't because you wished the scholars to learn for their own benefit, but you wanted to get a good name for yourself. If you have done all these things you are all right if you can be suited with the pay. If you happen to fall in with a man of philanthropic views who wants to raise the section from its bankrupt condition caused by

the building of the school-house, he will likely offer you fifty dollars to take charge of their school averaging from fifty to sixty pupils. He will thus accomplish his end in view through time, and certainly deserves credit for his unselfish efforts to further the cause of education. More than one-half the country schools in the Province are enriching themselves by paying from fifty to sixty dollars to a teacher, and receiving a larger amount by the county grant, together with the sum the teacher pays for board. The thing is running too far, and ere long a teacher will have to pay a bonus to trustees, so that he may enjoy the privilege of teaching in their school. 'Tis time for teachers to assume a warlike attitude, in plain words to *strike*, and pledge themselves not to be imposed upon any longer.

Teachers soon become sick of the dribbling pay, and the complaints of parents, who expect a teacher to be a philosopher, sage, dry and even wet nurse combined. The teacher is generally considered a fit subject for gossip in the community. His appearance, his history, his every little action, is commented upon. But amidst all his difficulties, if he is an observant man, he has a domain of his own, a humorous vein runs through it and across it, and even in school hours the comical grin will have its place sometimes. We well remember the little eccentricities of our teachers, their little oddities and the little jokes we have had at their expense. We submit the following as such:—A married student had been attending an academy, and by natural causes, I suppose, his wife had just given birth to a young son. This caused his absence for two or three days. On his return the principal, assuming the austere, after questioning him as to his absence and receiving the answer that it was circumstances, exclaimed with a wrathful countenance, "*Don't let it occur again, Sir! Don't let it occur again!*" A teacher who wishes to cultivate the habit of obedience among his pupils, exclaims in thundering tones, "*Thomas, stand up!*" Thomas, who can't exactly see the propriety of doing this, quite coolly says "*he won't.*" "Well, sit down, then; I must be obeyed;" replies the "knight of the ferule," with

a peculiar emphasis of authority and satisfaction on the last clause.

I went to school six weeks to a grade A teacher, Mr. McC—— by name, and I purpose by the way of filling in and winding off, to give a short history of it. Our teacher came in due time, and after a few minutes' survey by the scrutinizing eyes of scholars, we set him down as being a man of about thirty-five, wearing a slouch hat, a rubber-coat, cream-coloured pants tucked in his boot legs, and with a long clay pipe stuck in his mouth. He rang the bell, went through the preliminaries, not in Latin, though he was quite competent to do so, as he afterwards asserted, and during his prayer intently gazed in the countenance of the scholars. That being done he told us to go home and tell our parents what good order we were going to have that term. He dismissed the school, and we with joy rushed home. We returned next day, but did not find him there. He was missing for two weeks. After that time he came back, opened the school again by giving us his rules. The first one was, "Arithmetic class will sit forward." He repeated that three or four times, and finally wrote it upon the board in large letters. We had no Arithmetic class in school, and no place to sit forward, and therefore could not obey him. His next rule was, "Spitting on the floor on the part of scholars to be severely punished." He then would repeat this two or three times, and after each repetition would spit on the floor and rub his foot in it. One fellow would call out, "And what on the part of the teacher, Sir?" "I'll repeat it again for the benefit of the school in general, and your benefit, Sir, in particular." He then proceeded to take our names and we all gave him assumed ones, so that after a while we had him addressing us in unfamiliar epithets. One day I asked him to do an exercise for me. He looked at me with scorn and asked me if I came up there to teach him. He would call us up to class and forget to ask us anything, and we would one by one slip off to our seats. A large number of the youngsters present had a great desire for displaying their musical talent, and it was nothing uncommon for all hands to start up "Little Brown Jug,"

and shriek it out until the walls trembled. Matters daily were coming more and more to a crisis. Indeed our school was becoming famous and was attracting visitors. One day three young men called in to visit it, and after witnessing the ordinary curriculum, and the teacher standing on the platform motionless, save that with one of his hands he kept cutting hieroglyphics on the desk, one of the young men got up and wished Mr. McC—— to call the school to order, as his friend Prof. Murphy wished to address the scholars. Mr. M. stamped on the floor, and turning round said, "Well, Mr. Murphy, we will be happy to hear from you." Mr. Murphy got up and said he had nothing to say, and sat down. The school broke up from that day, and Mr. McC—— was paid off and heard from no more. These are some of the facts and incidents connected with school life in my experience.

LETTER WRITING.

We like to read letters from some of our friends, from others it is a bore. Some always make us feel glad and we wish that their letters were longer; others give us so much gratuitous advice, tell us so much about "the dreadful weather," or the "sweet, beautiful weather," followed by apologies for not writing sooner, ask about our health and the health of our friends, even to the third and fourth generation, and wind up with an "earnest hope" that we may write a long letter soon, that we cannot but draw a sigh of relief when we get through reading. Letters such as these never make us laugh or cry; they are neither good nor evil, except that they show a barrenness of invention on the part of the writer.

If all proverbs were first uttered by crusty old bachelors, they would not bear more severely than they now do upon the ladies. For the English say "all women are good for something—if they are not good for something they are good for nothing." Now I have read some where that ladies were, on account of being good gossipers, better letter writers than men. A public lecturer once, referring to the letters of a

wife to her husband, said that they were crossed and re-crossed and crossed again, as ladies alone knew how to cross them, as ladies alone knew how to read them. The part of the listeners in caps and coats, (the styles are so much alike now that I hope I shall not be misunderstood,) applauded loudly. I am not in a position to say much about young ladies' letters, but you know, my chums, that you have often told me that nothing made you so cross as *cross-writing*, so it is in the interest of your feelings and eyesight that I pen this article; it is for you that I protest against pale ink and *cross-writing*. A great many young ladies, we predict, will receive a marked copy of this GAZETTE.

Long ago when paper was dear and postage enormous this would be pardonable, but now when paper is "ridiculously cheap," and postage if not for "a song," at least for three cents, why do not ladies send their half ounce of sense or nonsense without taxing the patience and teasing the eyesight with this flourishing, curling confusion? Some famous man, I forget who, once said that the very pith and point of a lady's letter was in the postscript, and he went so far as to assert that no lady could write a letter without having a P. S. at the last. And another very great man, I wish I could tell you what his name was, declares that whatever a lady is afraid or ashamed to say in the general text is put in the postscript. This reminds me of a very laughable, and of course true story about an Irish lady, who had more personal attractions than personal property. She wrote a letter to her affianced asking for the wherewithal to pay for "some things" she wanted. This was the P. S.: "I was so dreadfully ashamed of the request I made you that I sent after the post boy to get back my letter, but he had already reached the office and put it in ere my messenger reached him." I heard of another young lady who wrote a letter from India to her mother, and this was the postscript: "You will see by my change of address that I am married."

Sometimes we can't tell one letter from another, or say whether it be meant for a capital or small one, and as Lord Dundreary said about the relative value of girls, "We might say that

one girl—no, for we don't believe that,—but one letter is just as good as another, and often a great deal better." You know an old proverb recommends, "that advice be asked for three times before given;" but I will, in closing, hope that no one of my readers will get into a "slipshod" style of writing letters, that they will not write anything that they would be ashamed of afterwards. If you cannot find anything to tell a friend, imagine that he should just come into the room, and then write what you would be most likely to say to him. Some of our friends, when we meet them, resemble the old lady who had a nervous complaint that could only be relieved by talking. Yet when they write to us, "they have nothing to say." The truth is they do not try. We will now give Cowper's rule and stop:

"Tell not as news what everybody knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close."

SNODGRASS.

LITERARY NOTES.

"INDIA SOLVENT"—Is the title of a sixty-eight page pamphlet by W. M. Thorburn, B. A., '70, at present in the Civil Service, Kadapa, British India, being Head Assistant Collector and Magistrate over a large district,—in which is given a clear statement of affairs in India at the present time, and in which the author shows conclusively that instead of being oppressed by crushing debt, "India," to quote the author's words, "can pay, without any oppression, for a good administration, costing even more than the present one." And "That the reduction of expenditure on Public Works and the Native Army is therefore as needless as it is mischievous." The pamphlet is evidently the result of much labor and research.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1881 is the most beautiful *annual* yet published by him. It contains a mass of information respecting Floriculture, and on account of its artistic merits is worthy of a place on the parlour table. A special feature of this number is a splendid engraving of the Veteran Florist of Rochester.

"A FAIR BARBARIAN," BY MRS. BURNETT.—*Scribner's Monthly* is about to do a thing per-

haps without precedent in our magazines, namely, reprint a serial story which has already run through six numbers of another American magazine.

The serial of Mrs. Burnett, "A Fair Barbarian," which is announced for the "Midwinter Number," is said to be altogether the brightest and most amusing this popular author has ever written.

It will occupy two or three numbers only of *Scribner's*, the first instalment covering about twenty-three pages. It has been printed already in six numbers of another magazine, with a large circulation, but with an entirely different circle of readers.

There is at least one recent Parisian precedent for such a course as *Scribner* has adopted. A novel by a popular French writer, written the last year or two, appeared in a prominent daily paper as a serial. After this it came out in book form, and when it had reached a sale of some forty or fifty thousand, one fine morning this very novel was announced far and wide as the leading serial of a daily newspaper, *Le Petit Journal*, which, as every one knows who has read its gigantic sign on the sides of the seven-story Paris houses, boasts the unequalled circulation of 650,000 copies daily.

Mrs. Burnett has revised her story for its re-appearance in *Scribner*, but has made no material change in it.

THE January issue of *St. Nicholas*—the New Year's number—is the *crowning number* of that Magazine. Among the contents are several capital things which were crowded out of December. "Bright Eyes," the young Indian girl, makes her first contribution to literature in a charming story of Indian child-life. There is an account of "The Children's Fan Brigade," another of the novel entertainments for children's festivals which have been suggested in the pages of *St. Nicholas*; "Every Boy His own Ice-Boat," describing a splendid new sport for all skaters; the first of Mrs. Clara Erskine Clements "Stories of Art and Artists," which are to be one of the special features of *St. Nicholas* during the coming year; one of Frank R. Stockton's funniest fairy stories, a poem by H. H. Boyesen, pictures

grave and gay, continuations of the serials, etc., etc. The issue rivals the Christmas number in good things.

THE London correspondent of the *New York Times*, writes as follows to that paper, under date of December 2nd:—"As an example of English good feeling toward American work, *Scribner's Magazine* for November reached a sale of over 15,000 copies, a circulation larger than *Cornhill*, *Macmillan*, *Belgravia*, *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, or the *Contemporary*. * * The portrait of Gladstone in *Scribner* has given great satisfaction to the premier's family and friends."

OUR EXCHANGES.

ENTERING our Exchange Sanctum, and taking up the ever-faithful *quill* after a vacation of two weeks from study, we glance through one exchange after another until we nearly finish the pile that has accumulated upon our table, and find but comparatively little calling forth severe criticism, and much which merits honest praise. Perhaps it is characteristic of the GAZETTE to bestow praise where it is merited, and *quietly* point out open faults, rather than, as is the case with some *Journals*, recklessly throw out criticisms which are sometimes as unjust and pointless as they are uncalled for. We would be doing an injustice to our contemporaries did we fail to recognize the literary merit, &c., which characterizes the December number of the most of them.

And not behind any of its contemporaries in this respect is the *Portfolio* for December, which begins its first page with "Christmas Bells," a poem of much thought and of beautiful sentiment, and follows this up with articles which bristle with interest, and were read with profit. We were particularly struck with the bold and practical tone of the editorial matter, which condemns the mistaken ideas of society at the present time in the bestowal of its favors. We offer no apology for inserting a suggestion from the pen of our fair sister: "Let us do our part to perfect the physical, mental and moral nature of man, leading him continually towards the

noblest and the best, until he be able to fulfil his life's task." Good. This is what we like to hear. And we hereby express our willingness to coöperate with you in the accomplishment of this much-to-be-desired end. Every department of the *Portfolio* is well maintained.

The *Wabash*—the exponent of the college of the same name, Crawfordsville, Ind., has again paid our sanctum a visit. Since it last presented itself it has been greatly improved. In its external appearance, in the character of its matter, and in its general "make-up" the *Wabash* impressed us favorably. It has a rising though new rival in a semi-monthly paper—*The Lariat*. This looks like division of labor in a wrong direction. However, the students of that institution must be wide-awake fellows to be able to publish two papers with a degree of success when it requires the *combined* efforts of the students of most institutions to run one in a respectable manner. We cordially welcome both papers to our sanctum.

The *Bates Student* comes to us as usual, full of interesting matter. The articles are commendably short and readable. Every department has some redeeming feature. Perhaps "The Gulf" would immortalize the author as much were it on its first appearance consigned to the waste basket. "In Memoriam" is good *college* poetry. The editor's portfolio is well filled with sensible matter. With the number before us the present staff of editors step off the stage. We trust that their mantle may fall upon their successors, and that the *Student* shall maintain the good name it has hitherto had.

The *Acadia Athenæum* for December is before us. The present number is a success. "The Course of Time," and several other articles, are well written. "What is the good of it?" contains some sound sense, from which we quote: "No one is to be measured by the facts he has treasured up. Force of thought is a higher test, and the humble peasant may in this respect far surpass him who has at his command vast stores of erudition." "The Meeting of the Bantams" should find a place in *Punch*. *Acadia* is to be congratulated upon the success of its Female Seminary.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 15, 1881.

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We beg to remind our subscribers that their subscriptions for the "Gazette" are now due, as our terms are—payment in advance.

IN a former editorial we endeavoured to show that the Halifax University was not fulfilling its mission, and pointed out the necessity of abolishing it. We did not expect that our view would be supported by so eminent an authority as the Chancellor, who, to judge from his address at the recent meeting of the Senate, wishes himself clear of the institution; in fact, the tenor of his speech was, "I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

The only argument adduced by him to show that the University should be kept up was that learned men might meet once or twice a year and interchange views on higher education. Certainly a very good thing. But we think the people of Nova Scotia would scarcely relish the idea of paying \$2000 a year just for the sake of receiving the views of these worthy gentlemen.

Of the other members of the Senate a few think it has done some good, the majority condemn it with faint praises; one only wanted another year's trial and then he was sure it would

be a success; another hoped that it would begin to succeed in a quarter of a century. Among opinions so various, it is hard to conclude what the majority think about it, as no vote was taken.

There are only two ways of making it a success,—either take away the power of conferring degrees from the Colleges, or offer prizes worth competing for. Neither are possible. In spite of what some of the Presidents of the Colleges said nobody really believes that any College would give up its power of conferring degrees. The students at present attending our College matriculated with the promise that if they passed the required examinations they would get a degree. We know very well that the Senate will perform their part of the agreement.

At this meeting there was a great deal said about the necessity of having examiners other than the teachers who taught the students. We will give Prof. Max Muller's opinion on this point, and no better authority can be quoted. He says: "To leave examinations entirely to strangers reduces them to the level of lotteries, and fosters a cleverness in teachers and taught often akin to dishonesty. An examiner may find out what a candidate knows *not*, he can hardly ever find out what he knows; and even if he succeeds in finding out *how much* a candidate knows, he can never find out *how* he knows it. On these points the opinion of the masters who have watched their pupils for years is indispensable, for the sake of the examiners, for the sake of the students, and for the sake of the teachers."

The University cannot afford to offer prizes worth competing for, and the majority of those who have matriculated think it more honourable to get a degree from Dalhousie, than from it. Boards of Colleges may recommend their students to go up to the University examinations, and may adapt their curriculum to suit it, but students themselves cannot afford to leave their employments and spend time and money just for the sake of making the Halifax University a success.

The continuation of the grants to Colleges is mixed up with this question. We know it

would not be a politic action for the Government to withdraw the grants from the sectarian Colleges without, at the same time, taking away the grant from the Provincial University—Dalhousie. It doubtless would be the proper way for the Government to endow one teaching University, but Governments have to look forward to elections. Often as it has been disproved, the mistaken idea still has a firm hold in some people's minds, that this is a Sectarial College. We will not now show the fallacy of this. We trust the Government will not any longer pay out money to aid four religious bodies to educate their clergymen and not help the other denominations, as is now the case.

THE proof of the last number of the GAZETTE was carelessly read, but we know our readers would pardon us if they knew how we were hurried in order to have it out before the vacation. We hope that any contributor whose ideas were mangled by careless proof-reading will accept this as an apology.

WE clip the following from *Queen's College Journal*:—"A Scottish nobleman founded a college at Halifax, but not one of the rich Haligonians seemed to care whether it lived or died, and the sole aim of the City Council seemed to be to steal the bit of land connected with it, by a series of filibustering operations which it would be difficult to parallel from the annals of any other city or country. George Munro, a warm-hearted patriotic Nova Scotian, has founded two chairs in Dalhousie at a cost of \$90,000, and has promised bursaries that will represent at least \$40,000 more. If this does not stir some of the Haligonians to go and do likewise they must be dead in soul as doer nails."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE:

In reply to your request to write something about student life in Germany, I scarcely know where to begin,—the field is so wide, and the points of interest so various. To follow the

method adopted by all Teutonic professors I should first carefully define my subject, then give a historical outline, and in the light of this critical development (to teach which in its relation to Philosophy and History is said to be the great epoch-making merit of Hegel's system), proceed to unfold my glorious theme. What, then, is a German student? I have not been ranked as such for three years in vain; the proper reply can only be found by quotations from the sources (*quellen*). *Quid est scholasticus?* "He is the son of his father, the brother of his sister, the grandson of his grandmother, doctor of all free sciences, especially in *naturalibus*, and as such most attentive to maidens, who, through sheer simplicity, are apt to lose the cheese they should keep from the cats. *Summa summarum*, the student speaks better than a bake oven though his mouth is not so wide, and utters golden sentences though he is no yellow-billed fledgeling." He, further, is "a living creature who spends his money right merrily at high schools, or, at least, in the neighbourhood of such." This description was written in 1754, but it has not yet lost all application. What then has this wonderful creature—so richly endowed by nature and opportunities—done through the centuries? The answer is,—the German student as such, apart from what he has in common with other literary men and book-worms and carders of "philosophic wool," is a *swaggerer*. And now for the historic proof. During the 15th and part of the 16th century, the German student went armed to the extent of carrying guns and spears. When Luther and the other theologians came in 1519 to Leipzig to the famous discussion, about two hundred Wittenburg sons of the muses escorted them in full military array. Of course a professor less popular than Luther sometimes found the weapons less pleasantly employed. In 1512 the rector at Wittenburg was shot by a student whom he had rusticated, and even the gentle Melancthon in trying to stop a quarrel was met by a junior with drawn dagger. Naturally enough ordinary townsfolk were not spared when literary enthusiasm exchanged the pen for the sword. Melancthon says that students roared at night

about the streets like Cyclops and Centaurs, broke into houses, tossed a sick woman out of bed, and amused themselves by trying to strangle her baby. He describes the student of those days, despite his hat with a long feather, and embroidered vest, plush hoes and pointed shoes, as usually afflicted with three sicknesses,—poverty, sores, and a dirty nose. The dangers of the different universities were summed up in a stanza of the end of the 16th century,—

Wer kömt von Leipzig ohne Weib,
Von Wittenberg mit gesunden Leib,
Von Jena ungeschlagen,
Der hat von Glück zu sagen.

In the 17th century the reaction from the Reformation seems to have made matters even worse than ever at the universities. One writer sees sparks of the pit struck from the pavement by students' swords. Another, like Dante, visits *Inferno* and finds it filled with souls that had been destroyed through the immoralities of college days. The cries resound, "*Amicitia sic contracta ex Diabolo est!*" "*Hic sunt flores Ebrietatis: Hi sunt fructus Pennalitis!*" Others in frenzy sang, "*O vinum gloriosum,*" to which echoed the mad refrain, "*Mihi gratissimum!*" And then from the lowest depths he heard the sobbing dirge of a rayless despair,—

O mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos!
O mihi profusum referat si Iuppiter aurum!
O mihi defunctos referat si Iuppiter artus!
O mihi potatas referat si Iuppiter horas!
O mihi consumptum si DEUS Ingenium!

Byron's "Wine and women, mirth and laughter," seems the burden of the roystering student life of those days. I have read some most comical—though not always very modest—squibs by those old time students to prove by logic their positions. *E. g.*, students must keep company with young ladies. Proof: Aristotle classifies nature under active and passive, (the comment is, the first means the student, the second the maiden.) to which he adds five predicables: First, existence, (*i. e.*, both student and girl must be let live); dissimilarity, (*i. e.*, their natures must be heterogeneous); likeness, (both must be human); propinquity, (they must not be kept far apart); fitness, (agree in age, &c.). Students must not be imprisoned, because the vessel must be greater than its contents: but the

student is universal, in Rome, Cologne, &c., especially often in difficulties: *Ergo*, not logically possible to enter a prison. The company of students is most edifying. Even a landlord's wife has been known through such teachers to understand Latin. Proof: "We entered an inn in Strasburg, when I addressed the host saying, '*Hospes dignetur nobis accipere amphoram Rhenensis, ut lassitudinem corporis poullisper reficiamus;*' the landlord looked at me in open-mouthed wonder, but his wife cried out, 'Don't you know what the gentlemen mean? *Vinum Rhenense*, that is Rhine wine, *corpus* means stomach; bring ten groschen worth of wine.'"

The poor Freshman had hard times in those days. He was called a "Pennalis," probably meaning a pen-bearer or pen-wiper, &c., and had to serve as fag for one year, six weeks, six days, six hours and six minutes. A most astounding vocabulary described this despicable aspirant to the honours of "studentdom." He was loquax, dicax, mortax, vorax, bibax, rapax, tenax, scapax, so that all words in *ax* were *generis penalis*, for at school he received so much *tax tax* on his back that such words were lashed into his very being. He had very few rights in the eyes of the student. He might be cuffed, kicked, pulled by the hair, laughed at, made the butt of all conceivable jokes, and at the end of the year was to beg the forgiveness of his seniors if in any point he had offended their mightinesses. All evil and monstrosities sought a home in the degraded bosom of the Freshman. He was called "*Beanus*" because "*Beanus est animal nescius vitam studiosorum.*" He got a bad start, for he was the prodigal son of his parents, and until he came to the university received far worse than no education at all. He has horns on his face,—the chief of which is a thing called the nose, which like the rest grows out of the skull. His breath is very bad; his skin uneven, branchy, black and leaden spotted. These dreadful results were promoted by various causes. The Pennal lived in a damp atmosphere, he ate too freely of pickled herrings, he slept with his mouth open,—so that fleas, gnats, moths, bats, &c., took refuge in him,—(and) of his blood relations were the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. The

pulse of the Freshman is very peculiar,—rapid, hard, full, irregular and capricious. His eyes resemble those of a dying steer, the forehead a cross between an ass and a monkey, his brow is square, the scalp very hard and hot and grown to the skull, the mouth only shuts at meal times, and then but for a moment, the eyes cyclopic, the neck has a black ring about it, the beard either absent or made of thorns, his nose mephitic, &c. How, then, is such a creature to be raised to the lofty plane on which men order wine in Latin, and court girls according to Aristotle? I translate a description of the initiation of the poor Pennal into academic mysteries:—"The Depositor arranges the necessary instruments,—an axe, plane, book of wonders, reed full of soot, a tooth, an auger, horns, &c. The Freshman lies down: whereupon the Depositor slashes him on arms, shoulders and legs, to cut off the old skin from the Bacchant. With saw and plane the horns are then cut off from his head and face. He then pokes him with auger and plane till the tears run out of his eyes: yet the poor Freshie dare not open his mouth to cry, for it would be at once filled with the back of somebody's hand. A book is then put on his knees and he is told to sing, his reward is to be cuffed on the ears till his head swells; the soot is then blown in his face, the horns put on his head, and amid jeers and jokes 'he is let out.' He shortly after re-appears, is told it was all for his good, has his mouth filled with salt,—symbol of wisdom—takes a vow to do to others as has been done to him, and is free. This Depositio—as it was called—prevailed till towards the close of the 17th century. It is said that at Naumburg, 1660, a princess was stopped, by the obedient Freshmen, in her carriage, one of whom said, "I give a penny and turn it once," and turned her hat wrong part in front. Such things led the Governments to support the university authorities, and soon the practice came to an end.

Things have changed, and yet one can still see among German students the swaggering spirit of centuries ago. They divide up into scores of clubs, each of which apes the military nonsense of the past. At social gatherings the presiding

student, "awfully arrayed" in high-topped boots, sash, fantastic cap of the pancake style, and military gauntlets, draws his sword and smites the table heroically while he calls the meeting to order with "Silentium." If two students swear eternal friendship they take a drawn rapier and thrust it through both their caps, making an inlet for fresh air,—which, however, does not usually get far past the hair oil. While riotings are rarely indulged in now, when the police are so vigorous, the roughness of the olden time is still perceptible. I often notice students quietly jostle ladies aside, and the idea of going out of one's way for a woman—notwithstanding Aristotle—is not often cherished. A relic of the old dagger-wearing spirit also survives in the students' duels which are so productive of scars on the left side of the face, that occur without danger, are caused without offence, and are in their beginning, middle and end to an Englishman exceedingly peurile. Probably it is this love of the naked blade, also, which causes all students here to eat with their knives. The old custom, too, of roaming about in squads from one restaurant to another, dining here, taking supper there, and having their social gatherings for songs and beer and discussion some place else, has caused a little roughness of manner to cling to them, such as smoking, brushing the hair, &c., in class-rooms or dining-places. The old practice—only abolished in Leipzig this year—which made every student an academic citizen and amenable only to the university authorities, tended, also, to make him a more boisterous being: for professors could not readily take cognizance of irregularities, and were the student convicted, his punishment was usually but a light punishment. We know also that the restless life in Germany after the Crusades produced "scholastici vagantes," who wandered begging and studying, and borrowing or even stealing in their supposed pursuit of knowledge. The modern type of this is the German student's circuit of the universities. He may spend the winter term in Berlin or Jena, but in summer he likes to go south to Erlangen or Tübingen. Of the 3000 students who were in Leipzig a year ago, but 1000 are in attendance this Semester.

This shifting life, from inn to inn, from club to club, without home ties, without church connection, without social amenities, too often adds to the boisterousness of the inherited student swagger.

But now I must stop. I seem to have said nothing but what is dark and discreditable about the German student. That is but one side of our historic sketch. There remains much that is good to be said, and we shall try not to forget it when the proper time comes. Naturally enough the spots and blemishes catch the eye of the stranger first. It is to be hoped that even from these we may be profited, and prepared to pass through this somewhat dark portal to what may be in some measure a temple of light.

H. McD. S.

SODALES.

ACCORDING to a previous resolution Friday evening, Dec. 17th, was devoted to a literary and musical entertainment. As it was, according to the committee's announcement on the College black-board, to be "a grand prelude to Christmas festivities," the students assembled *en masse* in class-room No. 2, which was for once so densely packed that the Chairman himself had to rest content with half a chair. The following was the evening's programme:—

PART I.

Opening Chorus—"Kafoozium."	Beethoven.
Opening Speech.....	President.
Reading	Reid.
Song	Sedgewick.
Recitation	D. Cameron.
Speech	W. McDonald.
Reading	Creelman.
Original Paper	Bell.
Reading	Hamilton.
Speech	Jones.

PART II.

Chorus—"Mr. Noah built an Ark.".....	
Speech	J. A. McDonald.
Original Paper	Langille.
Song	Stewart.
Speech	Geo. Campbell.
Reading	McKeigan.
Extemporé Speeches.....	
"Alma Mater.".....	Watts.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The programme was on the whole very successfully carried out. Not the least interesting

feature of the entertainment was the speeches from the men of the different years. McDonald (4th year) expressed the pleasure he felt in being able to be present. He would not soon forget the kindness of those students who had helped him to while away many an hour pleasantly when he was confined at home through sickness. These entertainments did much to promote a kindly feeling among the students, and in Dalhousie this was greatly needed.

Campbell and Mellish were the representatives of the third year. The former considered that we had too few meetings such as this, and advocated that they be held monthly during the remainder of the session. We had very little opportunity of cultivating the social qualities, too little intercourse with one another. We were about to leave the College *cram* for the Christmas *cram*, and he hoped that results would not be fatal. Mellish in a humorous little speech wished all the compliments of the approaching season. For himself he was unable to leave the city, but here—he could do as seemed to him good at home—the *mater* was ready, and the *pater* was both ready and able to mete out punishments corporal should he indulge too freely—in the good things of this life. He did not advise working, but he urged the students to write for the GAZETTE in the holidays, *by way of relaxation*, and after such a grim joke he deemed it expedient to re-seat himself.

McDonald (2nd year) was glad to note the increasing interest taken by the students generally in our societies. The debates had heretofore been conducted in a most creditable manner, and he trusted that the interest in Sodales would not abate. He hoped that the holidays would be pleasantly spent by all, and that the students would come back, each determined "to win the prize."

Jones (1st year) recounted his college experiences, and brought down the house by gravely asserting that, on the whole, "he was tolerably satisfied with Dalhousie."

Altogether it was one of the most, perhaps the most successful entertainment ever gotten up in Dalhousie.

At the close of the meeting the students, to the number of one hundred and twenty, organized into a procession and paraded through the principal streets, singing college songs, and cheering the Professors, themselves, and the friends of the College generally. The police, realizing that "in numbers there is strength," prudently withheld from *taking any part* in the matter.

PERSONALS.

E. CROWELL, Gold Medallist of last year, is rustivating at his home in Barrington.

WILLIAM H. BROWNRIG, of the senior year of '76, but who was not able to complete the session on account of ill health, is Principal of the Academy at Bridgewater.

WE regret to hear of the death of W. F. R. MUNRO, who died at his home in P. E. Island last November. Mr. Munro attended classes in Dalhousie three or four years ago.

J. F. DUSTAN, one of ye editors of last session, is studying theology at Princeton, New Jersey. We expect a letter from him concerning Princeton affairs in time for publication in next GAZETTE.

J. W. MCLEOD, M. A., '80, has been chosen by the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces to go as fourth missionary to Trinidad. Since his appointment Mr. McLeod has taken to himself a wife and set sail for the scene of his labours. Our best wishes attend him!

F. W. ARCHIBALD, B. A., '77, who has just returned home after completing his theological course at the University of Edinburgh, has accepted a call from the Amherst Presbyterian congregation, and is to be ordained on the 14th of this month. We wish him all success in his new sphere of labour.

WE were much pleased to have a visit during last week from one of our jovial old graduates, BURGESS MCKITTRICK, who is at present Principal of Sydney Academy, and is continually sending up students to supply his place in his *Alma Mater*. We hope to have many more such pleasant visits from our old graduates.

WE regret to have to record the untimely death of REV. JOHN MCLEAN, of Kempt, who attended classes in this College not many years ago. Mr. McLean was still a young man, being at the time of his death in the thirty-third year of his age. The *Presbyterian Record* thus speaks of him:—"He was a young man of deep piety, earnest zeal and unwavering faith. He died as he had lived,—trusting the Saviour and rejoicing in the hope of eternal glory. He was a faithful and impressive preacher, an exemplary pastor, a loyal friend. He was cheerful and even joyous up to the last."

WE are inclined to believe that in the fact that 1880 was a leap year, when the natural order of things is reversed, and ladies ask the fatal conundrum, lies the secret of so many of our graduates uniting in the sweet bonds of wedlock. One by one they have fallen away, relinquishing the proud title Bachelor (not Bachelor of Arts, but just simply Bachelor,) for that of Paterfamilias. Their part is to marry, ours to make "Personals" of their marriages, and we hasten to do so:—

I. Simpson, '68, J. M. Carmichael, '72, J. Millen Robinson, '73, and J. M. D. Oxley, '74,—all have succumbed to the charms of the sex feminine. To each and all we wish unbounded happiness, coupled with long life and prosperity.

DALLUSIENSIA.

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

THE first number of the GAZETTE in 1881 wishes you all a Happy New Year.

THE next thing of importance *in futuro* is the sleigh-drive.

WE hope that it may be a still greater success than was the course of popular lectures for the students, and that's not hoping much.

THE "Personals" man has been presented with a *hand-sled*.

THE fourth year are to be photographed in a group, doubtless because it will take the combined lot to make a decent looking picture.

AN audacious Freshie remarks that when he gets a year's volume of the GAZETTE it will make a first-class scrap-book. Be careful, Sir: it will also make a first-class *strap*-book.

THE most remarkable instance of "mathematical precision" on record is that of a Soph who used his compasses to divide a pie in three parts. He evidently understands the value of *pi*.

AND the most remarkable instance of—what shall we call it?—is that of another Soph who, when he saw "Beethoven" on the programme of the entertainment recently given, gravely enquired "if he was the Freshman with the long whisker?"

AFTER the Metaphysical lecture had been concluded on Thursday, a certain student with epicurean tendencies entered a bake-shop and asked for a dozen dough-nuts, *as such*. Next?

TWO of our Freshmen, as we understand it, disputed an evening or two since, as to which was the fastest pedestrian, and betook themselves to the Common to settle the matter. The loser was to furnish a bottle of *medicine* marked ***. Boundaries were set, boots taken off, and the race was run. Of course there was a second-best man at the end post, but he refused to "stand" the medicine on the ground of morality! Consistency thou art a jewel.

PROF. MACGREGOR has commenced a series of lectures on Sound. As this course will doubtless be particularly interesting and instructive, we would advise our city readers one and all to attend. Tickets for the series can be obtained at Wm. Gossip's book-store.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

H. A. BAYNE, PH.D., \$3.00; Rev. J. Murray, D. C. Fraser, B.A., Rev. J. A. McKeen,—\$2.00 each; A. H. McKay, B.A., B.Sc., John Christie, Rev. George McMillan, B.A., Rev. W. S. Whittier, Chas. W. Blanchard, B.A., B. McKittrick, B.A., Rev. James Sharp, Jno. McKenzie, J. W. McLeod, Jno. McKenzie, H. S. Creighton, B.A., John McK. Beattie, R. D. Ross, Rev. J. C. Herdman, Allan Douglas, Rev. George Murray, Rev. W. Stewart, E. H. Owen, Rev. E. S. Bayne, B.A., Rev. James Gray, Alex. McRoberts; James McKenzie, B.A., A. Rogers, B.A., J. Currie, G. Hamilton,—\$1.00 each.

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