

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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## THE "GRAND" PARADE.

(We publish the following by request. It has already appeared in one of the city papers.)

If thou should'st ever come to Halifax  
Stop at a square near old St. Paul's,  
Cared for of old 'tis said by those now past and gone,  
Its outer walls covered with brilliant pictures.  
And close beside, a long procession of gay carriages  
With noble steeds attached, will long detain thee;  
But before thou go enter the square, pry thee forget it not,  
And look awhile upon a picture fair.  
Its arched gateway stands wide open  
And you may enter, if you will, and rest awhile.  
Note well the railing that encloses it, caught here  
And there in some phantastic way, full of rare  
Taste and workmanship.  
See all around the handsome avenue  
Of trees, secure from harm by costly guards  
Which of themselves give beauty to the scene.  
The City Fathers love the spot right well,  
And, ever seeking for some way to beautify,  
Placed in this corner seats you seldom see,  
Uncommon in construction and in style.  
Upon the western side rises stately and grand,  
A noble flight of stairs, frescoed with many  
A quaint and odd design;  
But it were as well, do you care to ascend,  
To buy an alpin-stick to help you to the top,  
Nought else of course.  
See yonder stands Dalhousie's classic halls,  
Famous for learning, and renowned for Logic, Art and  
Science.  
Fit company it for this fair spot, by name  
And nature called the GRAND PARADE.  
A noble lady, dying, left a gift, which should  
Be used to beautify and grace:  
But it was judged by those well versed in landscape  
Gardens, that this fair spot did not so much as need  
A stick or stone set straight,—and so 'tis as you see,  
A thing of beauty, and like it seems to be, a joy forever.

## A HURRICANE FROM THE PAST.

### THE DEEDS OF THE "ARISTOI."

#### A PROSE TRAGEDY.

"MY naked weapon is out; quarrel,  
I will back thee!"

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"Tho' I am not splenetic and rash  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wiseness fear."

—*Hamlet.*

"The battles, seiges, fortunes, that I have passed."

—*Othello.*

"Force rules the world still,  
Has ruled it, shall rule it;  
Meekness is weakness,  
Strength is triumphant."

—*The Challenge of Thor.*

THINK not, oh gentle reader, after reading the above texts, that the "Aristoi" were as unutterably awful, as the sanguinary heroes of the past. Not by a large majority. They lived in an age that was pre-eminently law-abiding. They were citizens of a city, that was irreproachable for its decency and order. They were the nurslings of an *Alma Mater* that has earned an enviable reputation, as the mother of the beautiful and the good. But notwithstanding all this they were terrible scamps in their own little field. Those who knew the "Aristoi" personally, can corroborate this statement; those who have heard of them, could probably furnish one idea or more on the subject; those whose acquaintance with them dates from the GAZETTE before last, will be prepared to hear a harrowing tale or two.

A FASCINATING young lady at a party was asked if she had ever read Shakespeare. "Of course I have. I read that when it first came out."

It is my intention to give a brief account of some of the more notable scrapes in which the "Aristoi" were concerned. This I propose to do not, be it understood, for the purpose of inducing

the peacefully and studiously-inclined to follow in their footsteps. Far from it. But rather let my sad tale be taken *in terrorem*, as that old foggy Tacitus would say. —

I remember well the night on which the "Aristoi" became one; when they joined hands in the dim light of the reading-room, and swore to aid each other to the utmost against all, and every one who might not fall in with their own peculiar ideas: to be an organization at once offensive and defensive. Against the objects of our righteous indignation we pledged ourselves to know no pity; to throw away the scabbard, and cast consideration to the dogs; but to those who left us alone, who spoke no ill of us, or meditated no guile, we were to be as harmless as the sucking lamb. In defending our principles or ourselves, nothing was to be too hot or heavy. I have said in my former article that the "Artistoi" was the outcome of a period of unusual disturbance and recklessness in the annals of Dalhousie. But, by the way, I cannot give a better idea of the circumstances attending its inception, than by quoting from the old minute book, the preamble and resolutions which gave to it organization. We had spoken privately of the matter that afternoon, and it fell to my lot to frame the declaration of our independence, and to submit it to the consideration of the other three, at a meeting called the same evening. Thus it was:—

"Whereas, These be troublous times;

"And whereas, There seemeth to us no earthly possibility of these troublous times becoming less troublous, *primo*, because of the spirit of lawlessness which doth exist in our midst, engendered doubtless and past peradventure by the too repressive vigilance of the Janitor and the never-to-be-sufficiently-deplored connivance of the powers that be, in the unseemly janitorial conduct; and, *secundo*, in that not only principles of duty, but, moreover, certain controversial religious beliefs enter into and form the motive of the janitorial zeal; and, *tertio*, because his vigilance is more especially directed to, and hampers the movements of, certain young men, students of this *Universitas*, on partial grounds, they having fallen under the weight of his sore displeasure and disapprobation;

"And whereas, The effect of the aforesaid conduct on the part of the aforesaid parties doth, and is exercising a lamentable influence on the liberally-disposed, and jovial spirits in our midst, more especially as it pertains to the suppression of that universal indulgence in the soothing

weed nicotiana common to the genus student, and to the suppressing as far as possible of all those ebullitions of animal spirits referable to the 'heat and inadvertence of youth;'

"And whereas, In our opinion such things should not ought to be;

"Therefore resolved, That yielding to the pressure of the aforesaid circumstances we do take this opportunity of recording our disapproval thereof;

"And resolved, That we do constitute our four selves a body corporate for the maintenance and promulgation of our belief in the freedom of the subject;

"And resolved, That we do smoke continuously so far as possible;

"And resolved, That we do severally and jointly, directly and indirectly, by fair means and foul, so contrive as to foster a spirit of harmless mischief in our midst;

"And resolved, That the association do call itself the 'Aristoi.'"

The resolutions were passed unanimously after a slight obstruction on the part of "Freddie," who swore by this and by that, that they were by far too mild. We sat on him, however, and finally managed to convince him that there was a wide field for our labours, and that he would probably find that if he obeyed the constitution to the letter, he would have a sufficiency of scrapes on his hands ere long. And then we severally and individually said that we were ready for work *instantanter*. So we lit our pipes and cogitated.

We sat in silence for a time, but "Freddie" at last broke out with "I've got it!" We solemnly advised him not to let it go, and instructed him to explicate immediately. This he did. It seems the dear youth had heard or read somewhere that if air be forced down one of the gas pipes in a large building when the jets are all lighted, the gas will in a few minutes go out, and leave the place in total darkness, and the occupants in total ignorance of the cause.

Now it so fell that the night in question was Friday, and as everyone knows the two debating societies were in full blast upstairs. And on the next floor a Prof. was delivering a lecture on popular science to a class composed principally of young ladies. It is needless for me to suggest to my readers that ladies are naturally—nay, unnaturally—timorous souls. Well, every-

thing was running as smoothly as a charm when "Freddie's" inspired moment came. The orators were banging away at the merits and demerits of poor debated Oliver Cromwell, and the benefits of a classical education, the Prof. up above was waxing eloquent over the functions and properties of oxygen and hydrogen, and the janitorial family was engaged in its evening devotions, when "Freddie" said, "Come on boys!" We answered, "Let there be no light." The fiat had gone forth. The "Sage" calmly turned out the solitary gas jet which served to illuminate the reading-room, removed the burner, and blew until we fancied we could see his hair standing on end, and hear his cheeks cracking with the distension. Finally he desisted, and we calmly marched upstairs to the hall and there waited.

It worked beautifully, and we thanked the gods and "Freddie" for the happy thought. Without any warning, without even a premonitory flicker, the light departed and the fun began. Then we felt "Freddie" glide from our midst as we stood in the darkness, and heard a strange pattering on the stone stairs which led to the room above. Another inspiration had seized him, as we afterwards found, and he was engaged in scattering large-sized buckshot on the staircase. "Freddie" was awful when he got way on.

For a few moments after the gas went out the silence was intense and almost painful. Then the debaters came pouring out of the rooms in high dudgeon at what they thought was a broad hint from the Janitor that it was getting late. Two or three of them as they reached the foot of the stairs struck off on the insidious shot and went headlong. Those behind went over them. Result, a thorough-bred rough and tumble, as "Tim" gleefully said. Some of the boys used unutterably bad words, and a regular free fight ensued between the years in the darkness. In the midst of it we heard a crash of smashing retorts and glass vessels upstairs, and gleaned from the subdued shrieks of the feminines, and ejaculations of the males, that the science class had become a stampede. A messenger despatched by the Prof. to the Janitor put his foot on the top stair, and came tumbling down in

a very undignified manner into the midst of the scrimmage, where he was pounced upon at once by the struggling crowd. Another and another met the same fate, and the fun waxed fast and furious. Oh, it was beautiful!

In the midst of it up came the Janitor with a lamp in his hand. The solemn cast which the nature of the business we had called him from had imparted to his phiz rapidly changed to one of injured dignity as "Freddie" called out from the darkness, "Stow that glim, Wilson!"—a hint no sooner given than taken. A hat went spinning through the air, struck the lamp, and sent it flying to the stone floor. Darkness again. Then "Johannes" came in for his share of the good things, and got a good share of the rough and tumble.

By the momentary gleam of the Janitor's lamp we saw that the science class was in difficulties on the stairs. We caught sight of a score of female figures all more or less labouring under the influence of "Freddie's" shot. Here and there a manly arm, taking advantage at once of the precarious footing and the darkness, held a demoiselle's waist in its loving grasp. Those who had no waist to cling to were evidently not enjoying it a bit. Some had given up the struggle and were calmly sitting on the stairs. It was a scene for an artist.

Presently some one relit the gas. It acted like oil on troubled waters. The scrimmage subsided. The "Aristoi" won golden opinions by helping the ladies down stairs. Everyone seemed to enjoy the affair excepting the poor Janitor, and the "Aristoi" felt that their career had begun.

But our machinations were not always confined to making things lively among our fellows, and in illustration, I will tell of one escapade in which a Prof. was the principal sufferer. As was often the case we were kicking our heels and smoking in the reading-room. I fancy I have somewhere heard of a proverb, or nursery rhyme, or hymn, or something of the sort, which says:—

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

So it was in this case. I was stretched off in a most comfortable position on the broad window

seat, with the sun's cheerful rays full upon me, and the smoke floating about in beautiful blue curls, when a diabolical idea was suggested to me, in a moment, by a most prosaic object. The idea was so bold that it almost took my breath away, "Aristoi" and all as I was. A lady friend of ours afterwards told us it was "quite unutterably too beyond, in fact jolly utter." And that is just how I felt about it for a few short moments. But I couldn't withstand the temptation and finally broached it to my fellows. There was no retreat then.

From the position I was in I saw, through the half-opened door, the long rubber hose which the Janitor used occasionally to wash the windows of the class-rooms. It had recently been used and was still attached to the tap. It was of course long enough to reach any part of the building and—

But I must not anticipate. Let the tale unfold itself, as we unfolded the long coils of the hose and led it upstairs into the hall. Classes were all going on of course, and there was a subdued hum of lectures in the air. "Freddie," our messenger, was dispatched for a bit of rope, with which he gleefully returned. With this we carefully took our preliminary step and securely fastened the handles of the two class-room doors which adjoined one another. Then we noiselessly shoved about half an inch of the brass nozzle through the ventilator of one of the rooms and fastened it there. Everything was ready for the *denouement*, and a fine one it was too.

The "Sage" went down stairs and turned on the tap. What an exciting moment that was! We heard the water spluttering and struggling with the air in the pipe and finally find its way out with a glorious swish. Our aim had been faultless. The jet curved gracefully in the air and struck the back of the Prof.'s neck as he lent over his desk as accurately as though we had been in the room. Ye gods! what a *tableau* ensued. I never saw anything like the glee depicted in our faces. Our enjoyment approached almost to pain.

We sauntered outside and waited at a respectable distance. We knew something would come of it. The window of the deluged class-room

opened on a porch supported by stone pillars, down which it was an easy matter to steal, as we had often demonstrated. So we hired a gang of gammins, and set them to guard the pass with snow-balls. Presently we saw the window pushed up and a youth, who was evidently anxious to distinguish himself in the eyes of the poor suffering Prof., stepped forth. A snow-ball hit him in the eye. He dodged back, but shortly reappeared with reinforcements in the shape of one or two other Freshies. They stood the fusilade for some time but finally lost patience and returned the fire. Then the professorial cranium appeared and sounded the "cease fire," and the gammins had it all their own way. At last one of the besieged after many trials reached *terra firma*, rushed down stairs, turned off the water, and then cut the rope. Thus the tale ended.

"But wasn't there a row over it?" I hear some of you say. Yes; a precious one. But nobody did it. There were about thirty absent from classes that day, and none of them knew anything of it. "Tim" ingeniously suggested, while being examined, that it was the Janitor had done it in one of his lucid intervals. But that didn't wash with the faculty. The whole thing remained a mystery until the present day. And I do hope that none of my readers will take advantage of an unguarded moment on my part and split on us. It would be too awful.

It took much time and a fabulous quantity of St. Jacob's Oil, to get the pains out of our laughter-racked sides. The "Sage's" face was black and blue for weeks from the violent facial contortion. How we all suffered!

But I really cannot go on any further. These two larks are in all conscience sufficient to give the gentle reader some idea of our precociousness, and to their imagination will I commit the "Aristoi." Strange to say, they are rather a quiet crowd now. The "Sage" is a Blackstone-cursed LL.B. & M.A., and all that sort of thing. "Tim" is one of those "too too" Bank Clerks, a regular

"Steady and stolidly,  
Jolly bank holiday"

kind of a youth. "Freddie" striveth hard to be a merchant prince. "Silenus" hopeth to be

a bright and shining light in the world of letters. Four such too precious pure young men do not come together every day. If we have served to lighten a tedious hour with the tale of our doings, we have at last been useful, and are happy. And for a time we say *au revoir*.

SILENUS.

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

OUT of an unusually large number of Exchanges that lie before us, the first one that falls for review is *Acta Victoriana*, from Coburg, Ont. In the first article we read, the writer labours hard to show the evil of close application, says that men who have taken the highest University honors almost universally regret the price they paid for them, and "go to their work physical wrecks, to lament for a short life, their four years folly." Therefore, he gives the following advice:—1st. Allow nothing but sickness to interfere with a *thorough* knowledge of the pass course. 2nd. Take *honors in one or more departments* if you can without sacrificing health or neglecting society work. 3rd. Take *plenty* of society work, and do it in the *best possible manner*." This surely is a most preposterous conclusion from such premises!

*The Portfolio*, Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Ontario, is always welcome. Special praise is due to the interesting editress who has charge of the Exchange Department. She has contrived in the issue before us to fill over five columns with admirable criticisms. We were so delighted with her *naive* and graceful remarks that we could scarcely prevent a feeling of disappointment creeping over us when we found she had no sweet words for us, that we had been overlooked. This is the modest manner in which she expresses disapproval: "We are not quite sure we *understand* E. L. H. Some of his statements appear to contradict each other." Or again, "In the article on 'Individual and Social Liberty,' some words are used in a sense differing from any within our experience." An improvement, we think, might be effected in "College Items and Personals," considering the kind of *College* and the character of the *Persons*. At present this column is devoted to the mention of

visitors to the girl-under-graduates. One of the fair editors has undertaken to divulge the views of her sex upon the subject of Valentines. This is her revelation: "To any one who has so little sense as to suppose that 'those darlings,' as some have chosen to call us, will think more of the persons sending such nonsense—to such we would say, you are greatly mistaken, and had better think differently for the future. But of course we would not have you infer that we object to sensible and pretty missives, with quotations from some good author." Recollect, Ye senders of missives.

The vanity of some people, even of some colleges, is beyond all bounds. This is what the *Rouge Et Noir* says on behalf of the students of Trinity College, Toronto: "We pride ourselves upon our morality as a body of young men, and challenge comparison with any similar institution." Trinity, be it remembered, is a purely Denominational College, one which has for an ostensible object the inculcation of the principles of morality and sound doctrine. Yet all its teaching had failed to eradicate from among its students one of the commonest, most destructive and most aggravated forms of heresy, viz, a spirit of vainglorious conceit! One of the editors says—"We are sorry we are unable to give a report of the meeting to be held next Tuesday." Poor fellow! we sympathize with him. What a pity that human possibility should be restricted in that manner! It is indeed too bad that we are not endowed with the ability of giving a report of a meeting several days before it takes place. The article from which the above quotation is taken is a curiosity in many respects. The manner in which the writer attends to relation and correspondence in his clauses, is at least unique. Take the following example—"What our church needs most is an intelligent laity, and such will never be the case as long as, &c." Again, he declares that "every shoulder should be put to the wheel to check the advance of Infidelity and Skepticism." Advance, we believe, *might* be checked in this way, but to attempt it would be a rash and hazardous undertaking. We would recommend rather, to try a brake.

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 10, 1882.

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## CONTENTS.

Poetry—The "Grand" Parade .....	97
A Hurricane from the Past .....	97
Our Exchanges .....	101
Editorial .....	102
College Libraries .....	102
Folk Lore .....	104
Correspondence.....	107
Among the Colleges.....	107
Personals .....	108
Acknowledgements .....	108

WE would call attention to the article on College Libraries in another column—and more particularly to the closing sentences of that article. While we agree with the writer that Dalhousie has not such a library as she should have, we do not believe that the enlargement should be left till a solution of the College problem is arrived at. On the contrary, every inducement should be put forth now to make it a credit to the college, and to the province. Why this has not been done is evident. Dalhousie has had no one to blow her trumpet. In face of strong opposition, slowly but surely she has made her way, till to-day she is the best equipped college in this province. And while we say that we are behind-hand in some things, we are putting no slur on those friends who have stood by Dalhousie from the first. But the time has now come when we must speak out. Our Library is far, far below what it ought to be. True, we have very little "dead stock" on the shelves. And our Library should not be burdened with books whose day of usefulness has gone by. We need all the best productions of modern thought. "Why not leave the matter to be settled when Consolidation is effected?" does some one say. Because Consolidation can not be brought about at once, and the wants of our students should be supplied *now*. "What is the good of a College

Library?" we hear another say. For answer we shall quote the words of Thomas Carlyle: "All that the university or final highest school can do for us is still but what the first school began doing—teach us to read." And how can we be taught to read without books? In this point of view the Librarian becomes one of the most important of University officers. "The Librarian should be a teacher, not with a text-book, but with a world of books." Then there are those who assert that a few books well read are better than many skimmed. Perhaps in a certain sense this is true. But we shall give the views of Professor Winsor, Librarian at Harvard, and one of the most eminent educationists of the United States. He says:—"The man is but half grown who thinks a book is of no use, unless it is read through and would confine his acquaintance to the few score or hundreds of volumes, that can be conscientiously read from beginning to end in a lifetime. One may indeed have a few books that remain a constant well-spring to him; but these should be very few unless he wishes to have his conceptions dangerously narrowed. There is nothing so broadening as an acquaintance with many books, and nothing so improving as acquiring the art of tasting a book."

We think this effectually answers the objection last mentioned. Well, the necessity of a College Library being admitted, how are we to have ours enlarged to the extent that is desirable? We say by appealing to our friends to help us. We believe that the Governors of the College should make an annual appropriation of no small amount to the Library. And if their annual grant were supplemented by the gifts of friends, in a very short time we could boast of the Library of Dalhousie.

## COLLEGE LIBRARIES.

I PROPOSE to gather into this article the statistics of some of the larger University libraries of the old world and the new. If I refer more particularly to the colleges this side the water I shall be pardoned, I know, for in many respects the circumstances of American colleges have been what those of Dalhousie now are.

In the earliest ages the library was considered to be a valuable adjunct to the University. Probably the nucleus of the University was the collection of manuscripts; and scholars were attracted to the University town by the presence there of those writings, in which was embodied all the learning of past ages. The Professor would be one who could unlock those treasure houses. In the fifteenth century printing was invented, and after this, the student could purchase his own books. But the mighty impetus given to learning by this happy invention, soon multiplied books to such an extent that it was simply impossible for one man to own a tithe of those, which the printing presses were annually giving out. Now began the era of book collecting, and so we find that the majority of European libraries had their commencement at that time. The old parchments were, of course, carefully preserved, but now no longer to be used as once they had been.

I do not here intend to show the importance of a college library, since I presume that is patent to all. But this much may be said, that every argument which is used in favor of libraries of any sort, can be used with treble the effect when applied to the college library. How important is it that they whose book reading is to get them bread, should have the material to work with.

In our enumeration of college libraries let us commence with those of Great Britain, first noticing Oxford.

Collections of MSS. probably existed at Oxford from its earliest years. But it was not till 1602 that the library in its present form received its start. In that year Sir Thomas Bodley gave upwards of £10,000 for the purchase of books; these were placed in the library that bears his name. The University has received many donations for adding to the collection, but the climax was reached in 1842, when Rev. Robert Mason bequeathed the handsome sum of £40,000. All the Colleges and Halls have valuable collections of books, but want of space forbids us noticing them. As illustrative of College Conservatism, it may be noticed that the books in the library of Brasenose were, up till 1780, chained to the shelves. The total number of books at Oxford

is upwards of 260,000, and in addition there are 22,000 volumes of MSS.

Cambridge University library contains 197,000 volumes. Trinity has 40,000 volumes placed in a magnificent edifice, built by Sir Christopher Wren. Magdalen's embraces the collection of the well known Samuel Pepys. It has, too, a splendid collection of old English ballads, or "penny merriments."

Edinburgh University Library was founded in 1580 by Mr. Clement Litill, who gave his books, numbering 300, to "Edinburgh and the Kirk of God." The number of volumes is now 130,000.

Glasgow University has 100,000 volumes; St. Andrew's, 70,000.

King's College, Aberdeen, has 37,000 books; Marischal College, 12,000. Among the treasures of the former, is a splendid copy of the Koran once in the possession of Tippoo Sahib.

The library of Trinity College, Dublin, owes its origin to the generosity of the English soldiers, who, having defeated the Spanish at Kinsale in 1601, took this means of expressing their gratitude. They collected £1,800, and the purchasing of the books was entrusted to the famous Bishop Ussher. It now contains upwards of 170,000 volumes and 1,600 MSS.

But it is when we come to the continent that we find large libraries. I shall merely give the figures. The University of Vienna has 120,000 volumes; Gottingen, 500,000; Bonn, 164,000; Leipsic, 12,000; Munich, 220,000; Copenhagen, 200,000; Upsala, 200,000; Halle, 100,000; Turin, 121,000; and Leyden, 70,000 volumes and 3,000 MSS., many of which are almost priceless. This last is one of the most valuable University libraries in the world.

We now turn to America, and here we find that great strides have been made in the collecting of books. Here greater progress, proportionally, has been made than in the old world. I may be pardoned if I refer at greater length to the history of some of the American college libraries, than I did to the European.

That of Harvard was founded in 1638, by Rev. John Harvard, who gave to it his own books—300 in number—mostly on theology

The library grew rapidly, but in 1764 was burned. As was to be expected, this disaster only stimulated the friends of the college to new exertions. Gradually the library has been increasing until now it numbers 248,000 volumes, and there are as many more maps and pamphlets. The largest part of this mighty collection is placed in Gore Hall — a building modelled on the plan of King's Chapel, Cambridge, Eng. Among the earlier donations we notice the Valpy edition of the Classics, 160 volumes from Joshua Bates, of London; 29 volumes from Goethe, and 166 volumes from President Adams. Charles Sumner, in addition to gifts of money, during his life, gave 1,300 books and between 15,000 and 20,000 pamphlets. At his death he further enriched it with 4,000 volumes. By purchase the library of Prof. Ebeling, of Hamburg, was secured; this consisted of 7,000 volumes relating to America, and 10,000 maps and charts. W. H. Prescott, bequeathed the books used by him in preparing his historical works — a valuable gift, as one might suppose. Dr. Worcester gave the large collection used by him in compiling his dictionary. Jared Sparks and J. G. Palfrey also gave their special collections. This library — the largest in America — is constantly increasing. For the purchase of books there is the interest of \$169,000.

Yale comes next to Harvard in the number of books. Founded in 1700, the library now has 114,000 volumes. The library fund is \$65,500, but \$6,600 are annually expended.

We now come to Princeton — a college in which Dalhousians take a special interest. Its library was founded in 1746; one of the early donors was Jonathan Belcher — Governor of New Jersey — who gave 474 books. It amounts to 41,500 volumes, and exclusive of the theological collection, which numbers 27,000, is placed in a magnificent building, erected at a cost of \$120,000. Its endowment is \$40,000.

Columbia's library is small, comparatively, numbering only 39,000. It is largely made up of private collections. Two very prominent ones are those of Professors Anthon and Goldwin Smith. The former numbers between 5,000 and 6,000, two-thirds of which relate to the classical languages and their literatures. The latter

numbers 3,000, and consists chiefly of historical works.

In 1770 Brown University Library was founded. It now has 45,000 volumes; the building in which it is contained is valued at \$50,000. The permanent fund is \$25,000, largely the gift of Nicholas Brown.

When we turn to Canada we find the libraries away below the standard. Statistics are not easily obtained; but Queen's College, Kingston, has over 10,000; and McGill has probably as many.

Lastly, we come to Nova Scotia. And in connection with its college libraries a Nova Scotian can have no cause for glorification. Would that I could say that Dalhousie has 10,000 volumes. But I shall not mention the number of volumes in her library — for it can only be by courtesy that the collection bears that name.

The best collection — that is a college one — in the Province is that of King's. The calendar of that institution gives us some interesting information about it, and informs us that the college has upwards of 6,000 volumes. And, indeed, even this number is creditable, for the college question in Nova Scotia has been a difficult problem to solve; in fact, is not solved yet. Till a settlement of this question is arrived at we can look for but little progress in the direction of securing a good college library, — such an one as a Nova Scotian could boast of, — such an one as the interests of higher education in this Province at this time imperatively demand.

#### FOLK LORE.

You have all heard the story of the man whom a lot of wags persuaded was sick by coming up to him and asking what the matter was, that he did not look well, he had better consult a doctor, and such like appropriate questions and advice. Travellers tell us that there is scarcely a man who has lived any time in the East but believes in sorcery — not that he has seen anything supernatural himself, but dwelling in a country where witchcraft is strongly believed, he at last persuades himself that there is something in it. The omens of the ancients held far

more sway over the mind than does the present folk lore. Yet many of the sayings and signs we hear and see are believed to a certain extent, no doubt partly owing to their constant repetition. Were they not regarded as partly true they would have sunk into the oblivion of ancient omens, and the contempt with which sensible people would view them would keep even the young and thoughtless from engaging in any of the ways, to find out who their future wives or husbands are to be.

I have collected some of the most familiar and have divided them into those which are of more frequent occurrence. For convenience I have omitted the use of quotation marks.

There are a great many people who will not enter a house by one door, and leave it by another, nor would they turn back after they once had begun a journey, as it would augur ill success for the undertaking. I have seen my chum spit on his finger and rub his left ear, explaining to me that it was hot and somebody was speaking ill of him, and while he was rubbing his ear they would bite their tongues.

I will take methods of arriving at the future wife or husband, and they are legion. All my readers know about the wish-bone. Some perhaps have counted fifty white horses and were very careful that they shook hands first afterwards, with some one for whom they had a liking, for common report says that such an one will be your consort. I have only to call to your remembrances the dreaming on a piece of bride's cake, the filling of your mouth full of water on Hallow Eve and the first name you hear will one day be united to you in matrimony. This is a favorite one with young ladies, and they must put great faith in it, else they would not incur the physical inconvenience, nor run the risk of being eaves-dropping. A young lady combing her hair on Hallow Eve, while eating an apple, looks anxiously in the glass for a view of her lover, whom she more than half believes will look over her shoulder.

Good luck and bad luck have many a sign, and I am afraid I will have to use the word "luck" very often, but I cannot think of an equivalent term. To find a four-leaved clover

is good luck. See the new moon over your right shoulder it is good luck; over the left, bad. Finding a pin, head to you, is good luck; better still, to find a needle, eye to you. Sometimes these take the form of rude rhyme:

Better that you were never born,  
Than on Sunday your nails should be shorn.  
Cut them on Monday, cut them for health;  
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth;  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news;  
Cut them on Thursday, new pair of shoes;  
Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow;  
Cut them on Saturday, see your girl to-morrow.

Here's another relating to the marriage day:

Monday, health,  
Tuesday, wealth,  
Wednesday, best of all;  
Thursday, losses,  
Friday, crosses,  
Saturday, no luck at all.

If you find a horse shoe it is good luck. They are supposed also to be good to keep away witches. For a single person to light a lamp holding anything in the hand except a match is unlucky. Many young ladies will not put on their sack before their hat, for their luck would suffer if they would. Break a looking-glass, bad luck will follow for seven years. I can attest to the truth of this, for I look forward with a sigh to the four years my fortunes have yet to suffer, because I had the misfortune to break one. It is also very bad luck to try a crape bonnet on; or to throw egg shells in the fire; or to put on your clothes wrong side out. Boys, remember, that if you call to see a young lady and a minister comes into the house, it is unlucky. Ill fortune follows the first couple a minister marries. It is also accounted bad luck to find a knife; what must it be to borrow one and never return it?

The receiving calls from strangers are events that trouble many a lady, and the wise have invented many signs to fortell such an event, of which the best known are — an itchy nose, the rooster crowing in front of the house, a needle or pin dropping and sticking into the mat or carpet, a stranger in the tea; and if you have a piece of bread, and take another a very hungry stranger is coming directly.

In order to fortell the weather there are many well-known signs, some of which are founded on

observation; others are very foolish. I need only write the first line of

A rainbow at night is a sailor's delight.

Another in rhyme, not so well known, is:

The evening red and the morning gray,  
Will send the traveller on his way.  
The evening gray and the morning red,  
Will pour down rain on the travellers's head.

Chickens fighting is a sure sign of rain; or if you hear a noise as if a drop of water had fallen in the fire it is accounted a sign of rain. A circle around the moon is, I am inclined to think, a sure evidence of a storm. But some old folks go further and count the number of stars inside the circle, and it will be that many days before a storm comes on.

Fog on a hill  
Brings water to the mill.  
Fog on the hollow,  
A fine day to-morrow.

Signs of death are very numerous. I will only give a few of the most interesting. Scotch people especially believe that a green Christmas makes a full kirkyard. Some who have read the "Bride of Lammermoor" will remember the solemnity with which an old woman mumbles this, while witnessing the wedding of Lucy Ashton. A rooster crowing just before sunset is a sign of death. If a bird comes in at an open widow or door it is a warning for some of the inmates that the "pale-faced messenger" is nigh. I remember, one fine summer day, going to see a sick child. The doctor had just pronounced him as out of danger, and the mother's heart was full of hope, but in a few minutes she gave way to the wildest paroxysm of grief. A little bird had come in through the open window, flew round the bed of the child and then out again. This was the cause of the mother's agony, for she had more faith in superstition than in medical skill. She was justified, for before the sun had set her boy died. If the "strike-side" of a clock runs down before the other side it is thought to be a sign of death. If you drop your comb while combing your hair you will hear of a death before you comb your hair again. There are quite a number that I have heard that are not very well known, although they are not more silly than those of daily use. Often when

a candle is burning a portion of the tallow stands up as a sort of pyramid; this is called a "winding sheet," and gives those in the house warning that one of their number, is soon to go the way of all mankind. Windy weather is foretold by the waving of the flame of a candle without visible cause; wet weather if it does not light readily. In England many believe in these signs of the candle, and they are said to be of remote origin, and have arisen, I suppose, from the once prevalent worship of the sun and of fire. There is supposed to be as much poison in a salamander as will kill as many men as there are spots on his body.

I am sorry that I cannot finish the following doggerel, telling how to judge our fortune by the way we wear our shoes:

Wear the toe,  
Spend as you go;  
Wear the heel,  
Spend a good deal;  
Wear the side,  
Be a rich man's bride.

I do not think the following is a very common way for young ladies to see how long it will be before they are married: Take one hair out of your own head, slip it through a gold ring and hold it over some water in a tumbler; by a slight moving it will act like a pendulum. As many times as it strikes the sides of the tumbler so many years will it be before the performer gets married. If it vibrates but does not touch the glass she will either be married that year or not at all. I forgot to say that it will not give a true result, without it is done on Hallow Eve! If, when you are going to fish, you step over a fishing rod, you will catch no fish that day. Always something happens of great moment in the thirty-first year of a person's life. If your initials spell a word you are sure to be rich.

I have a great many more that I have gathered, but they seem very foolish; yet I do not think the article would be complete without some of them, and I hardly think they are much more silly than many that I have down. They chiefly refer to "wishes" and "fellows." But I must head the list, with two firmly believed in in our childhood days: If you pull a hair out of your head, draw it between the nails of the

thumb and forefinger, and if the hair curls, that person is proud. Another that is a favourite with children, is to hold a buttercup under the chin, and if a yellow reflection is thrown on the under part of the jaw that youngster is fond of butter. Of course, you know, every child is fond of butter. If the palm of your right hand is itchy, you are going to shake hands with a stranger; the left, you are going to handle money. This makes it doubly sure:

If you scratch it on wood  
It's sure to come good.

Left sole itchy, you are going to dance; right, you are going to walk on strange ground. Drop your umbrella and you will that day meet with a disappointment. Should your shoe string unloose, your young lady was thinking of you. Commence anything on Friday and you will be a long time in finishing it. Loose your garter—you loose your "fellow." Hairpin sticking out—your "fellow" was thinking of you. Snuff the candle, and if it goes out you are not to be married that year. Call to see your young lady on Saturday night and you will quarrel with her before the year is out. If you make a wish when a meteor is falling it will be sure to come true. But I know you are all crying hold! enough! of these; but you know a "little nonsense now and then" \* \* \* \* \*

H. M. Innis SNODGRASS.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO STUDENTS:

While matters appertaining to the Reading Room, have this year given very general satisfaction, there are yet a few particulars which justly give rise to complaint. All readily admit the great advantages derivable from a reading room well equipped and properly managed,—yet there are some few at least who, instead of lending their support to render it as effective as possible, are doing the very thing which mostly tends to defeat its purposes. We refer to the removal from the Reading Room of some of the most valuable reading matter, such as "The Century" and the various "Reviews," for which we are indebted to Mr. Munro, our kind benefactor.

This is especially true of "The Century," which is hardly upon our table before it disappears, and we are sorry to have to state that the number of Reviews on hand is very much less than we received. The great injustice of this is readily apparent to all, and we hope that in the future such ungenerous conduct may not be repeated, and that all students may be allowed to participate in the reading of such literature, as has hitherto, through the selfishness of a few, been largely denied them.—R. R. COM.

#### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

There are 537 students at Princeton.

MRS. REDPATH, of Montreal, has given \$20,000 to endow a chair in the Presbyterian College.

A PERMANENT fund of \$100,000 is to be raised for the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is a graduate of Union College.

It is said that the Archbishop of Quebec has received an autograph letter from the Pope on the Laval Question, and that the missive from His Holiness is very severe on Bishop Laféche.

BROWN Freshmen ordered their annual dinner and prepared for a good time generally. They were sadly disappointed, however, on reaching the dining hall to find that the Sophs. had been there and eaten all the feast.

PROF. WILLIAM DRAPER, the President of the University of the City of New York, and the author of several works on the Philosophy of the Will, is dead. There is some difficulty in providing a suitable successor. Dr. John Hall has respectfully declined.

THE Undergraduates of the University of Toronto lately petitioned the Senate that Medals, Scholarships and Prizes be abolished. Want of funds for University purposes was the matter, and the students had two prospects—increase of fees, and loss of scholarships. They preferred the latter.

PROF.: "Suppose you were hit on the head with a stick; where would the sensation be?"  
Senior: "In the stick." Prof.: "Sufficient."

PERSONALS.

LEPAGE, a Sophomore of '75-'76 is now one of the Professors of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown.

J. S. MURRAY, B. A. '77, is Inspector of Schools for Queens County, P. E. I. We wish him still further success.

R. SHAW, B. A. '67, one of the first graduates of Dalhousie, is now one of the members for Prince County, P. E. I., in the Local Legislature.

W. M. FRASER, B. Sc., '80, has begun business as an Anaylist in this city. He finds time, however, still to cultivate his taste for *litteris humanis*, *Semper floreat!*

R. R. J. EMMERSON, B. A., '79, who, in a former issue we said, was employed on the staff of the Montreal *Herald*, has resigned his position on the editorial corps of that journal, and is now acting as one of the editors of the *Witness*, of the same place. The improvement in the *Witness* is marked.

THE following telegram appeared in the Ottawa dispatches to the Halifax *Herald*, a few days ago:

"A good deal of interest is manifested in the election of a law clerk to the Senate. It is generally believed that J. G. A. CREIGHTON, formerly of Halifax, now a barrister of Montreal, will be the successful candidate."

Mr. Creighton graduated from Dalhousie in '68. We wish him success.

PERSONS knowing the place of residence and occupation of any of our old students would confer a favor by informing the editors of the same.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

ROB'T McLELLAN, \$3.00; John Logan, Esq., \$2.00; Prof. Allan Pollock, Dr. Avery, Hector McInnis, Rev. F. W. Archibald, M. A.; A. H. McKay, B. A., B. Sc.; W. B. Taylor, A. J. Christie, E. M. Dill, D. H. McKenzie,—\$1.00 each

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE & UNIVERSITY.

MUNRO

Exhibitions & Bursaries.

Through the liberality of GEORGE MUNRO, [Esq., of New York, the following Exhibitions and Bursaries will be offered for competition at the commencement of the Winter's Session of this College, 1882, 1883, and 1884.

In 1882 **Five Junior Exhibitions** of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years, and **Ten Junior Bursaries** of the annual value of \$150, tenable for two years.

**Seven Senior Bursaries** of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years.

In 1883 **Five Senior Exhibitions** of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years.

**Ten Senior Bursaries** of the annual value of \$150, tenable for two years.

In 1884 **Five Senior Exhibitions** of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years.

**Ten Senior Bursaries** of the annual value of \$150, tenable for two years.

The Exhibitions are open to all candidates; the Bursaries are open to candidates from the Maritime Provinces. The Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries are open to candidates for Matriculation in Arts; the Senior Exhibitions and Bursaries to undergraduates of any University who have completed two, and only two, years of their Arts course, and who intend to enter the third year of the Arts course in this University.

The subjects of examination for the Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries of 1882 will be the same as those for the Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries of 1881, with the following modifications:

The Classical books to be professed will be, in LATIN—*Cæsar*, Gallic War, Book VI., and *Ovid*, *Metamorphoses*, Book I.; and in GREEK, *Xenophon*, *Anabasis*, Books III. and IV. In MATHEMATICS, the Third Book of Euclid is added to the Geometry required, and the Theory of Indices to the Algebra required.

A statement of conditions, dates and subjects of examinations, &c., may be obtained on application to the Principal, Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

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