

The Dalhousie Gazette.

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NO. 9.

GOING IN TO THE PROFESSIONS.

Though not "by bishops' bred," I was reared to look forward to an entrance to one of the learned professions as a necessity, which only awaited my maturity, to become a reality. To a profession, then, I am destined; and hence it may seem a little,—just a little—out of place for me, to censure any others, who tread the same path as I. But consistency is a rare thing in this world of ours, besides being "but the bugbear of little minds," and I lay claim to no eccentricity.

It has become the rule now, not the exception, that every boy,—be he rustic or "towny,"—(producere verbum) with a modicum (or less) of brains, from fair to middling education, and an abundance of conceit should devote himself to a profession. In the good old times it was not so. Men then, and they were right, thought they should honor their occupation in life, not that their occupation should honor them. Now the order of things is reversed, and as a consequence the professions are fast becoming,—if they are not now,—overstocked. While this is true of all, it is particularly true of the legal profession. Merchants, bankers, students of medicine, clerks, druggists, cowboys, members of Parliament, etc., all await the good time when they can be admitted to the bar. And why? Is the profession so attractive? Is there any particular virtue in it that draws men to it? Is a good lawyer on a higher level than a good farmer or merchant? Is a poor lawyer in a better condition than a poor doctor or mechanic? I say no to all. Darby the "Blast," in one of Charles Lever's best known works, draws a comparison between a policeman and an attorney,

which is "not by no manner of means" favorable to the latter. I quote. "An attorney! there's nothing so mean as an attorney: the police is gentlemen compared to them—they fight it out fair like men; but the other chaps sit in a house planning and contriving mischief all day long, inventing every kind of wickedness, and then getting people to do it. See, now, I believe in my conscience the devil was the first attorney, and it was just to sarve his own ends that he bred a ruction between Adam and Eve." As Darby was an Irishman, with no particular hankering after policemen, his sentiments are more worthy of credence, and I for one, say yes to them. Why then is this eagerness to become lawyers? I think I have given the reason before. It is because they think a profession is more honorable than any manual employment, and that the legal, though not the most honorable, is the easiest of all the professions. Was there ever such a mistake? No never—at least hardly ever. Four years of a steady grind over semi-unintelligible books, for little or no remuneration, under masters who would shame the Egyptian task-masters of old,—and then the goal is reached. Is it worth the effort you have made to reach it? True you are the envy of younger legal aspirants, but you are at the same time, the butt of those who have proceeded you by a few steps. If you are situated in a country town, with no opposition, designing mothers may regard you as a good catch, but what of that? If in a city crushed down by attorneys, who are not willing to give you even the crumbs which fall from the table,—unless you can be so fortunate as "to fall in love with a rich attorney's elderly, ugly, daughter;" the "briefs will never come trooping gaily;" and hence your

life will be a burden to you. Better far to endure like Mrs. Gamp "all the tortoises of the imposition." "If you have such an antipathy to law," why, do I hear some one say, "do you intend to become a barrister"? The answer, dear questioner, is this: I have told you I was destined for a profession. I could not be doctor; my stomach, as I knew by one sad experience, was too weak; while my naturally bad disposition, leading me to prefer billiards and cricket, to copenhagen and croquet, I found myself unfitted for the ministry. These reasons, very good they are too, I think, made me turn my attention to law—these the why and wherefore of my becoming what I so much despise—a lawyer.

But notwithstanding, I earnestly look forward to the glad time, when men shall learn war and law no more; when gowns and pens be turned into dresses and pruning hooks; and all nations from Dan even unto Beersheba, shall look upon law and lawyers as "things that were but hadn't ought to be."

G. P.

A HOLIDAY ON THE HUMBER RIVER.

[This article is a continuation of the one which appeared in our issue of February 9th.—E.D.S.]

When we awoke in the morning it was daylight.

A mist hung over the hills and rested on the lake. Before we sat down to breakfast, a light breeze came from the west, the mist disappeared, and the sun shone brightly. The prospect of a quick run to the head of the lake—which was about eighteen miles from the camp—and the appearance of the weather, put all the company in good spirits. The trout we had caught at the rapids were fried in a large bake-pot, a strong cup of tea was brewed, and we fell-to in real backwoods fashion.

We had a fair wind, the blanket sail was hoisted, and we bowled along in good style. The wild, strange cry of the loon is heard, and we are on the alert for a shot. There is an old bird with two young ones, but not within range.

The mother bird knows how to take care of herself and young. Last summer the lumbermen

caught an old loon, fastened a "fish-pole" to one of its legs, and drove it down the river. Away it went screaming and flapping its wings, having a *howling* time, and did not stop until it reached the sound, fifteen miles from its starting point; where it was captured by a hungry fisherman, and converted into hash for himself and family.

We tried to get near a flock of black ducks, but when within several hundred yards of them, they would take to wing, circle over the lake, and pitch in the water—not near us.

The captain and Tom—one of the crew—were old friends. Tom was an ancient mariner and had been away from the home of his boyhood for ten or twelve years, consequently he had a host of questions to ask concerning old school mates and local celebrities. On hearing that one of the latter had only very recently "shuffled off this mortal coil," Tom seemed much surprised, he took his "dhudeen" out of his mouth, looked earnestly at his friend, sighed heavily, and said—"Arrah, bedad, and did the ould rascal never die until then." When told of the death of a chum, who had fallen from the rigging of his ship, just as she was entering port after a long voyage Tom was silent for some time, and now and then took a longer whiff of his pipe, and occasionally drew the back of his hand across his eyes as if the "baccy" smoke was too strong. At noon we reached Beaver Brook, where two Nova Scotia families have pitched their tents. They are thirty miles from Bay of Islands, but there is a telegraph station twelve miles further inland where there is one family: We received a right hearty welcome from the members of both families.

On Sunday religious exercises were conducted, a sermon being preached in the morning from the words: "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" and in the afternoon from the parable of "The Prodigal Son."

Early on Monday morning two of us were on our journey homeward. The captain could not use the paddles, and the task of rowing eighteen miles fell to his friend. When half-way down the lake a wild goose chase took place, and lasted over two hours. The young geese could not fly,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

EVERY age of literature has its master workmen around whom cluster the men of lesser genius who by their very efforts to attract attention throw out into bolder view the beauties of an author, thus forming an admirable background to the page of biography. Such was the case with William Wordsworth, though he cannot be placed as first among the poets of his time; yet from his muse many a lesser light drew strength by which he arose on the wing of passion and revelled amid the realms of fancy.

Wordsworth's first appearance as an author was met by a shower of abuse from his fellow penmen, and, such was its effect upon the public mind that his productions were pronounced valueless and his publishers returned him the manuscripts. But this disaster only aroused him to greater efforts and his mighty genius shaking itself clear of the trammels of criticism formed the design of revolutionizing the very form and fashion under which poetry then existed. In this endeavour, however, he did not wholly succeed. Among his earliest poems were "An Evening Walk and Descriptive Sketches," concerning which Coleridge justly remarked: "Seldom if ever was the emergence of an original poetical genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."

His next work of importance was "Syrical Ballads," and these laid the first stone in that temple of fame which to-day looms up through the mist of time. Next in order comes "Peter Bell," a poem replete with fine description which though amazingly clear and vivid may be called a portrait rather than a creation. The poem, as he informs us, was founded upon an anecdote which he read in a newspaper of a mule being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched position. Upon examination a dead body was found which proved to be the body of his master. And pithily has he described that proverb of ridicule when found by Peter:

"With motion dull
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear,"
How he lengthened out
"More ruefully a deep-drawn shout
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible brav."

but with the aid of their wings and feet travelled over the water at a rapid rate. The oarsman put on some "heavy spurts," and several times was *just* within shot, when the flock would dive, and come up anywhere but within range of his double barrel, or skim along the surface for a quarter of a mile making the water fly from their wings and feet.

At last after rowing his "level best," he was nearly close enough to fire, and had his eye on the gun, when one of the thole pins cracked off, and over he tumbled into the bottom of the boat. "Give it up" said the captain. No! I want one of those young wild geese for dinner to-morrow. Well I guess you will *want* one was the answer. The disappointed hunter took that as conclusive, and mournfully continued the journey. Thus ended a wild goose chase. What vim would have been put into each stroke, if a pair of wild geese had been shot, no one but a successful sportsman can imagine.

Thinking and feeling that it was near dinner time, we hauled up the boat at Red Indian Dock, built a fire, boiled the kettle, and nearly finished the grub.

At night-fall we arrived at the camp, where we had slept the first evening. A friend well acquainted with the rapids and other dangerous parts of the river, kindly offered to pilot us down to Corner Brook. It was nearly pitch dark; one could scarcely see his hand before him. Yet we sped safely over the rapids, darted swiftly through narrow gorges, glided gently over dangerous reefs and shot past huge boulders, until finally we reached smooth water. Our kind friend who had piloted our boat in safety so far, now rested on his oars and struck a match to light his pipe.

We were startled by a miff, and a snort, and then a short quick bark. By the light of the match—within three feet of the boat—we caught a glimpse of the round head of a seal and saw the gleam of its eyes.

We soon smell the breeze from the ocean, and at one o'clock in the morning, tired and sleepy, we reach our home at Corner Brook.

RAMBLER.

The "Prelude" is another of his many poems. Here we have a reminiscence of the poet's childhood. And here too the old and well-known picture of the French Revolution so often painted and in such different colors is brought before us in a new and original way. But now we come to his greatest feat in the poetical arena, "The Excursion." A poem of high thought and lofty imagination. A poem whose atmosphere is calmness. Through whose plot appear glimpses of nature in her various forms and from which ever and anon flow those enchanting sounds which wake a thousand echoes in the listener's heart.

As a poet Wordsworth's position will ever be disputed. He does not come to us as does Byron revelling amid the dust of passion. Nor as Milton pealing forth his majestic thunderings. Wordsworth has swept the lyre with a more delicate touch and forth flowed smooth and softly flowing melodies. L.

CHILDREN'S COMPOSITIONS.

Teachers are not, perhaps, aware how much the art of composition is kept from being developed in children by petty criticism. Children have a great deal to contend with in the attempt to express their thoughts. In the first place, they find it more difficult than better-trained minds to preserve their thoughts in their memory. For the mere mechanical labour of holding the pen, of seeing to the spelling, of pointing, and all such details, interferes with the purely mental effort and helps to drive the little they did think of out of their heads. And after all this is mastered and they begin to express original thought, it is like putting out part of themselves, and they are intensely alive to its reception in proportion to its real originality; and if it is misunderstood or its garb criticised, they shrink more than they would at a rude physical touch, and will be very much tempted to suppress their own thoughts on another occasion, and only attempt the common-places, for which they have heard expressions. Thus an incalculable amount of harm may be done to a young mind, and if the child be very sensitive and continue long under such a master, he

may never fully gain that ease of expression which might have been his under kinder training. For there seems to be, in all finely attuned spirits, a natural modesty, sometimes even a shrinking delicacy, which instinctively forbids exposure of the invisible exercises of the mind and heart, except to the eye of a generous liberality and tender love; and it is only time for reflection and a fully realized faith which gives the strength of mind that may separate the sense of personality from the expression of general truth and beauty, and make clear and possible to them the duty of reposing on the intrinsic worth of what is said, and at all events frankly to express themselves. And is there not a beautiful cause for the modesty of childhood and genius? It has been remarked that the first essays of high genius are seldom in perfect taste, but exhibit "the disproportions of the ungrown giant." This can be easily explained. Genius is apt to feel most deeply the infinite, and never losing sight of even those connections which it does not express, is unaware of the imperfections of what is seen by others, which is only a part of what is created in its own being. But if left to a natural development and unhindered by internal moral evil, the mind always works itself out to perfect forms; while premature criticism mildews the flower, and blasts the promised fruit. This case of genius is not irrelevant. Intellectual education as an art, is an embodiment of all those laws and means, which the development of genius manifests to be the best atmosphere for the production of creative power. For all minds are to be cherished by the same means by which genius is developed. In the first place we never know when we have genius to deal with in our pupils, and should therefore make our plans in reference to it; knowing that the smallest degree of mind is also benefitted in its due proportion by the discipline which brings out the highest, and is certainly quenched by processes from which genius suffer. It seems that the period of school education is too early a period for criticism on any original production. There is only one fault that may be excepted from this rule, and that is affectation, a style which proceeds from the want of the sentiment

of truth. Even this, however, should not be taken up as a literary blunder, but as moral evil, of which it is an expression quite as much as affectation of manner or want of veracity. P.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Acadia Atheneum* and the GAZETTE have in the past spent too much of their time in quarrelling. It is not our intention—nor has it ever been—to indulge in needless discussion with our contemporary. We deem it our duty, however, to point out the fact that the *Atheneum* occasionally shows a little of the old animus. As we write we have before us the February issue of the *Atheneum*. In a very complimentary notice of recent benefactions to Dalhousie occurs this passage:

"It is stated that the conditions which she will require are first, that Dalhousie shall be strictly non-sectarian and, secondly, that she shall not suspend work for a period longer than two years. Although the fulfilment of the first condition may not exactly suit many of Dalhousie's friends, yet we believe no trouble is on that account anticipated."

We hardly understand the last sentence. The *Atheneum* evidently proceeds on the assumption that Dalhousie is now sectarian, and that the change necessary before the McLeod bequest can be accepted does "not exactly suit many of Dalhousie's friends." Such an assumption is not warranted by fact; nor does the will of the late Mr. McLeod support any view of that kind. The will most distinctly states that if at any time the college shall be made sectarian then the bequest shall lapse to the Presbyterian Church.

A late issue of the *'Varsity* has a capital leader on "Undergraduate Freedom." We take the liberty of quoting:

"A University is essentially an examining and degree-conferring corporation. Should examinations and degrees be abolished? No; it is not examinations, but over examination, that is deprecated. Let there then be a matriculating examination; but let it be of so high a standard as to be an adequate guarantee that the successful candidate is no longer a boy, but a man, capable of considering, and acting upon the consideration of, his own welfare; sufficiently mature to have his further educational development left in his own hands, which is the most indisputable condition of real progress. Neither is the abolition of the final examination advocated. It is necessary, not as a goal to which to aim in study, but as a test of progress,

that the University may set its mark of recommendation upon true worth. Let there then be two examinations,—for admission and for degree—and no more; and let it be determined that between the slavery of the school and the dull routine of practical life, there shall be at least a few years of freedom."

The *'Varsity* asks, these pertinent questions:

"Why are the Universities of Germany so noted in all the world? Why do the best English and American Students, passing by Oxford and Cambridge, Cornell and Harvard, flock in hundreds to Berlin and Vienna?"

It give the following as an answer:

"There the student recognises his responsibility and his power; there he appreciates that freedom granted him, which is so productive of independence and strength, and which makes work interesting. This is why Germany has the most brilliant and fearless students and graduates in the world."

We have to thank the Provincial papers for so kindly exchanging with the GAZETTE. But we wish it to be known that there is great irregularity in the receipt of the College papers. Will some of our exchanges please take notice of this? We have received the following: *Wheelman*, *Niagara Index*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Morrin College Review*, *Academician*, *Astrum Alberti*, *Rouge et Noir*, and *University Magazine*.

A STORY is told of a German, who, whilst shaving, accidentally cut off his nose. In his excitement he dropped the razor and decapitated one of his toes. Hastily picking up the dismembered portions of his anatomy, he clapped them to the bleeding wounds and bound them on tightly. After the flesh had grown fast and healed up, he removed the bandages, and was filled with horror when he found a well-developed toe in lieu of a nasal organ, and *vice versa*. Now, whenever he gets a cold he has to remove his shoe and stocking in order to blow his nose.

A NOBLEMAN of Gascony (for all Gascons are noblemen) complaining that his pumps did not last long enough; the humble shoemaker asked him of what stuff his lordship should like to have them made; "make the vamp," said he, "of the throat of a chorister; the quarter, of the skin of a wolf's neck; and the sole, of a woman's tongue." The astonished Crispin made bold with a second question, in the shape of a timid and hesitating "Pourquoi." "Why you block-head," replied the wag, "because the first never admits water; the second, because it never bends on either side; and the last, because although always in motion, it never wears out."

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HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 9, 1883.

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ACADIA College has made a change in its method of government which, we think, will certainly prove of good service to that institution. Says the *Athenæum*:

"At the Annual meeting of the Board of Governors, it was resolved to bring into existence that part of the College organism, denominated in the Charter, the "Body of the College." Accordingly six graduates were appointed Fellows and twelve others "Scholars." The Fellows, Scholars and Faculty constitute the Body or Senate of the University—the Fellows having seats at the Board of Governors, but the Scholars, as the Faculty, having no vote at the Governing Board, although allowed to express their opinions."

This step, we are of opinion, is destined to put new life into Acadia, and to still further encourage that love for *Alma Mater* of which Acadia men have never been deficient. In view of these things, does it not become Dalhousie to look to *her* system of government? Is it the best possible for the College, considering the peculiar conditions under which it is conducted? It is well known that of the sixteen Governors of Dalhousie but *one* is an *Alumnus*. This is a condition of things which should not be

We admit that at the outset no course was open to the Province but the appointment of the majority of the present incumbents. Now, however, the case is different. Dalhousie has passed through the infantile stage, and is at present in a state of growing manhood. The time has come when the *Alumni* should demand a larger representation on the Governing Board. There is no lack of precedents for such a change. We have seen what Acadia is doing. Kings is governed wholly by its *Alumni*; so is Mount Allison. Indeed all prominent colleges recognise the fact that to the *Alumni* they must look for support, and that it is only fair that to them should be given a large share in the government of the college. It is hardly necessary for us to point out more arguments favoring such a reform. We take it that the need for reform in this direction is self-evident. The *Alumni* have the matter in their own hands. Some agitation will of course be necessary. But it is very evident that before many years a change must be made, and it rests with the *Alumni* to say how soon.

THE Dalhousian of these later days is too much tempted to speak in round numbers. In his system of numeration the cypher plays the prominent part. We do not wish to check this feeling, for it is well that by some means or other more sentiment should exist among the supporters of this College, and we are not at all disposed to find fault with the way in which that sentiment finds expression. It must not be forgotten, however, that this spirit over-developed will result in no good for Dalhousie. Although we have reason to rejoice in the fact that in the last few years Dalhousie has received from wealthy friends sums of money amounting to very nearly one-third of a million of dollars, it still behoves us to be modest. We are not prepared to assume the airs of a Harvard. We must not despise small things. Who can doubt that the deep feeling of love which all Baptists feel towards Acadia is due to the fact that each of that denomination considers himself a part-owner in the college named? Kings is the possession of Churchmen, and, as such, they are proud of it. Assuredly any tendency which

will discourage the gift of small amounts to this College, will be conducive of much harm. Is a new building needed for Dalhousie? "Wait till we receive half a million," says the average Dalhousian. Do we need a few more books in our library? "Wait," says the aforesaid average Dalhousian, "till we have received another half-million; then we can have a library worthy the name." Thus they talk.

It might be well to point out by way of answer to these persons that Mount Allison is about to erect what, when finished, will be the finest college building in the Provinces; and they did not wait for a "half-million" either. It was not by despising small donations, that Harvard has to-day the finest college library in America. Let it be understood, then, that Dalhousie is just as ready to receive gifts as ever. Indeed there is danger that, under present conditions, the College will develop wholly in the direction of adding Professors to the Arts Faculty. This being the case, let us all be humble, and rather solicit than deprecate small gifts to the College.

DALHOUSIE still again is the recipient of a noble favour from her magnanimous benefactor. This time the legal profession is indebted to his generosity for the brilliant and unexpected prospect of being sustained by gentlemen really *learned* in the law. It is not yet certain what the extent of the present benefaction is; but it is gratifying to all connected with the College that their wishes for the further advancement of their institution are being realized day by day. It is stated, (mere rumour, however,) that in future we are to have three City gentlemen distinguished for legal acumen instructors in Law. This is indeed capital. We know that we have in the City men who are capable of giving us as sound training for the law as can be got anywhere outside our Province; and now since Providence, working through a noble piece of His own handiwork, has given us the opportunity of learning this arduous subject from our own countrymen, it only remains to be seen that our own country is to be benefitted thereby.

IN another column of this number will be found letters from "Freshman" and "Onlooker." We thought it advisable that "Onlooker" should have a chance to reply, and for this reason that in our opinion "Freshman" had made a mistake as to "Onlooker's" identity. We may say too, that we thought this course not improper, inasmuch as it is our intention to receive no further communications of the nature of those we publish in this issue. If "Onlooker's" first communication was a little strong, it does not seem that "Freshman's" is an improvement in this respect. The GAZETTE is not to be the vehicle of promiscuous invective, and we are indeed sorry to see that the spirit displayed by these letters is abroad among the students.

We do not wish to see a spirit of animosity between the different years at this College. We leave the matters in dispute between our correspondents to the parties interested, hoping that despite the feeling exhibited, no blood will be shed.

THE COMPETITION.

THE end of our course in Gymnastics was marked by a competition for the medals which our readers will remember were offered by Professor Forrest. The competition took place on Saturday, 3rd March. At the appointed hour (11 a.m.) the gymnasium was comfortably filled with spectators, among whom were some of our own Professors with the recent lecturer from Sackville. The number of men that entered for the competition was quite small, doubtless owing to the lateness of the term; but such as entered were in capital form. Messrs. Liechti and Carew kindly consented to act as umpires and discharged that office, by no means an agreeable one, to the satisfaction of all. The list of exercises was not large—all the more showy ones being selected, and such solid muscle-makers as dumb-bells and clubs were given a cold shoulder. First on the list came the horizontal bar, one of the instructors leading. The men were in fine trim for this and everything passed off smoothly. After a few exercises, the instructor retired and the men given an opportunity to perform any of their pet tricks. Some of these

were very fine, Mr. Rogers especially distinguishing-himself by the difficulty of his feats though we think that in gracefulness he was surpassed by others. A short respite and the contestants proceed to the parallel bars. The exercises on these were not very striking; the men kept pretty well together and the "voluntaries" pretty well balanced one another. The rings next claim attention; here the ordinary exercises were good, very good we should say, but the "voluntaries" were not so successful except in the case of Mr. Reid, who performed a variety of exercises in succession with the utmost ease and grace. And now came on the most exciting contest of the day—fencing. The men drew lots for partners or opponents as you please. The first battle results in a tie between Messrs. Taylor and McKenzie. This arose from the fact that the time was limited and each had scored the same when time was called. The other set-to's proceed briskly and the number of contestants rapidly diminishes. At last the final set-to comes off between Messrs. McColl and Taylor. The long reach and vigorous fencing of the latter prove too much for his plucky antagonist and the day is presently decided in his favour. The fencing has occupied so much time that single-sticks must be omitted. We might observe here that an athletic competition is, as a rule, considered incomplete without boxing, but as our gymnasium is not yet provided with the apparatus for the manly art, the latter had perforce to be omitted. However, next year will probably see that defect remedied. The judges retire and continue absent for quite a length of time, doubtless owing to the difficulty in deciding on such a close contest. They presently appear, however, and it is announced that Mr. Rogers has carried off the gold, and Mr. Taylor the silver medal. The pent-up feelings of the undergraduates now find vent in cheering the winners. Then some one proposes three cheers for Professor Forrest which the latter gets and a handsome tiger in addition. The Professor responded in a short speech expressing his satisfaction at the exercises, his perfect acquiescence in the awards, and the hope that with a longer term next session the college

would be in a position to give a public exhibition. He stated also that the medals would be presented later in the term, perhaps at Convocation. Proceedings came to an end with immense cheering for the umpires and instructors. The affair was certainly very successful if the time since the gymnasium was established is taken into account and our short session with its rush of work. The gymnasium excitement for this year is now over, and the men will settle down to that marvellous species of mental gymnastics that takes place during the last month of a college term.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

I WAS pleased to see in a late issue of the GAZETTE a gentle reminder of the duty of Dalhousie in reference to some memorial to the late Professor DeMille. I should like to see his portrait hanging in the Library. I am informed that it was proposed at one time to found a "Mackenzie Memorial Scholarship." This project, it appears, has been dropped. Why should we not have Professor Mackenzie's portrait in the Library too? Anyone visiting the Harvard Memorial Hall is struck by the numerous portraits of past professors, benefactors, &c., that adorn the walls. Let us cultivate a little of that sort of thing at Dalhousie. I for one—and I know of many who would do the same—would gladly contribute my mite towards any such object.

Yours, etc.,

STUDENT.

To the Dalhousie Gazette:

No doubt some of your readers noticed in a recent issue a communication from "Blit" which is a piece of somewhat curious composition in its way. We are thankful for an opportunity to ask the writer a few questions. When has there been "considerable discussion concerning the extra work assigned to Eng. Literature Class?" It has certainly not appeared in the GAZETTE that most students read. Does "Blit" run a college paper of his own? Does he consider that work which is wholly optional a "grievous burden?" I

wonder if he ever heard of a little maxim,— "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you!" If Classics takes five or six hours daily, would it not be well to raise a quiet row with the Classical Professor immediately? It is quite evident, as he admits, that he is not a "natural genius" or he would surely have adopted this plan. "Blit" presumes that he is writing on "behalf of the students." If he had done a little civil growling about the ordinary work in Literature, perhaps he would have had the sympathy of the overworked Freshmen, but he selects a different course of action and wastes his time and paper. But after all "Blit" is laboring under an erroneous impression, which seems to have gained credence in our college,—that students in order to keep up appearances must take a class in every study and wade through all the extra work involved.

The time was when one or two students could sweep the entire year, and although that time may not have passed by, yet the student of ordinary ability must content himself with two extras at the most and not attempt to cram them all up in a slipshod manner.

HAZLET.

To the Editors of the Gazette:

"Onlooker" is evidently under the impression that Freshmen are to meet with destruction in some form, and since he is unable to totally annihilate them by his loquacious tongue, he has wisely decided to leave them to the judgments of "the gods." It is a curious coincidence that the sentiments of "Onlooker" have repeatedly been expressed, at the various students' meetings during the session, by "the irrepressible fourth year man." At any rate did the Editors of the GAZETTE behold the contents of this young man's cranium as they appear to those Freshmen who are more intimately acquainted with him, they would not deem those persons psychologists who are able "to take a peep into the mental workshops of one of the Seniors." The sentiments of the more thoughtful students were but re-echoed by the proposer of the toast to Freshmen at our late dinner, when he stated that never before had they met with more unpleasant treatment than during the present session. The sole cause of

the jealous strife was the unfortunate conduct of this diminutive young man at our first students' meeting in stating that the Freshmen of this year were such an ignorant class that they were wholly incapable of taking any part in the proceedings; and this same sentiment he has reiterated at every subsequent meeting. This young man is evidently under the impression that a four years' cram at college makes THE man; and when closely pressed in debate with these "vain-glorious imitations of Yankee stump orators" always makes a sycamore tree of the fact that "I am a Senior!"

It is no wonder that Freshmen looking with contempt upon such "bombastic pomposity" do not seek to allay in such minds "that prejudice which, "Onlooker" presumes, "has ever existed against their class." At the meeting to which "Onlooker" refers there were present three Seniors, two of whom by their manly demeanour and gentlemanly conduct have always won the esteem of their fellow-students. The Freshmen did not wish to insinuate that these gentlemen were not entitled to a fair share in the discussion, but they maintained that, since the curriculum of our college has undergone material changes in the last four years and the work of the first year greatly increased, Seniors and graduates of to-day are not in a position to understand nor appreciate the circumstances in which the Freshmen are placed, who at their matriculation stood as trying an ordeal as the first sessional examination of some previous years. In conclusion we trust that "Onlooker" may be unburdened of his surplus stock of self-conceit before being launched out to sail for himself amid the tumultuous billows of life's sea.

Humbly yours,

FRESHMAN.

To the Editors of the Gazette:

SIRS,—I thank the GAZETTE Editors for the privilege granted in allowing me to read before publication a letter signed "Freshman." I do not intend to occupy your space with a lengthy reply thereto. At the outset I have distinctly to assert that "Onlooker" is *not* of the Senior year, and so it will be seen how far "Freshman" is wide of the mark. I am rather surprised at

the pitiful statements which "Freshman" makes concerning the status held by his "class" among the students. The estimation in which any person is held is largely determined by the manner in which he conducts himself. Hence "Freshman" must, on reflection, see that the attitude of his year has been far from perfect.

It is not my intention to bandy words with "Freshman" or to review the contents of his extraordinary letter in detail. He evidently blames the Seniors for the "unpleasant treatment" Freshmen have experienced this year. The truth of this I leave to the judgment of the students in general.

In my first letter I made a definite charge against "certain Freshmen." This I reiterate. And I have yet to see in "Freshman's" reply any denial of it. The bad taste shown by your correspondent in giving undue prominence to some one of the Seniors, who happened to be at the meeting referred to, is so evident that it would, of itself, condemn his production. The highly ornate ending of "Freshman's" letter and his pleasing allusion to myself shew that he only wants a pilot to enable him to "sail amid the tumultuous billows," &c.

Yours, &c., ONLOOKER.

ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

PROFESSOR MACGREGOR is to lecture in this city, in Masonic Hall, on Tuesday evening, March 13th. Subject: "Our Schools a Source of Wealth."

THE Gymnastic competition for Prof. Forrest's Medals, took place in the College Gymnasium, on Saturday March 3rd, an account of which will be seen elsewhere.

ROBT. SEDGEWICK, B. A., Q. C., has presented the library with a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica (new edition). May his noble example be followed by not a few Alumni.

WHEN a handsome girl drops her handkerchief for a gentleman to pick up, it may be that she wants to flirt with him, and it may be she wants to splinter the legs of his tight trousers all to pieces.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

THE University Library of McGill contains 20,000 volumes.

THE receipts of the Princeton foot-ball association were \$1,915, expenditure \$1,827, for the past year.

HARVARD is to have a new physical laboratory to cost \$115,000.

PRINCETON's new telescope is by far the largest belonging to any collegiate institution. Its cost was \$26,000.

THE catalogue of Colby University for 1882-1883 has been issued. Its students number 124,—Seniors 31, Juniors 27, Sophomores 24, Freshmen 42.

THE class of '83 at Acadia has organized and selected a Convener, a Vice-Convener, Secretary, &c.—A capital idea.

HARVARD College Observatory has become the centre of astronomical information for the United States.

DR. MARTIN, the famous Professor of Biology in the John Hopkins University, is only twenty-eight years old.

CORNELL is advocating the study of the sciences exclusively and the overthrow of Latin and Greek.

RIDLEY HALL, near Cambridge, built at a cost of over \$200,000, for the purpose of training young men in the evangelical principles of the Church of England, has been formally opened.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY, University Lecturer on English Literature at Harvard College, has just written a book called "English Literature in the Eighteenth Century."

PRESIDENT ANGELL has issued his report of Michigan University. The number of students is 1,534, second only to that of Harvard, which leads with over 1,600. Of Ann Arbor's 1,534 students, 184 are women.

THE experiment in co-operation at Harvard has been, so far, very successful. Four hundred professors and students secured a store, where books, stationery, etc., are either kept in stock or sold by sample. The price for everything is 5 per cent. above wholesale cost, members only can buy, and on no other terms than cash down. The 5 per cent., and an additional charge of \$2 on each member easily covers all expenses.

MR. GEORGE DARWIN, who has been made Professor of Astronomy in Cambridge University, is said to possess more than his celebrated father's versatility, all his father's love of thorough work, and no little share of his father's power of exposition. Though he is only 36 years of age, he is a Fellow of the Royal Society. He is not merely an astronomer—he is a geologist, a biologist, and a chemist, and is distinguished in all.

No fire-arms allowed in the ladies' waiting room.

"LOVE works wonders — wonderful slippers," quoth the theologian.

WHY does that Soph, always pass a certain house on Pleasant street, at least once a day.

"I AIN'T a bigoted teetotaler," said a fourth year man, when he got home at three in the morning.

WE understand that two Sophs. were gallantly carried off a few evenings ago. There was no time to toss up cents this time.

WAS he taking an early constitutional or had he spent Sunday night away from Pine Hill? Will that theologian, rise and explain.

To —. "Will you make me acquainted with that young lady? I would like to go home with her."—Pause. No I won't. I'm going home with her myself. Exit Soph, with curses not loud but deep.

THE 'Cosmopolite' Soph was heard to ejaculate the following the other day, "that owing to the superfluous superincumbence of the superabundant work which he had to sustain, he was orthogonally unable to associate with fellow-Sophs."

It is announced as an alarming fact, that the Freshmen are rapidly becoming cross-eyed, through the strenuous efforts made to keep one eye on the Prof. and the other on the ladies; thus seriously marring their, according to fair authority, great beauty (?)

It is reported that the landlady of a certain student is desirous of having her boarder hold the sweet and innocent child at the christening. (Mike (C) hall, is to be the infant's name). Will not the parson find it difficult to distinguish which of the two wants christening.

Query.—Was it forgetfulness; or was it because he fancied his connection with Dalhousie's Mock Parliament entitled him to the privilege, that the "philosophic and lengthy freshie," having entered the speakers gallery of the house, &c., refused to take off his hat, till sharply prompted by the door-keeper?

SCENE, recitation room, Wellesley College, class in Latin. Professor (who is a Harvard graduate, and consequently bashful)—"Miss A., will you decline the pronoun hic?" Miss A.—"Hic, hoc, hoc, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us." Exit professor amid great excitement.

ONE New Haven firm sells 120,000 cigarettes a month to Yale College students, or for the ten months of the year that the "men" are in town, 1,200,000, at an average of little more than half a cent apiece, a total of about \$6,000 a year. The same firm receives \$15,000 yearly for soda and mineral waters sold to the students, and a monthly cigar account with the collegians reaches \$500. And this is the record of but one firm.

OF late years there has been a large increase in students at the German universities. From 15,113 students in 1872 the number has advanced to 23,834 in 1882, or an increase of 57.6 per cent. Some alarm has been caused by this showing, as it is denied that the demand of modern life for men of education has increased in a like proportion. An official warning has been promulgated against students taking up the law as a profession, since its ranks are already 'hopelessly overcrowded.'

WHO will save us from the infliction that the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race imposes on the newspaper-reading world! About eight good weeks must elapse before the race is rowed, and day by day we shall be bored with the weights, conditions, and breathings of these sixteen utterly insignificant young gentlemen. The public has no earthly interest in any of them, and will refuse to interest themselves even in their names until a few days before the race—which, in point of fact is no race at all, but a procession. Many better races can be seen any Saturday in the season, between Putney and Hammersmith, and the Grand Challenge Cup race at Henley is infinitely more exciting. The newspapers always urge that they are hard pressed for space. It would not appear so, when their readers are daily bored with the insignificant doings of the amateur oarsmen on the Isis and the Cam. It may be a Lenten penance to read of it all for forty odd days, but it is no joke.—*Truth.*

DALLUSIENSIA.

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

WHO is Wiggins?

WHO are McSauley's twins?

A DETACHMENT of the police force is needed at the Medical College.

"I WISH that those students were not so bashful."

THE Zulu says that he can buy better liquor at home.

THE Freshmen are beginning to find out that there is something to learn here.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*" said the Soph. when a Fresh cut him out.

CLIPPINGS.

WHO was the first stocking mender? Xantippe, who used to darn old Soc.

"Is thy servant a dog?" quoth the indignant Soph., when his landlord dished him out a huge bone for his dinner.

THEY say when a pretty Irish girl is stolen away it is supposed that some boycotter.

LOGIC.—"The proper study of mankind is man," and the term man includes woman. But every study should be ardently embraced.—Therefore, all students should ardently embrace., etc.—Q. E. D.

SCENE—Lecture room, "not a thousand miles from N. Y."—Prof.: "In this stove there are two pipes, C and D. The cold air goes up C, and comes down D hot." Students, "Oh!"

"Your lips are like the leaves," he said,
"By autumn's crimson tinted;"
"Some people autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them," she hinted.

A MAN never realizes how frail he is until he bursts a suspender button among a group of ladies and finds himself slowly falling apart.

AT a printers' festival lately, the following toast was offered: 'Women—second only to the press in the dissemination of news.

EVERY man aims to strike the nail on the head; but when he succeeds and it happens to be his finger-nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.

PROBABLY the meanest man on record keeps a boarding house in San Domingo. Last winter an earthquake turned the edifice clear upside down, and the very next morning he began charging the garret-lodgers first-floor prices.

"AND what do you call that?" asked the inquisitive visitor, pointing to a mutilated stature. "That is a torso," replied the sculptor. "H'm," muttered the I. V.; "but how did it become torso?" He was tenderly kicked out.

EXTRACTS from the Westminster play:

Charrinus—Tu pal, non sobrius es.

Byrrhia—Quid ais? Non ego sobrius? At me teetotalicus ordo inter discipulos gaudet habere suos. Lac et aquam poto, non vinum turpe venenum.

Char.—Tu nunquam Bacchi pocula grata bibis?

Byr.—Nunquam.

Linnaeus—Quid? Nunquam.

Byr.—Vix Nunquam.

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