

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

ORA. ET LABORA.

VOL. III.

HALIFAX, N. S., DEC. 7, 1870.

NO. 2.

THE WRECK OF THE WHITE BEAR.

MRS. ROSS.

Novel writers are almost innumerable. We find them in every occupation of life. Men of business, students, Professors, statesmen, clergymen—all have contributed their rills to swell the tide of the literary Amazon. The novelists of our Dominion are few, yet these few are of the first order. It is the boast of our students that one who has within the halls of their "Alma Mater" contributed so largely to forming their own style as well as training their minds to appreciate the beauties of literature, is justly celebrated for his luxuriant fancy and reeking humor not only on this continent but also in the "merry homes of England."

The authoress of "Violet Keith," if not a powerful, is at least a popular writer. Violet Keith produced quite a sensation at the time of its publication. While the gentler sex seemed to be willing to award a due mead of praise to their sister, who had so energetically entered the realm of letters, she received many a severe and cutting criticism from experienced *litterateurs*. Defaced as it was by many glaring blemishes, "Violet Keith" gave evidence of no ordinary power in delineating character, and afforded gleams of a more brilliant future. Accordingly when the "Wreck of the White Bear" was announced as forthcoming, we were anxious for the sake of our home literature to know whether our bright hopes had been realized. Though decidedly improved in arrangement and symmetry of plot, (for Violet Keith was almost utterly devoid of these qualities), the later novel bears many marks of weakness, and even the reader who does not make any pretensions to rhetorical knowledge will not turn over many pages before his sense of propriety and precision in style is shocked, and he begins to tremble for the future of the English language, if it be left to the mercy of such as Mrs. Ross.

The title of the book seems to us rather unfortunate, and might suggest to some fanciful mind a wild romance. It is not however a tale of fairy land or of roving adventure, but a life history. The heroine of the novel is "Innes Dnndas." She possesses many of the higher qualities of a woman's nature; generous hearted, enthusiastic, having a love that clings to the objects of its affection with a passionate tenacity, she in all this elicits our admiration, while on the other hand she manifests an ardor of purpose, a resolution, a fearlessness, that demand our reverence. Before he has turned many pages, the reader falls in love with the noble girl, imposed upon and mal-

treated by her relations among whom she is placed, yet bearing up under all with the heart of a lion, and as the drama of her life is displayed whether we find her in the dressmaker's room, or in the dingy garret, making shirts, or the castle of Lady Land, her beautiful traits of character throw a charm around her, and lift us into a region free from the foul air of self-interest and little-heartedness.

Many of the other characters are well drawn. Mrs. Young and her daughter Margaret are the personification of cruel cold-hearted selfishness and sanctimonious hypocrisy. As a set-off to these, "Kate" the faithful devoted servant, rough in her exterior yet withal possessing an honest, truthful heart, and "Dominie Sampson" the aspiring student, struggling with humble circumstances and fighting his way up to an honorable position, are introduced into the picture. The love which springs up between Innes and the latter, deepening and widening throughout the years, until the winding currents of their lives at last unite in one peaceful stream, forms one of the most interesting features in the plot.

The connection of "Innes" with Lady Land and her high-born family introduces the reader to some of the intricacies of high-life, and gives him some idea of the iniquities, not to say crimes, that are perpetrated under the shelter of the so-called nobility.

All this is well done and deserves the highest praise, but as we have before said, there are many glaring deficiencies, which will have to be removed before our authoress can vindicate a claim to a place among first-class novelists. We might with justice complain of the autobiographical style, but we waive this for the present.

One palpable fault in the novels of Mrs. Ross is a tendency to wander from the plot and introduce irrelevant matter. Her characters are apt, with very little coaxing, to tell long-winded stories, which have no possible bearing on the development of the plot. Dull, prosy conversations are often introduced, which weary the reader, and he longs for the society of living, acting men and women.

We decidedly object to the exquisite moralizings on the evils of social, and public life which are interspersed throughout the volume. If we want discussions on these subjects we will go to the ponderable folios of Mill, or some other social economist, not assuredly to the pages of a novel. The office of the novelist is to set before us living characters, and let the record of their lives speak for itself. In proportion as he departs from this universally accepted principle, he weakens the purity of his purpose. "Oliver Twist" was the embodiment of Dickens

A. M. Ross

desire to work a reform for the starved, frozen, workhouse boys. In "Oliver Twist" he spoke to a charitable world through the living speech of an actual life, and thousands of little hearts all over England to-day thank God that Dickens ever lived. It was Oliver Twist more than Dickens (if we be allowed the paradox) that worked this reformation.

We have previously spoken of the grave offences of Mrs. Ross against purity and precision of style, and also her flagrant violation of the fundamental principles of grammatical construction. Some of the finest passages have their beauty marred by these excrescences.

We believe Mrs. Ross is now engaged on another work, "The Red Man." We would in all earnestness and honesty recommend for her careful study Angus' Hand Book of the English Language, or some similar manual, so that her new volume may combine all her power of delineation, with such grace and accuracy of expression, as will give it an enduring name in the annals of Canadian literature.

GOING TO SACRIFICE.

Gentle reader, be not startled, we beg of you. Shrink not back in horror at our strange heading. It has a cruel look, we must confess; but do not condemn it too hastily. Far be it from us to shock the sensibilities of the most fastidious reader of the *Gazette*. No such intention is ours. We are not going to describe to you scenes of violence and suffering. We will not harrow your feelings by picturing out the altar, the blazing fire and the bleeding victim. We do not purpose to show our erudition by entering into a learned disquisition on the mysterious rites of the ancient Druids, the offerings of the king of Dahomey or the victims of the Juggernaut. Nor will we decant upon the patriotism of a Decius, or the self-devotion of a Codrus; or relate the tragic story of Jephtha's daughter. Such themes are ill-suited for the columns of a College paper, and any dissertation thereon would, we fear, find its way to the waste-basket rather than the printing-press, and serve to kindle the editorial fire instead of giving employment to the proof-reader.

Having thus negatively, so to speak, defined our text, we now proceed to enlarge upon it in the affirmative; and, to allay your curiosity, must inform you that the Sacrifice in question does not mean a religious rite, but a place. It is an island—small in size and unknown to fame—one of the many which dot the rugged shores of our Province, like skirmishers thrown out as a check upon the advance of an enemy. It lies at the entrance of Mahone Bay, about fifty miles west of Halifax, and five or six from the town of Lunenburg. Its strange name has an historical origin. The popular story which accounts for it, runs thus:—In the old times when English and French struggled for supremacy on the American continent, and when Nova Scotia was kicked like a foot-ball between the rival parties, now taken by force of arms by the one, and anon ceded by treaty to the other, the bitterest hatred existed, as might naturally be supposed, between the settlers of the two nationalities. The hatchet not yet having been buried at Dartmouth, nor the pipe of peace smoked, the Indians were of course free to side with either belligerent. On the ground of a common creed, as well as for other reasons, they generally favoured the French; and many were the cruelties practiced by the combined forces on their hapless foes. Upon one occasion it is said that the Indians, incited by the promise of a reward for every Anglo-Saxon scalp, planned the massacre of the crews of seven

fishing vessels which lay at anchor off the island above named. They waited for a favourable opportunity, and one was not long in presenting itself. A day came when the crews were absent on the mainland, and a strong breeze was blowing from seaward. The Indians paddled out in their canoes and cut the hempen cables by which the vessels were moored. In a short time they drifted ashore. The sailors rowed off to the island and were engaged in trying to get the stranded crafts afloat again, when the Indians, who had concealed themselves among the bushes, fell upon them and killed thirty-five men. Their bodies were buried in a trench on the south side of the island, which has ever since gone by the name of sacrifice. With-in the memory of living men, numbers of skeletons have been dug up on the spot, so that the legend is evidently founded on fact.

Towards the close of last August, the writer was invited to join a party which had been formed for the purpose of visiting the Island. It was resolved to go as far as possible by land, and then procure a boat for the remainder of the journey. Each member of the party was instructed to bring with him arms and ammunition, provisions and other necessaries, as it was intended to remain upon the island all night and return the following day.

All the arrangements having been completed, behold us setting out on our expedition. Our conveyance would have created a small sensation in Granville street. It certainly would not have gained a prize at any exhibition, except perchance in the interior of Africa. In looks it bore more resemblance to one of those clumsy affairs in which the *rois fainéants* of the Merovingian dynasty used to ride, than to the latest of O'Brien's phaetons. Nor was the appearance of its occupants exactly *à la mode*. Comfort, rather than elegance, had evidently been consulted in our preparations. Oxford coats and "shoo-fly" hats had given way to reefers and glengarrys, and the metamorphosis from students to backwoodsmen was, outwardly at least, complete. Not daring to encounter the gaze of the good townfolk, we resolved to depart by a retired route, and having stowed away our cargo in the bottom of the waggon, we took our seats, and were presently rattling noisily along the road toward the place of embarkation. With laugh and song the time passed swiftly, and almost before we had begun to realise that we were fairly *en route*, our Jehu stopped and informed us that the first part of our journey was over. "Where's the boat?" was the first exclamation—"There she is; right behind that heap of sea-grass; don't you see her?" replied Jehu. Oh! what a concern! "Why, she's half-full of water!" shouted an irate member of the party—"No wonder," answered another, "could you expect her to be in better condition after coming all the way from Ararat? but *nil desperandum*, we can lighten her by tilting her over on one side, and pouring the water out, and one of us can bail, while the other two take the oars."

Our jovial friend's advice having been followed and our goods and chattels safely transported to the boat, we hoisted the sail, shipped the oars, bade adieu to Jehu, and were off.

Our route now led us through one of those winding channels in which Mahone Bay abounds, and which present to the admiring gaze of the *voyageur* view after view of almost illimitable beauty. As we glided swiftly along under the influence of a favouring breeze, one and another of the party broke forth into passionate exclamations at the beauty of the scenery. It was indeed enchanting. Delightful little coves where the waves beat gently upon the white sandy beach; heavily wooded hills shelving pre-

capitously down to the water's edge: long points of land extending outwards as if to forbid our further progress; islands of all shapes and sizes; glimpses of the distant mainland here and there seen through a narrow channel or a break among the trees; and occasional gleams of white sails passing to and fro; such were the pictures that passed successively before our eager eyes, like the slides of a panorama, remaining visible only long enough to gratify but not to weary the sight. Under such favourable circumstances, the spirits of all on board rapidly rose; song followed song, "Captain Jinks" was succeeded by "Jolly Dogs," and our jovial friend was just commencing the "Canadian Boat Song," when he was interrupted by an exclamation of "Hurrah! there's Sacrifice!" Looking beyond a point of land which the boat was then passing, we saw before us, at about half a mile's distance, a low heavily wooded island, with an outline resembling an inclined plane. In five minutes more we had reached the shore, hauled up and secured our boat on the beach, and were looking for a suitable place in which to encamp for the night.

(To be Continued.)

MEDICAL STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

A society, bearing the above name, has been organized by the students attending the Medical Faculty, its object being, as we understand, "the mutual improvement of its members in the Medical Sciences." At a preliminary meeting held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th, a constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected, viz:

President,.....A. W. Lindsay, B. A.,
Vice,.....C. W. Hiltz,
Secretary,.....Wm. McRae,
Treasurer,.....W. M. Cameron.

The principal feature of the Society at present, is the "Quizzing Class," or in other words, examinations on the subjects treated on in the regular lectures, conducted by each student in turn. The meetings are held each Thursday evening, in the Lecture Room, the use of which has been kindly granted free of expense. We wish the Society every success, and hope that its promoters may see fit to introduce into it other features which tho' not more important, will have a more general interest.

FOOTBALL.

On Saturday afternoon, at 3 p. m., the "Dalhousie," and "Caledonia" Football Clubs met on the South Common according to previous arrangement, to play a friendly match. On account of the absence of several members of the latter club, the game did not commence till 3.15. Messrs. Doull and Calder, the Captains of the respective Clubs, having tossed for goals, and the Caledonians having won, they chose that furthest North. After a most spirited game of two hours, in which both *town* and *gown* did themselves the utmost justice, and several members of both clubs retired limping from the field, while, however, the ball had not passed through either goal the time was called. The umpires, Messrs. A. G. Russell, for Dalhousie, and E. D. Miller, B. A., for Caledonia, declared it a drawn game. Taken as whole, we think "our boys" had the advantage in size which, however, was more than counterbalanced by the superior numbers of their opponents. We lay the blame of the "drawn game," more to the strong cutting north wind, which was entirely in their favor, than to the skill of our opponents, for although the

City boys played with much ardour, we could not help observing that the play of Dalhousie was more scientific. Our Club will be happy to meet them again at some future time and play the game out.

WHISKERS.

Never in the history of Dalhousie was such attention paid to the cultivation of "whiskers," as this session.

The whitest down is carefully nurtured, and its tension exercised continuously. Jealous eyes are cast by contending Freshmen at each indication of growth on the faces of their compeers. Day by day the progress is noticed, while success in any particular case incites the rest to increased efforts. Among the Sophs, the competition is still brisker. While Freshmen they made the acquaintance of certain persons outside the College walls whose names shall be kept secret. To please these the aspiring Sophs bend all their energies. Woe to the blind barber that attempts to rob them of their choice treasures. Chums agree with each other to note progress, and frankly tell any indications of length and change of colour, or propose any recipe to increase the growth. A lively contention is carried on between them and the Medicals as to who should wear the belt for length of beard. The Medicals have the advantage in colour, but they must yield in length. 'Try, try again,' is the cheering encouragement of Juniors to each other, while the Seniors have quietly settled down, some proud of their success, and the rest fully convinced that all further efforts are of no avail.

☞ The Harvard men seem to feel quite sore over the result of the July boat race with Yale. Harvard claims that the Yale men jockeyed at the start, by taking the "bulge" on them, and also by running foul of them while turning. The former claim a victory, but give Yale to understand that if she (Yale) "don't play right, after this, she (Harvard) won't play at all."

☞ The monogram *I.H.S.*, to which so many erroneous translations have been given, such as, I have suffered, I have sinned, I have sorrowed, Jesus Hominum Salvator, &c., &c., is made of the three letters of our Saviour's name in Greek, Iota, Eta, Sigma, just as *XP* or *Chi. Rho*, is the monogram for Christos.—*Niagara's Tribute*.

☞ How much better it would be if, instead of building college after college in this country, with scarcely means enough to put up the walls, the money could be directed towards founding an institution which would meet all demands. Then, probably we could compete with European schools.—*Miami Student, (Ohio)*.

☞ The *College Review*, a general Collegiate journal, published in New York, contains, in its October number, a History of Dalhousie College, by John Wallace, B. A. of Class '70. This paper has a circulation of 70,000.

☞ A would-be Freshman armed with paper, pen, ink, all ready to matriculate says to a companion "How am I like two Greek letters?" "Give it up" says Freshy No. 2, "Because I am armed Kappa Pi. (Cap a Pie.)"

☞ Gewiss pledged a friend in a glass of water the other day at table. "Zur Gesundheit," said he, raising his to his lips. "Get soon tight," enquired the friend, "what on water?"—*Niagara's Tribute*.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DEC. 7, 1870.

EDITORS.

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J. G. MACGREGOR, (Secretary.)

TERMS.

One Collegiate Year (in advance).....\$0.50
Single copies..... 05

To be had at the Bookstores of Messrs. Connolly & Kelly and Wm Gossip.

The "Gazette" is forwarded to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrears are paid.

Payments to be made to J. G. Macgregor, and all communications addressed to "Dalhousie College Gazette, Halifax, Nova Scotia."

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THE COLLEGE PAPER.

It is interesting to notice that, while in the earliest ages man's muscular powers were esteemed all-important, as time has rapidly flown by, the mind has gradually risen and asserted its right. In former days the wielding of the sword, the casting of the javelin, the poisoning of the spear and the dashing blow of the battle-axe, engrossed attention, and to be successful in such arts as these, was to be successful in life. But the world has taken many a long stride since then, and now the means of progress are changed, and Education, especially University Education is one of those forces which produce the swift motion in which the earth now moves.

Even in University Education there are eras, each of which has its own peculiarity. There have been times when lands were so disorganized, and the passions of men so much in the ascendant, that the monastery was the only retreat in which one could spend his life, enquiring into the mysteries of the nature of things. There have been times when pupils gathered round shorn monks, and, reading from the parchment scroll, learned the first rudiments of knowledge. There have been times when students alternately pored over their time-worn books, and went out into the streets and lanes begging their bread. But out of hardships suffered and toils endured, out of the labour expended in the multiplication of volumes, and the wonderful products of the printing press, there has gradually been developed a mighty system, which has come down to us as that of University Education.

In the middle ages secrecy clouded the prosecution of Science and Philosophy. Studies were carried on in the silence and gloom of the cloister, and none but the weary traveller who now and again passed by, knew of the toil of those who were seeking to shed light on the world. Bright flashes at times were revealed to the waiting nations, when one book after another was sent forth from their walls; but it was merely intermittent, not the steady bright light which it should and might have been.

Our era in University progress may be called that of Collegiate Periodicals. It has dawned, perhaps to pass away, but rather, we think, to be developed into that which will never pass away, but prove a power in all lands. The College Paper is intended and destined to remove the secrecy and the silence of former times, by letting the world know what we are and what we do; how we think, and how we strive to find what is greater than the philosopher's stone—Truth. It is to make known what has been hitherto unknown, the life passed within the walls of Learning's nurseries. And as it is to carry news of us to the outside world, so it is to bring to us news of what is going on there. It is to tell us what is being done in other Universities, what advances Science is making, what great men are being born into the world, and what their views may be, what new theories are being formed, and what old ones are tumbling to the ground, what light is being thrown upon topics not yet understood, and what explanations are being offered of old standing mysteries. In fact it is to keep students posted up in all the news that, as students, they ought to know.


Moreover the columns of the College Paper are to carry the experience of old hands to those who have just buckled on the armour. When failure has thrown down some of ambition's idols, or success has showed us the best means of carrying out our favourite projects, when after deep search some hidden beauty has been discovered, or some exquisite idea, of which we never before had any conception, has been our reward, such experiences should be chronicled in the student's paper, where all may see and hear and feel it for themselves, and by blessing, we be doubly blest. By being willing "to make known our own discoveries, or to favorite points, to direct notice, merely from a wish to impart a joy imperfect while unshared," we enable our fellow-students to participate in all our literary delights, to draw instruction from our failures, and to learn wisdom from the points in which success has rewarded toil.

There are, moreover, cases in which it is possible for the most learned Senate to err: there are points on which they must make laws, when they cannot enter into a student's feelings, even though they have passed through that state themselves. In these cases we who are now in the training stage, can often see what is best to be done; and in the College paper we have an opportunity of letting our opinion be known, and gaining for our views their proper influence. It is right enough for

the learned men who form our Senates or governing bodies, to have the sole command, but it is far better that they should have some means of knowing the views of those over whom they rule; and this object will be attained, if Students will make their paper the repository of their feelings about the acts of the powers that be, whether they be of an approving or condemnatory character. In addition, we advance our Alma Mater by having connected with it a periodical which is always letting the *barbaroi* know what progress we are making. An interest in our advancement is awakened in those who before, perhaps, never gave us a passing thought.

There are numberless questions which now-a-days engage the thoughts of men and whose solution will naturally affect the welfare of the collegiate world; questions which cannot be discussed properly in the general periodicals of the day, nor yet in the Educational Journals, but which will find their true battle-field in our columns; and one of our great benefits is that we afford means for the settlement of such questions, in providing a place where they may be followed out and debated freely and fully, until by the exertion of intellect and persuasive expression they are finally decided.

We want the young men who are spending years at Universities to learn there not only to think but to express their thoughts: for though a man may be a very Newton, as far as intellect is concerned, yet if he cannot let the world partake of his cogitations they do not exist except to himself; and while they may instruct him, they can do no good to others. There must then be something to draw out their faculties in this direction; and as the Debating Society has an incalculable influence in making orators, so will the College paper in training writers. It forms the stepping stone by which a man may pass from College essays to those of the great modern Reviews. Public opinion does not expect the finest thoughts in the finest form from students, who in their productions must deduct from the hours of rest and sleep, but will allow to circumstances a broad margin. By giving them then a paper whose honor depends upon their exertions they are led to put them forth to the utmost. And they will be brought to devote much of their time and attention to that which has gained such fair fame for Addison and so glorious renown for Macaulay. Thus does the College paper of the present day fill up the blank which for ages was unfilled, and lend its efforts to the upbuilding of the glorious cause of Truth.

 The loss of the Strasburg Library, of 800,000 volumes, is total and irreparable. It included collections of many rare and valuable monkish parchments, which can never be replaced by any collection hereafter to be made. The library was over a thousand years in gathering. The Prussian hot shot fired the building in which the books were lodged.—*Ex.*

PORCUS REDIVIVUS.

To every traveller who has gone far along life's journey, youth appears as a golden spot; in it lived his bright fancies and budding hopes; it is the garden from which the hand of memory plucks its freshest flowers; it is the morning horizon always radiant, and its clouds ever pierced by the rays of a rising sun; every figure in it is encircled with the enchantment of distance, and becomes a glowing type of all those which mark the course of existence in later days. The objects of youth become ideal; the niceties of detail are often lost, but the grand outline of character is embalmed; the good loses its blemishes and the bad becomes utterly vile—they stand as nearly as possible, perfect contrasts. The father, all his faults forgotten, like a personification of rectitude, is the oracle of the son when a large boy, and his standard of right when a man. The face of a gentle mother is the picture which general descriptions of loveliness and worth conjure up before the mind; a prim spinster in spectacles revives the countenance of the school ma'am of our urchin days, and tales of love recall tenderly the looks and words of our boyish sweet-heart. There is a lower class—animal acquaintances, which not only become types of all others of their kind, but furnish us with rough analogues of many of the phases of human life. Carlo, our dog-companion, is the class name of canine excellence, of fidelity; old Dobbin is now a war-horse, now a lady's pony as the story runs; the gentle cow or pugnacious goat, the pet-lamb that we loved, or the cross pig which we hated—all recur again and again through the years as we talk or reason by the way. We thus, like stage managers, clothe life with dresses and associations drawn from the wardrobe of our own recollection; good and bad, fair or unsightly are but the types whose archetypes are in the objects of youth.

Among the creatures that flapped, cackled, whined or grunted around the writer in the remote part to which he refers, there was one—an immense pig—which stands out on the canvass, pushes his way to the front with his well-remembered "uh"—and claims my thoughts for him and his kind. That sow was the terror of my life; she met me everywhere and chased me, to her great delight, till a fence or gate stopped her; she changed my night-mare to a night sow; in dreams I heard her and woke with her hoarse chuckle in my ears. Her influence was great, long after she had quit this mortal body dangling from a tripod and passed where all good piggies go, she tinged my fears; and she still lives in my memory—an embodiment of brutality—a synonym for all that I behold foul or base or porcine in the world. It may be premised that the pig is a well known animal—the name gives no uncertain sound—the picture at present is complete, from the rim of his nose to the last curl of his tail. He is an inhabitant of all lands, and a creature of every age. Down through the centuries he comes used and abused, loud and long are his squeals as he flees before the children of Israel; deep and bitter are the curses which Mahomet pours upon his bristled hide; he is fattened in the land of the Gadarene, only to be hurled violently down a steep place into the sea. The pig is vilely slandered and said to be the only animal, save man, in which devils delight to dwell. As Adam fell in Eden, so the race of swine is said to have fallen at Gadara. Just above the hoof on its forelegs a number of holes are found, through which the evil spirits obtained entrance; by these pass to and fro imps of gluttony, stubbornness and mischief; his acts are not his own; he is possessed and should thus gain sympathy instead of

blame from mankind, so many of whom are similarly afflicted. This theory of diabolic inspiration accounts for the statement that this strange beast can see the wind and what it bears; he is like those men in Scotland, who possess "double sight" and can behold all the "wraiths" and hobgoblins of their wearied land. As the gale rises, innumerable fantastic shapes and colours dance before his eyes; all the "sick spirits on the blast" of which languid novelists speak and silly ladies descant, the being that "wails" in the storm, ghosts and all the visitors to earth unseen by human vision, troop before his gaze, grinning and capering till the crazed hog joins their mad revel, seizes the straw of his bed and hurls it upon the air, runs, leaps and squeals till the fit is over, and then like DeQuincey after an opium dream, he sinks to piggish peace again. (If he gets a sight of the smallest faction of the "phantom-shapes," "the mysterious things of air," the creation that "sigh," "lisp," "weep" and "moan," or are said to do so, in our breezes and gales we pity him from our heart's core). It has been said that the pig internally bears a strong resemblance to the human porker; if this be true, and if as Dr. Cabanis, a great materialist asserts. "Poetry and Religion are a product of the smaller intestines" our swinish friend must be an extremely romantic and moral beast. Perhaps the peculiar *propria* of the pig are his nose and his grunt; they are what psychology would call his Sensation and Self-consciousness—the hands of his mind. It is affirmed that it costs as much to support a pig's snout as to feed his body; a similar fact might be established regarding the nose of many a drunkard—the human pig. This feature makes the Rooter the pioneer of animals; he is an inquiring beast, leaving no stone unturned, no vessel unexplored, and no hillock untested. His nose is his organ of impudence and curiosity—and how closely man imitates him. "Poking one's nose into another's business" has grown into a saying. From Eve to her last daughter inquisitiveness has reigned; our land is flooded with questions from Conundrums to the Catechism; Athens now embraces the civilized world, and every man's house is that of Julius Drusus. The world enquires into everything about a man from the birth of his grandmother to the quality of metal in his shoe-buckles, and none tell what is in man for all know it. Further than the petty gossip of idlers, the brazen nose of the public is poked; into the wardrobe of the murdered President it pushes, discovers the number of his shirts and stockings; Dickens in a shameful moment holds a sweet snuff-box to it, in laying open his own family discord; but deeper it goes, led by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, into the grave among rottenness and dead men's bones to smell out "the true story of Lord Byron's life." May the time soon come when a giant will arise and put such a ring into this vile proboscis that the little child of modesty may lead it! Before concluding, there are a few species of this animal we would like to mention.

The Intellectual. Both pigs and men have had their golden days in Greece. Through the clouds of fable, against the misty back grounds of mythology we see the figure of noble swine. Among the great forests whose dropping leaves told Homer of the successive races of men, roamed stout boars, that are embalmed in the verses of the world's great Epic poem. Achilles bent over the gently frying fat of "the long chine," from which he and Patroclus were to dine; the altars streamed with the hams wrapped in the sweet smelling lard, which rose as incense to the nostrils of the Great Jove himself; the animals thought worthy the chase of heroes were the wild boars who ravaged the woods. Meleager returning from war

with his beloved Atalanta hunted the terrible tusked beast, and his fair partner hurled the first far darting arrow into his thickly bristled hide.

The boar hunt in those days was the fox hunt of modern England. The intellectual pig is in many respects valuable and commendable. He digs deep and utters few grunts; he is extremely greedy—a glutton in devouring knowledge; he spreads his large ears to the gales of wisdom and gathers truth from the four winds. But his nature is porcine; he is stiff in opinion, at contradiction he bristles up, when opposing arguments are urged he turns broadside, bursts into wrath and fury and fights for every peculiar crochet which he claims. His successful digging makes him proud; he curls his tail and pushes his hardened nose into everything, thinking nothing impenetrable to his thrusts. Vain-glorious pig! whether Greek or English, there is a hard substratum beneath all thought which you can never pierce; there is a nut buried in the hill of causes which your rooting will never unearth. You may smell it; behold the flower springing from it; see its effects in thoughts and actions, but can never say "Behold the source," "Here is the ultimate."

Long furrows course the fields of history and speculation, made by these noses; these are now closing up; in the soil thus loosened in all directions the seeds of Positive Science have been sown; the plant has reached grand proportions and is still growing: its roots being well dug about by the keen snouts of later philosophy.

The words of Sperthias are ended. My introduction was like the nose of a pig, very long, and could not be cut; but the conclusion, like the tail of that brute, can be nipped, and—here it is.

SPERTHIAS.

Correspondence.

Dalhousie College, Dec. 7th, 1870.

Messrs. Editors,—The *Journal of Education* for October contains an article entitled Commencement of Acadia, the object of which undoubtedly is to inform the public of the success that has lately attended, and probably will in future attend that Institution, and to impress upon the Council of Public Instruction the interest they possess in its welfare. Now it is well known that Acadia College is the sole property of the Baptists of this Province, and as such answers its purpose well, but how the Council of Public Instruction represents that body any more than it does the Roman Catholics or Episcopalians one cannot understand; and if not, why regard Acadia with more affection than St. Francis Xavier's or King's?

Now, if there is any University in Nova Scotia which demands the special care and attention of its people it is our own Alma Mater. Dalhousie possesses all the advantages of the other Colleges of the Province combined, and some additional. It is situated in the Metropolis, is equipped with a finer Arts Faculty and has a greater number of students attending its classes than any similar institution in the Maritime Provinces.

But it is not on this account that we demand the right of being considered the Provincial University. This merely shows that we are not unworthy of it. Our claim to be so

called is, that we are the only unsectarian College in Nova Scotia. If then Acadia, which is a Baptist institution, engrosses the attention of that body; if King's, which is Episcopalian, demands the support of that Church, and St. Francis Xavier's of the Roman Catholics, surely then Dalhousie, which recognizes no denomination and belongs equally to all sects, should claim the support of the people in general.

Believe me, Yours, &c.

C. M.

Halifax, Dec 2nd, 1870.

Messrs. Editors,—I have received with much pleasure the first number of the new volume of the *Gazette*. and desire to congratulate you on its appearance. Your readers of former years are glad to welcome it again, and to hear of its prosperity, for it is a relief to the mind to pick up a paper which has nothing in it concerning the blunders of the Dominion Government or the follies of the Locals.

Upon you who have been appointed members of the Editorial corps much depends; but much also depends on the Students themselves, who should come to your aid by sending abundance of communications.

The paper, if well conducted, will be of great advantage to the University, and to the students. By means of it the College will become known throughout these Provinces and the United States, and will perhaps even be heard of across the water; and its merits need only be known to be appreciated.

The students will learn to wield a ready pen, when the interests of their country require it; and may we not hope that the experience gained in this editorial chair may be of advantage to those who are to be the future editors of the land.

As the first number was chiefly taken up with notices there is not much room for criticism. The first article is well worth the attention of students; while your critic, if not the medical editor himself, has given evidence of a cutting up disposition worthy of the profession. I am sure the poetry will commend itself to everyone, embodying, as it evidently does, the experience of one who has felt the hopes and fears, the sorrows and joys, of student life. Experience teaches.

But I must not longer trespass on your space or patience. That the *Gazette* may flourish, that you may have many contributors, and that your subscription list may never grow less, is the hearty wish of

Your friend,

B. A.

☞ "Do you think I stole my legs?" said a tall aspirant to collegiate honors, who arrived the other day, to a group who were taking his measure. "Oh, no," replied Willie S—, "if you had you would have made a better selection."

COLLEGE NEWS.

The opening ceremonies of the University of Glasgow were held for the first time in their elegant new buildings, on the 7th of November. The Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Bute, and others of the learned and the noble of Britain were present. Prof. Lushington delivered the opening address to the Students, and in honor of the great event, a banquet was held in the evening, at which 200 were present, and over which the Lord Provost of Glasgow presided.

The old buildings of Glasgow University though interesting from their antiquity, had become much too small; they are timeworn, totally wanting in beauty, and situated in the poorest part of the city. Those which have just been opened are very extensive, there being 25 class rooms, besides libraries, museums, laboratories, halls &c.; they are built in the Gothic style of architecture, and are beautiful for situation, standing on the summit of a gradually rising elevation, surrounded by extensive grounds, and separated from Kelvin Grove, the finest park in Glasgow, only by the Kelvin itself. All that has been lost by the change is that evidence of antiquity which is such a pleasing feature in Universities.

On Nov. 16th, the Freshmen of the University of Cambridge held their annual athletic sports. These consist of all kinds of races, putting the weight, throwing the hammer and other English trials of strength and skill.

The "Harvard Nine" have been making a tour through the chief cities of the United States playing the principal Bass Ball Clubs of the Union. Out of 26 games the Harvard boys were victorious in 20, and in 6 in which they were beaten they played against professional clubs.

The *College Argus* says:—"Nova Scotia has four Universities—three Protestant and one Roman Catholic." It would have been more correct if it had said: two Protestant, one Roman Catholic and one unsectarian. Will the *Argus* please rectify the error?

PERSONALS.

Wm. Beairsto, who was a Freshman in '68 is now School Visitor for Prince County, Prince Edward Island. This office is similar to the Inspector of Schools in Nova Scotia and shows the good effect of one session's training at Dalhousie.

John Gow is engaged in teaching the Preparatory Department of Lunenburg Academy.

Mr. Robert Sedgewick, of Musquodoboit, Nova Scotia, passed a very creditable first intermediate examination in law at the recent examinations at Osgoode Hall. The examinations this term are said to have been much more severe and searching than heretofore.—*Toronto Globe*.

Sedgewick is a graduate of the Class of '67 and has been studying law for three years with Hon. J. S. MacDonald.

Robert Shaw, B. A., of Class '66 is now practising law in Charlottetown, P. E. I. May he never want clients.

A. R. Quinn was in town a few days ago *en route* for South Carolina.

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