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## THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN ACADIE.

*"We bloom amidst the snows."*

In dewy meads they smile at morn,  
'Neath verdant blades they peep at noon;  
The solemn evening they adorn,  
The flowers that bloom in Acadie.

They lie in fields as fall'n in showers;  
Like earthly stars shines forth each gem,  
When day grown old, forgets his powers,  
And night comes down on Acadie.

In silent dells they lift their forms  
Where none but gentle summer comes;  
Through trackless wilds they spread their charms,  
The flowers that bloom in Acadie.

But by great Bedford's lonely tide,  
Beneath the forest's gloomy shade,  
The bees alone your spoils divide,  
Ye flowers that bloom in Acadie.

O should I roam in climes afar  
And through the torrid tangle tear,  
Amid profusion's sumptuous glare  
I'd wish the flowers of Acadie

M.

## "MAUD MULLER."

A WRITER in a late issue of the GAZETTE said several things of this poem which I do not agree with, and I hope he will excuse me for saying my little say on the subject. All criticism amounts in the end to telling what one thinks, and I think we have all a right to say our say in such wise as we can, and according to the opportunities which have been given us, and then people may hear or forbear according to the worth there is in us. "Individualism" is the order of the day, too; and free and open criticism as a means to the truth, is a thing of far more importance in life than that politeness which forbids the expression of dissent, and thus virtually delivers public opinion over into the hands of the first comer. I do not suppose that anything I am

going to say will so seriously hurt the feelings of A. W. M. as to call for all these remarks in the way of apology. But dissent must always from the nature of the case be slightly disagreeable, and this thought suggested general reflections, which, once set a-going, went on of themselves.

I can easily conceive that Whittier should himself dislike Maud Muller. It seems to me natural, though I cannot tell why. But poets are notoriously bad judges of their own works. Many examples might be given. I am not on a fool's errand then in defending Whittier's own poem against himself.

Our critic says, "it is unnatural to find so strange an intermixture of low motives and noble emotions as are to be discerned in the character of Maud Muller," and this after admitting as a truism that human nature is often inconsistent. For my part, I think it perfectly natural. Human nature is never consistent as consistency is commonly conceived. Only the other day was the London *Times* wondering to find that in a city prison it is a rule of etiquette rarely violated among the inmates that a man is not to be asked why he is there. If he choose to be communicative, that alters the case; but if he wish to be silent, his feelings are respected. Here is the most delicate feeling where we should expect only ruffianism. But are Maud's "motives" altogether "low," or her "emotions" altogether "noble"? She loved the Judge; it is "no great argument of her folly," but not a calendar virtue. One of the reasons she gives herself, is, "He would dress me up in silks so fine." She was a sweet innocent thing, and she had pretty day dreams, born of vague unrest and nameless longing. There is nothing essentially noble in this. The Judge's opinion of her is manifestly to be taken *cum grano salis*, seeing that he was not infallible and his knowledge of her was limited. Many another maiden has had a love like Maud Muller's, and an after history like her's too. And about the low motives, I cannot think as our critic does. Her soul had



other and deeper wants than those that were stirred that afternoon when the rain fell on the unraked clover. Like Bolingbroke, she could not live on thoughts, or—

Cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
With bare imagination of a feast.

And what if she turned for solace and comfort to a man whose sympathies would meet only a portion of her wants? Have not innumerable women done the same? Perfectly "kindred hearts" exist only in imagination. If we are to be happy here we must throw aside selfishness, and love (if need be) without reward. Providence has ordained it so in this stage of probation. So Maud Muller loved; and what if "he" was unlearned and poor? What if his form was less manly than the Judge's? What if when his day's work was done he did doze and grumble over pipe and mug in the chimney-corner? What if he did think a tallow candle sufficiently good for her to spin by, and objected to the expense of an astral? Notwithstanding these human imperfections, may he not have been hard working—in the day-light—and in the main, kind? May he not have been far more of a genuine man than the Judge in whose nature the better part seems to have been a very subordinate part? True worth is often meanly accompanied. The sweetest poetry in life has often conditions prosaic enough. And what if after—

Care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain,

the unsatisfied longings of her heart asserted themselves clamorously, and sent her back to dream again the fond dreams of her youth? What if in her weakness and weariness she looked with sad and longing admiration towards those far-off fowls that had such beautiful feathers? Such like manifestations of human nature are of the commonest. And we must judge of poetry according to the science of human life. It deals with life, real life. We must not let our imagination settle questions of character in fictions any more than in life, unless it be very shallow fiction. I acknowledge that the characters of the Minerva press are to be interpreted in this way. But George Eliot is not. Besides this poem is a song of life, that is to say, the poet wrote it because he knew such things did happen, and not because he thought them likely to. And he felt the pathos of it, as poets do. But it is quite possible that he did not see the significance of it, and that that is one reason why he does not like the poem. We must remember

that all the pictures given have their other side, and we must look at that other side before we pronounce it unnatural.

That it is not unnatural its popularity proves. It touches the great heart of the people. To do this it must be true to the life. It must speak the language of the innermost soul, else it will awaken no response there.

I do not like that style of criticism which says that an event is improbable or a character unnatural. Shakspeare never did so. He took his plots just as he found them, with an exactness that might be called slavish, and by his filling in, showed how they were natural. The range of probability is wide, and the range of naturalness is large. A good many unlooked for events have happened, and a good many queer characters existed. To make either statement is to assume to ourselves a pretty wide sweep of knowledge. If we only mean uncommon by the words, we say nothing worth saying. When, as in Byron's poems, for example, the author is the hero, and the other characters exist but for his glorification, or when the hero gets into a tight place and probability has to be violated to get him out, in these things we have fair subjects for criticism. They indicate weakness. We know what they are done for. We have sounded and found bottom. We have seen through the author, and have all the sense there is in him. Even then I would call it weak rather than unnatural. But when we cannot make sense of a character or an event, and there is no such explanation apparent, the secret of it is one of two things, either that there is no sense in it or, that it is beyond us. We are prone to believe the former, which tendency is to be guarded against. But in either case all we have a right to say is that we do not understand. This is our criticism, our vote in the republic of letters, and Time who keeps the poll-book will receive it and reckon it for what it is worth. To say that a character is natural is totally different. It indicates a positive fact respecting that creation. Hence it is that in this voting the nays are never counted, but the ayes only. A nay is merely one aye less, and not one on the other side.

I have been led to remark on this mode of criticism because it is exceedingly common. A. W. M. is not by many thousands the first, nor is he likely to be the last. Yet it seems to me unscientific, and a fruitful source of mistakes and misconceptions.

McD.

### EVERY MAN TO HIS FANCY.

WE frequently hear sensible and reasonably intelligent folk express surprise when they see men, with good intellects, and fair chances of success in life, making complete failures. They say they must have been negligent, or lacked perseverance. They account for the bad success of the unlucky individual by some cause over which he had control; but it never occurs to them that his coming short may have been due to the fact that he has mistaken his life calling, that he is a square pin in a round hole. Now, in our creed, there is not another article to which we adhere more strictly than this, that every man born into the world, is born to do some work, and that powers of mind are given him, fitting him specially for that work. It is a doctrine that both reason and revelation plainly teaches. Any man that has two hands, two feet, a sound body and an orderly digestive apparatus, with a fragment of brain and some judgment, if he cannot shine, may, at least, be decently prosperous in some department of industry, provided (mark this) that he is not too vain of himself to walk in the path which nature has marked out as his line of action and life. If a man who has only intellect enough for a successful cobbler, aspires to the leadership of a nation, or would be generalissimo of armies, he deserves, and most certainly will have, the sorest disappointment. While it may be pardonable in a man to covet earnestly the best gifts, yet, if those are fairly out of his reach, the best and most sensible thing he can do is to cultivate the gifts he has, and make the most of them. To every man born of woman, nature says in a voice audible enough, if he will but hear, "this is the way, walk ye in it." Orpheus was an Orpheus, but he could never have been an Aristotle. Newton wrote the *principia*, but might have made a poor enough lawyer. How many mute-Miltons may there be, scattered through the land, eating the bread of penury, merely because force of circumstances compelled them to follow the plough, or ply the awl. *Poeta nascitur non fit*, quoth Horace. True enough, but why should this be said, or sung of the poet alone. Say we as well, *sutor, sartor, agricola, mercator, praeceptor, carnifex, nascuntur non fiunt*. There are very few men indeed who can do anything they lay their hands to, well. The great majority can only do one thing successfully, and the young man who wishes to get on in life must find out what that

one thing is. Let not foolish ambition, or the "false light on glory's plume" persuade him to attempt an Icarian flight when he can live a prosperous shopkeeper or farmer, and have, after his death, his virtues recorded, if not in epic verse, at least on his tombstone. But the number of those who mistake their calling from personal misjudgment (on the plus or minus side) of their abilities, is small, compared with those who are led astray by the carelessness or vanity of parents. One father is niggardly, and will give his boys no education, making them wretched for life by forcing them into some uncongenial occupation; another is vain and will have *all* his of the learned professions; a third is so void of discernment, that he puts his Raphael in the pulpit; his Spurgeon between the plough-tails; his Wellington to study the "Revised Statutes."

It is of the greatest importance to make a right choice at first. Whenever a young man has fairly started out in life, whatever path he may be pursuing, it is often extremely difficult for him to leave it. He is afraid of the charge of fickleness; the world is so fond of pointing the finger and saying "look at that fellow, he is not fit for anything; he tried everything and failed." Moreover, being mistaken once, he fears he may be so a second time, and keeps on, plodding his weary way from wretchedness to wretchedness. The bent of our nature should be carefully watched by us in choosing a profession. It is our only true guide. Do you deny this? Let us look at a few instances out of a legion, that go to prove our proposition. General Havelock's mother would have her son to be a lawyer; but he preferred the study of history and military tactics to reading Coke and Blackstone, and, much to her disappointment, exchanged the pen for the sword—in his hand the sword of a hero. The famous Jean Paul Frederick Richter was destined for Theology, from which his "vagrant genius diverged into Poetry and Philosophy, to the abandonment of his appointed profession." Ovid the Latin poet, Cowper the English poet, both studied law for some time. Walter Scott was a full-fledged advocate. Abandoning the black gown, and a profession in which he was not destined to shine, he gained, as a novelist immortal fame. Goldsmith, the starving disciple of Æsculapius, became the laurel-crowned follower of the Muses. Samuel Johnson, when he first set out in life, among other things, tried teaching. Had he prospered in this, he would have lived at Edial among his young-gentleman



boarders, a fat "gerund grinder," unknown to Boswell, posterity and greatness. George MacDonald, the common-place Episcopal Dean, became George MacDonald the noted lecturer and man of letters. Johnson, Poet Laureate of James I., was originally a bricklayer. Paxton was a gardener. Defoe, a London hosier. Hugh Miller, like our own Premier, a stone mason. Cervantes, author of Don Quixote, was a soldier in his youth. Beyond these, were we to notice all the men who have found their proper position in life, when war has "sifted nations like wheat," we could fill columns. But we desist. These men, by engaging in those occupations for which nature fitted them, gained for themselves immortality. Let us do likewise, and we will earn for ourselves, not necessarily fame, but at least each day a sufficient supply of daily bread.

Some minds even at a very early date, show a partiality in a particular direction. Pope, before he was twelve, lampooned his teacher, and from the chief events recorded in the Iliad, constructed a drama. Then look at the boy Cyrus, while still the "reputed son of the herdsman," elected king by his fellows, naming a body-guard, appointing message-bearers, and soundly thrashing another boy for insubordination. Hear what Burns says of himself when he was still "beardless, young and blate."

"Even then, a wish (I mind its power)  
A wish that to my latest hour  
Shall strongly heave my breast—  
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,  
Some useful plan or beuk could make,  
Or sing a sang at least."

"But still the elements of sang  
In formless jumble right and wrang  
Wild floated in my brain."

But leaving the region of the extraordinary, let us look at specimens of the common kind, to be found anywhere within the great circle of unwashed urchinhood. We find one boy always trading. At school he is continually swapping jack-knives and jew's harps and getting boot. He is ready for any transaction by which he can gain a cent, and is always getting the better of his companions. Here is an embryo wholesale dealer. Another is ever disputing and "putting the case this, and that, and the other way." Give him his briefs and gown and send him into court. A third lumbers the garret with tiny hand sleds, toy ships and gimcracks of all kinds, the product of an industrious and everwhittling jack-knife. Let him be a mechanic. As straws

show how the wind blows, these actions and likings of boys indicate plainly enough in what direction their tastes incline, and what their forte is likely to be. They are nature's own true index pointing them to their life destination.

C.

### SEA RIDING.

YES, 'tis true that I and my old friend J. F. went out in a boat on the harbour of M. B. one fine evening in the month of May, 1874. The moon was shining brightly, the water was tolerably smooth, and everything betokened a pleasant voyage. After being out several hours, we considered that our voyage was of sufficient length, and began to turn the boat around. It was then and not till then that we discovered that there was quite a swell in the sea, and that the wind had increased considerably since we left. As we glided swiftly o'er the restless ocean, serious thoughts of our safety were dismissed by the interchange of a peculiar kind of witty remarks about ourselves and other great oarsmen. When we were yet at some distance from our desired haven, we could see by the light of the friendly moon the high cliff under which we intended to land studded with the inhabitants of M. B. Now they appeared excited—now a faint voice is heard, but a single word cannot be detected. "What are the fools trying to say?" was a question put by me, and was quickly answered by the other in the same spirit of contempt. Probably all this was gone through to keep our courage up. It succeeded beautifully. At last we heard somewhat distinctly, "keep off, keep off." "By thunders," said I to my companion, "we are on the breakers, let us pull—pull straight for the shore." The boat which was moving at a rapid pace before, now seemed to double her speed. Presently the angry ocean grasped our little craft and shot her forward and upward with a vehement force. When breath was recovered, and eye-lid raised, the bow of the boat appeared to be deserted by the water, which was several feet lower than that which supported the stern. Instantaneously there was a plunge, a gush of foam, and then the boat showed some inclination to turn bottomside up as well as to go ashore backwards. By an awkward motion of one of my oars she was prevented from accomplishing these designs, and from discharging her precious cargo in this unceremonious way. She was again making her course

direct for the shore. Another gush is heard, and the foam and spray, together with their parent wave come rushing on astern to speed us forward; and yet another. Now we are aground. My oar is planted in the sand to prevent us from being washed back. As we struck, my friend, who was sitting in the boat with his back towards the land, being anxious to get ashore the shortest and quickest way, and not deeming it worth his while to face about, began the process by throwing the back of his head into the bottom of the boat, and firing his toes heavenward. This attempt failed. It might, however, have been on account of his forgetfulness to leave the oar in the boat. He, however, did not repeat the experiment, but was contented to pick himself up, rub the back of his head and go ashore like any other man. The writer quickly followed. Now we began to be surrounded by those whom we had seen on the top of the high cliff overshadowing our present situation. We were congratulated on our miraculous escape by those who seemed to have had their breath restrained for something less than a fortnight, and now for the first time gave it vent. Some said that we should have done one thing, others another, while many expatiated on our narrow escape. All seemed to agree that the breakers were seldom seen much worse, and that they were a great deal worse now than when the four sailors were drowned when they attempted to come in where we did. "I never saw it worse." "I wouldn't take any money and come in where you did." "Look at that! It was one like that you had." "By gosh that first breaker almost fixed you!" "I was sure they were gone for it that time." After listening to many expressions of this kind, which appeared to be uttered in order to convince us of our danger, and of the reasonableness of all their anxiety, we then started for home and for dry clothes.

It is almost unnecessary to add that neither I nor my friend have since attempted to run the breakers.

G.

### OUR EXCHANGES.

We have received a copy of the *Glasgow University Magazine* published by the students of Glasgow University, Scotland. It is No. 1, Vol. I. We are both surprised that this ancient institution should have been so long without a journal to represent its opinions and interest,

and delighted with the completeness which marks its first appearance. The magazine springs pallas-like into existence. The literary matter is all very superior. Throughout, we find as much liberality of sentiment as could be looked for, even in an American periodical. Take this passage on gentlemen as an instance:—

The days have happily passed away in which a man, born to wealth, was considered a gentleman. Society has awakened to the conviction that there is something of greater value than gold, and that without this something men are to be despised. The lordling is no longer allowed to spurn the beggar with his toe as an inferior being, nor is the artisan compelled to consider the millionaire a gentleman if we have reasons for holding the opposite opinion. The time has arrived when men are judged by their conduct. Gold, which in former days bought a man a position in society, has now ceased to operate in this direction, and worth, not wealth, now rules the day.

An article on E. A. Poe is well written, although we disagree with the writer in his glorification of that poet.

DESPITE the "burning out," the *Acadia Athenaeum* still continues to be published. The February number pleases us. "Graduate" on Co-education gives some interesting facts. In the United States there are over one hundred colleges open to men and women alike. At Vienna, Paris, Rome, Padua, Milan, Leipsic, Gottingen, and even at Upsala, women are admitted to full collegiate privileges. He advocates the introduction of the same system at Acadia. The whole paper is very readable,—the article on "Luther and Erasmus" not excepted.

THE *Queen's College Journal* contains a number of interesting articles. That on "hazing" meets our views exactly. Any ungentlemanly treatment of freshmen by students of the senior years, appears to us simply abominable. We notice that the *Journal* is at war with our fiery McGill contemporary. Much rhetoric is being spilt on both sides. *McG. Gazette* has caught a Tartar.

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## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 8, 1878.

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OUR students have been considerably burdened since the Christmas vacation with examinations, which have been scattered over some six or seven weeks of time, taking place without regard to law or order. It may be necessary to state that examinations during the session are novelties at Dalhousie, and we suppose that the innovation is chiefly of the nature of an experiment. Whatever has been the object in introducing them, we do not hesitate to pronounce them, on the whole, a failure. Perhaps, however, this is due, not so much to anything wrong in the principle of intermediate examinations, as to the method, or rather the want of method, in which they have been conducted. This total lack of system has been noticeable in many points. There was no stated time at which all or any of these examinations were to take place; but each examiner, whenever he felt disposed, appointed a test day, sometimes naming a day a week beforehand. The result of this sporadic plan was, as we have seen, to make the examinations extend over one-fourth of the busiest part of the session. During that period the regular class-work was neglected by most of the students for the purpose of cramming in the

several subjects in which they were to be examined. Such neglect of class-work, we are not afraid to say, is one of the worst results that can be imagined. And yet what could the student do? The lectures went on as usual, and examinations must be prepared for. Neglect of the former would be hurtful; ignoring the latter might prove fatal. To mingle counsel with reproof, we would say, that if such novelties are again introduced, let there be a stated period during which they are to take place; and during that period let there be no class lectures. Without such regulations we had better go on in the good old way.

In the next place, the values attached to these tests were almost as varied as the times at which they were held. In some cases, as far as we can understand, they are to have no influence at all with regard to the final sessional examinations. In such instances, evidently, provided the fact was known to the students, they were quite harmless as well as valueless innovations, since no one would be likely to neglect his ordinary work for their sake. In other instances there seems to be a sort of indefinite value attached to the results, and only to affect those who, at the end of the session, will be inclined to graze the wrong side of thirty. We cannot see much use in this arrangement, seeing that a student is about as likely to fail at one examination as another, if his inclination leads him in that direction. Other examiners attach as much value to the intermediate as to the final; but even among them we have variety. Some, pursuing a course thoroughly reasonable, dismiss that portion of the subject which is included in the intermediate examination, reserving for the final the part treated of during the latter half of the session; others, we understand, intend to include in the final the whole course of lectures from the beginning of the session to the end, notwithstanding that, at the intermediate, about half of the course of lectures has been made the subject of an examination, to which a value has been attached equal to that attributed to the final. We are

puzzled to see the reason of this last *modus operandi*. When a student has once passed a satisfactory examination upon any subject or portion of a subject, we cannot see why that part should be raked up again at the close of the session, and made the ground of another similar test,—as if students were fit subjects for a refining process, and were expected to come out without even the smell of fire upon them.

Notwithstanding all this, we have no doubt that examinations in the middle of the session would have good effects, provided that they were systematically arranged at a proper time, conducted uniformly by all the examiners, and their subjects dismissed from the closing examinations.

WHAT is the reason that our students take so little interest in the Athletic sports which receive so much attention in the majority of Colleges on both sides of the Atlantic? We ought to take a lesson from the experience of others, and looking at the Educational Institutions, Schools and Colleges of other countries, we find them perfectly equipped with the requirements for gymnastic exercises. This is especially the case with Germany, which country shows a striking example of the compatibility of bodily exercise and deep thinking, for where will you find so many profound scholars and so much metaphysical thought. On this point, too, we have the evidence of Plato, who paid so much attention to the national sports of Greece as to be able to take part in the public contests of the Isthmian and Pythian games. Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale and others have their boating clubs, but owing to the nature of our climate, and the shortness of our term, rowing is impracticable, but football, so conspicuous at McGill, lacrosse and regular gymnastic training are within the reach of all. Unless the students make an effort, the day that will see Dalhousie with proper rooms and an instructor is far distant, for when those who ought to be our friends, lose sight of our *essential* needs, they can hardly be expected to take an interest in what seems to

them frivolous luxuries. Constitutional walks are very well in their way, but their regularity depends on the weather, by no means uniformly good in New Scotia, but we could easily secure ourselves against its variableness by renting a proper building, and one of this description is at present vacant in the city. If our Governors were aware of this, and the little chest permitted, this might be secured, if not for us, for our posterity.

We should remember that the connection between our minds and bodies is prosaically real, and the more our bodies are developed, the more hard work will our brains stand. It might be urged against what we have said, that the attention of students would be drawn from their more legitimate work; but elsewhere we see that the men who carry the practice of gymnastics too far are men who wouldn't study under any circumstances, and it is much better for them to excel at something, than be good for nothing.

## SCRIBBLES ON DIVERS SUBJECTS.

BY SILENUS.

"Heave half a brick at him."—*Popular sentiment.*  
"Rule Britannia."—*Patriotic song.*

Painful and humiliating as the confession must needs be, it is nevertheless true that we have in our midst one who is not a patriot; one who is not a lover of this land of Haligonians; one who is untrue to his country, the common offspring of Britain and Scotia; one who has forsaken the ways of his fathers, and has struck amazement into the heart of at least one of his comrades in learning. Don't for one moment suppose that I am a lover of my country to the exclusion of every other feeling. No. I am a student of Dalhousie college; I am a Britisher; an adopted son of Nova Scotia; and I am a believer in the "eternal fitness of things," and when this belief of mine, embracing as it must do in every mind, love of home and country, is outraged by hearing some deluded student—let us hope a Freshman—shouting forth triumphant the patriotic song,

"Beneath the starry flag  
We will hoist the Union Jack."



the spirit moveth me to arise and exclaim in the words of one of England's greatest orators, "Never! Never!! NEVER!!!"

Let us hope as I said before that he is a Freshman, and that his four years' contact with the undoubted patriotism of the majority of "we Dalhousie boys" will eradicate the taint; let us hope that he will learn the grand precept contained in the patriotic Roman sentiment,

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

let us hope that he will soon discover the beauty of Scott's inquiry—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land?"

Let us hope in short that he will soon learn, literally to "change his tune," and that while he is on British territory he will substitute for the "Star Spangled Banner" the good old

"Flag that braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze."

## II.

"What a time we're having."—*Pithy sayings.*  
"We won't go home till morning."—*Old Roman ditty.*  
"And with my skat:s fast bound."—*Longfellow.*

We—that is the philosophers of Dalhousie—went skating the other day. We were nine in number, contributing ninety cents to prolong the existence of that relic of bygone days, the "Sir C. Ogle." Our trip to the "Sister City" was unmarked by any startling event save the loss of his pocket "Aristotle" by our fancy skater. Arriving safely at the other side of the ferry, we betook ourselves towards the lakes, where 'twas our intention to "spread out some." As the ice and those thereon came in sight we were universally seized with apprehensions as to our sobriety, for by the undulatory motion of the skaters it seemed as though a storm were raging. But it was only the frozen snowbanks over which we soon found ourselves careering. To tell of all the accidents we encountered would be an endless task; of how the "Sage" narrowly escaped death by drowning; of how the tails of our fancy skater's coat were vandyked by falling on some shell-ice; of how the writer of this sat down so forcibly as to drive out the roof of his hat; of how our "Miner" chased his tile around on the ice for some time unsuccessfully; of how we astonished the good people of Dartmouth by our uproarious ditties. . . . However we got on board the "Sir C. Ogle," again all correct and started for home. And then we had some more

"times." Aided by our respective "lady friend," and inspired by the "sage's" doleful melodies, we inaugurated a dancing party, and quite enjoyed ourselves, despite Luna's reproachful looks. And then we sang some and danced some more, occasionally interrupted by the pugilistic attempts of one of the boys, and his endeavours to jump overboard. But all this was ended by the boat's touching the pier at the Halifax side. Then 18 pairs of skates clashed and clattered as we stepped ashore and scattered two by two to all the points of the compass, and when, about an hour later the philosophers' having delivered up their charges safe and sound, forgetful of the morrow's tasks, betook themselves to the embrace of the "drowsy god,"

"The clock in the steeple tolled one."

## III.

"Tempus fugit."—*Latin maxim.*  
"April cometh."—*English maxim.*

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow  
Creeps on this petty space from day to day,"

as Shakespeare has recorded it. But though the "Gentle Bard"—in American parlance—knew a thing or two, yet his "petty space" is not the right thing in the right place when applied to a college session. Petty indeed! Far from it. Can anyone talk of petty space as he watches the gradual but inevitable lengthening of the physiognomies of us students under the influence of approaching Exams.? Rather not. Yet this increase in facial length is not without notable exceptions. Such celebrities as the "big one," and "Hopewell," and "the Sage" think no more of analyzing an examination paper than we do—to use a familiar simile—of eating our dinner, and we would gladly, yea with exceeding great joy, yield up to them our share in the "honour and glory" to be obtained in the struggle with the "April fiend" urging them on with—

"Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio."

But this also cannot be. We must fight our own fight on our own ground and with our own weapons, be they dull or keen, rusty or bright. As inch by inch the tide advances, so do the sessionals remorselessly press on against us. There is no alternative; we must triumph or be plucked.

"Let us then be up and doing," before it is yet too late; let us gather up our waning courage and cast despair away, and even if we do not advance, yet hold our own, taking as our watchword, "Victorious or Plucked."

## CALLS.

It was a square 'rep' envelope; he looked at the address and muttered, "why do they always write as if the line of beauty were straight?" Tearing it open he read that Mrs. Scroggs would be glad to see him at tea Monday evening. Truth to tell, the Soph. would have been most happy to have Mrs. S. entertain him; but, you know, Tuesday is Greek day—so a note setting forth the fact was despatched to the lady. The Soph counted a little on his fingers, turned over some leaves in his diary and wrote, "Call at Scroggs.'" (Note.—Only a Soph would do it that way.) About a fortnight after, our hero might have been seen with a little book before him, his brows knit, and his teeth nibbling at a penholder. He is writing up his diary. He turns a leaf and suddenly becomes excited. "By Jupiter! I forgot that call, they'll think I'm a heathen! I must go to-morrow directly after logic." And so he did; immediately after class he proceeded to business, but it was nearly five o'clock before he emerged from his den, with his other clothes on, and a dangerous looking stand-up collar round his neck. His pace told of determination, but as he turned into G— Street he seemed to waver; after walking slowly for a little he muttered, "this is the house, 103," but just as he seemed to be raising his hand to the latch he quickened his step, and in a whipstitch was round the corner and out of sight. "Too late for to-day" was his mental explanation. After screwing up his courage for three weeks he tried it again, and with like success.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a certain Tuesday morning; there are some notices on the College blackboard. Among the faces in the hall, on which are plainly depicted success or defeat, we recognize the calmly dignified countenance of our friend, now a Junior. "Let me see," said he as he crossed the Parade, "what will I do this afternoon." How delightful to look forward to a whole afternoon and nothing that *ought* to be done, *dolce far niente*. "Oh! I'll go to Scroggs', should have been there before, but I've been so abominably busy." In a few hours he was enquiring whether Mrs. S. was at home and was straightway ushered into her presence. He soon comprehended that (doubtless because of the pallor brought on by severe mental exertion) she did not recognize him. "Er-Mr. James, I-ah should

have called months ago, but, um-my time has been so much occupied with ———." "Oh!" broke in the good lady, "I had almost forgotten; why did you not come before?" in two minutes they were talking about his mamma and her nervous headaches; the young ladies were called and the time passed so pleasantly that Mr. James had been sitting just forty-five minutes when he started up and remembered that he must go down town. "Why the deuce didn't I go there before?" said he as he latched the street-door. "What was I afraid of?" He has since admitted that he believes these questions unanswerable.

No. 2. Scene: A small village. Time: Evening.

A female appears at a cottage door, shades her eyes with her hand and scans that part of the neighbourhood available for juvenile sporting purposes; she discovers a group of boys playing base; lifting up her voice she cries aloud, "Jooohnnie! your father wants you." "Johnnie your father wants you" chorus half a dozen youthful voices, while one or two add sweetly, "you'd better scoot or he'll be apt to lick you." Johnnie scoots, but not by the most open road; he runs along the fence, under the bars, through the back garden arriving at the kitchen door just as his mother is preparing to call again. Coming through the little hall he asks in a meek voice, "Calling me mother?"

"Oh! you are here, are you? It must have been your cousin Jim that I saw over with those nasty Murphies. Go wash yourself like a good boy and get ready for tea." And Johnnie runs up stairs, his face wearing a grin that one ignorant of its cause could hardly understand.

No. 3. Of the calls that the Seniors make when they go to see their girls, I, being ignorant, can write nothing; but doubtless an account of one would be very entertaining.

No. 4. The numerous calls at the temple of the Muses have different effects on different people. The calls before the curtain, doubtless excite envy, the *cat calls*, wrath.

No. 5. The calls of the dun or bill-collector are, perhaps, more than all others dreaded and hated. I have found that the harmless clerk often brings down on him much anger because he persists in having a time appointed for another call, "after which, other and more effectual steps are to be taken if he does not become satisfied in the meantime."



No. 6. The call to pay up a part of your subscription toward the capital stock of the "Pocahontas Coal and Oil Company," which you have lately been led to look upon as a means of extorting money from trustful men.

No. 7. Among the noises of the City, none are more pleasing than the cheery bugle-calls. On bright, frosty nights, they, with thousands of dancing echoes, fill the air with clear, lively music—I always like to hear the chorus of bugles at half-past nine and ten o'clock.

No. 8. When men have been buried alive by an explosion in a coal mine, and a second is feared; when a ship hangs in a desperate position on a sea-washed reef; when a life is to be saved from a burning house, the response can only come from humanity in its most God-like form. To this call no coward can answer "Here!" Only good men and true are ready to risk their own lives in the attempt to save their fellows from death.

RAMBLER.

#### REMINISCENCES OF A BARBER-SHOP.

I CAN very well remember the first day I was shaved. It seems as yesterday. The youthful down, which, as currently believed, 'forms the aspirations of a young man and colours them,' was actually on my upper lip,—there was quite a growth of hair under my chin too. My birthday had just occurred; I was fifteen. These combined facts instilled into me a feeling of greater self-importance, which took root, sprang up, and—soon rose ninety-nine per cent. Father grasped me by the hand and said he felt proud, mother gently gazed upon me and smiled as she voted me 'a dear,' sister and brother approached in awe, and having taken a severe scrutiny of my face, roguishly exclaimed in chorus, "Oh! you horrid boy! you are uglier than ever,"—from my youth up I had always been considered handsome. (N. B.—For the appropriate use of the epithet *horrid*, compare with it the Latin verb *horreo*, from which it is derived.) Neighbours and friends all congratulated me and flatteringly whispered that I was now a man. In my self-conceit I received all this as a matter of course, put on as wise an air as I could, felt my nascent moustache, softly stroked my chin, silently regretting that it was still so *very* smooth, and, in my newly-found attachment, was as vain as a youngster who has just donned pantaloons.

But the evil day was approaching, and I instinctively felt it. A change was at hand. It was now apparent, even to the most careless observer, that the time for immediate action has arrived and could not be postponed. I received the first intimation from my father. Said he, "I think you had better have that hair removed from your face. It has grown amazingly lately. You will feel the comfort of so doing." I looked at him in surprise. I thought he was joking. But no! as I wondered I heard him sigh. Then I saw how it was. The duty of informing me had been painful to him, and he was glad it was over. Now the responsibility rested on my own shoulders. But I, never having made the experiment before, was loath to begin. He asked, entreated, insisted, commanded. I objected, argued, refused, wept. But it had already been decided upon in family council, so my refusal made little difference, I was to go that very day to a neighbouring shop where a barber of no little renown plied his handicraft, and there undergo an operation the like of which had never before entered into my calculations. I was to make the acquaintance of a knight of the razor, and be consigned to his tender mercies. I was to be shaved.

Well, the die was cast, and when I found I had to 'face the music,' having dressed myself with scrupulous care, I was soon at the barber's door, and, as it stood ajar, took a hurried and frightened peep inside. I was relieved by hearing and seeing nothing—all was silent as the grave. Having mustered up courage to enter, I shut the door to with a force which I had miscalculated, and, startled with the noise, shrunk into the nearest chair, trembling all over. My hat I never thought of removing, and seeing a newspaper, clutched at it and began reading it bottom upwards. After a little I looked around and was agreeably surprised to see that, though the room was full no one had taken any notice of me. I now took a survey of the place; nothing very dreadful about it after all I thought, though there were many things I had never seen before, the use of which I should not imagine. From this moment I felt better, and, in comparative peace of mind, awaited my turn. It soon came. One of the chairs in front of the mirrors was suddenly vacated and determined to know the worst, without waiting to hear the invariable 'next,' I seized upon it at once, and faintly said to the attendant behind, "Can I be shaved?" I received no reply, but was im-

mediately enveloped in a large white sheet, and my head pushed back upon the chair with no very gentle hand, while the greater part of my face was profusely lathered. To this I had no objection as the soap was scented, though I would have preferred it being rubbed on through any other instrumentality than that of the finger. Having soaped my ears abundantly, forced a clot or two between my lips which I had firmly pressed together, and plastered up one of my nostrils, my man, thinking me sufficiently lathered, laid a square of paper on my breast and fell to sharpening his razor. At this, I found he took his leisure, while the tickling sensation of the soap began to make itself felt, then became disagreeable, finally intolerable. I instinctively attempted to raise a hand; it was imprisoned by the sheet; so was its fellow, and I was helpless, completely in the power of my tormentor. Swallowing my feelings at this *barberous* treatment, I tried to comfort myself with the thought that it might be worse, and that others had gone through the same ordeal before. Poor consolation! A moment more and my friend (?) had approached, and clutching my head in his hands, ran his razor down my right cheek. Then closing my nostrils with his fingers, he so energetically removed the hairs from my upper lip that the tears sprang into my eyes. He then depressed my head once more and performed a similar operation on the other side, finishing off with my chin. As I felt him at my throat, I trembled and turned pale; the least move, I fancied, might be fatal, and you can imagine my feelings. I bitterly regretted ever having put myself into his power, but it was now too late. My face being comparatively clean again, I thought all was over, but immediately saw I was mistaken. "One woe is past, but behold another followeth after." A second time was I lathered as generously as before, or even more so, and again was the razor applied with similar results. Then a wet towel was rubbed vigorously over my face, and from out a curious-looking bottle, a seemingly hot and pungent liquid was ejected, and, of this liquid, not having taken the precaution to close them, my eyes (for having my suspicions, I had resolutely watched my man), as may be supposed, I received a good share. Indeed, I think the barber intended this, for I thought I saw him smile maliciously as he laid down the bottle. If I had been free I believe I should have most strenuously vetoed this part of the proceeding, but as it was, I could do nothing. I

was next oiled; a not remarkably fragrant liquid was poured over my face, more particularly my mouth and lips, and upon this a white powder was strewed. Now, for the first time a cessation of hostilities began.

The obnoxious sheet was removed. The K. O. T. R. after a few minutes breathing-space asked me 'if I wished my hair cut?' With this I would gladly have dispensed, but he insisted on the necessity of the proposed operation, and I surrendered. My hair was cut, and though a considerable amount managed, in spite of the closely fitting sheet, to get down my neck, and though my ears were not unfrequently in danger, I kept my patience tolerably well, and a second time my attendant rested from his labours.

He now asked me, would I like my hair brushed? adding, "we can brush it by machinery if you prefer." I told him it was immaterial. I felt I had gone through so much, it would make little difference what else might be in store for me. A moment after, I saw I had committed myself. A row of quickly revolving wheels suspended aloft was instantly set in motion, and a circular brush connected to the band thereof applied to my head. The sensation I experienced was not unpleasant, although the experiment looked dangerous enough. The obliging (?) barber was then desirous, by the application of cold water at a neighbouring tap, to perform upon me another experiment, but, jumping from my chair, I confronted him, and demanded "what do I owe you?" His "twenty cents" relieved me. I paid him and made for the door. I noticed neither of his coadjutors;—the one wished to brush my coat, the other seemed anxious that I should buy his cigars. I ignored everything and everybody, and by so doing tripped up an old gentleman who had just come in. I soon left that shop far behind, and have never since entered it or any other of the kind. I had learnt a lesson. Since that day I have always shaved myself.

A. W. H.

#### OUR SOCIETIES.

ANOTHER union meeting of our debating societies was held on the 22nd ult. The following subject was discussed: "Is the present system of having the Legislature consist of two great permanent opposing parties, the best possible for the interests of the State?" C. S. Cameron opened. Every question can be looked at from



two points of view. So long as this is the case, we cannot devise means of governing the country through one party. An opposition is necessary to watch the Government and weed out wrong.

J. L. George responded. Party names retain little of the characteristics attached to them. Small issues about men actuate much of party strife; and questions are not treated on their real merits. W. D. Ross was opener secundus. Men are apt to go to extremes. If there were only one party, it is not likely that the balance of right and justice would be preserved. W. R. Fraser spoke next. The present system arises from an innate desire of controversy. The abuse of this principle causes many men to turn away in disgust from politics.

Several gentlemen followed. Very hard things were said; many unpleasant pills administered—not English peas, though they were there too—and most unpalatable references made. Hon. D. C. Fraser, B. A., was present, and made a capital speech. He criticised the opinions of those holding the one party theory, and stated what were the true principles of popular government. He was very warmly cheered. On the vote being taken a large majority favoured the present system.

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### Clips.

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THE latest slang phrase now going the rounds is "immensikoff." It is supposed to be of Russian origin, and is expressive of largeness in a humorous sense.

THE Law School at Harvard contains 189 students; the Medical School, 212; the Divinity School, 21; the Scientific School, 18; the Dental School, 17. In 1879 a three years course in the Law School will be necessary to obtain the degree of LL. D. There are 13 unmatriculated students; and in the post-graduate course 25 are studying for A. M., 22 for Ph. D., and 4 for S. D.—*Ex.*

SENIOR to Freshman, as they stroll along the street at midnight—"How wonderful are the heavens! Only think, it takes thousands of years for the light from some of those dim stars to reach us." Philosophic Freshman—"Yes; but I say, suppose a ray of light has just started from one of those stars, and after it has travelled 1000 years to reach the earth, suppose the earth to be suddenly annihilated—what a terrible disappointment not to find the earth after all! Or, suppose an astronomer traces up a ray of light and finds no star, but only a hole at the end of it, the star having 'gone out' 1000 years before—how unsatisfactory that would be!" Utter collapse of Senior.

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### Dallusiansia.

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*Mirabile visu.* A Senior and a Junior locked in a loving embrace, rolling down the glacis of the Citadel at the "strange, mystic hour" of midnight. We've heard of midnight revels before, but never of midnight revolutions.

PERHAPS the medicals *are short* of "Subjects," but they didn't seem to want the defunct fowl so persistently pressed on them in the hall. The foul act caused the fowl to create a greater sensation after death than during life.

Two wicked Freshmen have been making a class-mate believe that we are going to have one holiday less this Session than usual, alleging that because Good Friday was on Friday last year, it will be on Saturday this term. The victim ought to pass a want-of-confidence motion.

A CERTAIN student seems to have a great penchant for coffee, and from the liberality of his nature doesn't at all object to treating his friends. We wonder if the attendants of the coffee-establishment were changed if our friend's tastes would change also.

THE Freshman who, during the course of the union debate, proved a nuisance by the frequent discharge of peas, can hardly be called a "big (g)un." Still he furnished his quota towards making the speakers lively.

WHAT a cunning little Fresh it was to get away out in the country on the Dartmouth side, and spend an hour or two coasting with three or four young ladies. When questioned about it, he demurely said he had gone over to see his uncle, and had been coasting for a few minutes with his cousin (?)

OUR Judas paid the Medicals a visit the other day, and reports thusly: The walls of the Reading Room are adorned with a large and varied collection of pictures of much artistic merit. An obliging son of Æsculapius explained that they had arrived on the anniversary of St. Valentine. One worthy of particular mention, represents a second year man evidently in a strait betwixt two (girls), drawn "both ways at once," by two strings in the hands of as many "maidens gay," and attached to his nasal organ. The artist has chosen for his representation the moment when the youth's emotion is deepest, (*and the tension on the strings is greatest*). 'Tis said when this picture was hung, a subdued muttering was heard: "Didn't think the fellows knew about that." Medicals *will* have their fun.

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