

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

{ NEW No. 7.
{ WHOLE No. 113.

FALLING SNOW.

Softly falling, falling, falling,
Still and cloudy, as a dream,
Stealing earthward, white and stainless,
Soul of purity you seem.

Gently falling, falling, falling,
Till the landscapes robe in white,
Coming from the realms of sunbeams,
Like a feathery flood of light.

Sweetly falling, falling, falling,
As the touch of angels' wings,
Speeding on their charge of mercy,
Fan our world with heavenly winds.

Ever falling, falling, falling,
Till around this world of woe,
Thou hast thrown a veil so spotless,
That its sins seem lost in snow.

We have thought to watch thy falling,
Nothing here is pure like thee,
And your home must be some region,
Where no sin nor stain can be.

J. F. D.

A DEAD ROBIN.

To-day mild summer's mildest sun
Smiles in the upper air;
And in the woods the sounds of leaves
Scarce die on breezes dare;
And through the woods on clanging rail
Thunders the crashing car;
And calls her train the partridge hen,
Neath fleeting skies and fair.

I saw a robin by the mill,
Thrown on the roadside there;
The alder mazes round the road
In dark green vistas glare.
His scattered feathers from his side
The wandering breezes tear,
Wandering on grassy carpeting
Neath fleeting skies and fair.

Thy wings on every summer wind
Thy happy journeys bore,
On every merry forest field,
And every billock o'er;
But now in nature's glory thou
Alone her charm dost mar,
And liest in prostrate ugliness
Neath fleeting skies and fair.

S. J. M.

SUCCESS.

It is not my intention to speak of the way in which success may be achieved in any particular department of art, literature or science. My knowledge is too limited to permit of my so doing. "Nothing succeeds like success" is a maxim which derives more force from epigrammatic sparkle than inherent truth. I shall be happy, if, in this short paper, I can combat the popular idea of success. It is looked upon as a relative, not an absolute, thing. If this be so, a man's circumstances would need to be highly favourable before he could attain this highly-coveted treasure. However, it can be shewn that the circumstances of some of the most eminent men have been highly adverse. They have been cramped and bound down by the stern logic of facts. Their light has been hid under a bushel. Milton, the writer of *the* Christian epic, received but £15 for the work which has made his name to the English nation "a possession forever." Nor did he gain a reputation among his contemporaries. What cared the gay cavaliers of the seventeenth century for high discourse on themes of morality and religion? The stolid Puritans who looked upon the beautiful in art, or the enjoyable in nature as virtually sinful, had little appreciation to spend on literature. The poet might well say he had fallen on evil days. We may well use the expression put by Addison into the mouth of one of his characters "Tis not in mortals to command success; we'll deserve it." The frequenters of Grub Street in the first half of last century, are further examples of unrewarded merit. Compelled to earn their daily bread by such precarious means as translating and composing, they dragged out a weary existence, now living in luxury, at other times forced to content themselves with the fragrant odors of some paltry cook-shop. At the present day, many men of no great literary merit receive extraordinary remuneration from their publishers. Juvenal tells us that if Virgil had not been

well-to-do, some of his passages would not have been so brilliant.

There can be no doubt that praise and blame are very unequally distributed. "Reputation is the coin of genius; and it is the imperious duty of every man to distribute it with the strictest justice and the wisest economy." The history of English literature presents us with many instances of unkind criticism, crushing, like cannon-shot, the sensitive feelings of some youthful poet. Henry Kirke White (1785—1806) was beginning to climb round after round of "young ambition's ladder." Nurtured in the hard school of adversity, a nature far from rugged was likely to be wounded by unfriendly criticism. A critic very unfeelingly sneered at one of his earlier efforts. This, combined with hard study, acting on a weak constitution, brought him to the grave at the early age of twenty-one. The meed of praise came for him too late. Pope might well say:—

"Ten censure wrong for who writes amiss."

It is that revolting, self-feeding, dog-in-the-manger conduct, that is the cause of so much evil. Men are unwilling, out of their abundance, to give to their poorer brethren. On the contrary, how often has a kind word or action proved to some struggler beginning to grow faint, and despair of any good thing from his fellows, a stimulus to greater endeavours, and final success. Many a man has felt the beauty of Tennyson's word-picture, "The Statesman." One who formerly gambolled on the village green, and enjoyed the pleasures in which boyish associates delight to revel, fired with a noble enthusiasm, feels that there is within him something to lead him to higher things. Onward and upward is his course, till at last he becomes "the pillar of a people's hope; the centre of a world's desire."

Prosperity, as we all know, often contains more harm than good. "Pride often goes before a fall." Parasites, attracted by success, flock around, raise their loud huzzas, and ply their empty compliments. But let the wheel of fortune make a turn, and in altered circumstances the hollowness of sycophants, and the emptiness of parasites will be discovered. The feeling that his former associates have deserted him, and now look on him with contempt, is a hard trial for any man to bear. But to use an expressive Scotch proverb: "The king may come in the cadger's gait." (Cadger's gait—huckster's way.) Lost ground may be recovered. Reverses sustained may only bring out dormant energy.

We should always encourage by word and deed those who are endeavouring manfully and honourably to fight their own way in the great battle of life. "Kind words," etc. Many a man has felt this in his experience. When the heavens looked black above him—when no ray of hope gleamed upon him—when this life seemed not worth the living, a friendly word has restored his spirit, only to prove the truth of Scripture, "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." We all have individual difficulties to face. We may, however, encourage those who are more heavily laden with the freight of cares than ourselves. Above all, let us remember the Providence that guides our steps. We should reflect that

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

And that he who

"Most lives,
Thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,

achieves true success.—(Read by John L. George,
B. A., at a meeting of the C. I. P., Jan. 31st, 1879).

CONSISTENCY.

CONSISTENCY is a high sounding word. It claims a place among the virtues and graces. It seems to point to an age of martyrs, and to stand amid the triumphs of heroes. In our humble opinion, however, consistency is an imposter and a fraud. Like the jackdaw among the peacocks, it struts along decked in borrowed colours. A long robe of truth, which has no right there, hangs from the shoulders of this dignitary. It stands in the sight of man crowned with honesty, and wielding the arms of incorruptibility. Now the truth is that stupidity is its rightful mantle, pig-headism its lawful crown, and besotted ignorance its strongest shield. One of the most unsatisfactory beings in creation is a consistent man. His opinions have been formed at some long past period, or inherited from his father, and to these he clings, never dreaming that the tides of thought and fact, flowing in for sixty years, have left him shackled and mossgrown fathoms below the surface of modern intelligence. He shakes his head at every new feature in dress, manners, government, science, and thinks that the world is going to the ——— sure.

It is a fact clear as light, that change marks all man's interests and concerns. That judgments which to-day are just, may to-morrow be

false. Nor is this strange. A monarchical form of government may best suit a country where the people are to a large extent ignorant. Educate the masses, and in a few years a commonwealth will be the best form of government. Theatre-going, while the stage is a platform from which issues every kind of impurity, may be a vice. Elevate the drama, and theatre-going becomes an ennobling recreation. There is a necessary connection between every decision and the arguments which lead up to it. While the former remains unaltered, the latter is good. Change the premises, and the conclusion is destroyed. Now is it the overlooking of this fact which creates such incongruity in some men's opinions. They have arrived at certain decisions by a perfectly logical line of reasoning, but time destroys or alters a concept in their syllogism, and they, disregarding this fact, yet stick to the conclusion, which has now become nonsense.

There are men again, who, knowing what they have proclaimed to be untrue, yet cling to it for fear of being called inconsistent. Having given the world their views on certain matters, they are afraid to own that what they once believed true is now seen to be false. May we humbly offer a piece of advice here. Don't be afraid to state clearly what you think to-day, and don't be ashamed to contradict every word of it to-morrow. It is not you who are fickle. The facts are. Those are the worst kind of cowards, who, to save themselves a little fancied humiliation will lead others astray by statements which they know to be untrue. Such consistency, (and we see instances of it every day around us), is beneath contempt.

There are, perhaps, few causes at work hindering the world's advancement, more retarding than this remarkable virtue. It hangs like a heavy weight on the wheels of improvement. It gets twisted round small minds, impeding every step forward. The press, the platform, the the pulpit, are transfused by its delusions. It hates scientific farming and machinery in general, cannot understand why the lower classes are not now so obsequious as in the good old days. Abhors pull-backs and modern fashions of every description. Looks upon anyone who questions the infallibility of an article in the Confession of Faith as next to an atheist. Considers a man who yesterday approved of modern drinking, but who to-day is hard at work in the cause of total abstinence, a fool; and that one who is willing to give a fair hearing to the claims of

every doctrine, from Mormonism to Pantheism, an unprincipled excitement seeker. Such views of life are ruinous to growth in any and every direction. Why was man furnished with a mind, if he is to run in certain grooves and trunnels? Instinct, it is true, is enough for the inferior animals, designed by the Great Builder to remain unmarked by improvement; but a grander prospect opens to the vision of the soul, and a nobler destiny awaits the developments of intelligence. The savage, crouched in his mud hut on the coast of Africa, or sheltered by his skins on the prairies of America, may, to the casual observer, present a spectacle little above the lower creation, but that rude framework is the temple of a spirit, linked with the eternal, the Shekinah of Creation's God.

In concluding this paper, we hope that no one has received the impression that we are condemning manly stability of purpose or opinion. Far from such is our intention. It has been our humble endeavour to clear away the deception from a fraud which we feel is deluding many, and to present in distinct colours what we believe to be truth. It is the duty of every man to be honest in his convictions, and faithful to these when formed. It is his duty to be firm for the right. But it is only *when* his convictions and the right blend, and only *while* they blend they he should stick to them. Never state a conclusion when you are afraid to examine the judgments on which it is based. Never love an opinion, as such, but only for the truth which it expresses. There are subjects on which we may safely build, whose foundations are eternal. But these are not of earth. They are the counsels of Him who is immutable. Man and all his interests are as a little bark tossed on the waves of uncertainty, but amid the shadows stands One who guides the destinies of worlds, and rules above the decrees of fate.

J. F. D.

WRITING.

On leaving College a student naturally looks forward to putting into use the training which he has received, to hold a definite position among his fellow men, and also to carry along with him a certain amount of influence. Should he not do so, he cannot have reaped the benefits usually derived from a "liberal education." In order to obtain this influence and standing, he must be able to express his opinions in such a way as

to command, first the attention, finally the respect, of the world at large. There are two methods of doing so, either by "Writing" or "Speaking,"—simpler terms for "Literary Composition" and "Oratory." He may choose one or the other, or possibly both. Each has its peculiar advantages, which are not to be found in the other; but perhaps writing has the greater share, and we are therefore inclined to deem it the more important accomplishment. We venture to give this opinion, though we know that we are treading upon delicate ground, and will be read with strong dissent by many of our ardent debaters. We are not, however, speaking of oratory in its highest sense, which is an inspiration, not an accomplishment. "As of the poet it may be said of the orator, '*nascitur non fit*.'" The gift of oratory is possessed by a few only, and they cannot but follow their natural bent. But we would like to try to influence in a slight degree those whose choice is solely guided by the answer to the question: "What is the advantage to be gained?"

At present we must acknowledge, that in Nova Scotia, and to a great extent in Canada, speech is the great mover of persuasion, and too often, alas! the stump-speaker is ruler of our destinies. But fortunately this state of affairs is already coming to an end. Already is the handwriting seen on the wall. The voice of condemnation has gone forth, and the stump speaker is doomed,—doomed to sink into an oblivion from which he will only be rescued by the antiquarian's notebook, and the chapter of the historian telling of old-time customs and abuses. Canada is growing out of her long-clothes, with her mind proportionately developed, and refuses to be satisfied with the milk, and, watery (though often *spicy*), harangues, with which she has been hitherto surfeited. We see daily the influence of the Press extending, and magazine literature more and more the vehicle of public opinion. In England the Press is called, "The Fourth Estate of the Realm," and equally powerful will it be in our own country when the seed planted in our High Schools and Colleges bear fruit, and we have a race of educated gentlemen who will think it beneath their dignity to hurl personalities and abuse at each other.

But besides the advantages which we derive from writing through its influence on the mind of others, we must also consider the beneficial influence which its practice has upon our own. We do not, as is the case with the speaker,

merely appeal to the passions of the audience for the time being, in words delivered at a moment's notice, and which, when the blaze of excitement has died out, we feel have been put in too strong a light, and which we cannot consider as binding. The writer in a calm state addresses his readers who are equally calm; he puts forth his views, and supports them by arguments which he knows will have to undergo a thorough sifting before they are admitted. His statements, again, must be true, and in every particular bear the stamp of exactness, for when once in print they will ever remain as mute but undeniable witnesses of his truth or falsehood. There must be no illogical conclusions. They must be such as can be lawfully deduced from the premises, for they are weighed in the mind of the reader, which is not disturbed by the storm-wind of excitement. In this way composition leads us to exactness, the benefit of which we cannot but recognize even in our every-day life. Again, from writing we learn conciseness, equally beneficial, and which by the speaker is wholly neglected. To a certain extent a speaker must be diffuse, and why, we can easily understand. He must clothe his ideas in a large number of words, that his hearers may have time to grasp them. Did he not do so, the minds of his audience would be continually strained, in grappling with ideas, too closely followed by others to be successfully comprehended. In writing, on the other hand, the contrary is the case; terseness is one of the chief beauties of style. In every sentence, nay, between every pair of commas, there may be a new thought, which, instead of wearying the reader, gives an additional pleasure, since with the context before him, he may think over it at his leisure.

But students, though recognizing the benefits to be obtained from writing are still by "want of time" deterred from its practice. "We cannot," they say, afford the time. Our whole energy is required for study, to enable us to pass the examinations which are now rapidly approaching. At the present all work is wasted which does not give us direct aid in this ordeal, and though writing may have an indirect, it certainly cannot be said to have a direct influence." But is this assertion that the practice of writing has no direct influence upon examination a correct one? We should certainly say not. The training of one accustomed to write, when made use of in answering questions, gives him a great pull over the untrained crammer, even supposing both to have the same knowledge of the subject. The

former expresses his ideas in clear, logical language, which goes directly to the point, with no ambiguity of expression to obscure his meaning, and he naturally leaves the impression that he has a thorough knowledge of the subject. The latter gropes after his idea in mysterious language, chasing it sentence by sentence, perhaps through whole paragraphs; and when it is finally captured and made prisoner, it is so effectually concealed in a labyrinth of verbiage, that, ten chances to one, it escapes the examiner's search. Should he happen to find it, he cannot but consider it as misty as the language in which it is expressed.

Now, then, is the time to write; we must no longer put off beginning. At College we have opportunities which we cannot hope to possess again. We have perhaps more time, and our minds are better fitted to write than they will be hereafter. Lastly we have the GAZETTE, an organ for the expression of all our thoughts and feelings, to the columns of which there is easy access, if we do but give a moderate degree of care and thought to our subject, and which besides is itself benefitted by increased contributions. The efficiency of a College is shown by the paper which it publishes, and in this way, doubtless, is Dalhousie judged by its friends outside. Then let us make our most earnest endeavours to increase the interest in our paper, and through it in our College.

A. E. T.

A WANT.

In a certain College are collected a number of young souls. Their object of coming together is to get wisdom. There a Professor of Mathematics, by methods of pure reasoning, shows them how to follow a train of thought on any subject. A Professor of Logic and Metaphysics teaches them to detect error in argument, and presents to their attention the thoughts and opinions of ancient philosophers. Good! now they can think.

By a classical scholar they are taught how the Greeks and Romans expressed their ideas in a systematic manner by variation in the position and forms of symbols. A man whose thoughts are beautiful, and who has expressed them in beautiful language, teaches the Students to write and speak correctly. Good! now they can speak.

But what are they to think about and say? They have gone to College for instruction, now their duty is to teach the masses. With open mouthed veneration the ignorant man listens for words of wisdom. Thick around his wrinkled brow hang the mists of darkness, and he looks for light. Does he get it? What can the young seer say to him? Will he stuff his ears with a jumble of Greek and Latin? A plague is desolating Russia, starvation reigns in England, and in our own land starvation's stillness everywhere abides. Who is to fight these evils? The Collegian can tell about the States of Rome and Greece, with quotations of *mendiaganam-menos* wonderful to listen to. But if his fellow man, panting in the struggle for bread, ask him for help, he says, "Oh, that was not in the course; I don't know anything about that." As an outlet for their ideas the Students have the GAZETTE. "Paulus" recommends us to drink from "The well of English undefiled." But hogsheads from that well would not slake the thirst of man, without at any rate being combined with a true and noble thought. So take care, "Paulus," that you have some message worth carrying to your flock. "Silenus" writes some beautiful verses, sublime if he is in earnest. The column, "Inner Dalhousie," is filled with brilliant wit and scathing satire, as for example, "Heu Albertus," "Uncle Dub." At the other institutions in Nova Scotia the students learn much the same, with the grand fundamental principles of sprinkling and dipping.

Give us a Provincial University, with a Professor of common sense, whose class shall not be "optional," who will present subjects of thought, bearing on the interests of the present day, who will present the sublime and noble in conduct, who will teach us to emulate the manliness and virtues of the Greeks and Romans, in place of how they talked. Second to this in importance would rank the chairs of the present day. A department of agriculture, a want now partly supplied, would be necessary, for food is indispensable to life, spiritual and moral, and while a man is starving for bread, he does not care to listen to harangues composed of words "*et præterea nihil*." Very important, but less so than the preceding, is a mechanical department, to teach us how to manufacture the adjuncts of life.

B. A. '77.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

EDITORS.

C. S. CAMERON, '79. A. E. THOMSON, '80.
R. R. J. EMMERSON, '79. J. F. DUSTAN.
E. CROWELL, '80, *Fi. Secretary.*

CONTENTS.

Poetry	73
Success	73
Consistency	74
Writing	75
A Want	77
Editorial	78
A Comedy in three Acts	79
Retaliation ..	81
Concerning Waste Paper	82
Correspondence	82
Our Society	84
Personals	84
Inner Dalhousie	84
Acknowledgments	84

THE Session of '78-79 is speedily drawing to a close. Another bite out of the few remaining weeks, another fortnight nearer the end, and the final examinations looming plainly up at no great distance. This fact is or ought to be a great incentive of study. Students who hitherto have known no work will be forced to submit themselves to a rigorous process of cramming; those who *have* worked, await calmly the approach of the fateful day, while prospective graduates are busily employed in borrowing visionary hoods, washing invisible chokers and saving sufficient of the needful to pay for their well earned honour.

That one must work or fail is as fixed and immutable as the laws of the Medes or Persians. Let us then give a little advice to all. Let the hitherto lazy one call forth all his energy and determination for the work before him. But five weeks are left, and in that five weeks he must redeem his past carelessness, a thing which can only be done by a strict devotion to system and method. Let him allot himself a quantum of work for each day, and, having done so, to allow nothing to divert his attention until it is

disposed of. By this course, if he does not gain distinction in his year, he will at least succeed in passing muster.

To the studious and persevering one we only say; "keep on in the course you have been pursuing." You now have the reward of your continuous working; while others are despairing, or at least dubious, you can confidently and coolly await the approach of the trial, feeling certain of success. And thus it always has and ever will be. Procrastination and negligence are necessarily the precursors of trouble and regret, while a steady, systematic course of action, though perhaps sometimes irksome, will surely bring its own reward.

Finally, in view of the end, we may say to all "keep cool." Many and many a student has utterly failed through disregarding the advice conveyed in these two small words; failed through no want of talent but simply from excitability.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that an additional portion of the Apparatus for the College Laboratories has arrived,—consisting of thirteen large packing cases, per steamer from Liverpool. This consignment consists of glassware from the factory of Messrs. Greiner & Fredericks of Stutzerbach in Thuringia (Germany), embracing an apparently endless or, at least, bewildering variety of designs in glass,—retorts, tubings, stopcocks, flasks, filters, Liebig's condensers, receivers, burettes, jars, bottles, Kipp's gas generators, thermometers, decomposing apparatus, measuring vessels, and in fact, every form of glass apparatus used in the various process of inorganic and organic analysis, and lecture experiments.

In a kindly notice of the GAZETTE, the *Truro Sun* refers to the paper on Macaulay's History of England as "Correspondence." By reference to the list at the head of this column, it will be seen that "J. F. D." is one of the Editorial Committee.

A MAN who has had the benefit of an academic education should be able to think, and to speak what he thinks. So far we agree with "B. A. '77," who expresses his opinions in a paper in another column. But we do not think that college graduates are so ignorant of every-day life and every-day wants as our friend would have us believe. Indeed the greater number of us are so situated that we must know much more than the mysteries of Greek and Latin in order to gain a living; we have to understand something of the philosophy of bread and butter. Having been born without the traditional spoon in our mouths, we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the practical part of our education. We heartily agree with "B. A." on the importance of an institution for instruction in the useful arts; but we do not think that its true place is in an University. The Technological Institute has begun to fill the want which he deplores, and should receive cordial support. But our colleges also demand aid. We ought to have facilities for education as well as instruction. A mingling of the two might prove beneficial, but such is not our opinion.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

Outward bound.

"Here we go, up, up, up,
Here we go, down, down, down"—*Lullaby.*

Man cannot live by work alone. To speak playfully, he must play sometimes. Especially true is this of that *genus homo*, the student, who, after exercising the lighter part of his nature, returns gaily and vigorously to work. Thus reasoned certain *protoges* of venerable Dalhousie lately, and thereupon concluded to eschew the sciences for a day, and descend to the vulgar level of *the road*. Accordingly, a motley crowd assembled in the College hall one Saturday afternoon not very long ago. They were clad in true academic costume, mortar boards, with the regulation turn up at each corner, and fluttering gowns in all degrees of wholeness, from the intact Freshie's to the slashed and ragged

Senior's. Class distinctions were laid aside; "equality" was the war cry; the regular and general; the "reverend grave" and "impetuous fresh" mingled and joined in the fun on an equal footing. After some trifling delays, and the exercise of a great deal of tactics by a distinguished *general*, a start was effected, while from a score of by no means infantile throats, burst forth three rousing cheers, for the world in general, and the surrounding "gamins" in particular. The leader of the choir then started "Lauriger Horatius," and thus we appropriately skimmed through the busy town out into the peaceful country. Oh! ye student torments, ye Greeks and Romans, ye endless arrays of lengthy words and sounding syllables, where now were your boasted irritative powers? Gone like a dream.

And so we sped smoothly on, keenly enjoying the bracing air and cheerful sunshine; singing the songs of old Dalhousie, cheering everyone we met, from the Governor of Nova Scotia to the "cullah'd gem'n from up 'long," and thinking little of ill in any form. But list! *Sandy* from his position between two huge Freshies was lamenting that the squeezing was not being done by another sex, when lo! a jolt; a crack; a frantic attempt at erectitude; and—we were over.

"Oh what a fall was there my countrymen
There I and you and all of us fell down."

and where a snow bank had once stood in its spotless entirety, there lay a squirming, struggling, greyish mass of caps, feet, gowns, sleigh, legs, cushions and gloves. What a bundle of rags that was. Peel after peel of laughter rang out as the heap disgorged some *grey-haired* Senior or *mangled* Freshie. At last all were extricated, and having cleared pockets, sleeves and hair, of superabundant snow, we set to work to right the upset sleigh. This, after some trouble, was effected, and we started again, feeling sure that another disaster of the like nature could not possibly occur in the same day. But "alas for the rarity of the fulfilment of human expectations." One short half mile, and again the snowbanks enveloped us. Quoth Isaac as he sat down on the *lee side* after the first upset, "next time I'll be ready to jump clear." Poor Isaac! We dug him out of his snowy case, tenderly laid him down by the roadside, and there he lay, and laughed, and laughed again, until we all became infected, and roared till our sides ached.

Meanwhile a desertion and diversion took place. Five melancholy youths who had been disappointed in love, or looked forward to being plowed in spring, or expected broken necks or some other disaster turned back on us. Freddy went home on a load of wood, Sandy made love to an Ethiop damsel who was driving townwards, and the others tramped. But the rest stuck on bravely, got the sleigh righted, started it, and set off behind at a trot. He of the longest legs of course got in first, and there he sat, sarcastically encouraging his struggling comrades. One by one, however, they clambered in, equanimity was soon restored, and everything went merry as a wedding bell. Shortly afterwards we reached the end of our outward course, the crowd gladly descended, and in less than no time were ensconced around a huge wood stove waiting for something wherewith to appease *the worm*. *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

ACT II.

De Ore.

"Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast."—*Irving*.
"Once more unto the *table* boys, once more."—*Shakeknife*.

In the interval between our arrival and tea, we organized ourselves into a *conversazione*. Recitations, songs, politics, science and hornpipes were mingled in glorious confusion until the landlady announced tea, and then what a rush for the good things. Home made, smoking, hot bread, fresh butter, hot cake, tea, &c., &c., met with one common destruction. And forsooth the way the viands disappeared, looked as though we had not been fed for a week or two, and flattered our landlady exceedingly. Stellarton, Dartmouth and Merigomish, however, have the doubtful honour of producing the most voracious trio, we venture to say in the Dominion. They are to Red Indians as infinity is to nothing. This may seem *haud credible*, but they are a big three. Ye gods! how speedily everything within their reach vanished, even to the ivory-handled knives and the table napkins, while the rest regarded the feats of these gustatory giants with admiration and awe. But even their capacious maws were in time filled, and the chairman, after manfully eating three ordinary nightmares, declared the "tea fight" well and nobly fought. Then feeling much stronger and better pleased with the world and each other, we prepared to return.

INTERLUDE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night,
While the stars which oversprinkle all the heavens, seem to
twinkle

With a crystalline delight.

Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation which so musically wells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

ACT III.

Domum, domum, dulce domum.

Bring forth the horses was the cry. And they were brought—a noble four—and harnessed to the sleigh. "All aboard!" cries the *general*. In we piled. "Ready?" interrogates the charioteer. "Yes," was the reply. Then with three cheers for the hostess, and three more for the driver, we were off homewards. Feed and rest had brightened up our steeds wonderfully, and the way they flew along that road would have done credit to a Greek circus. So would we. Notwithstanding the snow, which was falling fast, and which soon enveloped us, the fun waxed fast and furious. Even sedate Isaac, under the genial influence of a good feed, became hilarious. From his seat by the driver he hailed the "Dr." "Sammy, suppose a deep river, a load of hay on one side, and a donkey on the other; what ought the donkey to do?" "Give it up," replies the Med. "That's what the other one did," cruelly observes the sage one. This was the beginning, song, joke and story followed quickly and without intermission. Presently the watch descried a dark train approaching on the white road. "Tumble out," was the cry, for the road was a country one, and the sides were steep. Out we went. It was a cavalcade of dusky marketmen returning from town. The first one was ill-natured, and growled at being forced a little off the road. Up stepped the huge Soph and reasoned with him. That darkey quietened down wonderfully. The rest were more peaceably disposed, passed successfully, and cheering them and chaffing the growler, we were off again. Soon we passed a cluster of huts, a village in fact, against the whitewashed walls of which we could just distinguish several sable forms whom our songs had called out. "Hurrah for the darkies!" shouted some impulsive youth. "Hurrah for the whites!" floated back over the snowy fields. And so we merrily sped on, while amidst

the fun the time flew by like lightning. Before we knew it we were in the suburbs. Then we culled forth our most impressive, incomprehensible and sonorous songs: "Dulce Domum," "Lauriger Horatius," and such like. Chanting these we triumphantly careered through the town down to the Market Wharf. "It's a way we have at Dalhousie;" "Three cheers for the drivers;" "God save our Queen." Thus the drive ended.

SILENUS.

RETALIATION.

SOME time ago we published the opinions of E. C. concerning "*Belles*." Since then we have been almost distracted. Our lady friends who used occasionally to smile benignly on us, now stare coldly and scornfully, and if they condescend to speak, their words only make us the more miserable. We think, however, that the climax has been reached, and that matters will soon begin to mend. On Saturday night we received a large, blue, threatening-looking envelope; it contained, in several sheets of manuscript, the following scathing stanzas on swells. Having thus given vent to their ire, we hope the temper of belles will improve.

SWELLS.

See the sledges with the swells—
City swells!
What a world of merriment the comedy compels!
When with others they commingle
In the icy air of night!
While cigars from all and single,
Scatter stars, and ears do tingle,
As they sing out their delight;
For a time, time, time,
While they own a civic dime.
From those monstrous overcoats
What a simple ditty floats—
That a turtle-dove would sicken, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding swells,
What a gushing ecstasy voluminosely wells!
How they stare!
How they glare
On the Belles, how they tell
Of the capture that impels
To the ringing and the singing
Of the swells, swells, swells,—
To the cheering and careering of the swells.

Hear the loud alarming swells—
College swells!
What a world of impudence their *parody* foretells!
On a late December night,
How the ladies quaked with fright,
At their spleen.
When repulsed they cannot speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Satire keen!
In a slanderous appealing to those young in hopes and years,
In a mad expostulation with their dull and dumb compeers,
Rising higher, higher, higher,
With exasperated ire,
But crossed in their endeavour,
Now, now, to sit and ever,
By the side of some fair-faced belle!
Oh the swells, swells, swells,
What a tale their action tells
Of deceit!
How they clatter, clap and roar,
When such horrors they outpour
So vainly on the inattentive ear!
Yet the belle, she fully knows
By the angling,
And the dangling,
How their courage ebbs and flows;
Yes, her ear distinctly tells
How their courage sinks and swells
As it suits the moods and fancies, of the merry laughing belles,
Oh! the swells!
Swells, swells, swells,
Such an ample, rare, fair sample of the swells.
See the rolling of the swells,
Little swells!
What a word of solemn thought *anatomy* compels!
When they stand up for their right,
How we shiver at the sight,
Of such very little swells, with glass in eye!
For every breath that floats
From their extended throats
Is a sigh;
For "*the people—aw—the people—*
Aw—you know—the common people,"
Not so high!
And so talking, talking, talking,
In this weak and worthless tone,
Feeling grander in so mocking
All that human hearts should own,
Seem they not more *ape* than human?
Darling dupes of dainty woman!
How they're fooled!
And their king it is who tells
How he's sold, sold, sold,
Sold by those designing "*belles!*"
And he dances and he yells;
Till he's cooled!
Oh, the swells!
Swells, swells, swells,
Oh! the *mooning*, and the *spooning* of the swells.

CONCERNING WASTE PAPER.

FEBRUARY 14th, the day sacred to the presiding saint of saintless caricature, and still more saintless doggerel, has come and gone. For weeks the shops have been full of valentines in every degree of crudeness and perfection, from the pasquinadic cent's worth of paper, paint and murdered muse, to the elaborate, gilded, perfumed transmitter of a lover's burning vows, or amorous protestations. But these last are greatly in the minority. The day which at first seems to have been wholly devoted to Cupid, is now, we might almost say, usurped by the god of hate, since the insulting of enemies and ridiculing of friends, are the great themes of the majority of the effusions appended to the aforesaid caricatures. And what has this annual overflow of art (?) and poetry (?) done. Has it like another Nile carried plenty and fertilization through an arid country; has it done aught of good to mankind? We are forced to answer in the negative. It has on the contrary left all profit and fertilization (*i. e.* as regards filthy lucre) at its source; it has taken from a desert instead of adding to it. Throughout the whole Anglo-Saxon world it has caused the sacrifice of thousands and thousands of dollars; it has brought forth the caricaturist from his well merited seclusion, and has exhumed the dictionary of rhymes and its mercenary, unpoetical thumber; under its cover unmanly blows have been aimed at enemies, or the weaknesses and failings of friends have been mercilessly ridiculed. In short it is but a relic of barbarism, which, in proportion to the advance of civilization and enlightenment, has been steadily retrograding and becoming "more depraved with less temptation."

But yet with all its faults St. Valentine carries with him a certain spice of enjoyment and fun. Perchance by some freak of Providence or of an unusually devoted mistress, we receive an amorous couplet incorporated in a mass of filigree, gilt, satin and pertumery; perhaps we *do not*, yet while we laugh at the lampooning of our friend, we forget the sting caused by the magnifying and distorting of our own failings.

Thus like everything human, this custom has its faults, but yet with all its faults we love it still, and as our ancestors interchanged valentines, so do we, and so in all probability will our posterity, *ad infinitum*.

Ancient usage hath it that the first individual met by one of the opposite sex shall be his or

her valentine, and shall claim amatorial vassalage for the ensuing year. Fancy the ludicrous situations into which a due observance of this custom would lead one.

An elegant *beau chevalier*, dressed faultlessly, according to the latest fashion, and fastidious in ideas as in dress, sallies forth on the morning of the fourteenth, eager to see the presumed beautiful young lady whom he will surely meet ere he has gone far. O! ye cruel gods. The first damsel he meets is a gaunt, emaciated, six foot coloured maiden.

Again a beautiful belle, bejewelled and beplumed, wends her way the same morning, on the same errand. She does not believe in the custom so strongly as to induce a year's devotion to her valentine, but still she credits it so far, as to expect at the hands of Cupid a worthy object of her *devoirs*. And here he comes. With short dudheen, battered hat, hob-nailed boots and expressive mug; a veritable Irish laborer.

This is sufficient to establish the fallacy of this, like almost all other "good old customs." They sound well as part of a romance, taking place amidst rustic swains and rosy maids of the last century, with here and there a "fine" ladie or gentleman as a set-off, supported by a whole sub-stratum of simplicity, love, and reverses judiciously commingled. But now the case is far different. Superstition has departed, enlightenment has taken its place, and we think no more of such "old tales and idle fancies," except in their proper place, the story book. But even these are far preferable to the flood of abuse which now overwhelms the land on the fourteenth, and the sooner it too becomes "a good old custom" the better for all concerned.

St. Valentine, revenge on the perverters this perversion of thy day!

SILENUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—The class feeling in Dalhousie, although sufficiently strong, is not nearly so marked as in larger American Universities. The average Freshman, however, who comes to Dalhousie full of large ideas concerning himself in particular, and college life in general, is often a little disappointed to find himself almost

unnoticed, looked down upon by the Sophs, and the subject of frequent jest among the upper classmen. Even the point of a Professor's joke has sometimes not been seen by a Freshman when he was the *butt*. In fact it is hard to see the point of a joke at any time when one is the *butt*. Some years ago, a welcome was extended to the Dalhousie Students at the opening of the session which ran thusly:

"To Freshman bold with uncombed hair,
To Soph so sad and gloomy,
To Junior strutting forth in pride,
To Senior wise and moody."

Those who were Freshmen then had to "grin and bear." Trials of strength were sometimes indulged in. Many a luckless individual was elevated to a position of honour (?) on the top of "the box" which once stood in our hall. Traditions are not always to be depended upon, but we have heard of a certain Professor tapping a Senior who towered head and shoulders above his class-mates, and speaking to him in these words, "a little less energy Mr. F——." Before the Medicals left us, many a trial of strength took place. On one occasion a Prof. interfered, and we remember hearing a Junior say afterward, "I wouldn't have cared so much if the Prof. hadn't tramped on my toes." The class of '77 well remember the time when,

"The corner stones came bounding on
Our startled feet among,
With a vigorous kick from their places thrown.
Oh! the student's leg is strong."

The sequel to which they, too remember, for one evening near the end of January, just three years ago to-night:—

"At five the leader of the row
Uncapped by all was seen
With a swaggering step to the library go
With a bold and dauntless mein"

Concerning certain individuals it was truly said "they lived, aye, even, they went into the Senate."

But as Mark Twain says, I diverge. I shall, then, come at once to the point, at once and immediately I shall come to the point. In many of the larger colleges, every year witnesses a trial of strength between the Sophs and the Freshman. Each college has something peculiar to itself in this regard. In Princeton, it takes the form of a cane fight. Shortly after the opening of the session the Sophs get out a

proclamation forbidding Freshmen to carry canes. The latter, however, pay little or no attention to the matter. The Seniors now begin training the Sophs, and the Juniors the Freshman, for the coming contest. A certain moon-light night is then set apart for the cane fight. An hour or more before the struggle begins one sees the College campus filled with students. The Seniors and Sophs form one group, while Juniors and Freshmen constitute the other band. The time arrives for the sport to begin. A Senior steps forward leading a Soph, and seeks a foeman worthy of his muscle. A Junior leading up a Freshman accepts his challenge. Soon the Soph and Freshman have fast hold of the latter's cane. Then comes the tug of war. Sometimes the struggle is soon over, but if the men are pretty equally matched, an hour and even two hours are sometimes occupied in wresting a cane from the owner. Groups of students surround each pair engaged in the fight, for by this time the row has become quite general in all parts of the campus. The class cheer tells who has won in each case. Such expressions as "82 on top," "go in 81," "go in and win," "hurrah for 82," "there now you have him," "81 for ever," &c., rose in the air above the general commotion in the latter contest. The canes thus won are carefully preserved, and many of the Alumni, long years after they leave college, take pleasure in showing to their friends the cane which they won at the "cane fight" in old Princeton. Those who lose their canes buy others as soon as possible, and take little interest in after years in conversation that concerns cane fights at College. As the writer of these few jottings looked upon the scene he thought, that although it might be good as a trial of strength and endurance; yet it was a barbarous custom and one which the Dalhousie Boys would not do well to imitate. A few weeks after the contest the victorious class make a proclamation to the effect that the other class be allowed to appear on the University campus with their canes. If any one dares to appear with a cane before the proclamation is made he is at once surrounded and deprived of his cane. By the way, there was a *Cain* fight nearly six thousand years ago. He was not *Able* for Cain either, was he?

Yours truly,

MARK TAPLEY.

Princeton, N. J., Jan. 28th, '79.

OUR SOCIETY.

SODALES SOCIETY met on Friday evening, Feb. 7th, for the discussion of the following question: "Should clergymen take part in politics"? Mr. C. S. Cameron opened the discussion by a paper in which the affirmative side was sustained. After being thus started, the debate was kept up with some vigour for two hours, when it was decided by vote that henceforth ministers be permitted to take a part in politics.

On Friday evening, Feb. 14th, the Students met in Class Room No. 2, for the purpose of entertainment. Although the attendance was not all that could be wished for, a very pleasant time was passed in singing, reading, reciting, &c. Mr. Emmerson, in a style all his own, had prepared a comedy on the late sleigh drive, and this, also in a manner peculiar to himself, he read amid much applause. We publish the poem (?) elsewhere. Mr. Thompson, in a Gaelic song, brought down the house. At ten o'clock we closed a most enjoyable evening by singing, "God save the Queen." O that the Students of Dalhousie could give up their work on Friday night and come forth! But the thought strikes us suddenly, are all at work? Under the new inspiration we will change the exclamation and say: O that the students would come in force to the Sodales!

PERSONALS.

REV. JAMES FITZPATRICK, B. A., '75, has been ordained Pastor of St. Luke's Church, Salt Springs, Pictou County.

REV. A. F. THOMPSON has resigned his charge at Mabou, C. B., and is now settled at Five Islands.

IVES, of the present Freshman Class, before reported sick, has decided not to return this Session. His health, though much improved, forbids such exertion as Students have now to make.

HUGH MACKINTOSH, who will be remembered as a Student at this College, and more recently at Kingston, died at his home in Scotsburn on the 29th of January, aged 24 years.

HERBERT H. WHITTEAR, familiarly known, on account of his ponderosity, as "Little Whittear," is studying Law in the office of W. H. Blanchard, Esq., of Windsor.

GEORGE CAREW, formerly a Student at this University, is in town this winter. He is preparing for the June examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society.

DR. JOHN STEWART, whose return from Britain we noticed some time ago, paid us a visit last week. He is about fixing his quarters in Pictou, where he will practice his profession.

DR. R. J. BLANCHARD, we are informed, will probably return to Scotland.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

"FEB. 14th."

"ST. VALENTINE."

"THE *phunnie* Editor got a *phunnie* one."

"So did Chawles."

'Tis rumored that a malicious Scotch pen was employed all the Fourteenth in directing cheap yellow envelopes. We are open to an explanation.

To be solved. $Andy + \sqrt{Maudy} \times Parson.$

Albertus has had a shave!!! And has the *barefacedness (?)* to tell us he got it all done for fifteen cents. Some one sit on him quick.

HE was a Cape Bretoner in search of muscular development, and as he gracefully careered round the Gym. the effect was similar to that of a sickle in a field of ripe corn. Even "Inner Dalhousie" succumbed "Oh! what a fall," &c.

WHAT'S all this jumble we hear about a sleigh drive, and a minister's wife worth \$60,000, and a missionary, &c., &c. Oh! we're overcome. *Parce nobis.*

HE *frame(d)* his mouth into a pretty, round, O, and thus began: "Where the whangdoodle mourneth and the lion roareth for his offspring." Just then some kind soul hit him on the head with a brick. *He was a Med. Pace requiescat.*

QUOTH the Prof. in Ethics, relating to investigations among the heathen: "The testimony of missionaries is considered of the highest order." Prospective missionary pats his back against the desk. *Heu Chawles, D. D.*

PROF: "In the pursuit of gracefulness, Calisthenics are a great aid." *That symmetrical Scot* inquires eagerly where he can buy it. *Itaque risere.*

PROF. of Ethics: "Man's chief duty to himself is to cultivate industry and system." Slothful from the back seat plaintively wails: "Hear! Hear!"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

CREIGHTON, \$1; Willard McDonald, \$1; G. McMillan, \$1; James Ross, \$1; Rev. Dr. Ross, \$1; Roderick McKay, \$1; Dr. Bayne, \$5; Rev. M. G. Henry, \$1.25; C. W. Blanchard, \$1; W. DeMille, \$1; Costley, \$1; Sydenham Howe, \$1; E. Thorpe, \$1; J. A. McKeen, \$2.50; R. P. Grant, \$1; E. Scott, \$1; Miss Creelman, \$1; W. M. Fraser, \$1; Mrs. Bullard, \$1; Rev. P. M. Morrison, \$1; W. D. Dimock, \$1; J. C. Burgess, \$1; Rev. J. B. Logan, \$1; J. Waddell, \$1; R. Grant, \$1. Total—\$30.75.

Twelve numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every Winter Session by the STUDENTS of Dalhousie College and University.

TERMS:

One Collegiate year (IN ADVANCE).....\$ 1.00
Single Copies (each)..... 10

Payments to be made to E. Crowell, Financial Secretary, and all communications to be addressed to "Editors DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, Halifax, Nova Scotia." Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

Printed by the NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, Corner of Sackville and Granville Streets, Halifax, N. S.