

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

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NO. 3.

## POETRY.

WHEN I was a child with a nature as wild  
As the winds in their frolicsome glee,  
My pulses were stirred with the joy of a bird,  
As I roved by the shore of the sea ;  
And I thought that no song but in heaven so sweet  
As the song that the waves brought to me.

So daily I trod on the summer green sod,  
On the bank when the tide rose and fell,  
And I wrote on the sand in a mystical hand  
Which the art of a sage might not tell—  
Aye, there on the sand wrote my four-letter name,  
On the shore where I loved best to dwell.

Each wavelet was bright with its jewels of light,  
One fine morn as I stood by the sea,  
And o'er it came in a halo of flame  
A bright gem that was wafted to me ;  
O, never a gem, thought my rapturous heart,  
Half as fair as this treasure could be.

So jealous my care of my jewel so rare,  
That I hid it in fondness from view ;  
Far dearer to me was my gift from the sea  
Than the rest of the world ever knew ;  
And I hid it away in the depths of my heart,  
And around it my heart tendrils grew.

It filled all my days with sweet magical lays  
Like the stars sang one morning of yore ;  
It wrought in my dreams with its mystical beams  
Fairest visions of joy yet in store ;  
And the years in their flight brought no change in my heart  
But the change that I loved it the more.

Yet never a rose may its beauties disclose,  
But to fade ere the summer is o'er ;  
And never a star rise in glory afar,  
But at morn is a beacon no more ;  
—And long-lost to me is my gift from the sea  
That I found when a child by the shore.

Yet daily I stray in my own childish way  
To my haunt by the broad ocean's side,  
And over its breast where the sky seems to rest  
Long I watch for a sail on the tide ;  
I watch for the sail of the boatman pale  
Who will bear me away as his bride.  
And when I shall stand with the glorified band  
By the river that flows by the throne,  
I know there will glide o'er its clear crystal tide  
A bright gem in its glory alone,  
And come to my hand far more radiant and grand,  
—My dear treasure, forever my own,—

A part of my joy to become evermore  
As I tread on the banks of the heavenly shore ;  
Yes, the future I know will bring back to me  
The gem that I found when a child by the sea.

The above is an extract from "*Renvoyé*," a poem written by  
Mrs. A. N. Archibald.

## "PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST."

SUCH was the motto with which in former times two adventurous spirits set out to cross the plains in a baggage waggon, alone, through a region where the Sioux and the catamount reigned. Most emigrants banded in trains for mutual protection when they undertook the journey. But our heroes were made of another stuff. Accounts vary as to the result. One version leaves them lying beside their cattle pierced with the red man's arrows, a pathetic comment on the flaring motto of the baggage waggon, while another, less picturesque but more dramatic, tells how one of the pair fell, and the cattle were lost one by one from the other, till only one cow and one ox were left, and how at last one morning these were strayed or stolen, and when shortly the owner was found lugubriously sitting on the front of his waggon on the solitary prairie, he had added to his motto in letters rudely sketched with a charcoal from his camp-fire—"Busted, by thunder." However the fact is to be accounted for, I have arrived if not exactly at Pike's Peak yet within clear sight of it without any such mishap. I saw neither Sioux nor catamount. Probably steel rails and steam had something to do with the matter. The Sioux (pronounced soo) has been tamed, and the catamount or mountain lion (a creature generally resembling our wildcat, except that

the head is not so large in proportion, while the creature itself is larger, sometimes weighing 200 lbs.,) rarely leaves the forests of the Rockies.

There are many things in such a journey to interest one. Passing north from Moncton in the early morning of October 11th, I was considerably interested in the effort to keep myself warm; later I was interested in the jabber of Canadian French. I had heard how little English travellers understand of the talk of the Calais fishwives, and I was not disappointed at my inability to catch more than a word here and there. I caught once the phrase "*pour la premiere*." I noticed it particularly because it was repeated. On its first utterance some one broke in upon the speaker and cut him off, showing that human nature is, after all, much the same whether it speaks English or French. I was interested in the wheat-fields of western Ontario, and I have seen nothing since that seemed to me to equal them in value. The prairies of Illinois and Iowa show a blacker and richer looking mould, but they will not grow wheat well; maize is their specialty. I should think that half of what was visible from the train was covered with corn-stalks averaging from seven to nine feet in height. One man can "tend" forty acres. I was interested in the sand-banks of southern Michigan. After it was light enough to see a gray horse a mile,—which is the crucial test of sight,—I could not be sure that they were not vast sawdust heaps, though they were not more than forty yards distant. I was interested in the immense factories, a whole town of them, which Pullman, the car man, is building about sixteen miles from Chicago. But I was most of all interested in two rusty old specimens of the travelling public whom I saw in the emigrant train at Council Bluffs.

I was late for the express west from Council Bluffs on Saturday, so decided to wait over in Omaha till Monday, and crossed the river in the emigrant train. The U. P. R. officials had marshalled all the companies containing women and children into two cars, and finally bestowed a lot of Chinaman and Swedes and two or three Americans into a third car which was very decidedly uncomfortable, much to the disgust of

the Americans. The backs, but not the seats, were cushioned, but the company had cushions to sell. It struck me as a singularly cool proceeding. But to our heroes. The first was Joe, or as he called himself, Captain Jack, who seemed, like Byron in his boyhood, to think himself a wonderfully clever fellow and to be anxious that others should have the same opinion. The other was Sam, a simple creature, the seediest looking mortal I have ever beheld I think, but with more sense than some smart people. Sam came in and sat down. The Captain followed and went round the car talking to any one who would listen to him, whether he understood or not, and to some who wouldn't listen. After a while Sam got up, came to Joe and wanted "one o' them tickets." Joe wouldn't give it. Sam gave it up after a little and went back and sat down. Pretty soon he came again saying, "See here I'm not goin' any further with you." Then Joe got alarmed and sat down with him on the seat facing, to bring him to a better mind. "Sam," he said, in his most persuasive tones, "do you want a drink o' whiskey?" "No," said Sam, "I don't want a drink o' whiskey." And Sam went on to tell him with iteration and reiteration: "But you'll drink whiskey till you die; you can't stop: I'm not goin' any further with you." Then Joe tried the persuasive power of reason in a parable. He told him how he had left home with a man, and the man did this and the man did that and was going to leave him, (Sam putting in now and then, "O no, I didn't," "O no, I wasn't,") till at last Sam's feelings were touched. "It's all right, Joe," he said, "I'll never leave you, Joe." Later Joe said, "I think you want to get rid of me." "O no, I don't." "Then what was you goin' to leave me for?" Sam did not know at first, but after a moment he thought of it, "I didn't want you to drink, that was it." Again he said "I'm too notionate; I'll get over it when I get out to Washington Territory and get to work." Poor Sam! he was casting his pearls before swine when he confessed his faults to Joe. He was going out to Washington Territory, he said; Joe had asked him would he go to Montreal; and "he was going to live there and die there." A good many people do not plan to die

anywhere. It was like Bret Harte in real life. But there was one touch of human nature that is not in Bret Harte. When the interview was over, Sam made Joe turn his seat and sit with his back to him as an ill-tempered child might have done. He wasn't perfect, but one could not blame him for not wanting any more conversation with Joe. Sam composed himself to sleep, Joe undertook to demonstrate to a solemn-visaged but unappreciative chinaman that there wasn't a white man in the car, the train started and soon reached Omaha, and I saw them no more.

Omaha (population 30,000) has a high school building that cost \$200,000, and Council Bluffs (8,000) one costing \$60,000. Council Bluffs was first settled by a detachment of Mormons, who remained here when the main body went west, and who called it Kanessville, in grateful remembrance of some kindness received from a brother of the celebrated Arctic explorer. When the California and Pike's Peak fevers broke out, and the place became important as a station and attracted gentile settlers, it received its present more poetic appellation from some traditional gathering of sachems and sagamores upon the bluffs. These facts which I got out of a Directory are thrown in here to propitiate those who like valuable information.

The weather was dismal that Sunday in Omaha, and Monday was little better. I left at 12.15, and when we had gone some 70 or 80 miles out upon the plains I began to think, is this the salubrious and electric sunshine I have heard so much about and come so far to see? I put my head out to get a better view, and sure enough, away ahead westward, near the horizon, was one little streak of crystal blue. I watched it. It grew. In an hour the clouds had lifted well up from the whole western horizon, and in a few minutes more, while the train went four or five miles, all that could be seen of cloud was one heavy gray bank behind. We had passed from the region of cloud to the region of sunshine. My spirits rose. We passed a cowboy sitting quietly upon his feeding broncho and watching his herd, and I thought that of all things in the world I should like to be a cowboy. Much of

his time between the spring and fall "round-ups" is of necessity spent just in that way,—and what a time for thought! Nowhere on earth could one's thinking be more natural and unforced, for thinking like digestion is a process in which nature likes to be let alone. If one had ideas he could think, and if not he could wait for them or watch his cattle for amusement.

The change from foul to fair weather was not altogether an accident. On the Missouri valley there had been bad weather for weeks, while 200 miles west there is a rainless region. In the same vicinity the soil changes from a fertile black loam to a barren brown sand, and all the time you are rising. At Omaha you are about 1000 feet above sea-level. At Grand Island, 150 miles west, you are 1850. In another 150 miles, at North Platte, you are 2789. At Sydney, 125 miles on, you are over 4000. At Cheyenne, 100 miles on, you have reached 6000, and 30 miles further, at Sherman, your elevation is 8235 feet. And the air is so utterly dry that dead animal tissue does not decompose, but simply dries up. Meat hung up in strips in summer, or in quarters in winter, can be preserved and carried to any part of the earth.

The first effect of the rarified air of these elevations is to quicken the pulse. The first noticeable effect is a feeling of dizziness. I felt it at Cheyenne considerably, and other passengers also complained. One lady thought it was heart disease. She had had heart disease and was coming here for her health. She did not know that she was taking the very worst possible course. The elevation is very unfavourable to heart troubles.

Colorado is not a cure-all. Those who wish full information as to its effect upon lung diseases should read "Rocky Mountain Health Resorts," by Dr. Charles Dennison, of this city. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., price 75 cents. It is safe to say that a majority of those who come here in the first stage of consumption are cured. I think it is safe to say a large majority. Dr. Dennison's record is that of 75 cases 65 were greatly improved and only one grew worse. In the second stage the dryness of the climate has an unfavourable tendency. The

water, too, is impregnated with alkaline matter, and its effect upon the system at first is neither desirable nor pleasant. But one gets accustomed to it. For persons of a *consumptive tendency* this is unquestionably the place. The most important curative is the rarified air. Any other place with an altitude of 6000 feet would be almost if not quite as good as Colorado. The peculiarity of this region is that here there are vast stretches of country at altitudes varying from 3000 to 8000 feet. Again it is not very safe for those whose lungs have been seriously affected and who have been cured here, to return East to live. The disease is liable to return suddenly, and a renewed residence here has little effect upon it.

Some two years ago a wool-grower near Colorado Springs had for herders a minister, a lawyer and a theological student. They all recovered. It is said that a professor from an eastern college drives a coal waggon in town, and two others are cook and waiter respectively in a mining camp in the mountains. Teamsters get \$40 or \$45 per month and board. There is continual call for waiters at \$25 per month and board. Barbers are advertised for at \$16 per week. Bookkeepers, teachers and the like are at a discount. It is almost impossible to live here for less than six dollars per week.

Denver has some fine buildings. Its Union Depot is said to be one of the finest in America. It is built of stone containing \$12 of gold to the ton. It also claims to have one of the finest opera-houses in America; Joseph plays in it to-night. I have learned more respect for the city, however, by examining the buildings which it has erected for its University and Medical School. The University which is just entering upon its second year has about \$5000 worth of chemical apparatus. The Medical School opened on the first day of November and enters upon its course in a building just finished for that special purpose. There are now ten students. One of them is John Smith. You may have heard of him before. He has been master of—something, I did not catch what, in the British army, reads Hindustani and has translated books from it. Another is a Greek. He was saying when I first

noticed him, "Yes, the Romans conquered us, but we conquered them by—" and he pointed to the organ which, according to some scientists, "secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," a view to which I am myself inclined by observing that in some instances the thought is so thoroughly secreted that it can never afterwards be discovered. Homer, he said, was simple, but, said he, "I will tell you an author that is difficult. It is Thucydides. You will find, maybe, two hundred verbs all joined to one verb in one sentence. Now Macolee he says that that is the classical style." Macaulay's admiration of Thucydides was beyond him. But Plato's "Athanasia-psyche" he pronounced "sooblime." The new version of the New Testament he thought might do for the common people but could not be called classical. He had met Prof. Blackie in Turkey. He was a scholar!

The Medical College starts under favourable auspices. The Professors are evidently good men, and the fees and requirements for graduation are precisely those of Rush Medical College in Chicago, and I think of all regular American colleges. They exact three years of study under a regular physician, and attendance upon at least two full courses of lectures. The fee for a full course is \$85, and for graduation \$30. Material extra. By being careful one might get in the three years while doing something, enough, perhaps, for a living. I am particular in these points because I recall a case in which this information would have been very acceptable if it had been two or three years ago, and there may possibly be such now.

I will not say anything of Colorado's mining and endless mineral resources, because I know little of them myself. I intended to mention the prairie dogs, cute little creatures like a large rat, with a squirrel's head and a stub tail; and the ditch from the mountains which an English company is building to water and reclaim some 27,000 acres of prairie. But I will close with the fact which I have on good authority, that 100,000 persons, many of them Canadians, have settled in Dakota during the past year.

McD.

Denver, Nov. 7.

J. M. D. Scott

## COMMON PHRASES AND ALLUSIONS.

THERE are some letters which are so frequently used together, such as ph, ll, ff, ffi, &c., that type-founders cast them or used to cast together. The same idea might be advantageously extended so as to include a great variety of phrases which authors are constantly using and keep in pickle for appropriate occasions. A great number of these phrases are borrowed from heathen mythology. Of this class we have "Cupid's darts," "Aladdin's lamp," "Jove's thunder," "the arms of Morpheus," etc. There are also many common phrases of a similar kind, but the words in which they occur vary according to the style of the author using them. For instance, "Minerva sprung from the brain of Jupiter," "cutting the Gordian knot," "the cleaning of the Augean stables," "Ixion bound to a wheel," and similar phrases, which, I think, would be rather difficult to reduce to a form which would readily fall into the ranks. There are also some phrases, which though they cannot be traced to any great author, yet are used by all classes of writers. "Phoebe" is used as an appellation for the moon, "the drunken god" to represent Bacchus, "Momus ruled the hour," to describe a festive occasion, (a favourite phrase with newspaper reporters), "the eternal fire of the Vestal Virgins," "the riches of Croesus," "the Hymeneal altar," "Nectar and Ambrosia," etc. It would economize to cast types for "Saturn devouring his own children," "heaping Pelion on Ossa," etc.

The literature of both Greece and Rome has contributed to the stock of common phrases and allusions.

Every beautiful and luxuriant vale must be a "Tempe," every man who is strong a "Hercules," a man who is wise a "Solon," who is just an "Aristides," police officers are the "Myrmidons" of the law; when we wish to describe an oddity in the animal world we use the phrase "rara avis." Then we have "Heu quanto mutatus ab illo Hectore," of a person who has greatly fallen off in looks, as a student about the Nones of April, also "O tempora, O mores" "difficile dictu," etc.

Not all our common phrases and allusions are derived from heathen mythology. There are some passages in modern literature, and a few circumstances in modern history, that are as familiar to us as the sayings or doings which we derive from ancient mythology. The "Swan of Avon" has supplied us with a number of these. Every stern man that betrays any unexpected softness is said to do it, "albeit unused to the melting mood," then every man who has taken to himself a wife becomes a "Benedict," and every jolly landlord is called a "Boniface."

Pope has also supplied us with a variety of such phrases as "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "To err is human, to forgive divine," etc.

From English history we get a few familiar phrases, such as "The merry Monarch," and "The days of the merry Monarch," which is frequently used for the beginning of a lively tale. A lady's maid is called an "Abigail," probably from the fact that Queen Anne's celebrated maid Mrs. Marsham, had the christian name Abigail. We have also some hackneyed expressions such as "The empire of the sea," "Our wooden walls," etc., (itself a most common phrase) *hoc omne genus*.

There are some of modern origin, which though of a different character, are worthy of a place in the compositor's case, viz., "The length and breadth of the land," "The want of intellect," "The sons of genius," etc. It would doubtless be a great saving of time if such words as love, hatred, jealousy, fears, wishes, hopes, dispairs, broken hearts, etc., were stereotyped. In summing up the principal phrases and allusions of English writers, it will be found that they chiefly refer to the thoughts and deeds of antiquity. And not only do few relate to modern things, but such as do are comparatively seldom brought to our notice. For one allusion to an important fact in science, there are perhaps a hundred to the unmeaning superstitions and fallacies of a nation which flourished ages ago. And, I think, this is because the bulk of the community are more generally acquainted with these unmeaning superstitions and fallacies than with any department of useful knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to ask—*Should such things be?*

MEPHISTOPHOLES.

askid

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 9, 1881.

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TO direct attention to whatever we think there is among us as members of a college that falls to any extent below the line of consummate excellence and within the region of improvability, is, we consider, the proper province of these columns, and, therefore, no apology is needed for thus bringing to the notice of a part of our students a matter of no small importance to them.

Perhaps the college does not exist in which some provision is not made for the cultivation of the oratorical powers on the part of those associated with it; and the wisdom of this arrangement few would even venture to call in question. The plan generally adopted is that of having a debating club conducted by the students themselves; and competent judges declare that this is the one best suited to the purposes intended. No other plan ever adopted has been found better than this for imparting to its participants a fluent and natural style of address. It is the good old way that has stood the test of many a trial and to which the people are glad to return when other systems have failed. Now to stop and point out the desirability and advantage of possessing this fluent and natural style would be a highly superfluous action; and to mention in this respect the prospective professional

speaker would be an almost unpardonable waste of words. But there are none of us, we take it, who may not anticipate being frequently placed in circumstances in which it is necessary and proper to speak out before an appreciative audience.

In public speaking the college-educated man whose mind has been disciplined by years of laborious study and trained to follow out the logical sequence of things, should take precedence of the mere amateur in intellection, however voluble he may be. Not unfrequently we find the rule reversed, and sad always is the reversion. It is almost pitiful to see a man, who has expended a considerable portion of the most valuable period of his life in acquiring proficiency in mental affairs, eclipsed or silenced by one who, perchance, unites to a maximum of wordiness a minimum of brain power. This, nevertheless, has been frequently seen to occur, simply because the former had neglected to take the little trouble involved in attending his College Debating Club to learn how to express clearly and forcibly what is within him.

Now we consider that the debating clubs of colleges are better than all others for the acquiring of this power. There the members, being united together by common pursuits and common purposes, are easily able to concentrate their common thought on any question, and we are inclined to the belief that, when at college, a person generally thinks as vividly at least as he does at any other period of his life. Besides, the equality of attainments among students as compared with the members of many other societies occasions greater exertion in debate, and proportionately increases the accruing benefit.

If these things are so, we draw the inference that it is unwise for any student to absent himself from Class-room No. 2 on Friday evenings. Let us by all means keep in view the cultivation of our powers of expression, which, in most of the advanced college work is largely left out of count. The lecture system occupies itself with the acquisitive faculty more than the elaborative, and, in a certain sense, it would be quite safe for us when at college to attend to the develop-

ment of the latter faculty and leave the former to take care of itself, or to the tender mercies of our professors.

However, it is enough. Our Debating Society and "Sodales" are most excellent and admirable; but there are one or two little matters in connection with them that might perhaps bear a slight improvement. The consideration of these we defer to next issue, when we will take up the subject to which these remarks are simply intended as preliminaries.

THE members of the Reading Room Committee are to be congratulated on the satisfactory manner in which they are discharging their duties this session. The daily papers are always promptly on hand and, as has often been the case heretofore, yesterday morning's paper never waits till to-morrow evening to put in an appearance.

The number of exchanges is unusually large and the contributions of George Munro, Esq. afford quite a rich supply of valuable literature.

We would call the attention of our students to the benefits that may be derived from a well-conducted reading room, and enjoin upon them the necessity of co-operating with the committee in their praiseworthy efforts.

## SCOTCH CHARACTERISTICS.

EVERY people has its well marked national characteristics. The Yankee is a bustling, sharp fellow who, when he has no business to attend to, spends his time whistling and whittling a stick. The Englishman's unswerving faith in himself and in his country, his plodding perseverance, are as characteristic as the wit and excitability of the Irishman.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, and an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general said: "The best troops would be Irishmen half drunk, Scotchmen half starved, and Englishmen with their bellies full."

The especial characteristics of the Scotch are the virtues—caution, economy, strength of will, self esteem, piety and love of argument. It has become a settled point that the people of the Land o' Cakes are remarkable for their cold, cautious temper. But this is strangely at variance with historical facts. It is a curious circumstance that a people should generally act in contradiction of one of their most notable attributes.

A powerful English monarch had at the close of the 15th century, by craft and force established a government in the north. Was it cautious in a private gentleman like Wallace to rise in rebellion for the purpose of driving out the English? In Bruce's character we may look in vain for any instance of caution. Was he cautious when he exposed himself to the attack of DeBohn? The battle of Bannockburn would never have been fought had Bruce been a politic monarch instead of a romantic knight. Was John Knox a cautious man, he of whom Morton said when he saw him laid in his grave: "There lies he who never feared the face of man." Burns says: "Prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root;" but himself "o'er fast for thought, o'er hot for rule," could not practise the maxim. But certain it is in the ordinary affairs of life the Scotch do not run into a thing with the same haste as the Irish, and people see the hardy northern adventurer plodding his way among people richer than himself, making up by thrift and care what he lacks in means, so naturally enough, ascribe to the people the characteristic of caution.

Scotchmen assert that there are more pious men from Maidenkirk to John O'Groat's than in an equal distance in any other part of the world. Can there be a more striking instance of it than that of the shepherd boy who asked his friend to whistle to his dog, "I darna' mysel', it's fast day in our parish." Sometimes, indeed, the two virtues of piety and thrift are brought strangely into notice, as in the case of the Greenock boatman who "canna' break the Sawbath for less than fifteen shillings." Or could there be a more shining example than this profit and loss account: "I hope, John," said a minister, "you

hold family worship regularly." "Ay sir," answered John, "in the time o' year o' it." "What do you mean?" "Ye ken, sir, we canna' see in winter." "But, John, you should buy candles." "Ay sir," replied John, "but in that case I'm afraid the loss would ower gang the profit."

It is a common saying that a Scotchman, a crow and a Newcastle grindstone are to be found in every part of the world. In the Russo-Turkish war an officer in the Russian army was heard to call out to a Pasha who turned out to be a Glasgow Mussulman, "Wully mon there's a truce the noo for twa hours, jist come wi me and we'll hae a glass o' whiskey thegither."

Probably it is from their ubiquity that some savants insist that Gaelic was the first spoken language. I remember a verse:—

"When Eve all fresh in beauty's charm  
First met fond Adam's view,  
The first word that he spoke to her  
Was, "Camar ashun dhu."

Scotchmen have had enemies. Englishmen in the last century despised them. They were said to be prudish, narrow-minded and clannish. Hard-hearted is another term used to designate the canny Scot. But this seems to arise from their shyness at displaying the softer parts of their nature and their outward show of sorrow turned aside, by a sense of shame at being caught giving way to tender-heartedness.

Sydney Smith hated the Scotch and declared that a joke could not be got into a Scotchman's head except by a surgical operation. William Chambers advised him to try a cork-screw. This wit could not even leave the Scotch ladies alone. He said they even made love metaphysically. At a ball the music stopped and Smith heard a lady say to the officer with whom she was dancing: "Its all very well to talk about love in the abstract, but —," here the music commenced again and he heard no more of the argument.

I'm afraid there is one quality of the Scotch that your readers will be thinking I have forgotten—that is their love of brevity. To show the superiority of the Scotch mode of expression over the English, I will give the Scotch mode of expressing Shakespeare's " 'Tis a consummation

devoutly to be wished." "Tonald, you're drunk, Tonald," said a friend at a fair. "God forbid, Rory, I wish I was." You will notice the latter is shorter and simpler.

I know a great many of your readers have a filial admiration for Scotchmen, for one day I called out "Mac!" in the hall and more than half of Dalhousie's students answered "what?" And if I had the skill I might make a parody of Scott's lines to describe our students

"A reckless band of black-robed beggars,  
McLean's, McDonalds and McGregors."

TONALD MCTAVISH.

### OUR EXCHANGES.

To begin with our nearest friends, we take up the *Argosy*. After a short extract from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," (and, by the way, we think it an excellent plan to relieve the poetical (?) effusions of college students now and again with snatches from our greater poets,) an essay on "Man" is found, which pleased us so well that we were sorry it was not longer. Man is described "under three heads": the *retrograde*, the *stationary*, and the *progressive*; and the good advice is given—"Follow not the example of the retrograde, be not stationary, emulate the progressive." "Caput" is, to say the least, *capital*, and contains an abundance of *head-knowledge*. *Cabbage* bears a nearer relationship to *heads* in general than we ever suspected. The department of "Notes" is most suitable for a paper of the kind. Much important and interesting matter on subjects of progress, with which all who wish to keep apace with the great world should be acquainted, are found there. On the whole, we regard you as a most creditable little paper, friend *Argosy*. Continue in the way you are now taking and you will always find a welcome at Dalhousie. We give you one little caution, however, which you must take kindly. Beware of conceit; receive your praises modestly, quietly, as a matter of course, and not requiring to be repeated in your own fair pages. "Self-praise is no recommendation."

Although the *Portfolio* possesses some admirable qualities, when we take into consideration

to what sex its editors belong we think it poor. Surely the last word in "Oft ladies write when tasks enthral," found its way there for the sake of the rhyme; nor do we think it "friendlike" to o'erlook your errors all. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." We like the article on the Anglo-Saxon period. We always do like *Collier's English Literature*. (So does "J. R.," we think). History is, to be sure, a subject in which the matter must be the same by whomsoever it be written, but it is not necessary that all historians should use the very same figures in illustration, the same expressions, the same order of detail. Two passages in this article were ascribed to Collier, but at least three-fourths might have been acknowledged as his without deviating from the path of truth. "Harmony and Discord" pleased us well.

We give the *Monmouth Collegian* credit for some very sensible articles, chief among which is "Touching Quotation." In speaking of the plan adopted in many schools, of requiring pupils to give in his own words "his idea," or the substance of an author, we quote, "to give an author in your own words is to give him in your own crawling thoughts. You have mastered him only when you have mastered his diction." It is more to the point that the words of the author himself be committed to memory, than that his mighty thoughts and grand conceptions be dragged into the mind of the ordinary school-boy's composition. But we ask our friend what kind of efforts are Herculean. We saw a little criticism on spelling in one of your columns, which it would be well to take to heart. What a gossip the editor of the *Personals* must be. He has seven columns of such interesting matter as "Miss Irvin and the Misses Todd spent last Sabbath at home."—"The mother of Miss Maggie Oliver has been in the city a few days." This excess of *Personals* is characteristic of the Western papers.

Among the respectably clad of our American cousins we notice the *Alabama Monthly*. Its dress is much neater than that of many of our Republican neighbors. We expect it to be more highly toned than a magazine looking no more scholarly than a common newspaper. Occasion-

ally we find a good article hidden away among the advertisements of such a paper as the *Niagara Index*. But it is more satisfactory to open on readable matter at once. "Red hair in Literature" is rather amusing.

Other exchanges received:—*Presbyterian College Journal*, *College Courier*, *Wabash College Journal*, *Archangel*, *University Monthly*, *Collegian and Neotorian*, *Institute Index*, *Portfolio*.

### SODALES.

THE above society met on the evening of Nov. 25th, to discuss the question "Which had produced the greatest men, Ancient or Modern times?" Crowe, the opener, in a short but pointed speech, endeavoured to show that modern times had produced greater men than ancient times had done. He compared the two great generals of olden times, Cæsar and Hannibal, with Napoleon and Wellington, and thought that the comparison was in favor of the modern commanders. In poetry and the peaceful arts he could not believe that the superiority of the later poets over those of the old time could be questioned. Coffin, the respondent, next spoke. Like Mr. Crowe, he quoted many examples to prove that the opener's position was not the correct one. He referred to Demosthenes the prince of orators, whose speeches even now were copied. Brougham used to read some old orators' speeches before he prepared his own. He stated that ancient times had produced greater warriors also, and cited examples to prove his statement. His speech was long and logical, and one of the best that have been heard in *Sodales* for some years. Jones and Hamilton followed. Like Mr. Coffin, they spoke in favor of ancient times. Mellish next took the floor and supported the opener. He was followed by Smith and Patterson, speaking on the same side. The speech of the former gentleman was the first he had made in *Sodales* and was a remarkably good one. In opposition to these McRae made his maiden speech. He spoke at some length and was frequently applauded. After the closing speeches of the opener and respondent were heard, the vote was taken and it was decided by

a large majority that modern times had produced greater men than ancient times had done.

ON Friday, Dec. 2nd, Sodales discussed the question "Should a compulsory education law be adopted?" Mr. Jones opened in the negative. In the absence of the appointed respondent Mr. Ward replied. The speeches of both these gentlemen were good and teeming with arguments in support of their respective positions. Mellish followed in the negative. He showed that some time ago in Scotland where they had no compulsory law the percentage of children in attendance at the schools was greater than in London where a compulsory law was in force. Gammell replied and strongly advocated the adoption of a compulsory law. Many other gentlemen spoke, among whom might be mentioned Patterson, McColl, Landells, Congdon and Hamilton in the affirmative; Murray, Crowe and Tufts in the negative. When the vote was taken there was a large majority declared in favor of a compulsory education law.

### LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

DOES a standing joke ever require a seat?

WHY is an umbrella unlike a woman? You can sometimes shut an umbrella up.

A MUSIC-DEALER announces in his window a sentimental song,—“Thou Hast Loved Me and Left Me for eighteenpence.”

A BOSTON artist painted an orange peel on the sidewalk, and six fat gentlemen slipped upon it and fell down.

CHARLES LAMB was once asked to write an inscription on a tea-chest. He took up a pencil and immediately wrote *Tu doces*. See it?

“WHAT is the greatest charge on record?” asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered, “Seventeen dollars hack hire for self and girl.”

A SENIOR after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair *inamorata* said, “The question is difficult and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer.” “Suppose you *pop* it?” whispered the blushing damsel.

THE Scotch definition of Metaphysics is after all, not a bad one: “Two men are talking together. He that's listening disna ken what he that's speaking means; and he that's speaking disna ken what he means himsel',—that's metafeesics.”

### DALLUSIENSIA.

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

INTRODUCE him to the janitor!

PREPARE for the coming exam., boys.

CHLORINE smells like rotten eggs. Next!

STOP it now! Pine Hill, etc. You know.

TO SOPHS.—Given an angle-worm, to find the sine of its legs.

LEARN the College songs, and when you have learned them sing them.

WHY is his moustache like a game at football? Because there are fifteen on each side.

WE asked a student the other day for the Latin for *goose*, and he couldn't give us an *anser*.

THE students in Physics are beginning to give vent to their feelings in curses “not loud, but deep.”

Prof.—“Very wet morning. Janitor.—“Oui, Monsieur,”—and he has been connected with the college only two months.

IN what respect is a “pull” before the Senate different from a “pull” at the “Whuskey”? The former is by a *Professor*, the latter *should be* by a *non-professor*. In what respect are they alike? Neither is beneficial to the health. Boys, look out!

“Wrong-headedness, though difficult of pronunciation, cannot be easily supplied.” He had you there, my friend!

IT is strange how absent-minded great scholars sometimes are. For instance, we have it on the *best of authority* that *L-ng-f-ll-w* lately rendered *Bras triumphans*—BRASS TRUMPETS.

A CERTAIN flowing-bearded student at the Theological Hall who, during the past summer,

officiated in a rather extensive station where no team was at his disposal, has lately been heard lamenting the vast amount of *manual* labour that he was called upon to perform *with his feet*.

THE daily “caterwaul” takes place precisely at 12 A.M. This is probably the way of it:—The tommy cat at large bites his own or his neighbour's tail severely. The “yowling” necessarily follows, sometimes as a solo, at other times as a chorus. We prefer the solo, as it is not very much worse than filing saws. But that chorus! YE GODS! The noise from a boiler-factory in full blast is sweet and harmonious in comparison. Students hearing it for the first time have been seen to turn suddenly pale, stare vacantly at their neighbours, pinch themselves to ascertain whether they are awake or under the influence of some hideous nightmare; and when the awful reality forces itself upon them, the look of settled despair that creeps over their faces would make a student boarding at \$3.50 per week (washing included) feel comfortable in comparison. We suggest to the possessor of ONE voice in the chorus that he had better have a church built around that throat of his and call it the organ of the — Street church. “By their voices ye shall know them.”

WE are afraid that our Financial Editor is overworking himself, or otherwise is injuring his brain. This is what he told us yesterday:—

“I had a dream the other night,  
When everything was still;  
I dreamed that each subscriber  
Came up and paid his bill.  
Each wore a look of honesty,  
And smiles were round each eye;  
And as they handed me the stamps  
They yelled, “How's that for high?”

A FRESHMAN with scarcely a sign of the coming moustache was carefully scanning his face in a small mirror. After a few moments' investigation he began to survey the interior of his mouth. His chum (Freshman No. 2) looking up, coolly remarked, “That's right! as you can't find it *outside* look *inside*.” Silence reigned a few minutes, and then the “chum” in a scared voice cried: “Great heavens! I have broken out in a cold sweat.” And then Freshman No. 1 “had him.” “Don't be alarmed, Bob,” said he, “it isn't coal sweat, it is dirt.”

O Sodales nunc canamus,  
On the morrow studeamus,  
Hodie let us take pleasure  
Singing, shouting, sine measure.

Books Sodales, jaciamus,  
Final horrors audeamus  
Nunc examina sunt procul  
Therefore simus gay et vocal,

Praise the giver munerorum,  
Praise the publisher librorum  
Qui so many dona dedit  
To collegium to aid it.

Praise amatos professores  
Than all others sunt majores.  
Semper vivat Alma Mater  
Et omnes by whom amatar. S.

### PERSONALS.

COSTLEY, B. A., '80, is at home in the city.

KAYE, a Freshman of last year, is book-keeper in the office of Smith & Kaye, Halifax.

C. W. BLANCHARD, B. A., '80, is studying law in his brother's office, Winnipeg, Man.

SPENCER, B. A., '80, has gone to Princeton to study Theology.

MCLEAN, B. A., '79, is taking a course in medicine at McGill College.

LANGILLE, a General student here last winter, is Principal of the High School at River John, Pictou Co.

JOHN MCKENZIE, a Sophomore of '79-'80, has gone to McGill College to study engineering.

J. P. MCPHIE, for two years a student at Dalhousie, is now teaching at Shubenacadie.

SEDEGWICK, B. A., '80, is studying law in the office of Sedgewick & Stewart.

CREELMAN, B. A., '80, is head teacher at Fort Massey Academy.

A. E. THOMPSON, B. A., '79, has gone to Edinburgh to study medicine. Correspondence from him will be gladly received.

R. GRANT, a Sophomore of '79-'80, getting tired of hard work has deserted Dalhousie and may now be found at Queens College, Kingston.

T. STEWART, who attended the Senior Class last session, can be found at the school of the prophets at Pine Hill.

H. H. WHITTIER, a General Student here in '76-'77, and winner of the Young Elocution prize for that year, is studying law in the office of Foster and Foster in this city.

SCOTT, B. A., '77, has gone to Denver, Colorado, for the benefit of his health. We publish in this issue the first of a series of letters we expect from him. We hope that he may completely recover.

CAMPBELL, Sophomore of last year, is at his home in Truro, and is, we are sorry to say, in poor health. We hope he will become renewed in strength and take his place in the Junior Classes next year.

R. R. J. EMMERSON, B. A., '79, is now employed as one of the editors of the *Montreal Herald*. We congratulate our contemporary on the acquisition to its staff of so skillful a writer as Mr. Emmerson.

THE congregation of Chalmers Church have agreed to extend a call to Rev. W. S. WHITTIER, now at Little Bay, Newfoundland, to fill the place vacated by Rev. Mr. Pitblado's call to the North-West.—*Evening Chronicle*.

MR. WHITTIER was a student at Dalhousie for some years, and in the session of '76-'77 was one of the editors of the GAZETTE. We are glad to hear of his success, and while tendering him our congratulations, we would at the same time congratulate the congregation of Chalmers Church upon the choice they have made.

LAST year we accounted for so great a number of our former students getting married by the fact that 1880 was a leap year; but during 1881 many more have taken to themselves a wife and launched upon the sea of matrimony, that "bloom or blight of all

men's happiness." And as this year is not divisible by four, we can only attribute this falling away from grace by the supposition, that those who have attended Dalhousie possess blandishments that do not belong to ordinary mortals. We might add that our Senior editor hopes this supposition is correct. Among those who have taken the decisive step are:—A. I. TRUEMAN, M. A., '78; G. W. MUNRO, B. A., '78; A. DOWNEY, Sophomore of session '77-78; and E. THOMPSON, Freshman of '79-'80.

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