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CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CHRISTMAS.

(The following poem, which appeared in our Christmas number last year, we republish by request.)

Give welcome to the Christmas-tide
That time to all most dear,
Welcome the day our fathers loved,
With gladness and good cheer.

We gather round the glowing fire,
And watch the flickering blaze,
To dream, perhaps, of scenes long past
And friends of other days.

We greet each friend with kindly thought:
Our holier feelings reign;
The absent ones with whispered prayer
And blessings, soft we name.

All hate and strife now laid aside,
Thrown off the earthly leaven—
Our chastened spirits seem to climb
The first few steps to heaven.

Oh give we thanks for Christmas Day,
And keep in memory still
The oft told tale, the gift to Earth
Of Peace and of Good-will.

Yes, most give thanks for that kind word
From Angel hosts above,
When God, the God of Jewish fear
Became the God of love.

[SINUS.

OVER THE INTERCOLONIAL, AND REFLECTIONS BY THE WAY.

I WILL try to give a brief description of a trip on the Intercolonial. Time: Midsummer. Place: Nova Scotia. I may also be permitted to express thoughts suggested by what I saw thereon. One can write description with some

confidence as, if accurate, the *objects described* and not the *writer*, are responsible. But for the latter, viz., "thoughts suggested," the writer alone is subject to criticism.

Although I cannot claim attention from any literary merit, yet any one who has travelled, be it ever so short a distance, if he but go out of sight of the home garden or the kitchen-chimney, and have seen the similar surroundings of another domicile, such a one upon his return deserves and gets an attentive hearing as he describes what he has seen. If any one doubt this, let him watch the eager listeners surrounding the rural man who has been to the next village for a change of seed potatoes, or to get a few fresh codfish, or perhaps to dun a debtor. What interest is shown as he relates the talk he had with a straggler on the road, or describes the appearance of Smith's farm. And if the above-mentioned were a lady, and had lady listeners, watch the open-mouthed astonishment and hear the "My land!" "Good life!" "Well I never!" as she pictures the latest sensation in dress which she happened to see upon another lady fresh from Yankeedom. But I fear that if I go on at this rate that my paper will be largely introduction, and, like an Irishman's preface when he is about to ask a favor, out of all proportion to the main subject. Tastes differ, so I'll try to give a variety. Here in the same car with myself are some ladies coming home from the States, as I learned from their conversation. Each has three or four young children, and when

I say this you will not expect me, ladies, to give a description of any elaborate toilets, for every one knows that at this period of a lady's life, style is badly used, ruffled up, or perhaps crushed out of existence completely. But these seemed to have transferred the adornments of their own persons to those of their children. They had the most approved style,—with the very latest twist,—of a hat. Their dresses were made as nearly as possible like the most gorgeous and newest of fashion-plates. Even the babes in arms had their hair banged. The ladies will understand, but the gentlemen may not, that this term has nothing whatever to do with the car doors. The little girls had their gloves to match, their high-heeled boots, fans, etc. Their whole appearance was that of the dolls sometimes seen in milliners' windows, upon which they display their wares. Then a woman came in from one of the stations, having with her three children. Her husband bade her good-bye at the station, and she was left to complete the journey to Halifax alone. The children were remarkably well-featured and well-cared for, being very comfortably dressed and happy looking; while the mother had a careworn look, a very wrinkled face, hard looking hands, bearing evidence of much toil. Apparently she also, like the ladies mentioned before, is one of those self-denying mothers whose children are all in all in their eyes. But there was a difference: the object of the former seemed to be to make shows of their children, while that of this lady was to make hers comfortable. My thoughts thus far had been running on my fellow passengers, as there was nothing very attractive outside. The train until now had been passing through a rough-looking country, which some time ago was clothed with forests, but fire had destroyed its original beauty, leaving it very desolate and uninteresting. Tall, black, rotting trunks rose up here and there from among a scrubby undergrowth which was vainly endeavoring to cover their ugliness. Big unshapely rocks were exposed, their clothing of moss and ferns having been burnt off. The undergrowth appeared disorderly, tangled, confused. I may observe here that this last statement seems to be a general

truth, whether referring to undergrowth of the vegetable or animal kingdom, the latter including, of course, *humans*. At one station we see what has the appearance of a sleepy picnic party. They are all squatted under a canvas stretched over some poles. They have evidently mistaken the object of a picnic, or if they know it they have not energy or brains enough to carry it out. As we approached they stared at us eagerly, as an agreeable change from their present blank inaction, a sort of an "oasis in the desert" for them, I suppose. Why is it that occasionally parties get together ostensibly for amusement, but who really do nothing but vacantly gaze at their companions, and they as aimlessly return the stare. Such gatherings need not be described, all have attended places where there was nothing done but, as we say, "stand round," and perhaps we all have contributed at times to their dulness. Whatever causes this lethargy—so very much out of place and contrary to the fitness of things—we all know what an unseemly habit it is, and when it is contracted it should be broken up, even at the risk of acting the fool. But while such thoughts are passing we are whirled on to a much finer prospect. Here the road passes along the steep side of a mountain, too rugged and steep for agriculture, and so left to its natural covering of hardwood. At its foot is a valley running parallel to the railway. There is a similar range on the other side the valley. We are high enough up to overlook this scene for miles. A road passes along by the river side; farmhouses and outbuildings dot the fields. Farther down the valley widens, while the river runs in a sweeping curve. The buildings are larger and closer together, and the soil appears more fertile. Waving grass brightened with daisies covers the fields. Here and there thickly foliaged trees give variety and add beauty to the landscape. The mountain range beyond is densely covered with forest. It rises in ridges with elevated valleys between, giving it the appearance of being terraced. Think of its being midsummer, when vegetation is at the height of its beauty, and picture to yourself with what a lavish and profuse hand Nature scatters her gifts at this season

in a fertile and favorably situated locality. Add to this a clear sky with the glow of sunlight overspreading all, and you have a picture whose equal is seldom seen, and one which will be remembered and recalled with pleasure again and again. Usually when riding in cars landscapes appear and vanish so swiftly that we cannot enjoy them fully, cannot take them in as a whole. But here our way for miles ran parallel to this vale. We had an uninterrupted view. The scene left an ineffaceable impression. Such a picture deserves remembrance and admiration. The scenery of our country, I think, is not at all appreciated as it merits. Our wealthy folks go to other lands to travel and delight their eyes with nature's beauty, but often remain ignorant of the equally fair scenes of their native land. They spend time and money, and endure much fatiguing travel, for pleasures which might be enjoyed at home without these inconveniences. They are more familiar, perchance, with the mountains of Switzerland, or the rugged scenery of the Rockies, than with the less stupendous though equally picturesque and beautiful pictures offered by many Nova Scotian landscapes not a day's journey from their own homes. But I think that this want leads to a much greater and more general evil than personal loss. I believe that it tends to destroy *patriotism*, without which a nation is not worthy of the name. A sentence in a letter from a traveller across the level monotonous prairies of the west, led me to think of the relation existing between the physical features of a country and this patriotic feeling of its inhabitants. He says: "I could not imagine any one getting sentimental over such a country. English, Irish and Scotch are proud of their native land, are fond of it, and although the struggle for living and the desire to push themselves in life sends them abroad to seek their fortune, they always dwell with *feeling* on the attractions their country possesses, on their recollections of its scenery. It seems impossible that any such feelings could grow up towards these western plains." I believe as he does in such a relation. A country devoid of natural beauty, be it ever so fertile, will not awaken ennobling patriotism. Such a country may be desired for the gains

which will accrue to an inhabitant, but this is a selfish policy and will not be productive of the good which results from that higher and more comprehensive love of country. The natural features of our land are well fitted to stir our hearts with this feeling. But evidently patriotism does not hold a very prominent place in the character of our people. This want can be seen in the readiness with which they leave their home for a foreign country, and often lose all interest in home affairs. If a man, owing to carelessness or idleness, is not successful on his farm or at his trade, by way of excuse, he lays the blame of his laziness on the country. Such indifference is our reproach, and I believe that one means of removing it is that which I have indicated. Let us open our eyes to the beauty and richness of our inheritance. Let us help to enhance that riches and bring that beauty more to light. Such scenes as I have attempted to describe are not rare in Nova Scotia. Let us not allow them to "waste their sweetness on the desert air," but rather let us be inspired with such a feeling as led the poet to exclaim of his native land—

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood;
Land of my sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

R. L.

THE "GYM."

Nec quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nobis prohibere cheragra.—HOR.

Whether we of our generation are physically inferior to our fathers and they in turn to theirs is a question we are not prepared to answer, partly from ignorance and partly perhaps from an unwillingness to confess ourselves inferior specimens of the *genus homo*. If, however, such were the case, and our health were "inversely proportional" to the date of our appearance upon this orb, the poet would hardly have penned the above lines, since we might reasonably expect that, people, at that early date, were not much troubled on the score of health. In those lines, the reader (if this epistle can boast of one) will observe that the same condition of

body was the result of lack of exercise in century one B. C., as in century nineteen A. D.—to wit, physical infirmity. And if the kind reader will penetrate further into the meaning of Horace, will he not discover an insinuation to the effect that a moderate use of a gymnasium is sufficient to ward off the "ills that flesh," etc.? Well, perhaps I am too imaginative and fanciful and conjure up meanings where they do not exist,—still, some such idea appears to be lurking in the old Roman's advice. Can we or do we improve the precept laid down by him? "Why, man, you're not looking well at all, you don't take enough exercise," are the words we hear every day from some offensively robust individual. Since then antiquity and "modernity"—*producere nomen*—are agreed as to the need of exercise and the lamentable results consequent upon neglect of the same, we are constrained to be guided by the saying: "What everybody says must be true," and must acknowledge—willingly, I think, in most instances—the utility of physical training. "Well," you say, "there was no necessity of pressing this point upon us so earnestly. We are quite prepared to admit it." So much the better, dear readers, for you satisfy me that my wandering preamble will not cross opinions with you. However, one good at least we gain from that preamble—we secure an illustrious name to our back.

Lack of exercise then is the cause of bodily infirmities. And if we bring a greater stress to bear upon our physical frame by the severe and continued use of our mental powers, we must have—to use a simile well known (to Juniors)—a greater strain. And the remedy? Exercise. How? Gymnasium. We do not say that one can obtain exercise only in a "Gym." Far from it, but it is our humble opinion that in the "Gym," the greatest amount of exercise is to be derived in a given time. Besides, the practicability of other modes of exercise "vary," but the training room is a "constant quantity."

"But," says one (a man who must be Cæsar or nobody) "I cannot spend sufficient time in the Gymnasium to be a gymnast." Ah, my friend, you wish to be a Glycon. But remem-

ber, you are not preparing for the ring. What need have you of forty-five inches chest measurement and your other "membra" in proportion? You do not contemplate rivalling the feat of Milo. No, you want a moderately developed chest, arm, etc., and though you "want but little, you want that little of the best." You must be in "good form," "head up," "shoulders square." That is all that we, who will be professional men, require to carry us through the world. With those, we will be just as healthy, happy and long-lived as the athlete. But the great and immediate result of such training is increased mental capacity. Do not shrink, I am not about to torture you with the Latin adage—you know it, and know also its truth. What will be the effect of this increase? Greater facility in study, more work performed and, consequently, stiffer exams. Stop, not so fast, we can well dispense with that latter result. I answer, the exams, are not at all harder relatively, for they are merely the outcome of a class of work higher than we have had heretofore. But to the eyes of the *profanum vulgus*, these exams, are a proof of the college's efficiency, and thus our standard is raised by our own exertions. More than this, students increase with fame and perchance shekels will accrue unto us,—no mean desideratum. "This fellow is rather absurd in his deductions." I fancy some one will say: "he is full of wild ideas." Very true, sir, but I gave you full warning near the beginning of this "deliverance," so you had no right to expect anything better. So please modify your scorn and do me justice in admitting that I have not inveigled you into reading this by giving hopes of something worth perusing. But as you have read so far, I think I may take compassion upon you and close. With your permission, just one more result.

It is hardly possible that any of us should object to paying attention to gymnastic exercise. The main complaint is "no time." Now do we really mean what we say? Are the twenty-four hours altogether occupied in eating, studying and sleeping? Impossible. We must take some leisure. Only at odd moments you say. Well, sum up these odd moments and see how much

they amount to in the course of a day. An hour, at least, probably more. Could you not take that leisure in a "lump," to speak roughly. You can if you try. That is the time, then, for exercise, and trust me, you will be more than repaid for your trouble by the brightening and freshening of your mind. And many a man who has fought bravely the whole session, even to allow himself no exercise, but whose name appeareth not among the Dons' lists at the sessionals, would have his wits sharpened by the very exercise he deprives himself of and so be enabled, like W. Bouncer, to "stamp the examiners at last."

I sincerely hope that there is no occasion for this letter, from your being all of one mind upon this subject. But if there are any who think differently (and I trust they are few in number) or who, as I have said, complain of the loss of time, these would do well to harken to this piece of advice: "Attend the 'Gym.'"

J. A. Bell

WELL-WISHER.

SODALES.

ON Friday, the 9th inst., the above Society met to discuss the question, "Which, if developed, will promote the prosperity of Nova Scotia more, Agriculture or Mining." Fulton Coffin, the opener, made a short speech, in which he endeavored to show that mining, if developed, would be more conducive to the prosperity of Nova Scotia than agriculture. Johnson, in place of McColl the appointed respondent, replied. He dealt with the arguments of the former speaker in a way that showed he had given the subject much thought. He grew so warm over the discussion that before he was half through his oration he was compelled to lay aside his overcoat. Gammell next spoke. He differed *in toto* from the ideas of Johnson. He was followed by Davidson on the side of agriculture. Afterwards many other gentlemen spoke, among whom might be mentioned McGregor, McDonald, in favor of mining; McLean and Patterson in favor of agriculture. When the vote was taken the majority declared that agriculture, if developed, would bring more prosperity to Nova Scotia than mining would under the same circumstances.

On Friday evening, Dec. 16th, a general meeting of the students was held to hear addresses from Prof. McGregor and Robert Sedgewick, Esq., B. A., on the subject of consolidation. After speeches from these gentlemen the meeting turned its attention to business. A committee was appointed to get out a new version of the College Hymns. The entertainment committee were empowered to hire a piano to discourse sweet music at the coming entertainment. It was also agreed that the lectures, which had been secured for the winter, should be given publicly if the lecturers would agree. A motion for adjournment was then carried.

Mr. Fraser, the President of Sodales then took the chair and called the meeting to order. The minutes of the previous meeting of the society were read and approved. It being then too late to discuss the subject for the evening, it was moved that the debate be adjourned till after the holidays, and that we form ourselves into a procession to parade through the principal streets and show the people of Halifax

"The way we have at Dalhousie,
To drive dull care away."

This was unanimously carried, and accordingly seventy-five stalwart students formed into line, four deep. Campbell is chosen captain and gives his orders in stentorian tones. Through the parade gate we file. Passing along Argyle St. we climbed up Jacob on to Brunswick singing as we went. Before Prof. Forrest's residence we halted to give three cheers. Passing to Prof. McGregor's a hip! hip! Hurrah! is given for him. Turning south we marched along Hollis Street, cheering for the Lieutenant-Governor and every body connected with our College, not forgetting the young ladies who grace our institution. Throughout our course was unmolested. Before the able looking leaders the policemen bowed their heads and kept out of the way. "All Halifax wondered." When the College was reached after our extensive tour, speeches from some of the students were listened to with rapt attention. And as we parted we raised our worn out, but still by no means infantile voices, in three glorious cheers for our benefactor, George Munroe.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 23, 1881.

Christmas Number

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WHILE all our subscribers are enjoying (as we hope they will) Christmas and the holiday time, they must not forget to make some others happy, and they best can do this by sending to the Financial Editor their subscription to the GAZETTE for the present year.

AGAIN we find ourselves seated in our sanctum, this time to send the greetings of the Merry Season to our esteemed readers. As we realize the fact that we are on the eve of another Christmas-tide, we are forcibly impressed by the surprising rapidity with which the past two months have flown by. The scenes of Convocation are as vivid as those of yesterday, and the mind requires to take but a brief retrogression in order to trace the interval between. And yet, those note-books have assumed quite serious proportions, and the end of those texts before us has really been reached—every problem therein solved and every line translated.

Not without some notable circumstances, too, has been that portion of the term just about to expire. With it in the history of Dalhousie will be associated the introduction of a new chair, the

attendance of an unusually large number of students, and the welcome presence among these of an element altogether novel. We might almost add the starting of our gymnasium, for though the equipment is not fully completed, yet operations to that end are in progress, and everything may be expected to be in readiness for the beginning of new year. Farewell, departing year, which introduced and habituated so many of us to pleasant scenes, we tender thee an affectionate *vale. Placide quiescas.*

Now we are about to break up our number for a time, to sever our associations here in order that others elsewhere, more interesting far, may be united. What a splendid Christmas-box does Dalhousie bestow upon many of the homes throughout the land, in restoring to their bosoms the cherished objects,—yes, quite right—so long withheld from them! To these departing ones we would say, Enjoy yourselves. The days upon which you are about to enter are the halcyon ones of the year. You found nothing like them since you came to Dalhousie; you will find nothing like them when you return. Therefore, *carpe diem.* Forgive all your enemies, for such an act is peculiarly appropriate to this occasion. Do just honour to the time which has always afforded you most happiness, from the suspended-stocking period onwards. Return invigorated, on time, and 'out of the way' of work.

To all—Professors, fellow-students, exchanges and general readers—we present with pleasure the compliments of the GAZETTE, and cordially wish the unalloyed enjoyment of

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS, AND A BRIGHT NEW YEAR.

WE wish to call the attention of the examiners to the correspondence we publish in another column. While we cannot endorse *all* "Student" writes, still his grievance is worthy of much consideration, and we hope to see some arrangement made by which the competition for the Avery Prize will be fairer than we are led to believe it now is. We purpose at some future date making some editorial remarks on this and other subjects connected with the conferring of prizes.

WE have to thank the managers of the Inter-colonial and Windsor & Annapolis Railways for their kindness in granting the students excursion tickets at one first-class fare from Tuesday, December 20th, up to Monday, January 8th. For some years past these gentlemen have courteously granted the same privileges, and in the name of former students, as well as those now here, we thank them.

IF there are any mistakes in the typography of this issue we must ask our readers to overlook them. We had to hurry in order to have this number out before the vacation began and we have not been able to take the pains we generally do in proof reading. For the same reason, also, we have been compelled to deviate from our usual course and insert an article which is not original. This we seldom, if ever, do, but holidays have come to mar the even tenor of our way, and we publish this time under more pressing circumstances than usual. Of these we have told our readers, and we are confident they will pardon us. In fact it was our endeavor to please them that compelled us to do anything out of our ordinary course; for we felt that our patrons could not enjoy their Christmas as they should, if they had not received the Christmas number of the GAZETTE, and in our haste to gratify them we were led to do, what under ordinary circumstances, we should not have thought of.

WE are glad to learn that D. MacGregor, 145 Hollis St., Halifax, has opened a special department in his business, to afford facilities for supplying a want long felt. Students can now *sell or buy* second hand books at any time to good advantage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Through your columns, if you will permit me, I wish to air a grievance which the fourth year students are compelled to bear; and since all the other students look forward to the time when they will be happy (?)

seniors, I think it will be more or less interesting to us all. My grievance is this.

For some time past undergraduates in Arts, on the completion of their second year, are allowed to take optional subjects. Thus, for example, a junior may take German instead of Greek. Now there is no rational being but would take German in preference to Greek if he only regarded the difficulties of passing in each. In the fourth year again a senior is permitted to take any two of the following: French, German, Greek, Astronomy, Hebrew. Now, suppose one takes Greek and French or German; another German and French; a third French or German and Astronomy, and a fourth French and Hebrew. At once any body can see that those who select French or German and Greek, and those who choose French or German and Astronomy, have much more difficult subjects to pass in than those who take the other groups of subjects I have mentioned. Yet in the competition for the Dr. Avery prize, as far as we can learn from the Calendar, they are to be reckoned equal. And that a first-class in elementary Hebrew is to be considered as high as a first-class in Fourth Year Greek. This is surely not just, and I think the examiners should see that it will not be the case, but that each subject will be given a value in proportion to the difficulty of passing. For if this remains equal there is a base injustice done to those who, owing it may be to certain circumstances, take Greek or Astronomy instead of an easier subject like Hebrew or German. I do not wish to find fault with this system of elective courses; far from it. I believe the want of a greater number of optional subjects has driven more than one good student from Dalhousie. But this phase of the system in our College I, in common with many others, consider unfair; and I trust that before spring it will be remedied.

In conclusion, Messrs. Editors, I may say that I do not write this from any personal interest in the matter, but I merely express the opinion of the majority of the Fourth Year class, of which I am one. My motive is a desire to see everybody stand on an equal footing when competing for a prize. And thanking you for the space I have occupied, I am, yours truly,

G. P.
STUDENT.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS.

ONE becomes accustomed to a tolerable amount of depravity in mankind, and accepts it as an inevitable endowment of the race. In this day of the world, when disbelief in everything is deemed an indication of genius; when the old landmarks are ruthlessly swept away by impious hands, so that even the most credulous experience a pang or fear that the "Father of his Country" never had a chance to make the astonishing statement in regard to the lie he never told; when the very existence of the man who divided apples with such unerring precision is denied,—it is really refreshing to feel confident of one thing, even though it is only the fact that we all have our share of natural depravity. Now, if there is anything particularly trying to our pitiful human nature, it is an encroachment upon its prerogatives. This sort of depravity has been ours ever since the time when, as some one—presumably a woman—expresses it, the first man went West, assuring his wife he never should have done it if it hadn't been for her. And yet every day we see this divine right entrenched upon, till we give up the struggle, and acknowledge that for depravity in its entirety nothing can exceed inanimate things. Did you never see a hitherto well conducted and peaceable lamp fall to and smoke with all the ardor and determination of a young collegian! Perhaps it fell to your lot to restore such a one—in a spirit of meekness. Oh, yes! Patiently you explore that fearfully and wonderfully made arrangement called a burner. With the sharp argument of the scissors you remove anything that may hinder untrammelled action. At last the task is done. You are thoroughly convinced that it is an utter impossibility for that lamp to smoke. But you light it at night, and in a few minutes your mournful reflection will be, "How vain are all things here below." For an example of pure, unadulterated depravity, take the student lamp;

"You may break, you may shatter the lamp if you will,
But total depravity clings to it still."

If a hat blows away, it alights in a mud-puddle. If a train breaks down, it does so in the most forlorn and uninviting spot on the whole

road. If a key is going to click in the lock, it will do so half or three-quarters of an hour after it has been turned, with a report like a pistol. If a blind is seized with this spirit of depravity, it manoeuvres with a skill and address worthy of a better cause. The favorite time is during the dead hours of the night. The lights are extinguished. Repose breathes over the dwelling. Then, with a fiendish chuckle of glee, that blind, foreordained and predestinated to torment you, loosens itself from its moorings, and flies open "with impetus recoil and jarring sound." You await a second onslaught, but the demon is a firm believer in the economy of forces, and holds its peace. Your first flush of anger dies away, and you resign yourself to the benign influence of sleep. Now the blind gathers up its energies anew, and you know how the good old Quaker felt when he gave the boy a quarter and told him to swear a quarter's worth for him. How often you hear one exclaim in heart-rending tones concerning some article, "It was only the other day I had it, and now I can't find it anywhere." Poor thing! Of course you can't. Don't you know that the princes of darkness are leagued against you! When there is sickness in the family, and quiet is the order of the day, our depraved friends hold high carnival. Try at such a time to pass noiselessly through a door. With a satisfied air, you are about to close it gently, when the demon asserts his sway, and that door comes shut with a resounding clang sufficient to wake the Seven Sleepers. The stairs, too, will creak and groan beneath you, though your tread be that of a fairy. But if one of the light-fingered fraternity make use of them, every stair will own its lord.

How many domestic tragedies have been caused by the total depravity of inanimate things I dare not say. "Love is hurt by jar and fret." At least, so the poet says, Do you suppose the fire that obstinately refuses to burn the "unlucky" bread or cake, the bottom coming off inopportunistically, the thousand and one things that cause friction in the domestic machinery, have anything to do with the jar and fret? What an account the blind boy has against inanimate things!

This matter is one that demands attention. Too long has it been neglected. Never through the whole length and breadth of our land have you heard of a society for the prevention of total depravity in inanimate things. Why should it be so? A vast and unexplored field lies before you. Who will be the first to enter in?—*The Beacon.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

IT is very cheering to find so neat and bright a little magazine as the *Bates Student*. Among the editorials we see there is a desire to follow the fashion of the day, and adopt a folio form, also, to issue the paper bimonthly. Proceed, friend. The oftener we receive as good reading matter as you give, the better. The first article on "The Principle of Emulation" we would like every student to read. This nicely written essay advocates strongly the advantages of an ambitious spirit, and to our minds defeats the objections raised against it. We give the following extract, part of the definition of Emulation:—"Of all the motives to human endeavor this is the most powerful. It excites to the performance of great achievements, to the pursuit of true glory, knowing that glory is but a shadow of genius and virtue. It is not satisfied with an empty display of power; it seeks rather those inward adornments so beautiful in man, which time cannot efface." This paper on the whole is well conducted.

The exchange we next light on is the *Index and Chronicle* of Howard Female College. The first line is characteristic,—“Our paper appears this issue in a new dress. How do you like it?” It is very neat and pretty, sister. There is a very sensible remark in the editorial department on the subject of general reading. We will repeat it. “There are many girls and boys too who have not read enough to talk intelligently on any subject. Students are apt to confine themselves too closely to text-books. These will not educate us. They are only meant as helps.” The local editor tried hard to get in the first person plural of the pronoun on every proper occasion, but got a little mixed when she wrote,

“but we *ourselves* will be, etc.” The few words on Shelley are very interesting. The “Education of Girls” is treated sensibly and not after the manner of those Woman’s Rights women, to whom we are not partial.

The *College Journal* of Queen’s contains the full description of a medical dinner, of several concerts, and of the actions of the foot-ball club, with a University sermon.

There is very little interesting in the *College Courier* of Monmouth this month. The editorials are readable, also, a short injunction to read the daily news. There is one striking feature in this issue of the *Courier*, however, and that is the—well, what might be styled the poetry. We would like to hear the opinion of the *Bates Student* exchange editor on it. He derives much pleasure from reading college poetry. We will give two extracts from which the excellence of the poem may be judged:

“Did the bones and fat and entrails
A sweet savor not you give?
Would you have more rams and bullocks?
Tell us, tell us, let us live.”

* * * * *
“We the world have not created,
Nor our reason doth it guide,
We, the clay, thou art the potter,
Ours, thy law, is to abide.”

Other exchanges received are:—*Acadia Athenæum*, *Varsity*, *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates’ Journal*, *Niagara Index*.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

A CLERGYMAN in Illinois, not long since, when laying the corner-stone of a church, gave expression to a good thought when he said: “If boys and girls do their sparking in churches I say amen to it. I have a daughter whom I cherish as the apple of my eye; when she is of a suitable age I would rather she be courted in the house of God than in a theatre.”

TUTOR IN RHETORIC.—“Can you give me any familiar example, Sir, of a highly figurative style? Something not in the text-book? “Take your d— canal boats out the way, you lopped pelican of the desert! I got it from an ‘82 man, this morning, Sir.”

CHORUS for elocutionists:—

The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

CAUTION.—Hard students are commonly troubled with gouts, catarrhs, cachexia, bradypesia, bad eyes, vertigo, consumptions and all such diseases; they are for the most part lean, dry, ill-colored—and all through extraordinary studies.

A PROF. in Syracuse University received a shock when a Senior told him that a piece of conglomerate rock exhibited to the class was a chunk of petrified hash.

Prof. of Political Economy.—“What word, meaning money in Latin, shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?” Junior—“Bullion.”

THE meanest man on record—the man who stole his wife's false teeth, sold them, and then sued for a divorce on the ground of *personal defects*.

AN eccentric clergyman stopped his patron from enjoying his usual nap by saying in his opening prayer—“Oh Lord, have mercy upon us and *don't let Squire Jones snore quite so loud.*”

SPEAKING of prayers, a timed, but witty man, meeting a bear on a lonely road and contemplating a struggle, prayed—“Oh Lord, help me in this time of need; but, Oh Lord, if you can't help me *don't help the bear.*”

Young Wife—“Charles, how can you do so. I have been standing at the head of the stairs two hours waiting for you.” Husband, gloriously “tight,”—“Shtandin' onsyer head onsyer stairs? Bresh my soul! Two hoursh too—markable womansh!”

“THE girls,” says the London “Spectator,” “have taken a remarkable place in the London University honours lists of the B. A. examinations. Of the six in the English honours list the first and two others were girls. In German, two of the four in the honour class were girls. In mathematics, the first of three in the honour class was a girl. In the examinations for bachelor of medicine the first of three honours in anatomy

went to a girl; and one of the three honours for materia medica and pharmaceutical chemistry went to a woman. Maybe they will be allowed to practice medicine in England by and by.”

ONE hundred and ninety-two students have applied for entrance to Princeton College, which is about thirty more than during any previous year. At the opening of the year, President McCosh, in delivering the usual address, said: “When I was appointed to my office here, I assured the public that, while I would preserve with care the American character of the College, some improvements might be adopted from other countries. Everybody commends the special care taken of individual students in Oxford and Cambridge by the tutorial system. We have now succeeded in securing this end in Princeton by the multiplication, not of tutors, but of professors, so that the younger classes are taught in small divisions. Another end has been steadily kept in view, and that is what the German Universities glory in—to have the instructors engage in original research, in which they interest their pupils, and thereby give a mighty stimulus to them. We have succeeded in this. A number of our older professors have been contributing by their writings to the science and literature of their age; and now we have from twelve to fifteen young men who are fellows, tutors, assistants, lecturers, who are devoting their time to independent investigation, while they teach classes larger or smaller.”

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.

THAT de-pends.

Is that your exercise, Mr. Thomson?

Y^e Grand Parade! Oh suffering Moses.

TO THE SOPHS.—No red whiskers, if you please.

THE late Geo. C—mpb—ll (1st year)! Peace to his ashes!

Prof.—“Where is Carthage, Mr. D?” Mr. D.—“Somewhere in Greece, Sir.”

Wasn't it strange that every fellow in the procession knew where the fair ones lived?

Is it the eloquence of the preacher or wood's BV that draws so many of our students to Fort Massey.

A DIGNIFIED Senior was lately seen leading a beautiful girl up to the altar in a certain church not far away. “Hope maketh not ashamed.”

ONE of our Freshmen accounted for going into a saloon by saying he went in for stamps and got them.

Prof. to Class in History—“What was the character of Charlemagne?” Student—“He was a tall man and a big eater.”

POOR fellow! He studies (?) entirely too hard—in fact has to take his sleep in class. Oh Neil! Neil! You'll break our hearts.

CHEMISTRY CLASS.—Prof.—“How are the Metals divided?” Pause. First student—“There are four classes.” Prof.—“Yes; but how are these distinguished?” Second student—“As first, second, third and fourth,”—with quite a satisfied air.

THE conceit of Pictonians is without parallel. A Senior, a few nights ago, not content with claiming Sir Joseph Howe, the Prince of Wales, Baron Munchausen, Tom Thumb, and many other notable men, boldly added: “Confound it, even Solomon—the wisest of men—was a Pictonian.”

A JUNIOR when asked if he should spend the holidays at home, replied: “No; the lines are fallen to me in too (two?) pleasant places here.” All right, old boy! Shell out and look pleasant, but let Old Tom alone.

LAST week two cruel-hearted Seniors made a descent upon an unoffending, unsophisticated Freshman, devoured the greater part of his cake and strawberries (the contents of a box from home), and ended proceedings by pocketing the remainder of the cake. SHAME! SHAME!

The Procession cheered the young ladies, and then sang “For they are jolly good fellows,” &c. No doubt they appreciated the sentiment more highly than the manner in which it was expressed, that is, they would if they had been at home.

DON'T cast lots for them the next time, boys, but trust to your winning ways and Cupid's assistance. But remember “There's a chiel amang ye takin' notes.”

WE could scarcely believe that any Junior would leave a French exercise on the meaning of a few simple words behind him so that the Seniors might see “point de fautes” written on it.

Prof. in Moral Philosophy: “At what time did Thomas Bradwarden live?” Mr. F., “Some time in the thirteenth century.” Prof. “What philosophers lived at the same time?” Mr. F. “Shakespeare and Coleridge.”

REALLY, the Profs. should not be so severe upon the students. A Soph. thus relates a terrible dream he had a night or two ago, caused, no doubt, by his dread of the Prof. or by too much 12 o'clock mince pie: “I dreamed that I went into the Classical Prof's. room without a gown and he booted me, actually booted me out.” We think there must be something in it, as he still walks peculiarly.

THE following was composed by one of the poetical Seniors:—

ON A MANGLED T. D.

Oh! pipe in service hard grown aged;
Blackened, discolored, grimy though thou art,
I love thee still How can I give thee up!
How can I lay thy shattered fragments by,
And smoke a stranger? Thou wert wont
To lull my troubled soul to sweet repose,
To soothe my weary mind and make me feel
A newer, better mortal. When my thoughts revert
To those luxurious hours—free from all care,
The world shut out and all alone with thee.
'Tis hard to fill thy place. 'Twere better far
To make thy memory last out all my days,
And banish from thy sight these things of clay:
Unworthy they thy hallowed place to fill!
And as I lay thy remnants sadly by,
There's nothing left of what I loved so well
Save many pleasant thoughts of happy hours
Spent with thee:—save memories kind of thee
My late companion, comforter and friend.

Scene—Barrington St. Act I. Two Freshmen, about to meet two or three nice-looking ladies, straighten themselves up, tug at their collars and try to look important. Act II. Prettiest young lady, looking foremost “Fresh” right in the eye, says—“Do you know, Bess, I

think those students "just horrid" ugly-looking." *Finale*—Presbyterian oaths from one student and editorial benedictions from the other. (Note.—The *foremost* chap was (and is) first cousin to a hearse, the other was "me."—Dallus. Ed.)

PERSONALS.

ROGERS, B. A. '78, together with THORPE and FORBES, general students here some years ago, have gone to Scotland to study theology. These gentlemen graduated from Pine Hill last year, and are now taking a more extended course at Edinburgh.

CAMERON, B. A. '79, is rustivating at his home, Baddeck, C. B.

HENRY, a student at Dalhousie some years ago, has gone to Harvard to study law. He has been playing on the foot-ball team of that College during the present season.

DICKIE, B. A. '79, is engaged in business with his father at Stewiacke.

CHAMBERS, B. A. '79, is studying law at his home, Truro. We are sorry to say that he is not in good health; his sickness being caused principally by an accident he met with a few years ago.

McKENZIE, B. A. '78, is now studying at Pine Hill. At that same institution there may be found some other Dalhousians, among whom might be mentioned—LORD, FISHER, STEWART and MAHON.

AMONG those who passed at the final Law examination lately held are two Dalhousians—WHITMAN, B. A. '78, and JENNISON, a general student here last session. We congratulate these gentlemen, and cordially wish them every success in the profession upon which they have just entered.

WE are sorry to have to record the death of one of Dalhousie's former students. During the past summer J. N. McKITTRICK was called away to a better life. He was esteemed by all who came in contact with him, and many old students will cherish kindly thoughts of McKittrick. Since he left Dalhousie he has been teaching at Yarmouth. We deeply sympathise with his bereaved parents and friends.

F. A. SYMONDS, a general of last winter, is learning the drug business in Buckley's store, Halifax.

FORSYTH, who won the Young Elocution Prize last winter, is studying law in the office of Hon. Joseph Bennett, Boston. We wish him every success in his communion with Blackstone.

McKEIGAN, a Freshman of '80-'81, is attending the Halifax Business College.

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

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A statement of conditions, dates and subjects of examinations, &c., may be obtained on application to the Principal, [Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.