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NO. 6.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sun-set glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brether share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a weeping brother's eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow;
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Selected.

A BREEZE FROM THE PAST.

THERE are few amongst us who cannot look back to some bright spots in the past. Unalloyed happiness for any lengthy period is purely hypothetical, no matter how fortunate our lot, or how advantageous our circumstance, but in every life there are some rays of comparative light which afford a pleasing retrospect and serve even in their imperfection to lighten some future care, to assuage some after sorrow, and to keep the heart from the corroding influences of unmixed trouble or uneventfulness, as the case may be. To no one is the truth of this more directly applicable than to the student, and here I speak only of those who have mingled in their study with fellow-students, and not of those whose seclusive work entitles them merely to the title of book-worms. Whatever the circumstances, the *accidentia* of the manner and place of his studies, matters not. Whether they are of the widest scope, or of the most superficial character; whether they associate him with few or many of his fellow men there is always something acquired outside of the actual subject matter of the curriculum, which is of paramount use in fitting him for the active life of a useful member of society.

I have been a student myself, in the conventional sense of the term. Let me remark, by the way, that there are students and students. There is the youth who, apart from his books, is nothing; a waif, a chip on the stream, a weather-cock. He grinds perpetually. His life is one round of lectures and reading. The time devoted to eating and sleeping is so much lost. He hardly knows the men of his own class, and is totally ignorant of such a thing as the existence

of other classes. He is pre-eminently selfish in his work and pre-eminently niggardly in his play. He goes along swimmingly through exams. of all kinds. His "smalls" are child's play. His "greats" only afford him an hour or two of enjoyment. He takes a "double-first"; becomes a "wrangler," figures everywhere on the prize list. But he goes into the world and there the rub begins. He is fit for nothing but a musty closet, and cannot live excepting among his musty books. Resources of his own he has none. He is one that I have associated with, but as Mark Twain says, "I don't hanker after him." What "hanker" means I know not, but I think it suits. Is it necessary to say that this description of a student does not fit me? "Why, certainly not."

Then there is another specimen. He is a youth of promise. His natural parts are good, but they are held strictly in abeyance, and only the unnatural parts show up. With a book in his hand he is in an infinitely worse fix than a fish out of water. He eschews class work, and in his wildest dreams never thought of private application. He is a jolly fellow too, with whom every one finds it easy to get along. He has the conventional vices. He loves the weed nicotiana. He revels in pale ale and sometimes goes even further in his worship of Bacchus. He has a soft corner in his heart for every pretty girl, and is uniformly successful in his *affaires du cœur*. In skylarking he is a great and shining light. At foot-ball he is the terror of the opponents' field. In the gymnasium he vies even with the instructor. In short he is an all round good soul in the eyes of his fellows; but the professors and officials do not love him much. And he never passes an examination, a fact which seems to exercise no warning influence on his ingenuous disposition. I always used to like such an one and in some measure admired him. But still the description is not autobiographical.

There is a happy mean between the two where I am found. I was always a mediocre boy, and I candidly admit that my collegiate experiences were one continuous hesitation between the two characters I have described. I could smoke as well as my "gay and festive

friend," and occasionally startled my studious *confreere* by a period of steady grind. I emulated the one on the foot-ball field and the gymnasium, while I followed the other in the lecture room and study. When there was a lark of any kind on hand I pitched work to the dogs and joined my lively comrade, but unlike him, when the fun was over I whiled away the tedium by dipping into something or other, until I induced the belief that I was working. I always had a bad attack of cram, six weeks before "sessionals," and was uniformly successful in passing a consistent examination, *i. e.*, a mediocre one, somewhere about the forties. Some of the Profs. believed in my ability to work, some did not, while an unfortunate few didn't believe in me at all. In a happy-go-lucky style I managed to scramble through all my "smalls," and astonished every one who knew me by the peculiarly brilliant style in which I waxed all my "greats." I was *Baccalaureatus in Artibus* at length, and wondered how in the world it had come to pass; how I had come "to pass." So did everyone else, and for once everybody was unanimous *de me*. Professors, fellow-students, outside friends, all regarded me as a newly discovered prodigy, something not far short of the eighth wonder of the world. And really I felt as though my wondrousness was sufficient to supply all the eight wonders at once.

I often think lovingly and yearningly of those old days, now that I am abroad amongst the hardening influences and cheerless surroundings of the eighteenth century world. Many a jolly fellow have I clasped hands and exchanged friendships with, in those old stone halls, which we all know and love so well. Many a golden memory and pleasant thought floats down upon me even now from among the experiences of the few years I spent in Old Dalhousie. And though saddening at times, the retrospect invariably does me a world of good, and I can meet the gloom of the to-day all the better for the brightness of the yesterday.

While communing thus with myself the other day, after looking over some old files of the GAZETTE—in which I used to be proud to figure—the thought struck me that I might with

pleasure and profit, devote some of my spare time to writing a brief story of some of the notable events and figures that mingle in my memories of the past. I will confess that my motive was a somewhat selfish one, for no small part of the pleasure would be experienced by me, but peradventure there are those among the present *Dallusienses* who would feel some interest in the narrative of trials and triumphs of those who trod the Academic flags in what are now comparatively primeval times. There are doubtless, many among the readers of the GAZETTE who will remember the things of which I speak, and there are a trusty and well-tryed few, leading spirits of those "troubulous times," who will feel the old blood coming anew through their veins at even the tamest description of the scenes in which they lived.

* * * * *
So if you are all willing, I am agreeable.

SILENUS.

HOW WE VISITED CAPE BLOMIDON.

SETTING out from Windsor, one lovely morning, we at first proceeded to Kentville. The distance between these two places is about 35 miles, and the journey takes a little over an hour by rail. On our route we passed through Grand Pré and the valley of Horton and Cornwallis. Kentville is an exceedingly pretty town. The views in the vicinity are remarkably fine, and the the formation of the land such, as to present the greatest diversity of landscape, the chief charm of which consists in the unusual combination of hill, dale, woods, and cultivated fields. The people have excellent taste, and keep their places so nicely planted with trees, both fruit and ornamental, that whether you look at the town from any point that commands a view of it, or walk through it, you are delighted. All the houses, except a few in the more business parts, are embosomed in orchards, or surrounded with trees and gardens. We stayed over night here, and the next day were ready to start for Blomidon.

Driving first to Canard, we proceeded along what is called Canard Street, a road leading along a ridge, which divides the valleys, through

which two rivers, the Pereaue and the Habitant, flow. On our way, we passed through Canning, another pretty village, and then we started for the mountains, or rather for that range usually known as the North Mountains, which terminate in Blomidon. After about a mile, we begin to ascend a moderately steep slope, and when we reach the brow, the valley presents one of the loveliest prospects that can be imagined. The mountains on which you stand stretch away both to the right and left. At your feet is the valley of Horton and Cornwallis, extending to the west as far as you can see; and to the east is the Basin of Minas. To the south, the view is bounded by a range, similar to that on which you stand, known as the South Mountains. The whole valley between, and the lower part of both mountain ranges, are cultivated, and dotted with farm-houses and small villages. The valley is so wide that on the other side the houses can be but faintly discerned.

Having reached the top of the mountain, we travelled some miles along its summit. We had been told that we could not reach the Cape by this route (though we might by another), and we were recommended to go to a small village called Scots Bay, on the north side of the mountains. In a little while we came in sight of the settlement to which we had been directed, quite a thriving one, on the open bay, from which the ground gradually rises from the water into a depression or valley among the hills. We had been advised to go to a wealthy gentleman who lives in Scots Bay, and who spends much of his time in collecting the beautiful mineral specimens that are to be found among the cliffs around Blomidon. We followed the advice, and made his house our headquarters.

By this time it was well on in the afternoon, and unfortunately a thick mist came up, threatening rain. From where we were, Cape Split was in sight, and had the day been fine it would have been a pleasant trip to have gone down by boat to it, for the scenery in its neighborhood is said to be magnificent. The weather having partially cleared, we started on foot to cross the mountains, to the cliffs on the other side, with our host as guide. We had a walk of over a

mile, up what you would call "a steep hill," until we reached the edge of the cliff. In some places the cliff is perpendicular rock, but in general earth and stones have fallen down so as to make a slope, covered with vegetation, but yet so steep that in ascending it you have to pursue a winding course, and hold on by the bushes at the side of the path. We at length reached the bottom; and, indeed, as usual, going down is a comparatively easy matter. The height of the cliff is here from 450 to 500 feet. The upper part is perpendicular rock, covered with vegetation on top, while the lower part of it is sloping, sometimes consisting of broken fragments, which have been split off by the frost, and sometimes of debris, covered with grass. Where we were, was still some distance from Blomidon, which is about 600 feet in height. As it was so late, we decided not to go further, but proceeded to look for specimens; the place, however, had been so thoroughly searched that we did not get many of any interest. N. P. Willis, the talented author of "Pencilings by the Way, etc.," describes Blomidon thus: "Near the entrance of the Basin (of Minas), on the western shore, is the remarkable headland called Cape Blomidon, which forms the termination of the chain of hills that runs parallel to the shores of the Bay of Fundy from Annapolis. This headland presents a singularly abrupt and imposing appearance; its perpendicular front is of a dark red color, and its rugged head may be seen at a great distance, emerging from the thick mists by which it is frequently encompassed."

Having spent some time in searching, we started to return; but just then it began to rain, and through this we had to toil up the steep bank. Our guide (who was 77 years of age) went up ahead. After numerous stoppages to recover breath, we at length reached the top, and proceeded down the hill back to the house. Here we had tea, and were asked to remain all night. How gladly we would have done so it is impossible to say, but the fates were adverse. At nine o'clock we set out for our 16 mile drive, through pelting rain, along a dark road with which neither was familiar. We reached Canard early in the morning, slightly tired. From there

we drove to Kentville, and thence home by rail, not very well satisfied with "Our visit to Cape Blomidon."

G. P.
HOW TO READ BOOKS.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN "BOB" AND "BILL."

Bill—What have you found there that pleases you, Bob?

Bob—Why, here is a real good thing that you ought to read.

Bill—H'm, What is it?

Bob—It is a quotation from Montaigne. He says that when he comes upon anything he doesn't understand in his reading, he doesn't dwell too long upon it, but passes it over and goes on to the next.

Bill—Very good.

Bob—But wait a moment. There is another quotation from Coleridge, and you know you are always lauding Montaigne to the skies.

Bill—The greatest of all writers after Shakspeare.

Bob—Exactly, and you are always making fun of Coleridge and quoting Carlyle about him.

Bill—O stop, now. Which of us was it defended the Ancient Mariner the other day?

Bob—Oh, of course you will allow him some good points. But let me tell you what he says. He says we should never pass anything over in reading till we have thoroughly understood it; and if there is anything we do not know we should go to work to find it out. And that is what this writer is advocating. He says we should be thorough. And he says the saying of Coleridge is a precept of wisdom while that of Montaigne is a declaration of folly.

Bill—Who is "this writer"?

Bob—I don't know. The article is not signed. But you can't deny that he talks good sense if he does come a little hard upon your favourite author.

Bill—Do you know in what connexion Coleridge makes the remark quoted?

Bob—No.

Bill—Do you propose to find out?

Bob—I don't know. I don't see that there is any necessity for it.

Bill—Nor I either, more especially as I have not the slightest idea in which of his works it is found. But I should have thought you would think it necessary. It would be in accordance with his own rule, that precept of wisdom which you quoted, not to—what are the words?

Bob—But you don't suppose he meant us to hunt up every thing. One could never make a beginning if he did that.

Bill—No, I don't suppose he did. I don't suppose he meant anything except a little harmless platitude. I am quite sure he didn't know his own meaning.

Bob—Well, I must say I thought it perfectly clear.

Bill—Suppose you enlighten me.

Bob—I do not know that I can. The task (*slyly*) is really too great for my limited powers.

Bill—Your jokes are so touching, Bob. But, seriously, what do you think the man meant?

Bob—Well, I think he meant to inculcate thoroughness. A great deal of harm is done and a great deal of the good that might be got from reading is lost by superficiality. We rush over a thing and imagine we know all about it, when, perhaps, we don't half know it. But you must not carry it to extremes. You can spoil anything by carrying it to extremes.

Bill—How am I to know how far to carry it?

Bob—You must use common-sense, just as you would in anything else.

Bill—Wouldn't it be just as well to do that in the first place? to do, in fact, just as Montaigne says he did. When one met some mystery which he could not solve without more trouble than it was worth, pass on and learn what one could from what followed?

Bob—Certainly one would have to do that sometimes!

Bill—Pretty often I think, if you observe the actual facts so as to know what you are talking about; as, by the way, Montaigne generally did. For example, Macaulay, in his essay on Boswell, refers to day-dreams such as those of "Alnaschar or Malvolio." My education

had been neglected in one very important particular in childhood, so that while I was up in the history of Malvolio, I had never heard of Alnaschar, and I didn't know where to look for information about him.

Bob—I thought everybody knew him.

Bill—My education had been neglected, but perhaps you would have been as much in the dark about Malvolio as I was about Alnaschar.

Bob—He is one of Shakspeare's characters, isn't he?

Bill (nods)—Was I then to shut up my Macaulay and begin a blind search for Alnaschar? The meaning of the passage was clear. I simply read on, of course. Afterward when I found Alnaschar as the barber's fifth brother in the Arabian Nights, and read that day-dream, more exquisitely natural than ever Shakspeare's, I recalled the allusion and saw its beauty and point just as clearly as if I had found the explanation after a fortnight's search.

Bob—The search might have benefitted you as much as any way you could spend the fortnight.

Bill—It might, but suppose you did not have the books at hand to make the search, which would probably be the case nine times out of ten, in our reading; would you wait till you got them?

Bob—Of course not. That would be absurd.

Bill—You hit the right idea just now. It would depend on whether we could get most benefit by hunting up, or by going on. And we would have to use what common sense we might have on that.

Bob—I think so, precisely.

Bill—Then I fail to see the folly of going on sometimes, or the wisdom of the injunction to hunt up always; unless you add a codicil to it on the model of the oaths of initiation that are put to young sailors sometimes on first crossing the line. They take this among other equally binding obligations: "Never to kiss the mistress when you can kiss the maid, unless, indeed, you should love the mistress best." We must always hunt up, unless, indeed, we think it best not to.

J. W. D. Scott M.C.D.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

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WE wish to say a few words in reply to an article in a previous issue concerning the terms of competition for the Dr. Avery prize. This we are led to do, not from any apprehension that a body of men such as compose the Senate of Dalhousie College, should be influenced by the complaints of a student to alter, especially in the middle of the session, an arrangement which their united deliberation has matured and sanctioned; but because in "airing his grievance" our correspondent has tried to make it appear that others besides himself are similarly dissatisfied with the state of things at present existing.

"Student" says, with reference to what he has written, "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." For our own part we don't remember when the opinion of the Fourth Year Class was consulted in this matter.

Since the issue referred to, we have not taken the trouble to ascertain the opinion of every individual of the fourth year class with reference to the "grievance which the fourth year students are compelled to bear," but we have spoken to several of that class who expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the present arrangement. The

fact of the matter is that every ordinary student in the fourth year is taking an optional course; and it would be strange, though of course not impossible, that these students should complain that, in the competition for prizes, if the subjects which they have chosen are estimated equal to the rest of the subjects.

Now, as to the fairness of the arrangement, in the first place "Student" complains that German is placed on an equal footing with Greek, and says, "There is no rational being but would take German in preference to Greek, if he only regarded the difficulties of passing in each." Now we do not think that a first class is any more easily obtained in French or German than in Greek, and we think the common experience of students will corroborate our opinion in this respect. We do not, of course, pretend to say that either French or German is as difficult a language to master as Greek, but that the proficiency which one is expected to attain in either of these languages, during the last two years of his course, actually necessitates a greater amount of labour than is usually expended on Greek. Besides this, the German class meets three times, whereas the Greek meets only twice a week, which is itself a large item in a student's time.

With reference to Hebrew, any one who knows anything about the language will tell our correspondent that the elementary Hebrew, as he innocently terms it, is the most difficult part of the Hebrew course, and that after the rudiments have been mastered, what remains is comparatively easy to acquire. To the beginner Hebrew presents many difficulties, and a large amount of memory work has to be performed which is not required of the advanced student in any language. There is a good deal of similarity in the construction of the Latin and Greek languages which assists the student who is beginning one of these, if he has previously acquired some knowledge of the other. But for the beginner in Hebrew there is no such aid. He is entering upon the study of an entirely different class of languages—different in etymology, syntax, and in almost every feature, from anything he has hitherto met. Besides, the very fact that the subjects in question are optional, precludes the

possibility of there being any unfairness, every student having an opportunity of taking whichever subject he may think least difficult.

"THERE is no death, what seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

WE are sorry to have to record, in this issue, the untimely death of A. C. McKenzie for three years a student at Dalhousie, and who, had he lived till spring, would have completed his course in medicine at the Halifax Medical College. The deceased was a young man much admired and esteemed by all who knew him. With his fellow-students, whose hearts he won by his amiable nature and genial disposition, he was an especial favorite. His illness was not long nor painful and was borne with calm resignation till the last moment came. Then quietly

"Without a sigh,
A change of feature or a shaded smile,
He gave his hands to the stern Messenger."

To his sorrowing and afflicted friends we extend our own heartfelt sympathy, together with that of the whole body of students with whom he has had any intercourse.

A VERY general desire on the part of the students to see somewhat more of the Professors than is shown in class-room, and to come more into contact with them when routine duties are laid aside, has found outcome in a series of lectures to be delivered by the Professors during the winter. We trust that these Professorial lectures will become an established institution among us, for apart from their benefit as lectures, *per se*, they have, we believe, the merit of tending to increase that regard and appreciation which are most proper and desirable sentiments to be entertained towards one's instructors. This year it was decided to throw the lectures open to the public, and the first one came off in Association Hall on Friday evening, the 20th inst. Robert Sedgewick, Esq., B. A., President of the Alumni Association, occupied the chair; the subject was "How we got to Jupiter and back," and the lecturer was the ever popular Professor McDonald.

The happy reputation which the Professor has acquired from his previous platform efforts, drew together as large an audience as the Hall would comfortably hold, even with the extra seats. And they did not come to be disappointed. The lecturer was fully equal to himself. Throughout the recital of the miraculous flight of the two scientists to the distant planet, and of their wonderful adventures and striking observations thereon, the interest of the audience did not flag for a moment. The extraordinary nature of the circumstance in which the heroes were placed, together with a certain supposability which yet clung to all of them, kept fast the attention of the hearers and agreeably exercised their imagination. It was an ingenious effort in the speaker's humorous and racy style. A highly pleasant evening was brought to a close by hearty applause and "God save the Queen."

Dr. McGregor delivers the next lecture of the course on February 3rd, subject, "The Early Days of the World's History." It is unnecessary for us to utter a warning voice to the students, as there is no fear that any will fail to be present.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors Dalhousie Gazette:

GENTLEMEN,—Where can I obtain a statement of the affairs of our Alumni Association? For what purpose are its funds being employed? In what respects is it an auxiliary to our Alma Mater, and in what an assistance to the caterer for public dinners? I must confess that its existence is, at present, so far as I am concerned, wrapped in mysterious solemnity. The Calendar contains the ominous information that the names of those who neglect to pay their fees for two consecutive years are to be dropped. I breathe freely on looking at the last Calendar and finding my name connected with that dignified body, the Alumni Association. I would here say that it is not right that nearly half our graduates have failed to enroll their names in the book of the society. The society deserves well of us. It has a most honourable object. May it ever flourish, to use the language of the

honoured ex-Chief Justice, "in perennial bloom." May it renew its youth.

Brother graduates, we have been very remiss in our duty as respects this society. We ought to accustom ourselves to give a little to so worthy an object. Dalhousie deserves all our loyalty and practical support. No college in Canada, with the same means and under the same circumstances, has done a work that can equal what has been so faithfully done in Dalhousie during the eighteen years past. This is no "Acadia College" advertisement or trumpet-blowing,

"Facts are chieftains that winna ding
And darena be disputed."

We have failed to recognize the importance of our setting a good example to the wealthy who need to be influenced to take an interest in the college. We want money quite as much as ever. The college will not lack for students so long as valuable inducements in the shape of prizes are not wanting. The Munro Bursaries, instead of making us rest on our oars should stimulate us to vigorous exertion. I heard the first, and, I am really afraid, I have heard the last of a proposal to raise a fund to be applied to the securing of a Memorial Scholarship to Dr. J. J. McKenzie, the late honoured Professor of Physics, so much esteemed, so much beloved. Will some one tell us what has befallen this worthy project? Will some one rise and explain?

Yours, sincerely,

JOHN L. GEORGE.

SODALES.

THE above Society met on Friday, the 13th inst., to discuss the question, "Which is the more beneficial for the Dominion, Protection or Free Trade?" A large number of students were present and the meeting as large a one as has been held for some time. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved and some other routine business gone through with, Patterson took the floor and opened in favor of Free Trade. He thought that the best way of deciding this question was to look at the effects of both policies on the different industries in

which the people were engaged. He quoted Mr. Lithgow and Mr. Doull, M. P. to show that the coal duty was of no use to Nova Scotian mines. He further quoted figures to prove that during 1879 the amount of coal sold was less than the amount sold in 1878. He also considered the effects of the two policies on our other occupations—Fisheries, Ship-building, etc., and tried to show that the N. P. worked disastrously on each one. Patterson occupied in speaking about half an hour and was responded to by Gammell in an able manner, dealt with the arguments advanced by Patterson. He showed that if the coal sales had decreased in 1879 they had increased very largely in 1880. He pointed to various factories that had been established since 1879 and thought they owed their origin to the National Policy. He thought that we should by all means encourage manufactures as there was no place better fitted for such an industry than Nova Scotia. He showed that under this burdensome taxation, as its adversaries called the N. P., the prices of commodities had not increased.

McColl followed next and strongly advocated Free Trade. Gammell had stated that the people had time and again shown that they were in favor of the N. P. He quoted the returns of the last election in Pictou County to show that the farmers were sick of the "diabolical tariff."

Some other gentlemen also spoke, after which the closing speeches of opener and respondent were heard. The vote was then taken and the majority declared in favor of Free Trade. Throughout, the discussion was the ablest that we have had this winter. The speeches of all were logical and to the point, and all such personalities as are customary in debating on political subjects were strictly avoided.

THE SLEIGH DRIVE.

THE 18th instant being the George Munro Memorial Day the students resolved that then was the time to have their annual sleigh drive. The time for making preparations was very limited, but the arrangements were perfected before the eventful day came round, and nothing

occurred to mar the happiness and unanimity that prevailed. During the two days immediately preceding this festive occasion very little work was done. All the students had in their mind's eye visions of the turkey, roast beef, etc., that were to follow the drive. Even Greek had no charms for them when they thought of Wednesday and the coming ride. Great expectations were formed by every one from the freshest Freshie up to the gravest and most reverent of Seniors, and every heart beat high with hope as the gala day approached.

At 2 p. m., after some difficulty in getting seated, a start was effected. The choir struck up "Upidee" and the infantile (?) voices of the other students joined in and right merrily did we make the neighbourhood resound. We careered through the busy town shouting as we went and after astonishing all Halifax by singing a Latin! song we sped away out into the country. Our steeds were "Tartars of the Ukraine bred" and they seemed to be animated by the same spirit that inspired the breasts of their drivers. We had cast aside gown and caps and anything else that savored of student life. All was jollity. Song followed song in rapid succession. Thus the time passed, and after a short period cheers announced that we had reached our destination. Then we descend, enter the house and take absolute possession. Some disperse to one room to smoke, others occupy themselves with talking, others play at the different games that have been provided, but all think more or less of the good things coming. Those students who had dined meagrely in expectation of the banquet of which we were soon to partake, were anxiously looking toward the dining room. At length the host shouts "Dinner!" and with vests unloosened we file in to begin the struggle. The eatables vanished with frightful rapidity. The student who refused to take turkey because it made him think of being plucked didn't have many followers. Another said that he never knew he was pious till the pie came round. Then he knew he was because he ate such a pile of it.

When each had filled himself, as it were, and had become almost "too full for utterance," the

following toasts were proposed and drank heartily:—

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1st—George Munro..... | Davidson, Mellish. |
| 2nd—Our other Benefactors..... | Crowe, Bell. |
| 3rd—Our Professors..... | Ward, Campbell. |
| 4th—Alma Mater..... | Patterson, Costley. |
| 5th—The Ladies..... | Mellish, Patterson. |
| 6th—Our Graduates..... | Landills, Morton. |
| 6th—Medicals..... | J. T. Blair, DeMille. |
| 8th—Seniors..... | H. Smith, Campbell. |
| 9th—Juniors..... | Fraser, McDonald. |
| 10th—Sophomores..... | McColl, Murray. |
| 11th—Freshmen..... | Dickie, McLean. |
| 12th—Generals..... | G. M. Campbell, Crowe. |
| 13th—The Press..... | McMillan, Taylor,
for GAZETTE. |
| 14th—Sister Colleges..... | Davidson, Taylor. |
| 15th—Consolidation Society..... | Patterson, Mellish. |
| 16th—Our next Merry Meeting. | |

These toasts were interspersed with numerous songs. The speeches in proposing and responding were excellent, but undoubtedly the best were made by Davidson in proposing the toast of the evening; Campbell in responding for the Professors; Mellish and Blair in proposing respectively the Ladies and the Medicals; Murray, McLean and Taylor in responding respectively for Sophomores, Freshmen and Sister Colleges. At the close, feeling much stronger and better, we sang "Auld Lang Syne" and prepared to go.

The drive homeward was but a pleasant repetition of that outward. The night air though cold could not dampen the fires that burned within us. Stories were related, jokes were cracked, and the two sleighs seemed to vie with one another in making uproars. Before we knew it we were within the city limits. This called forth renewed singing and cheering. Those that had never sung before joined in the soul-stirring choruses of "Bingo" and "Old Noah." After driving triumphantly through the principal streets we alighted in front of the College. From thence we dispersed, all convinced that the sleigh drive of 1882 was a grand success, and worthy of the day on which it had been held.

HAVE you got any copies of "Prometheus Unbound," inquired a student at the book-store recently. "No," replied the proprietor, "but we will order you a copy of Prometheus and have it bound as cheaply as possible."

OUR EXCHANGES.

AS usual the Western papers are characterized by jokes, so called. The Eastern papers are generally better edited in this respect as in others; but too many seem to think that the flavor of their paper would be insipid if there were no jokes, so of course if there is not any fun worth writing, they must write something to look like fun. No matter whether anybody knows what it means or whether it means anything, three, four or more columns must be filled with "smart sayings," but in too many cases the "smartness" is an imaginary quality. Here is a conversation from among the witticisms of the *Beacon* which will afford a very good example:

1st. "Did you know those Juniors were going to have something again to-night?"

2nd. "No, what?"

1st. "Oh! I believe they are invited somewhere again."

2nd. "Well, I wish *we* could have something too."

It is rather aggravating to enquiring minds to know what "something" is, but probably it is nothing. But the *Beacon* on the whole sheds a very good light. One of its good features is the "Book Table." Might not other college papers be improved by occasional reviews of new books.

The *Rouge et Noir*, or as the printer sometimes has it the *Rogue et Noir*, is one of our best papers. It is well filled with readable matter, but having three months to prepare, there need be no lack of material.

What does the *Alabama University Quarterly* mean when it says, "A woman lacks both modesty and discretion when she pleads for human rights?" This paper, almost invariably, has excellent reading matter. It is feeling rather hurt now by the slurs cast by Northern critics on Southern laziness, and gives its would-be freezing brothers a scorching time.

Blackburn University has made a laudable effort in the editorial line, and we take occasion to welcome its *Courier* to the list of our exchanges.

How is this for Latin *Meus es ego*—mind your eye.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

A SCIENTIFIC Freshman lately described an ellipse as an oblong circle.

A CLASSIC individual being asked if he was ill replied, "*sum sic*."

A STUDENT defines flirtation as attention without intention.

ADAM'S nativity has at last been discovered. He was, according to Darwin, a *Germ—man*.

STUDENTS in History no longer dig out their lessons as formerly. They now *ex-Hume* them.

WHY is a mendacious person sure to fail? Because his *lie-abilities* are so great.

INSTRUCTOR in Logic, "Mr. ——— what is the universal negation?" Student, "Not prepared, Sir."

A YOUNG lady, beginning to read Cæsar translates the first sentence: "every Gaul is divided into three halves."

A DETROIT girl who had graduated at three seminaries tried to send a handbox by telegraph the other day.

THE Boston young lady of culture does not call it the Irish Land Bill. She designates it as the Celtic Real Estate William.—*Yale News*.

WE have a Freshman who is so short that when he is sick he does not know whether he has headache or corns.

THIS is the way a Western college paper mourns the loss of a student: "He was estimable, pious, a true Christian, and by far the best base-ball stop in these regions."

ONCE they started a girl's seminary in Utah. It flourished well, but just in the height of its prosperity the Principal eloped with the whole school.

THE other day in Metaphysics, the Doctor told the class that he never cared to see Niagara again, for having seen it once he could see it in his imagination just as clearly as when he stood before the falls. "Well then," remarked one of the Seniors, "he must have a cataract in his eye."

SCENE.—Shore of the lake. Enter Senior and ladies. *Senior*, "Here is a good place from which to see the race." *Lady*, "But there are

no seats." *Senior*, "We have nature's seats," (hastily) "I mean we can sit on the ground and on the rocks." Confusion all round.

A JUNIOR proposed to a young lady during vacation and was refused. Lamenting his misfortune to a Senior he was referred to 3rd verse of 4th chapter of the Epistle of St. James: "Ye receive not because ye ask *amiss*." The Junior is going for a *widow* next time.

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.

GOOD time on the sleigh drive. So say we all of us.

AT the sleigh drive dinner, Truro, P. E. Island and Halifax furnished the three biggest eaters.

Problem for the Freshmen.—Describe a family circle from the baby as a centre.

PROF. in Mathematics to Freshman. "Is that problem right." Freshie. "Yes, Sir, I have it that way."

STUDENT, "How do you translate 'hunc' in this sentence." Prof. "As the darkies say 'dis chile.'"

THE class in Rhetoric was lately warned to beware of *barbarisms*. They shave themselves now.

As it will be too late next issue, we wish to remind those who send valentines that Neil expects one.

REMARKABLE proficiency was shown in the late review in Ethics—likewise a remarkable number of note-books.

STUDENTS who wish to see a copy of the fourth year group photo, had better ask any of the young ladies around town for theirs.

MUSICAL student reading Terrence, translates *quibus illum lacerem modis*, "how I would chop him up into sausage meat." Great applause.

LEARNED student to chum. "Did you ever notice how often the word *Selah* occurs in the Psalms of *Jacob*." Second student with peculiar emphasis, "No."

AT the lecture on Friday night it was as much as we could *b(l)air* to see a Freshman come in in company with two of the fair sex; and when we learnt that the same thing was to happen at the next two lectures, we—well, we wished we were Freshmen.

FIRST student (to chum at the lecture on Friday night.) "We should have had an usher." Second student, "Oh! No! That would have been too *usherly usher*." He was promptly punched.

Prof. in *Ethics* (to class after student had just sat down from reading his essay.) Will some of you give me a criticism of the essay. Student (eagerly) "His position was inelegant. He stood on one foot."

THE student who had been diligently pelting orange peels around the class-room for some time when he thought the Professor was not looking at him, was rather disconcerted when he was told he "was not as smart as he thought he was."

Cosine made use of his *optics* the other night and discovered two females with whom he was acquainted. He pounced upon them with *variable velocity*, and as the street was slippery his *acceleration* was very great. Some time after this episode we heard him singing as he returned:—

"How happy I'd be with either
Were 'tother dear charmer away."

PERSONALS.

E. C. WHITMAN, Freshman here last year is in business with his father at Canso, Guysborough Co.

R. D. ROSS, for some years a General student here can be found at Pine Hill.

G. W. MCQUEEN, a Junior of '77-'78, is in the employ of George Munro in New York.

MCLEAN, a General here during the session of '79-'80 is at the Halifax Medical College.

W. T. KENNEDY, who was a student at Dalhousie some years ago, is Principal of the Richmond schools.

B. F. PEARSON, a Freshman here during session '72-'73 has just entered into partnership with Otto S. Weeks, Esq., Q. C., the late Attorney General. We congratulate Mr. Pearson. *Semper floreat*.

G. E. LOWDEN, formerly a General student here, and winner of the Young Elocution prize in 1877, is studying Theology at Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

FOWLER, a Freshman of '78-'79 is studying law in the office of A. White, LL. B., Sussex, N. B. We wish him every success.

GEO. DOWNEY, a Sophomore of '79-'80, is teaching school at Cape Sable. He has found out that it is not good for man to be alone and has taken to himself a wife.

CREIGHTON, B. A., '80, who has for some time been teaching at Acadia Miues has returned to Dartmouth again and is now in attendance at Business College.

RODERICK C. McRAE, Sophomore '76 is at Glasgow University as Sir William Thompson's assistant in the Physical Laboratory. In 1880 at the fall examination he obtained a fellowship worth £400 for three years and shortly after took his M. A. degree. We wish him even greater success in the future.

AMONG our list of Dalhousians in Pictou Co., we should have mentioned CAMERON, B. A., '73. After

leaving Dalhousie, Cameron studied medicine for three years and then turned farmer. He owns a splendid farm in Merigomish, one of the finest farming districts in Pictou Co., and no doubt lives all the happier for having once been a student.

Persons knowing the whereabouts and occupations of any of our old students, would oblige by informing the editors.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

REV. H. McD. SCOTT, M.A., B.D., Rev. J. A. McKeen, B.A., Rev. L. H. Jordan, M.A., B.D., \$2 each; Ed. McDonald, \$1.75; Rod. McKay, B.A., Hon. R. P. Grant, A. Kirkpatrick, Rev. Geo. Walker, Gavin Hamilton, Rev. J. W. McLeod, M.A., Miss L. B. Calkin, Miss M. Newcombe, Alfred Logan, Howard Primrose, Clarence Primrose, Rev. A. B. Dickie, G. Patterson, Rev. J. L. George, M.A., Edwin Crowell, B.A., Rev. Richmond Logan, B.A., E. Creswick, H. Furneaux, A. Gunn, \$1 each; J. G. Potter, 50 cents.

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The Exhibitions are open to all candidates; the Bursaries are open to candidates from the Maritime Provinces. The Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries are open to candidates for Matriculation in Arts; the Senior Exhibitions and Bursaries to undergraduates of any University who have completed two, and only two, years of their Arts course, and who intend to enter the third year of the Arts course in this University.

The subjects of examination for the Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries of 1882 will be the same as those for the Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries of 1881, with the following modifications:

The Classical books to be professed will be, in LATIN—*Cæsar*, Gallic War, Book VI., and *Ovid*, *Metamorphoses*, Book I.; and in GREEK, *Xenophon*, *Anabasis*, Books III. and IV. In MATHEMATICS, the Third Book of Euclid is added to the Geometry required, and the Theory of Indices to the Algebra required.

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