

The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XV.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 26, 1883.

NO. 6.

THE FIRST YEAR OF MY LIFE.

I was born with a simple feeling of consciousness. My mind was empty, not a single idea did it possess. It was a darkened chamber, and so it would have remained had not an intuitive act of the mind informed me of my personal existence. Even this idea for a time puzzled me. Who was I? What was I, or how did I know that I really existed? These perplexing questions however were soon set at rest and I became fully convinced that I, whatever I was, did exist. Self-existence then was the first idea which pierced this chamber of emptiness and awoke me to intelligence. Although conscious of my own individuality, I did not think that there was anything in the world save this wondrous me. In fact I had no idea of world at all. Naturally enough I was dissatisfied, I thought it certainly would be dull to pass life in the possession of a single idea and, that ere long I should grow exceedingly selfish. Having considered for some time as to what I had better do with myself, and failing to arrive at anything definite, I was on the eve of quitting this campus in disgust, when by mere instinct I happened to stretch out my hand, and in consequence experienced a certain sensation. It was something new at any rate, and I resolved to try it again. I continued thrusting forth my hand, and in every case recognised the same feeling. This was a discovery, no doubt, but it did not puzzle me much, as I concluded it to be merely a sensation which belonged to self. As yet I was very narrow minded, and firmly believed that I was the sole object of creation. Shoving out this hand of mine was the only kind of amusement I had, and I now kept at it almost

constantly. But one day, whilst so engaged, I struck my hand against something, a rung of a chair, if I remember rightly, which gave rise to a very different sensation to any which I had heretofore experienced. I was astonished at this strange phenomenon. Surely, me thought, I have been mistaken, and this is nothing more than the outcome of my deluded fancy. However, in process of time, I again attempted to stretch forth my hand, but before it was half straightened out, it suddenly met with some sharp cornered resistance, the effect of which almost caused me to faint with rage. Several times did the same thing occur during the next period of my existence. Such unsatisfactory results, however, somewhat slackened my delight in this amusement. Wearied with much thinking on the subject, I fell into a deep slumber, when something seemed to suggest the idea that there were objects in existence other than myself. This notion of externality I made my theory, and anxiously awaited to see if subsequent events should substantiate it. And so they did. Everything which happened hereafter seemed to confirm my assumption. I was over-joyed; my terrible dread of lonesomeness was given to the winds. My vague notion of externality was soon reduced to the more developed idea of an external world. I saw how many things I should have to occupy my attention. These, said I, in the pride of my heart, will multiply my states of consciousness, and thereby augment my pleasures. I now was in the possession of two ideas, viz; the existence of myself, and of something not myself. Henceforward to these two grand classes I referred everything that came under my notice, and thereafter I found that these two divisions, which have been called respectively

the spiritual and the material, divide the universe. A simple intention of the mind gave me the one, resistance to the sense of touch the other. I now had many things to arouse my curiosity. If there was an external world, what did it consist of? Engaged in the interesting pursuit of exploring those mystic regions of externality, I began to like life better. The tactual organ brings in to me stores of knowledge. By my hand coming into contact with some resistance, and following its surface, I get the ideas of extension, figure and magnitude. Among the many objects which I grasp in my hand I distinguish them as hard or soft, rough or smooth, and so I obtain my ideas of matter. My eye as yet was of little service to me. It could only distinguish colours, and as this is its only prerogative, it would still be of little use to me had it not been trained in the mind. Every thing was pictured before me in a confused mass. Of distances I had no idea whatever. There would be a certain representation of an object on the retina of the eye. Curiosity would lead me to approach that object, I would do this as best I could, creeping, rolling, tumbling. (I hardly remember now, just how I used to do it), but if I would miscalculate the distance and get there too soon, or sooner than I expected, I would have to pay for my rashness by a dinge in my cranium, or some other damage to my corporeal structure. Experience was teaching me, but she was a bitter teacher. Welts on the head, crushed fingers and bruised skins, were of every day occurrence. Knowledge was being literally hammered into me, nor did the hammering process cease, for already the benign influence of the shingle was called into existence, and the only way I knew of taking revenge was by endeavouring to drown its detestable patter by cries of rage.

By exploring an object, feeling it all over as it were, and the mind registering the different representations on the retina of the eye, and comparing these with the similar impressions produced by the object at some distance more remote, I acquire the idea of distance. The eye so trained in company with the sense of touch was now my principal teacher. Nor was my ear idle, sounds, rackets, noises of all kinds were my

delight. The sounds of speech were at first nothing more than unintelligible gibberish. But using what little wits I possessed, I saw that these sounds were always accompanied by a peculiar expression of countenance, that some were light and cheerful, others were sad, stern or chiding. Thus led to believe that each word had a meaning of its own, it became the grand object of my life to discover the import of these sounds. Observing that the same epithet was always applied to some person or thing, when I would afterwards hear that particular sound my attention was turned to the object with which the sound had become associated. Thus I acquired the names of familiar objects.

I then took up the verb. I was not troubled with any lengthy explanations of what verbs are, or with long, wordy, unmeaning definitions of its divisions and sub-divisions, which is the later style of teaching the nature of this puzzling class of words. In connection with a particular object, I noted the peculiar symbol or expression made use of. This single word was generally followed by an act, and the act became so associated that the one recalled the other. Thus my vocabulary was being constantly enlarged, and ere long I could understand conversation without difficulty. All the while I was doing my best to imitate these sounds. My first attempts were so unsuccessful as to appear ludicrous to myself, but having met with success in all my previous endeavours, I was not the youngster to give it up. When I grew wearied of my daily routine of business, I gave myself up to this amusement, and ere long made such rapid advances in the art, that I began to have a very high opinion of my powers. Selfishness had entered my mind at its earliest stages; revenge had been fanned into existence by the hated rung; and now the first inklings of conceitedness were felt in my soul. So far, somebody or something had been directing all my efforts, aiding me in my perplexities, and helping me to my conclusions.

Something in my earliest career, had, in virtue of that original feeling of consciousness informed me of my existence. Something, when impressed by these multitudinous impressions from without had led me to the cause of these.

The mind appeared to act of its own accord without my forcing it or directing it. It seemed as though it were in the hands of some directing power, or that it worked after a certain fashion in virtue of its own constitution. My mind was full of ideas all tangled up in a heap. I had not yet learned to be systematic and to place every idea on its proper shelf as soon as I acquired it. To clear up this chaotic mass was indeed an almost hopeless task. Here were ideas of time twisted round ideas of objects, ideas of self confounded by those produced by the sensations of external objects. The idea of the time in which I acquired some of these ideas had got so tangled around the rest, that I could not get it adjusted and it was in consequence lost. But I was working according to a system perfectly uniform and with a determination to succeed, knowing that if I failed I should likely remain an idiot the rest of my life. Feeling much wearied in the completion of my task, I lay down to refresh myself with a long sleep, but when next I awoke I found that the first milestone of my life had been passed, and the journey towards the next begun.

S. P. Q. Z.

THE HOLIDAYS.

We remember, long before we had realized the fact that much study is a weariness to the flesh how joyful an occasion was the arrival of holidays. But in the middle of a college session when body and mind are all but audibly calling upon the Professors to give them a rest, the sense of relief can hardly be expressed. There is no need for us to tell how the last holidays were begun by Dalhousie students, for has it not been already spread over the world by the GAZETTE. The homeward trip was characterized by the scenes usually enacted by our noble selves on such occasions. Shortly after we got on board, one passenger remarked that there was going to be an early spring for he heard some birds warbling.

As we went onward our numbers grew less until when at last Pictou Landing was reached and the "one more river" was crossed but a very few remained true to each other. Of course the

family coach *alias* the old pung was there to bear our remains to, it is to be hoped, *not* sorrowing relatives. If the designs formed before our arrival home had been carried out, this narrative would not have been written, but the result would perhaps manifest itself next April. However "the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft alee" and so it fell out that all cramming was eschewed—all mental cram that is. We do not think that any senate could do less than pardon us considering the temptations we had.

Of course the news of the settlement, far more important to a returning wanderer than that of the London *Times*, was rehearsed. We heard how Sandy McEwan was converted at a revival meeting and on his return home destroyed the good old whiskey that he had ready to aid in celebrating the festivities of the season. Then how his brother Willie, knowing that wilful waste makes woful want, got his Scotch blood up and had "a fallin' oot" with Sandy. But the piece of news most important to a person of my temperament was that there was to be singing school at "the corner" that evening,—or rather there were to be two schools in one, for the one at "the mill" was coming to visit that of "the corner."

We do not know how it is with less favored counties, but there is hardly anything that is looked upon with more approval by the lads and lassies of Pictou than the singing school. This institution is the cause of a good many breaches of the fifth commandment and if Henry Bergh wishes for a field of labor let him traverse Pictou during the season thereof. But yet with all thy faults we love thee still, and accordingly to singing school we went. Arrived at the scene of action we determined to follow the motto of a true Dalhousian, viz., have all the fun we could. The above-mentioned scene of action was the district school-house. As there are many such edifices throughout our land a detailed description is superfluous here. As to the fun—well if you have never been there you have missed lots of it. About half-past eight the singing-master rose to the occasion and having thumped and yelled for five minutes, a semblance of order was obtained. Getting somewhat "riled" at their tardy obedi-

ence to his commands he asks if they come there to learn singing or to "carry on." Some one who possesses part of the character of George Washington answers that they come to "carry on." After this young man has been bidden to "take the head of his class" by his admiring friends, the singing-master has another chance to abuse his pupils. He is generally a countrified dandy of the dollar-and-sixty-five-cent-gold-chain style. His curling locks are always well oiled, his dyed moustache waxed, and his pocket handkerchief highly scented. Of course he wears a "boiled" shirt and his "side-boards" are well starched.

The first business is to arrange the school. The members are placed according to "the parts" they sing. This is never done without considerable difficulty as the pupils consider it to be an action detrimental to their main object in coming there. As for the singing, there is generally a *basso* with a range of five notes in the octave; a tenor who will persist in howling that makes miserable every other person. As for the "females" most of them sing in a whiny voice, which scrapes in going over the high notes.

But singing was not the object that drew these young people together. The time at best drags on but slowly until "closing up" comes. Then are sown the seeds of many dissensions among the gallants of the section. "Beauty," it has been said, "rests only in the eye of the beholder," but how remarkable it is that so many eyes see alike. At last all arrangements are completed and everybody starts for home—those from a distance with teams and those near at hand in a less dashing manner. The turn of the latter for display, comes in a week or so when their crowd will visit some other place a few miles off.

And now we must end our remarks on this subject, for what occurred afterwards is a purely personal matter, and we know that personalities are not liked by any one except fair maids of doubtful antiquity, and therefore distasteful to readers of the *Gazette*.

Suffice it to say, that when we got home, a trick was played upon us which took away any college dignity we might have presumed to

retain. Actuated by filial and brotherly affection we took off our boots when we entered, so as not to disturb the peaceful slumbers of our beloved relatives. To reach our virtuous cots we had to go up-stairs. Noiselessly we unlatched the door at the foot of the stairs and began to gently open it—when horrible to relate, there arose a racket loud enough to arouse the neighborhood. The younger members of the house had placed a full orchestra consisting of cowbells, tin-pans, &c., at the head of those stairs, and attached them to the stair door at the foot by a cord. We were doomed to start the music—and we did it.

So much for the first day of the holidays. If opportunity offer we may give some other reminiscences of the gay and festive scenes of that happy time.

Y. R. L.

COLLEGE CLUBS.

WHATEVER be the cause, Dalhousians are not a social company to say the best of them. We do not imply that they isolate themselves from everybody, but as a rule the men that board together keep to themselves and form a minute club. We want some larger clubs and clubs with a special object. During the four years we stay at college, we will easily lose sight of everything else except the studies on which we are engaged unless some sort of organization to pursue some accomplishment is formed. These clubs exist in other places—why not here? The college is growing, we may look for a continued increase in students, and yet there is no prospect of the present condition of affairs being bettered. Our clubs at present consist in a *Sodales*, the object of which is hard to define unless to give the Freshmen and Sophs a chance to *spread* themselves and air their political views, and a foot-ball club which is a capital organization and worthy of all encouragement. But this latter has an active existence only for about five weeks at the beginning of the session. The rest of the course is a steady unrelieved grind to the majority of men. All cannot be expected to take a violent interest in haranguing a mock parliament or kicking a foot-ball on ground as hard as the nether mill-

stone and the thermometer at zero. In Toronto all manner of capital societies exist, French societies, Greek and Latin societies, scientific and mathematical societies. We notice that one of our sister colleges has taken the lead in this respect in Nova Scotia. King's has organized a Greek club and under its able president we may look for good work. Is our college to be left behind in this respect? Have we not the material for societies of this kind? Most certainly we have would we but take advantage of it. Further, musical clubs could be organized, viz., glee clubs, and clubs to practice instrumental music. That the talent is here can not be doubted after hearing one of our now famous mid-sessional concerts—one of the few breaks in the monotonous round of studies. It only wants to be collected and worked into shape by means of a club such as we have mentioned to make a very good showing for Dalhousie. A club such as this would be beyond all doubt most popular as giving the completest relaxation from work. Were a society once started, other societies on the same model would soon follow. The trouble is the starting, and the students should make a bold push and put themselves on a level with King's and the Colleges of Upper Canada.

L.

SCHOOL INSPECTION.

The system of school inspection which has prevailed in Nova Scotia for some years past, is beginning to fall into disrepute; and rightly so. It has been found that thorough supervision of the schools is impossible; the districts are so large, and the schools are so widely separated, that the inspector cannot possibly visit them all. No wonder then that complaints are being heard. Nova Scotia pays handsomely for her schools, and hence has a right to expect a handsome return. It has been suggested that we return to the old "district" inspection: let the village clergyman be the supervisor. But I am not so sure that a clergyman "as such" is of necessity qualified for the position. The practice of appointing to inspectorships, clergymen whose day of usefulness in the ministry is past, has been pursued long enough. Men must be found to fill

the positions who are practical educationists. I have before me a case to which I draw attention as an illustration of the way in which this inspectorial business is conducted. An inspector resigns; several offer for the position. Who is to get it? An applicant who has been teaching for years most successfully? Not at all. The lucky man is to be a briefless barrister—a man who couldn't succeed in the law, and who must therefore be qualified to inspect schools. Too long has this sort of thing been going on. Teachers are getting tired of it. What is the remedy for the present state of affairs? Make the inspectorial districts smaller. Give the inspectors more power. Let them be authorized to discharge incompetent teachers. Let the inspection be thorough, uniform, and efficient. Let none but teachers be appointed inspectors. I fancy that if a few of these changes were made the complaint that the Educational grant is not doing its work would cease. Charles Tupper gave education in this province a start; what little that has since been done has only been in the way of tinkering. What is wanted now is a thorough overhauling of the whole system. And no branch of it requires more attendance than school inspection.

C. WIL.

OUR proof reader apologizes for the following mistakes, which crept into the article on "Louisburg," in our last issue:

Page 58, for "then as he had done with us," read "there," &c.

Page 59, for "memory there takes," &c., read "memory then," &c. For "here surely might," &c., read without quotation marks. For St. John read St. John's.

Page 60, for "we came upon a breach," read "we came upon a trench." For "may like a holiday trip," read "may take," &c.

MR. PEET, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly, remonstrated: "Oh! don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Ah! but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 26, 1883.

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DALHOUSIE is again the grateful recipient of a noble gift. For the last few years we have been reaping the fruit of Mr. Munro's love for his native Province, and have been understanding more thoroughly what good a truly magnanimous man may do for his country. But when only beginning to realize how well nigh impossible it would be for us to make a sufficiently grateful return for such benevolence as this, our load of difficulties is doubled by the action of the late Alexander McLeod, Esq. The manifestation of such disinterested generosity as was his, is not often witnessed in our country. Mr. McLeod, owing nothing to Dalhousie, under no obligation to it for any of his education, but desiring solely that the seeds of learning should be more widely scattered about his home, has assisted in showing that not through noisy agitation, not by talking of what should be done, but by unostentatious action are good objects like that to be accomplished. Can Dalhousie College ever be too thankful to such men as Mr. Munro and Mr. McLeod? Can Nova Scotia ever be too thankful to two such men? Can Canada ever be too proud of nourishing such men?

But now the question arises—and it is not properly for us to discuss it—in what way can the most good be drawn from the late gentleman's munificence? By founding new chairs? Certainly a more varied course is desirable, but where in the building is there room for another chair? Are not three Professors already forced to use the same room? By building a new College then? It does certainly seem that this is the more preferable way, for surely our course of studies is more nearly first-class in its line than is our old building in its. Besides, would it not be desirable that a certain sum should be set aside, the annual interest from which should be devoted to the continued improvement of our forlorn library?

AS will be seen in another column, the kindness of the late Mr. McLeod has greatly augmented the staff of our College, or rather we should say, has given us the means of augmenting the staff. We have scarcely recovered from this surprise before news reaches us that our great benefactor, Mr. Munro, has again come to the front. There has always been a bar to the advance of the College, in the fact that the High Schools of this province do not carry men far enough before they send them up to college. Our course, we intend no slur on the High Schools, though some of them are no better than they should be. On the whole they have been rising steadily, and progress has been more rapidly made since the institution of the Munro Bursaries. Still there is a gulf between them and a college which makes any pretence to excellence. It is this gulf, we are happy to say, that Mr. Munro has made it his purpose to bridge over. By the foundation of three tutorships in connection with the most important branches of our course, men will receive the thorough training necessary to special excellence in the higher branches of the same subjects; and the present professors will be at leisure to devote themselves entirely to these upper subjects. We are unable to state what these tutorships are to be connected with, though it is rumored that there will be two in Classics, and one in Mathematics. There is no need for us to dwell further on the advan-

tages that these tutorships present to the College: they are obvious to all.

It is not often that a college can boast such good fortune in so short a period as Dalhousie now can. First we have Mr. McLeod's bequests, the extent of which we can not accurately state, but which we should judge to be considerable, from the fact that in his will he mentioned that the fund was to provide *three or more* professorships. Following close on this comes Mr. Munro's last kindness. Thus, almost at a stroke, we may say, our staff is increased by six—a number almost equalling that of some colleges in toto. Thus, in point of equipment, we may fairly boast a superiority over any other college in the Maritime Provinces. We certainly cannot boast of our college building, but like some great men, we have a great Soul in a wretched body. However, time will remedy that, and we can only trust that the time is not far distant.

BEFORE we issue our next number the Provincial Parliament will have met, and the policy of the Government, as foreshadowed by the Governor's address, will have been announced to the people. The GAZETTE is not concerned with "practical politics," but it does take deep interest in matters educational. We hope that there will be no interference in College affairs. The various institutions of this Province should be compelled to stand on their own feet. Too much money has already been spent on "higher education," from which but a comparatively small return has been received. It is time now that the principle of the "survival of the fittest" be applied. If Nova Scotia has need of five colleges they will live. If not, some must be allowed to die, and it would be much better for the friends of such colleges, if they would allow their pet institutions to die gracefully, than to fill the whole Province with their weepings and lamentations, in which the people at large cannot take any part. We expect to see the Government make a thorough revision of our school-system, as this is a matter which needs attention. The common-school education provided for the people should be of the best character. The Academy grants must be looked to as there is a

wide-spread dissatisfaction over the manner in which they are apportioned. From all these points of view we shall watch the action of the Legislature with interest.

IT ill becomes Dalhousie in these the days of her comparative prosperity, to forget those who put the College on a sound basis, and gave it a more than Provincial name.—England does not forget her illustrious dead—all over the land memorials are erected to them. For these reasons it seems to us that what little we have here to say should be listened to and acted upon by the Alumni of this College. James DeMille laboured in Dalhousie for years—with what success all old students can testify. Nor is he remembered merely for the utilitarian—if we may so speak—gain they received from him. His influence will never be lost on those who came in contact with that "fund of modest, genial, scholarly, refined, Christian manhood." Therefore it is that it seems unexplainable why the authorities have never done anything to perpetuate his memory. We suggest that some steps be taken in the matter at once. The columns of the GAZETTE will be open to any who have suggestions to make on the subject.

WE thank the Montreal *Witness* for the following kindly notice of our College:

"Dalhousie College has long been one of the chief fountain-heads of a liberal education in Nova Scotia, that perhaps has more academic and collegiate institutions in an efficient state than any country of its population. The traditions of Dalhousie are mainly Presbyterian, and that Church provides officially for a goodly proportion of her support, for the sake of the arts course that the students of the affiliated Presbyterian seminary usually take from her. Yet Dalhousie is no more a denominational institution than McGill, and her students have carried off high honors in German and English Universities in late years, and many secured professional chairs in Great Britain, the United States and the Upper Provinces. Repeated acts of munificence to Dalhousie College by Mr. George Munro, a native of Nova Scotia, who has amassed wealth as a publisher in New York, have very much improved her position, and her influence will doubtless be more marked in the future than in the past."

WHAT part of speech is kissing?—It is a conjunction.

OUR SLEIGH-DRIVE.

SURELY the gods have determined to smile upon Dalhousie and prosper her in all that she doeth. Even that fiery divinity that works his team from east to west in the course of twelve hours or thereabouts, but who at times is singularly and disagreeably modest about revealing his operations to the public, even this fellow, I say, condescended to favor us with the light of his countenance at the season when we most desired it. Though our hearts were stoutly set to go through with the drive, come what might, we were none the less highly relieved when the rubicund visage of old Sol smiled cordially on the earth, and not a shred of his customary veil was to be discerned even on the edge of the horizon. A mighty mustering of the gown was the outcome of this favorable condition of the weather, as the fine day seemed to determine all the wavering minds upon celebrating the occasion in the most appropriate fashion. By two in the afternoon a most convivial crowd was anxiously expecting the arrival of the teams, on the steps and platform in front of the College. There is an ordinance in this institution, that discourages the evil habit of smoking about the halls, but in virtue of the holiday, (which was regarded as extending even to the laws and regulations here current,) pipes, cigars, cheroots, cigarettes, were vieing with each other in pouring forth volumes of smoke. Presently, with great jingle of bells and prancing of steeds, the teams put in their appearance—three in number. Their advent is the signal for a vigorous scramble for places; for you must know that we numbered something over fifty strong, and the unlucky wight that gets in last on such occasions has to be content with the edge of the seat at the tail of the sleigh, and for a drive of fourteen miles that is not the most comfortable place in the world. However, all seem to be very well united on this occasion, to judge by the jovial appearance of their countenances and the mighty shout they raised as the drivers tightened the reins. Before we took the road proper, we passed through town, with what exact purpose I cannot discover, unless, in view of the execrable singing, it was an act of pure malignity. But our business does

not lie in the city, and we are presently bowling along the Quinpool Road in the direction of the Arm, leaving everywhere a haze of tobacco-smoke.

The scenery on the way to Wilson's is not very grand in winter, and whether or no, we would not have paid much attention to it. We spin yarns, sing songs, play cards, everything but look at the scenery. The day proved like some of the sex we have read of, (never met any) very fair, but decidedly cold, and we were glad enough to alight at mine host's comfortable quarters and betake ourselves to fumigation and the other amusements we have mentioned under more favorable circumstances. We even essayed a dance in the fulness of our spirit, but this venture was not a very decided success for obvious reasons—except in the case of a Highland fling in which the force of the "obvious reasons" was not felt. Our host did not delay dinner long, and we soon find ourselves seated in the comfortable dining hall, plying the inner man with the viands set before us. During the process nothing remarkable was observable, except perhaps, the extraordinary contortions of the carvers in their frantic haste to secure a mouthful for themselves. Presently the Chairman gets on his feet, requests a little less noise, and opens the toasts by proposing "George Munro." We might here remark that a telegram was sent to Mr. Munro just before sitting down to dinner, informing him that the Students were celebrating the day in his honor. The toasts were now drunk, and speechifying went gayly on (and not bad speechifying either, was some of it). These are the toasts:—

	Proposed by.	Responded by.
George Munro.....	Chairman.....	Cahan.
Gov.-General and other Benefactors.....	Farneaux.....	Murray.
Professors.....	Dickie.....	Mellish.
Alma Mater.....	F. Coffin.....	Jones.
Ladies.....	McColl.....	Knowles.
Guests.....	W. B. Taylor.....	Hendry.
Graduates.....	E. McDonald.....	Mellish.
Medicals.....	Bell.....	Knowles.
Seniors.....	Gammell.....	Bell.
Juniors.....	Langille.....	Murray.
Sophomores.....	McKay.....	Gammell.
Freshmen.....	F. Coffin.....	Nicholson.
Press.....	Martin.....	Langille.
General Students.....	Chairman.....	J. Blair.
Sister Colleges.....	D. Stewart.....	
Our Host.....	McCo'l.....	

Next Merry Meeting.

After dinner the music and games were vigorously resumed, and a roaring time passed till ten o'clock, when we bade adieu to our host. The night was amazingly fine, but sharp, and on the whole the Company was rather subdued on its return, save one or two irrepressibles that were determined to keep it up till the last, chorusing away at the fullest extent of their lungs. The "living lyres," (*vide* some recent college journal) helped to beguile the midnight hour, and on the whole we were a comfortable company. Good humor was maintained by all parties throughout the day, and on our arrival in town on Saturday morning (early) we parted very well satisfied with ourselves, the drive and everybody.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

The library has been the subject of more than one article during the present session. But at the risk of tiring your readers I must again refer to it. Many of the students, unable to derive profit from the College Library, are driven to seek the required information in the Provincial one. Of late such regulations have been with regard to this latter institution, as to render it of much less value to the seeker after knowledge than formerly. The propriety of this is not properly a subject for discussion by a student. But this I will say, that owing to the above mentioned changes, it becomes more than ever necessary to look after our own library. It affords no facilities for reference, for the reason that it is never open long enough at a time. Since there is no catalogue a student must perforce do a great deal of seeking before he hits on the desired book. Then again it might be of advantage to many to add some of the encyclopædias such as the Britannica, &c. With a little energy these latter could soon be procured. I fail to see how it is that this matter has been neglected till now. All our text books are full of references to such works as the Eucyc. Britt., and yet the student to have a look at this work has to trot to the Provincial Library, where at best he is but an intruder. I offer these suggestions in no mood of carping criticism. I in

common with many others have been inconvenienced by the deficiency of our library in this respect, and now that we are in a manner shut off from the legislative library, my remarks, I trust, may not be deemed out of place.

Yours, &c.,
STUDENT.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE 'Varsity has again turned up after a prolonged absence.

THE students at McGill, so says the *Gazette*, have organized a Glee Club. When is Dalhousie going to fall into line in this matter?

THE *Morrin College Review* has been enlarged although only in its second number.

THE *Wollestook Gazette* twits us on not having a College poet. Well, it is a misfortune, we admit. Will the *Gazette* lend us its "machine," so that we may devote a portion of our space to what it calls "that noble branch of literature." Then we should be able to present to our readers such choice verses as the following:

"How often still in memory I tread,
Thy sylvan slopes, magnificent Green Head,
And catch the scene which bursts upon my view
When, passed at length, the cedar avenue;"

"Adown the stream, in swift succession go,
The gilded steamer and the bark canoe,"

"From Sutton's mill there comes a mellow'd tone—&c."

RECEIVED: *Queen's College Journal*, *Beacon*, *Niagara Index*, and *Academician*.

ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

SEE another column for an account of the sleigh-drive.

DR. SCHURMAN lectured in St. John, N. B., on Monday evening, Jan. 22nd. Subject, "Milton, the Genius of English Puritanism." The Press speaks very highly of it.

On dit that owing to the expected increase of students the "feed-store" is to share the fate of the "brewery-vault." There is another horrible rumor afloat to the effect that the Janitor is to be evicted and a shanty erected for him on the flag-stones in front of the College. Who will dare to say then that we need a new building.

It is understood that the three tutorships lately founded by George Munro, are each to be of the annual value of \$1,000.

THE following is the clause of the late Alex. McLeod's will, which refers to Dalhousie :

"All the residue of my estate I give and bequeath to the Governors of Dalhousie College or University in the City of Halifax, in trust that the same shall be invested and form a fund to be called McLeod's University Fund, and the interest and income of which shall be applied to the endowment of three or more professorial chairs in said College, as they may deem proper, but this bequest is made upon these conditions, viz., that if at any time the said College or University should cease to exist or be closed for two years, or be made a sectarian college, then and in any such case the said fund and all accumulations thereof, shall go to the said Synod of Maritime Provinces of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, to be used for the purposes of higher education in connection with the said Synod, and it is further stipulated that no part of this fund shall ever be used either by the said Governors of Dalhousie College, or by the said Synod as a collateral security under any circumstances whatever."

It is hoped that the residue will be at least \$100,000.

SODALES.—This society having resolved itself into a mock Parliament the first meeting in its new character was held on Friday evening, January 12th. The Government, lead by McColl, brought in a bill to establish "Compulsory Education." The Opposition, while not squarely against the measure, brought in an amendment looking to the gradual accomplishment of that object. The issue being fairly raised a most animated debate ensued. On the one hand McColl, Gammell and E. M. McDonald, contended that the country was ripe for such a bill; on the other, Murray, Cahan and Nicholson vigorously protested against forcing such a measure on an unwilling people. Innumerable were the discussions on points of order, and the Speaker had no easy task in quieting a discussion which at times proved as noisy as those in which real, live representatives engage. On the vote being taken it was found that the Government was sustained by a majority of one. A reconsideration was now proposed and promptly voted down. Some one urged that a re-reconsideration be had on the ground of irregularities in the voting, but this was too much and the Speaker promptly ruled the motion out of order. We might say here

that Sodales has discovered just the thing to quicken interest in debates. Not during this session was there shown such an interest in the subject. And we feel sure that if good questions are chosen the "Parliament" will be the success of the session.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

QUEEN'S College, Kingston, added upwards of 400 books and pamphlets to her library since May 1882.

THE famous William and Mary College, Williamsburg, has passed away at last. Last year there was one student, now there is none.

OVER \$70,000,000 have been given by individual donations to various colleges in the United States within the last ten years.

CAMBRIDGE and Oxford have an income of \$1,000,000 each, and each student's expenses for the six months of the academic year amount to from six hundred to one thousand dollars.

MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY founded in 1854 has now an income of £18,193. The number of graduates is upwards of 650. In 1880 the number of students was as follows: Arts, 73; Law, 52; Engineering, 35; Medicine, 141; total, 301.

AN item recently stated the number of students in the University of Berlin as over 2,000. It should be borne in mind that these 2,000 students are graduates of colleges, a collegiate course being a prerequisite for admission to a German University.

THE University of Michigan has had a valuable accession to its library in the shape of a gift of 750 volumes, of which 475 are Shakesperian-text, 200 Shakesperiana, and 75 on 'The Drama.' The text-books range over a period of two hundred years, the oldest being a 'Fourth Folio of 1685.'

THE students of Aberdeen have had a most successful riot; the most riotous in fact, the police think, that has taken place in the town for a quarter of a century. The occasion was the inauguration of the Lord Rector of the University, Dr. Alexander Bain. A pledge having been exacted from the students that they would keep the peace, Dr. Bain felt justified in preparing his discourse. Apparently the students repented them of their promise, for, as the report goes, they "marched in a body from the University, headed by itinerant musicians, pelting the people in the street with peas and stones, and singing

ribald songs." But this was only the overture. The real performance began when the hall was reached. An announcement that war had been declared had been received beforehand, and the door was barricaded and guarded by stalwart porters full of academic martial spirit. But the students were not disorganized by these preparations. The doors were smashed as well as the porters, and the rabble, rushing into the building, terrified the guests who thronged the galleries. Then followed a scene over which the Scotch papers are eloquent. Everything that was capable of being broken was broken, peas were discharged in clouds, and the visitors were hospitably set fire to with squibs. At this crisis the Lord Rector appeared upon the scene, but in no wise awed the assembly. Finally he resigned the hope of delivering himself, and, like a sensible man, walked out, accompanied by the members of the Senate. The victory was celebrated by another *feu de joie* of crackers and peas. The students then formed in procession and marched through the streets of the town, shouting and insulting the passers-by. This Scotch University has earned a bad name, which in soberer moments its students must themselves most of all regret.

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.

MORE turkey!!!

ABIDE by the Speaker's ruling.

WHAT was the matter with the Bursary man who proposed the toast of *Rex Victoria*?

WHO was fortunate enough to get in the Committee's sleigh?

SOME of the Freshmen already have that shadowy appearance peculiar to the "plugger."

ARE those Sophs., Juniors, and Seniors, taking a special course in English, or are they —?

REMEMBER that there may be a vital difference between play and horse-play.

THE Freshmen gave a sigh of relief on the day they finished *Romeo and Juliet*. The continued stain on their emotions was too much for them.

THE Seniors have hung up their picture in the reading-room. Some of the Freshmen never fancied that those men were Seniors until they saw the picture. They thought that they were B. A.'s taking a post-graduate course.

POSITIVELY for the first time this session the Students had an old-time scrimmage in the halls. There is hope yet. But, seriously, Students should not mistake a Prof. for one of themselves.

SOME Students hardly feel like thanking that well-meaning individual who, in his verdancy, caused the infliction upon the English class of those rules in Shakespearian scansion.

Two young ladies' tender bosoms have been violently agitated by the following difficult but interesting problem:—A student was seen through a hole in a window-blind, about 9 o'clock, p. m., diligently stitching—what! O what was it? Was it patch work, or a baby's shirt? Will that student please rise and explain?

PREPARING for Exam. or for Convocation, which? The following is a specimen of the notes taken by one of the English Literature Class:—

"Spangles, Fringe, Beads, Net, Shoes, Wiggin, Ear-rings, Trimming for skirt, Buttons (gold, crystal-glass). Gloves (undressed kid). Blue simarre."

PERSONALS.

C. D. MACDONALD, B. A., '73, is editor of the *Pictou News*, a paper published in the Liberal interest.

WE are sorry to learn that F. J. COFFIN of the Second Year is ill with typhoid fever. The Students join us in wishing that he may be speedily restored to complete health.

WE notice that REV. J. C. HERDMAN, B. A., B. D., of Campbellton, N. B., is contributing a series of interesting "Sketches in Restigouche History" to the *St. John Sun*.

SAD to say death has laid its heavy hand on more than one of our graduates. Besides those mentioned in a previous issue, J. H. MCDONALD, B. A., '67, has been called away to a better land. On the night of May 6th, at his residence in Shelburne, he burst a blood vessel,

"And death came soon and swift
And pangless; for death to him was happiness."

Long will his memory be green in the hearts of his host of friends.

DALHOUSIE BOYS IN POLITICS.—At the elections last year, more than a few Dalhousians occupied very prominent places. Among those thus distinguished we may mention the following:—W. S. FIELDING, the young and talented M. P. P. for Halifax is, if we mistake not, the same who attended classes in Dalhousie some years ago. C. H. TUPPER, M. P. for Pictou, is a

prominent member of our Alumni, and also took some special classes at this institution. DR. BETHUNE, M. D., '75, candidate for House of Commons for Victoria Co., C. B., has been for three years Warden of that County. D. C. MARTIN, who was elected to the P. E. I. House of Assembly, spent three years within our classic halls, but never returned to complete his course. F. A. LAURENCE, who contested Colchester Co. in the interests of the Liberal party, is also a Dalhousie boy, of whom we may well be proud.

CLIPPINGS.

WHAT was Joan of Arc made of?—She was "Maid of Orleans."

A YOUNG man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends, calls them his hair-breadth escapes.

AN amateur editor has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief after reading one of his editorials, and left him \$150,000.

STUDENT to Professor in Chemistry—"How is it Professor that living toads are sometimes found in the heart of a solid rock?" Second student—"By cutting the rock open."

"DID Mr. B—— call in my absence, John?"
"No mum! but Mr. Thank Heavens did, least-ways when I told him you were out, and asked him what name to give you he said kind of of low like, 'Missed her, thank heavens!'"

"VIOLET, dearest, do you play that tune often?" asked Hugh Montessor of his affianced.
"Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.—

MR.——(reading Virgil): 'Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and'—
'that's as far as I got, Professor.'

Professor: 'Well, Mr.——, I think that was quite far enough.'

LECTURE upon the rhinoceros. Professor: "I must beg you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."

WHEN Oscar Wilde saw Niagara Falls he exclaimed: 'Bulk, but no beauty.' When a little Detroit boy first saw the sublime cataract he solemnly whispered: 'Mamma, I feel like taking my hat off to God.' That is the difference between embryo idiocy and embryo manhood.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

George Munro, Esqr., \$5; Rev. J. D. McGillivray, Rev. Archibald Gunn, Rev. James Fitzpatrick, B. A., James McLean, Esqr., J. P. McLeod, Dugald Stewart, A. W. Thompson, S. A. Morton, N. F. McKay, D. A. Murray, H. S. Freeman, D. H. McKenzie, John Calder, E. C. McKay, A. Nicholson, J. G. Potter, James Ross, R. D. Ross, W. L. McRae, Frank Jones, W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Humphrey Mellish, B. A., G. S. Carson, B. A., J. A. McKenzie, B. A., A. G. Cameron, B. Sc., Alfred Logan—\$1 each.

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Payments to be made to Henry Dickie, Financial Secretary, Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., and all communications to be addressed to *Editors "Dalhousie Gazette," Halifax, N. S.* Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

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