

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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## FICTION AND TRUTH.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Ask the crowds that are swayed by the name of poet, statesman, warrior, or orator. Is there not much in the names Milton, Wellington, Napoleon, Gladstone, Spurgeon? Some may say there is nothing in the name itself, which we grant, but are there not linked with each of these names associations that like telegraph wires flash the magic influences of these names, the times and events they embody, far and wide? Does not the very name *Milton*, by the associations connected therewith, rouse the Englishman? Has the name *Bruce* no power among Scotchmen? What Frenchman will not the name *Napoleon* arouse? There is even in a name a power, due doubtless to associations connected with it, but yet a real power. In the minds of many the words *fiction* and *novel* are synonymous, and stand for everything that is wicked and vile. If a book be introduced into a Puritanic family whose views have, by their very position and style of life, been somewhat narrowed or undeveloped, and it is announced as a *novel*, at once it is tabooed and denounced with holy horror. Yet if the reason be asked, "Why is the book bad?" the answer will probably be, it is not *true*, it is mere *fiction* and not worth reading. But surely there is little cause for this boycotting a word; and though there may be some basis for this prejudice, yet even this will in many cases be found entirely too weak to support the huge fabric of prejudice built upon it, and which prevents the exercise of the higher functions of reason.

What are the relations between fiction and truth? Whence comes the prejudice against

fiction? The latter question may be hard to answer fully, since it is of slow growth, and has been affected by several influences. The root is in the Reformation, and the translation of the English Bible which, for a time, permeated with its influences the whole national life. Meeting as it did an unsatisfied want in the religious life of the people, and supplying the place of a national literature accessible to the bulk of the people, it is not surprising that its influence should be both wide spread and enduring. This *Book*, of which the Reformation was the fruit, was taken as the standard of truth, and as such was the final ground of appeal. Before its authority all else must bow as to the voice of God, and all that seemed to conflict with its teaching was denounced as a lie, the work of the Evil One. Slowly but surely a national literature grew up, and with it a party vastly different in spirit from the older Puritan. Scenes of adventure and danger, of hardship and pleasure at home and abroad, were by this means presented to the minds of men colored with the glamor of poetic clothing, or word-pictures that gave an air of enchantment; tales of the marvelous deeds of giants old and warriors bold appealed to minds for reception in a way which it was hard to resist; witches and fairies both good and bad were not mere creatures of a poet's fancy but had a real existence and a power increased by the natural fear of the unknown. Though an implicit faith was placed in all these tales, there was, nevertheless, a departure from the straight lines of truth. But the mind will not rest satisfied with one or two recitals of such scenes; the taste becomes more and more depraved, and in order to pander to this increasing depravity, a countless host of writers appeared,

relating the wildest scenes, and most improbable events, exciting the taste for the horrible to an unnatural degree.

As the extreme limit of the rebound from the straighter lines of truth was reached, a reaction began, and an inclination to return to the old ways. A party remained at each extreme, and which of the two is more numerous it would be difficult to say. The one party rejects all that bears the name *fiction* or *novel*, without clearly knowing why; the other lives in a world of unreality and restless excitement. Each party will therefore be characterized by certain traits of mind peculiar to these circumstances, and it is an easy matter to distinguish the cool, commonplace, matter-of-fact truth reader, from the giddy, hare-brained, sensational, and sentimental novel reader.

Between these two extremes stands the great moderate or middle class body. In them the lines that divide truth and fiction are blended and so shaded that the two cannot be separated. In this class we find fiction occupies a useful position, though a subordinate one. Here we do not find it wandering away beyond the bounds of the probable in order to pander to the lust for excitement, and while it seeks "to adorn a tale" does not forget "to point a moral," or strive in some way to benefit the inquirer after truth. Nor on the other hand does truth refuse the aid of the covering or colouring of fiction in order to reach the heart. Under the mantle of a pretty story comes God-like truth, covered so that no eye is dazzled by the clear shining of its countenance, but yet not so covered as to be lost in the covering. The mad fancy of the poet, the musical sounds of words aptly combined, the suggestive figure, all act as aids in fixing on the mind great thoughts that without this paint and varnish would offend and be in danger of utter rejection, or a sudden lapse into forgetfulness.

In this union of truth and fiction we have the possibilities of a great literature; possibilities partially realized in the works of poets, historians, and novelists,—for I am not of that class which would wholly condemn the use of novels, nor of that which would exalt them into undue prominence,—partially to be realized in the promise of

the future. There is not room in a short article like this to dilate on the beauties arising from this combination of fiction and reality in the realms of poetry and history; nor is it needful: for no reader of poetry or history can fail to see and appreciate this combination. What lover, or even reader of Shakespeare does not see and admire this union which lends such a charm to his works. Prince Hal, afterwards King Henry V., has a real interest for us as an historic character, but how little interest should we feel in him were it not for the Prince Hal at Eastcheap, attracted by the wit of that "tun of flesh" Falstaff. But the Prince in that position and the *great* magnet are mere fictions; yet who would consent to part with them on that account, or would not in their loss be deprived of that which could never be replaced by bald truth? How vastly different the story of the fall of man as told in "Genesis" and in "Paradise Lost!" yet who would deprive that poem of its clothing of fiction? But it is not to this union, as set forth in the poetry and history which we possess at the present day, that I would call attention, but in *novels*, the peculiar product of the nineteenth century. I know that some will be ready at once to cry out against this, and ask "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" but even these will, I think, find just such a union in that volume to which they appeal. For, I would ask, is not the story of the man who fell among thieves on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho a fiction? And does it not come from the lips of Him who says "I am the Truth?"

But passing by these objections let us proceed to show how this union acts in this species of composition. I will take but one example, viz., *St. Elmo*. Here we have a novel of the type that will afford excitement to the sensational mind, but will at the same time produce a good effect even on such a mind, if it be not dead to all good influences. Great, noble characters always make their influence felt, and in this hero and heroine we have truly great characters represented, nor are their influences on the minds of readers less because they never lived. He with strength of character, born to command, noble, unwilling to stoop to mean artifices, clever,

learned, generous, endowed with just such qualities of mind and body as recommend him to the good graces of his fellow-men who rank as the nobles of the land. She a worthy counterpart of a noble ideal, beautiful without vanity, affectionate without folly, learned without pedantry, to whose mind the thought of evil is a wound, and is worthy of all honor and respect. In the union of these fictitious characters and the great principles that govern mankind and show the capabilities of the human soul, we have truth not only represented to the mind, but by means of fiction actually fixed there, and who is he that will deny the benefits arising from this truth?

But some object again,—these characters are ideal, and we do not meet them in every day life! But does this fact render us incapable of appreciating their beauty, or nullify their good effects? It is only by the contemplation of what is high that we rise to higher levels; and they who have no such ideals will never rise to be the great and the good. Even though the characters are ideal, yet no one can say that they are unattainable, nor can we rise from contact with such characters, even though we meet them in the pages of a *novel*, without receiving benefit. Of course there are evils naturally inherent in this *union* of fiction and truth which we must guard against, but of these we have not space to treat here.

In conclusion a word to readers of the *GAZETTE*:—some may aspire to present their thoughts in after life to the world by means of Literature, and will probably be compelled to employ this *union*; then will the poet's advice come home, and the gravity of the responsibility resting on an author should therefore compel him to aim ever at making fiction serve as handmaid to truth, and never reverse the order, for:—

"Thou art an Author, and thy brain, perchance,  
Still busy, breedeth books. Ah pause awhile,  
And think on the responsibilities  
Of him who wields the pen. A multitude  
May sit them at thy feet to read thy book;  
Th' unborn will be thy readers: thou may'st aid  
To form th' opinions of a continent,  
The lore and maxims of a hemisphere.

Thy words may rouse to action error, truth,  
Oppression, freedom, knowledge, bigotry;  
Thou may'st unchain the brute, the fiend, in men,  
Or beckon down the angel; may'st amuse  
The weary house, or dry the mourner's tear,  
Spur on the upward and aspiring soul,  
And lash the false and wrong. Lay down awhile  
Thy pen, if lightly thou would'st dare to write,  
Curb thy thick-rising fancies, rein thy skill,  
For every thought the press will petrify,  
And books are well-springs of vast influence."

#### OUR LECTURE COURSE.

The second of the course of lectures under the auspices of our Students was delivered in the Academy of Music on the 8th ult., by Prof. Wilson. Notwithstanding several unfavorable circumstances, a good sized audience greeted the lecturer, and it was rewarded by a rare literary treat. The lecture, under the title of "Mask and Music," was a complete analysis of a Greek tragedy—the *Ajax* of Sophocles—and a masterly description of the appearance of the Greek theatre during the representation of the play. To repeople the ruined temple of Dionysus with an animated throng of ancient Athenians; to revive upon the Greek stage the mighty heroes of Greek tragedy is, in itself, a task demanding talents and scholarship of no common order. But to excite the interest of a popular audience in such a subject is a feat requiring talents greater still; and we can pay no higher tribute to the abilities of the learned lecturer than to state that partly by the introduction of an ingenious plot, partly by his vivid word-pictures and his rich and copious diction, for upwards of an hour and a half he chained the attention of his listeners. The abstract of the lecture which we present to our readers is taken from the *Evening Mail* of this city:—

"The theme was introduced in this wise: The lecturer represented himself as having been in his Student days spending a vacation in some almost deserted New England town, where his only acquaintance was an ingenious Yankee doctor with a taste for the Greek drama, a room with classic surroundings, and an automatic flute which turned out to have supernatural power. Many days of a laborious vacation had been spent over this play of Sophocles, until the student could parse every word and scan every line. He had thoroughly gotten it up, as far as study and a pony could do it, but after all found it as dry as

a sermon. So he told the doctor, who admitted that a Greek play in modern times was dull enough. Whereupon the doctor proceeded to point out how the play must necessarily be dull, and compared it with the Latin service book which ordinarily is exceedingly dry, but when the service is conducted in the grand cathedral, with the impressive surroundings, the wonderful music, the clouds of incense, the throngs of worshippers kneeling in adoration, it was grand even to sublimity. So with the Greek play, the theatre was the church of these people. The gods of the Acropolis were near at hand. The people came to play as Christians went to worship, and took the lessons taught them more to heart than do most church-goers the words spoken from the pulpit. Sophocles knew his countrymen. He himself, with his common sense, mingled with wit and high genius, knew the typical Greek. There was Achilles, quick of thought and foot, awakening pity by his untimely death; Hector, domestic and pious, fighting to the death for his wife and child, caring well for the strange woman who had brought disaster and ruin on the city; but, more striking than all, Ajax, lovely, tall and strong, conquering by sullen resistance—the bulwark of the Greeks. With dogged determination he presents his claim to the arms of dead Achilles, which Ulysses also demands. The irony of Sophocles makes this great proud Ajax under a strong delusion which Athene brings upon him, go out to wreak his fury upon his enemies, for which he mistakes the sheep and cattle in the neighbouring fields. When he has dragged home in triumph his ignoble spoil and has his eyes opened and sees with shame what he has done, the play of Ajax opens. All this from the Yankee doctor, whose magic flute pipes up, and who offers the student a glass of Lesbian wine such as Sappho drank, and under the spell the student finds himself transferred to the mild climes of Greece, where he sees the blue sky above, and hears the song of the Cicada below. Behind him are the blue waves of Salamis; before him the city of Athens with its clustering temples on their limestone hill. Through the stately gates of the Acropolis, past altars and statues and slabs, inscribed with the great doings of the dead of old, near a stately sculptured representation of Athene the protector of the city, every work of art speaking of a people who through suffering and toil and fierce temptation had found spiritual calm, the student bends his step to the theatre of Dionysus and there sees represented this play of Ajax. Here followed a description of the mighty building with its row over row of seats reaching above to the roofless summit and far down near the stage where sat Miltiades and the honored men of the land. Thirty thousand in all were there, the women by themselves, with their white arms exposed and their beautiful complexion such as showed the Doric blood. Before them all was an immense stage, and nearer still, the orchestra, where the members of the chorus performed their evolutions and sang their parts.

After a pleasing episode where a bird escapes from a boy and flies down alighting on the altar, which the

audience takes as a compliment to Sophocles, himself among the audience, enters a herald gorgeously arrayed, who explains about the play, and then enters Ulysses grand and solemn in his expression, dignified in his walk and in the grace with which his robes adjust itself. At another entrance comes in the divine Athene and they two talk of the humiliation of Ajax who had just finished his slaughter of the flocks and is now outside. The deep sonorous voice of Ulysses replies to the clear bell-like tones of the goddess as she lightly tells of what she has made Ajax do. Then Ajax enters fresh from his miserable expedition, revealing that most pitiful of all sights—the humiliation of a great man. To the inquiries of the goddess he replied in scornful language, telling the whole wretched story of his disgrace. He retires and the clear tones of Athene ring through the vast edifice as she declares the moral that the proud man who fears not the Gods must be brought low. Lear amid his misfortunes is every inch a king. Hamlet oppressed with the burden of a duty which he had not the resolution to perform is everywhere a poet and a scholar. But the mighty Ajax has nothing left but to hide himself among the cattle upon which he had made war, or to die a victim to his overwhelming pride. The chorus comes in, fifteen of Ajax's mariners richly dressed, three abreast singing an ode to Ajax, expressing the hope that he had not been such a fool as to make war on the sheep. Turning back at the altar in the centre of the orchestra they change the measure of their lines and seem to fear that some angry deity has indeed deluded the great man. The wife of Ajax hereupon comes on the stage and tells the truth, and how he is overcome with remorse and shame. Behind the curtains Ajax calls for his son and his brother. He enters downcast and humiliated, addresses the chorus and says he will die after a dialogue with his wife and the chorus, he again retires to his tent, while the chorus sadly tells of the lonely home of Ajax, and of his father Telemachus awaiting his son. Later, the audience is roused to a wild burst of enthusiasm, as Ajax returns and acknowledges the justice of the gods and tells how his sufferings have taught him wisdom and discretion, and that he will now bury his blood-stained sword and his own sorrow and seek a purified life. At this the pious audience shouts its applause and the chorus breaks forth in a peal of exultation. Then the play hastens on till Ajax, having taken his child in his arms and blessed him in a touching address, retires to the sea shore, where he falls upon his sword and dies a death approved by the Greeks, having bade farewell to the sun, whom he requests to stop his chariot and tell his friends in Salamis of all that had happened. Such is the outline of the lecture. But the chaste language and beautiful periods of the lecturer cannot be represented in a brief sketch. There was a vein of humor in what may be called the plot, and the whole was a most ingenious and successful manner of presenting to a modern audience the setting of a Greek play.

Mayor Mackintosh, who presided, expressed the thanks of the audience, which were fittingly acknowledged by the learned lecturer.

### COLLEGE NEWS.

An addition has lately been made to the Gymnasium apparatus, in the shape of a vaulting-horse. The classes, all things considered, are still fairly attended.

At the recent Exam. in Psychology, the highest marks were made by Buchanan, Frazer, H. C. Shaw, and Sutherland.

REV. DR. MACRAE'S Lecture—the third of the Dalhousie course—takes place in the Masonic Hall, on Monday, the 9th inst. Subject: "The relation of science to thought and fact during the past century." The Lecturer is characterized by the *Mail* of this city as "a man of scholarly instincts and thoughtfulness;" and the *St. John Globe* in speaking of the lecture (which was recently delivered in that city) says that "it was listened to with rapt attention by the largest audience present at any of the lectures during the present season." We hope that a full house will greet Dr. MacRae.

"Hear the sledges with their bells—silver bells,  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

In such words did a student give vent to his anticipation on "Munro Day," as the sleighs which were to convey us to Bedford, drove up to the College. And his anticipation was realized too, if we are to credit the opinions heard on the home trip—"The one successful event of the session!" "Anyone that didn't enjoy himself has only himself to blame?" &c., &c., &c.

### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

THE U. S. Geological Survey has just published, as their sixth bulletin, "Elevations in the Dominion of Canada," by J. W. Spencer, Prof. of Geology at Columbia University, Mo., late Vice-President of King's College, Windsor, N. S. During his studies of Lake Ontario, Professor Spencer collected the altitudes along all the Canadian railways constructed up to 1882; and these are now published in convenient form. The tables occupy 33 octavo pages.—*Science*.

At the second Annual Convention of the Modern Languages Association of America, held at Columbia College on the 29th and 30th Dec., the following were among the questions discussed:—How far should the latest scientific results be embodied in the Text-books? What place has old English Philosophy in our Elementary Schools? Would it be desirable to allow the substitution of one modern instead of one ancient

language for admission to College? What amount of modern language study should be regarded as an equivalent for Greek? To what extent should purely scientific grammar enter in the instruction of ordinary College classes?

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE is an institution for women, founded in Philadelphia by the late Dr. J. W. Taylor. Dr. Taylor began the erection of the building in 1879, and died in 1880, leaving the College \$800,000. The Trustees are to be members of the Society of Friends, but the students may be of any denomination, and their religious beliefs are to be respected. By provision of Dr. Taylor's will the College is not to be named after him, but the main building is to be called Taylor Hall. It is to contain rooms for Chemical, Zoological and Botanical Laboratories, a library and reading room, an assembly room. A second building will contain dormitories. A well-equipped gymnasium is also to be erected. The total cost of buildings will be about \$200,000. The College will be one of a high grade. The "group system" of studies, as followed at Johns Hopkins University is to be adopted. There are to be five Fellowships, tenable by Graduates of any College who have distinguished themselves in one or other of the following subjects: Greek, English, Mathematics, History and Biology. An Annual Scholarship of \$500 will be offered to Bryn Mawr Graduates. The following appointments have already been made to the staff: Dr. J. E. Rhodes, President; Dr. M. Carey Thomas, Prof. of English; Emily L. Gregory, LL. B., Associate Prof. of Botany; Dr. E. B. Wilson, Associate Prof. of Biology; Charlotte A. Scott, B. Sc., (Lond.), Associate Prof. of Mathematics.

SOME fellows think that all the bliss  
Is taken by one little kiss,  
And never stop to linger, when  
They might as well have nine or ten.

Now take advice, all you young men,  
Whene'er you get the chance again,  
Just take as many as you can,  
Then She will think you are a man.

And if she is not satisfied,  
Just draw her closer to your side;  
Kiss her till you raise a blister,  
Then go and try it on her sister.—*Ex.*

"Only a summer flirtation, brother?  
Ah! but remember, for manhood's sake,  
What's sport to you may be death to another;  
Some women have hearts, and hearts may break."  
—*Univ. Magazine*

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 6, 1885

EDITORS.

I. GAMMELL, '85.	J. F. SMITH, '86.
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D. STEWART, '86.	} <i>Financial Editors.</i>
N. F. MACKAY, '86.	

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THE recent advance which the cause of higher education has taken in Ontario cannot fail to gladden every true Canadian heart. Nor are all the good effects of such a movement confined to our sister Province, for its life-giving force throbs and pulsates through the educational centres of these Provinces by the Sea. The denominations of the Upper Provinces have given to their brethren in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island a noble example which, if it lead them to go and do likewise, will be the harbinger of a marvelous progress in our higher educational interests. Nor in saying that the time has gone by when a half dozen small, inadequately equipped Colleges, with a necessarily limited attendance, can best advance those interests, do we in any way presume to do injustice to their friends and supporters, much less to the denominational interests which they have so long represented. Any impartial observer who has gazed upon those splendid buildings erected at Wolfville, Kings or Sackville, cannot but have felt his heart glow with admiration for the noble men and women who exerted their most strenuous efforts, and made great personal sacrifices in rearing these enduring monuments to their enthusiastic devotion to the cause of sectarian education. But

that time, we regret, has passed away. Already no small per cent. of our students are found in the Upper Provinces or in neighboring Republic seeking those educational advantages which we have failed to provide. The time has come for men and women of all denominations to take a much higher stand and heartily unite in providing a grand central University, so generously endowed, and so adequately equipped that in Arts and Science, Medicine and Law, it shall stand second to none in this fair Dominion. Then surrounding it with their Theological Halls they will be in a most excellent position to advance non-sectarian as well as sectarian-theological education.

The leaders of the various denominations in Ontario have given their support to this policy of Confederation, and the people of these Provinces will not be slow to follow in their footsteps. Already Kings and Dalhousie are paving the way for such a "consumation devoutly to be wished," and from the sentiments which the Principal of Mt. Allison has recently expressed in the public press, it is apparent that the most thoughtful supporters of that University are not unfavorably disposed toward a federation of our Maritime Universities.

DURING the last few years the GAZETTE has frequently brought to the notice of the faculty and of the students the desirability of lengthening the college term, and opinions pro and con have been expressed. The subject has not previously been brought before the students this winter, and this occasion is very opportune. The general opinion in the college seems to go very strongly in favor of lengthening, and the action of the Senate in looking forward to 1887 as the beginning of the lengthened term is approved. But there are dissenting voices and, like every other measure of reform, it will be opposed by the conservative party. Why? Are there any reasons which would weigh heavily against the measure? We are inclined to think that the objections are not serious enough to retain the college under the present disadvantageous method of working. We have all faith in the prudence ability, zeal, and wisdom of the

ruling powers, and believe they will lengthen it from a sincere conviction that it will benefit the institution. But let us weigh some of the more prominent objections. One is that the work in the various classes is now a grievous burden, and if two months more of such work were added, no student could get through it. But does a lengthened term mean an increase in the amount of work to be gone over, or does it mean longer time devoted to the same work? If the former, we would raise dissenting voices, since we believe that the curriculum of Dalhousie is already sufficiently high. But if the latter, does not the wisdom of the measure at once recommend itself to every student? We sit in class for an hour, strain ear and eye to catch and understand a problem in mathematics, metaphysics or history, while our nimble fingers with almost lightning speed strive to fix that truth by means of notes. The hour is past; and the problem that may have required months of labor and research on the part of master minds is passed over as if the student were a genius who could grasp and master it at once. Now a lengthened term would enable the student to take in and master the work given, simply because he would not be so hurried, and by giving him leisure for reading and reflection on the subject. Then the work of examination would not be a test of who can best "plug up" for the occasion, but who can make and has made himself proficient. Another objection is the summer work. Scarcely have the exams. in the spring passed before the entrance exams. of the next year loom up. But we believe that the wisdom of the faculty will abolish this pest. Every student would cry a hearty "Amen" to the project of removal, and enter a decided protest against the prospect of its continuance under a lengthened term. But let us not borrow trouble, and while hope gilds the future, we may safely set aside this objection as invalid. The last and perhaps most potent objection is that of expense. Very few of the students now attending Dalhousie have access to a bank when they wish. And though, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Munro, some have received substantial aid, yet to the most needy this aid is unavailable.

The greater amount of knowledge required places those who have to earn their daily bread while preparing for college, in an unfavorable position with regard to the more favored attendants at high schools and academies. On this class the burden of a lengthened term will fall so heavily that either the college education must be given up, or it must be sought in other places. To them the lengthened term means increased expense, and a shorter time given in which to provide the wherewith without increasing facilities for doing so. One sphere of employment will be closed against him, viz.: the public schools, upon which a good many rely. But "Where there's a will there's a way," and in this case as in all other public ones, the greatest good to the greatest number must prevail.

DR. MACRAE will deliver a lecture under the auspices of the Dalhousie students, at Masonic Hall, on Monday evening, February 9th.

GEORGE MUNRO HONORED.

Another year has swiftly fled, another "Munro Day" has come and gone. This time the gods were propitious and did not compel us to postpone the birthday of our benefactor a fortnight through lack of snow for our accustomed drive. It is wonderful how quickly this custom has become an established institution of the College. The Students regard the Munro Holiday as the red letter day of the Session, a time for fun and jollity, a very oasis in the Soudan of plugging that stretches from January to May. It will be remembered that last year the Arts, Law and Medical Students joined in one grand celebration of the day. It seems a great pity that a similar union could not have been effected this year also. For several reasons, however, the Law and Medicals thought the time could be more enjoyably spent by separate drives, and thus the celebration was not on so grand a scale as last year. Representatives were invited from sister colleges, but Mr. Morris Taylor, from King's, was the only one who put in an appearance.

At 2.30 p. m. on Friday, the 30th ult., about sixty Arts students, your reporter among them, tumbled pell-mell into three of Robinson's best four-horse sleighs. A struggle for buffaloes and wraps ensued. Taking a preliminary spin around town, we pass, with accustomed Dalhousie "music," down Barrington to Morris street, up Hollis to George street, then along Barrington, Jacob, Brunswick and Gottingen streets, till we reach Professor MacGregor's residence, which we salute with an enthusiastic yell. Soon the Cotton Factory was passed and we are *en route* for Bedford. And now we meet the keen north wind from the Basin. We pull down our caps, turn up our coat collars, and in our joyous spirits defy old Boreas to do his worst. On we skim past Mount St. Vincent and the Prince's Lodge, now and then measuring our speed with an outward bound train on the adjacent railway, till at last with a whoop and hurrah we dash up to the door of the Clairmont House, Bedford, just one hour and fifteen minutes after bidding good bye to Dalhousie. The proprietor, Mr. Sellon, met us with the hearty welcome of an old Dalhousian to young Dalhousians, and in five minutes all were scattered through the hotel engaging in the various amusements which the house affords. As the hour for dinner approached, a crowd of hungry faces collected around the door of the great hall where the tables were being laden in Sellon's very best style. At 6.30, Gammell took his place at the head of the table, supported on the right by Mr. G. M. Campbell, and on the left by Mr. Morris Taylor, of King's: while Mr. A. S. Mackenzie graced the vice chair. A scene of carnage and consumption followed, which the pen of the reporter is quite unable to describe. Soups, fish, flesh and dainties of all kinds disappear as if by magic. At last the President, with a fatherly regard for the welfare of his companions, ordered a cessation of hostilities and unfolded a lengthy toast list, which was exhausted in the following order:—

1. The Queen, "God bless her," proposed by the Chairman, Mr. Gammell.
2. Alma Mater, proposed by Vice-Chairman A. S. MacKenzie, responded to by R. M. Langille.
3. GEORGE MUNRO and other benefactors, pro-

posed by the Chairman; "For they are jolly good fellows," responded to by C. H. Cahan.

4. The Governors; proposed by W. M. Tufts; responded to by E. MacKay.

5. The Professors; proposed by K. J. Martin; responded to by A. W. Macrae.

6. The Alumni; proposed by N. F. MacKay; responded to by George Campbell, B. A.

7. Our Sister Colleges; proposed by C. H. Cahan, responded to by Mr. Taylor, (King's College.)

8. The College Societies; proposed by A. W. Nicholson; responded to by J. E. Creighton, (Sodales,) and Frank Coffin, (Y. M. C. A.)

9. The Press; proposed by J. W. Mackenzie; responded to by J. C. Shaw.

10. The Ladies; proposed by R. M. Langille; responded to by H. K. Fitzpatrick.

11. Our Jolly Host; proposed by Vice-Chairman; responded to by Mr. Sellon.

12. Our Next Merrie Meeting; proposed by the Chairman. "Auld Lang Syne."

The speeches were exceedingly good, far above the average, we think. They were short, pithy, and did not contain a single apology, and were all well received. The tremendous applause which greeted the Chairman's eulogy of George Munro showed that the Students, in the midst of their fun and jollity, had not forgotten the grand object of the dinner. In the midst of such general excellence it is hard to particularize, but we think praise is especially due to the speeches of G. M. Campbell, E. MacKay and H. K. Fitzpatrick. Of the remarks of the latter in response to "The Ladies," we venture to give an imperfect abstract. Mr. Taylor, in response to "Sister Colleges," said that after a recent discussion in the King's College Literary Society, the students decided by a large majority in favor of consolidation with Dalhousie. Mr. Sellon made a happy speech in acknowledgment of the toast "Our jolly host," and related some amusing experiences of his college days.

After dinner some time was spent in singing and other amusements till our drivers shout "all aboard," and away we speed for Halifax. Our moon-lit journey home was even more enjoyable than the drive out, and we were all heartily sorry when Halifax was reached after a delightful drive of nine miles in one hour and five minutes. Thus ended the Munro Drive and Dinner of '85, unanimously voted by all who participated to

be the most successful and enjoyable that ever took place under the auspices of Dalhousians.

#### NOTES.

A pleasing feature of the celebration was the absence of drinking before, at and after dinner.

MR. MORRIS TAYLOR, of King's, made many friends during his short stay among us.

THE thanks of the Students are due to the management committee for their painstaking in making the celebration as successful as possible.

DURING the Dinner a telegram was sent to George Munro from the Students, wishing him long life and prosperity.

#### RESPONSE TO TOAST OF "LADIES."

Somewhere near the beginning of the first century, A. M., a rib was taken out of Adam's side and placed by his side in the form of a good-looking woman. (A voice:—"How do you know she was good-looking?") she must have been good-looking, for if she were otherwise, it would be unfair for Adam, since he had only one to choose from. I will go further. I will make bold to say that she was the most beautiful woman of her age. She was in fact the reigning belle, a star of the first magnitude, and she ruled supreme over the hearts of all mankind.

But though a leader in Society, the dress of this admirable woman was of the simplest description. She did not bankrupt her husband's purse, by making him buy her a sealskin sacque and other luxuries. I cannot say whether she wore "bangs" or not, but I am positive she did not wear a bustle. She never put on airs: she put on fig leaves. If women nowadays, went back to the good old fashion of fig leaves, it would be an immense saving for their husbands though it would no doubt be apt to create a panic amongst the dry goods merchants and milliners. But as the evening is passing away, I will have to leave *Eve* and proceed with my tale. The next important event in the history of women was their admission into Dalhousie College, but probably some of you have heard of this before, so I need not dwell upon it at length. How refreshing it is to lean our backs

against the wall, whilst with open mouth and beating hearts we stare at the brilliant galaxy of beauty and fashion that passes daily through the halls of Dalhousie. Women are a luxury; they are exceedingly useful; they are a prime necessity. We pride ourselves upon the inventions and discoveries of the nineteenth century but not one of them can compare for a moment with woman. Our forefathers managed to get along in a quiet and easy way without these inventions, but they could not get along without women; or at least if they should, it would be a great loss to us and a matter which I feel sure we would all regret to our dying day. In short if women did not exist in ancient times, I am afraid we would not be able to hold our celebration here to-day, notwithstanding all the efforts of the committee.

The toast before this one was to the "Press;" the one to which I am responding is to "the ladies." Each of these is of prime importance. Think then of the importance of the two put together, which give us this time-honored and pleasant piece of advice, "Press the ladies." And for our encouragement in the performance of this duty, we have some illustrious examples. For the toast list expressly declares that "Geo. Munro and other benefactors" the stately "Governors" and revered "Alumni" and a whole host of other distinguished personages all "Press" "the ladies." But I shall not press this point further, though I should like to impress it upon your minds as it is a matter of *primary* importance. I may state here in order to remove any false impression you may have on the subject, that the ladies of the Maritime Provinces have not delegated me as their official representative at this celebration. The gentleman who represented the governors this evening spoke of his inability to fill their "capacious shoes." Now that is just the way I feel it ought to be to the ladies. I am totally unable to fill their capacious shoes, especially of those who are partial to "dresses" or any higher numbers. The fact that fifty-six young men have just drunk to the health of the ladies argues well for the ladies. To-morrow fifty-six young ladies scattered here and there over the Maritime

Provinces will read that fact with joyful hearts and will accept it as a personal compliment. Allow me then, gentlemen, on behalf of these grateful ladies and of all others of the same sex to thank you heartily for the toast which you have drunk so heartily to their honor.

#### THE LAW SCHOOL SLEIGH RIDE.

Saturday, the 31st of January, was in all respects a day made to order for a sleigh ride. The sky was bright, the roads glassy and the air bracing but not at all too cold.

At about 1.30 p. m. we started from the High School Building. About fifty Students were on hand to make the most of the occasion. All aboard! We start! The foremost sleigh, labelled in large black letters

"THE KING'S OWN,"

with two banners bearing the royal arms and the motto "*concordant nomini facta*," presents an imposing appearance. The second sleigh bore the inscription

"WE'RE MAKING FOR THE BAR."

Lest there should be any misunderstanding as to what *bar* was meant, it will be sufficient to state that the occasion was remarkable for the absence of all spirituous liquors. Such students as patronize the Dalhousie Law School need no artificial stimulus! We drive through the principal streets of the city, varying the sweet music of the "Kazoo" by occasional simultaneous blasts of certain clear-toned silver trumpets, the name of which we have as yet been unable to ascertain.

Arrived at Beach's Hotel, Bedford, in a very appreciative and merry mood, we proceed to engage in the usual amusements—cards, dances, &c.

At six p. m. dinner is announced and, to a man, we show ourselves to be students of great capacity. Then came the toast list. It is needless to particularize; all the speeches were excellent. Of the third year Messrs. Ives and Sedgewick and Mooney spoke in a manner worthy of young professionals; while the chaste and delicate humour of Mr. Wallace in proposing the health of the Ladies, was honored with well-merited applause. Towards the close of the dinner Messrs. Harrington and Sedgewick, Q. C.'s, appeared on the scene, just in time to respond to "The Bench and Bar." Their remarks were witty and such as young hopefuls like to hear. What they said formed a very appropriate supplement to the good advice already given by our distinguished guest, Mr. Alex. McDonald-Bart,

on whose address the effects of hospitality were decidedly marked.

Dinner is over, wonderful to relate—again we trip even a lighter fantastic toe than before the feast. Does food, when eaten, immediately become imponderable?—Ask Alex.

Ten o'clock! A scramble for "duds" and away we go—with only one bare-headed man in the whole crowd. We glide to Halifax like time. \* \* \* Twelve o'clock—and the holy Sabbath morn gently closes the eyelids of fifty Law Students—satisfied and happy.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—In one of your numbers this winter, the fact seemed to be lamented that Editorial matter was crowded out by correspondence. In the next issue, however, an appeal was made for contributions, and I thought that a short account of the Edinburgh University Student's Representative Council might be interesting, hence this communication. If I am mistaken, I take comfort from the knowledge that Editors make use of waste baskets and that uninteresting manuscript can be disposed of in ways that very quietly but very effectively prevent its becoming an infliction on the reading public. Trusting then to the discriminating judgment of your Editors, I write this short letter which may or may not reach your pages.

Edinburgh University has very few arrangements for promoting an *esprit de corps* among her students. Non-residence prevents the close relationship which exists among the Alumni of Oxford and Cambridge. Large classes of four or five hundred are a means rather of keeping students isolated than of bringing them together in every sense except corporeally. The lectures resemble public meetings, where the chances are that you know none of your neighbours and sit in a different company each day.

Hitherto there has been little attempt to counteract the tendency to isolation. There are a number of societies, but in most cases they draw their members from a very limited circle. The Chemical and Mathematical Societies are evidently of little interest to any except Chemists and Mathematicians. The Philosophical Society is probably of greater scope, but even it only embraces a small percentage of the Students. The Liberal and Conservative clubs have a wider range but naturally they are mutually exclusive. The Student's Club is intended, to "encourage social intercourse between Students of all Faculties." The advantages offered are, however, inducements to the minority only.

Such was the state of affairs, when somewhat more than a year ago the idea occurred to a German student (now a graduate) of Edinburgh University, that it would be advisable to form some association of students for the protection of their interests and the advancement of their well being. As a next step, a few friends were invited to discuss the matter, and as an outcome of this discussion a public meeting of students was called—a provisional committee appointed to arrange for an election of representatives to a representative council. The students of each year in the several Faculties form separate constituencies entitled to appoint a certain number of representatives, the number of delegates being in proportion to the size of the constituency. Besides the various Societies of the University are represented by one or more delegates. The total number of representatives during the last year was ninety-seven. The elections are annual.

No sooner was the council formed, than work which brought it into public notice, engaged its attention. This was the arrangement for the Lord Rector's Address. Rectorial Addresses in the Scotch Universities have too often served as opportunities to undergraduates of exercising their muscular powers and showing the strength of their lungs. In such cases the matter of the address itself becomes known alike to students and the outside public by means of the daily papers. On the occasion of Sir Stafford Northcote's address, however, whether owing to the influence of the Representative Council or not, order and quiet reigned, and the council's first public appearance was voted a success.

On future occasions of a similar nature, during the Ter-Centenary celebrations and at the beginning of this session, when the Principal gave his inaugural address, the Council took a prominent part and the students were congratulated on their gentlemanly behaviour as well by the Principal as by the Senators.

The council also, succeeded in making improvements in the Univ. Post Office, a place where formerly letters had an excellent chance of being overlooked or mislaid or lost, but where now the arrangement is such that no difficulty is experienced by a student anxious to see what the postman has brought to himself or his friends.

Social entertainment is to be provided for by a series of concerts of a free and easy style, when the students can walk about and chat with new or old acquaintances. How these concerts will succeed remains to be seen. The first takes place in a few days.

The most important matter undertaken by the council was the establishment of an Edin. Univ. Union. It is proposed to have a building with a large hall for general meetings of the students and a number of smaller rooms for the various Univ. Societies, also reading rooms, refreshment rooms, gymnasium, and other necessaries befitting such an institution. It is fair to say that this Union is not entirely subject to the control of the Representative Council. The committee for the "general organization of the Union" being partially formed of a number of influential gentlemen (professors and others) who have no connection whatever with the Council.

It will be noticed that in Dalhousie the General students, meeting and the Alumni Association do work somewhat similar to that undertaken by the Representative Council here. I do not know whether the publication of a University Journal will ever be undertaken,—hitherto, attempts in that line have failed. The College paper thrive best on the other side of the Atlantic. An election of some of the Representatives for the coming year took place the other day, and I notice in the list the names of two Canadians, Messrs. J. W. Bridges and J. C. Webster.

A matter which will interest your readers, is that yesterday an announcement was made at the University board that Mr. H. B. Pickard had won the "Charles MacLaren" scholarship (Mathematics and Natural Philosophy) open to all graduates in Arts of not more than three years standing who shall have taken honours in Mathematics. The scholarship has a value of one hundred pounds annually and is held for three years. Mr. Pickard is Canadian Gilchrist Scholar for 1880, and has always occupied a high position in London and Edinburgh Examinations.

Jan. 31, 1881.

77 1/2 UNIVERSITY.

#### DALHUSIENSIA.

We wish our correspondents to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students of present standing College, who there are expected to understand its contents.

Who did get that dressing?

MANAGER'S CORNER (b) only for students of lower classes.

Don't trouble her, friend, or like the widow of Robert Ewart she may hang (with) and grow old.

The experienced philosophical writer expounds the union of souls 7 and 10.

The Committee are inquiring about those "no wicked souls?"

The Arts student didn't see much in Cook's lectures: there were no Arts.

Though a Junior's feet are by no means small he fears they cannot fill the governor's "capacious shoes."

THE city attractions were so great that we could not *hire him* to go home during vacation, though we pointed out the *benefits* that would accrue therefrom.

THE fair-haired little junior, in his absence of mind, forgot his overshoes at the Claremont. We understand the proprietor's bill for storage will be heavy.

DUGALD heads the poll on the vote for the man who ate the most turkey. McF. and a freshman were the closest competitors.

"HISTORY repeats itself" mournfully sighs a junior as he went up stairs. "*Time to begin repeating,*" remarked his neighbor.

LOST! Somewhere in the Park on the evening of Sunday, 25th ult, a large-sized *H. K. F.* The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the College.

WERE those notes written in German that passed between our scientific senior and his lady friend in the German class? We'll never tell!

THE ladies of the College think of conferring an honorary degree on one of the seniors—D. F. S., Defender of the Fair Sex. It is *fit (s)* that his gallantry should be rewarded.

WHO borrowed the minister's coat to go to the sleigh drive *this year*? That coat must be getting used to having a *j oyful, j oyful* time as well as a *reverend*!

HISTORY tells us that, in the days of Pythagoras, the Greeks had great reverence for the "*Seniors.*" What a pity it does not tell us also how they felt towards the *Sophs* and *Freshies*!

ONE of our literary juniors spends *tomb* much of his time in Dartmouth. This is a *grave* matter *shrouded* in mystery, and (*a las*) not a thing for (*s*) *coffin (g)*.

ON a steamer the *steward* is supposed to sweep the cabins, which may account for our Freshie assisting the young lady to sweep out our halls every evening between five and six, p. m.

*Equity class.*—*Law Student to his companion:* What would you do if your girl had a crooked nose? *Young Plugger* (thinking it has something to do with the subject), Don't know, 'Spose I'd have to file her bill in Equity.

A FEW nights ago Freshie was at a party and took a violent fancy for a young lady, whom he wished to escort home. He waited patiently till the guests *all is on* the way home, and none left save the young lady. Just before the family retired freshie learned that his charmer intended to spend the night, and had to go home mourning in silence alone.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Aneas Cameron, \$7.00. Rev. J. MacKeen, \$1.25. Governor Richey, Rev. A. Simpson, D. A. Murray, B. A., D. Fleming, A. Nicholson, D. Soloan, Jas. Farquhar, Mrs. C. Thomson, Miss Thomson, John Peters, J. B. McCuish, John R. Noonan \$1.00 each.

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