

J. Smachup

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AN UNAVAILING GHOST HUNT.

FROM my youth I had been haunted with a desire for the exploration of the mysterious. A peep into the arcana of science or of superstition was equally acceptable. The intoxicating thrill of an adventurous spirit more than once ran through my veins as I listened to the Ghost stories of my boyhood. Some how or other, fear never predominated in the emotions aroused by these recitals. Although a Death's Head would at first make me start involuntarily from a picture page, or a well drawn Phantom of air brooding in the midnight heavens, over the unburied remains of a battlefield, reproduce itself in my dreams, yet it struck me forcibly, from a very extensive induction, that the dominion of these "powers of the air," was limited to the rather contemptible office of giving a terrible scare. Bogles, warlock, witches, spunkies and the uneasy spirits of the departed, who roam about the weird long night solely for the purpose of frightening some drowsy or jaded, solitary passenger, began at last to interest me quite strongly. I fancied, that, though like Dr. Hornbook "Todlin' down on Willie's mill, setting his staff wi' a' his skill to keep him sicker."—though, like him, I should see the sight which is described in the lines

"I there wi' something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An' awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-taed leister on the ither,
Lay large and lang."

I would address his ghostship:

"Guid-eeen', quo I; Friend, where ye gaun."

But this fortune I never had. More than once, however, I imagined myself to be in the immediate neighbourhood, as some one addressing his ubiquitous highness says, of

"Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clotie,
Or thou, whatever title suit thee,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brimstone cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!"

and then

"The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each brist'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch staur, quack-quack—
Among the springs,
Awa ye squather'd like a drake,
On whistling wings."

A little experience of this kind effectually brought home upon me the conviction that his sootie grimness was never able to accomplish much of importance "Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion, and on the strong wing'd tempest flyin', tirlin' the kirks," and that his vaunted power could never be

exercised except when "in the human bosom pryin', unseen he lurks;" consequently the prestige of his authority in this sublunar sphere, was for me, everlastingly tarnished and dimmed. But, how—what of those spirits which walk the earth under the pale moon's rays, or in the black obscure,—those ghastly phantoms which proclaim their past woes, and predict future vengeance, which haunt the authors of violence and fraud, and drag them to an untimely end or an awful confession, those spectres, ominous of death, murders and dire calamities, as when

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

This class haunts deserted houses and perambulates in retreats of solitude,—the spirits of those who once lived on earth. Time and again they have been recognized. The lineaments of the spirit's face are the same as those of the face of clay, but wan, pale and shadowy. In the most of cases, the spirit of the shroud surrounds it, pale and shadowy too,—a spirit it must be, for the real shroud, we are certain, is mouldering in the grave. Not uncommonly also do we hear of the departed appearing with the very same dress worn in life, even to the minutest detail of pattern, while we know of a certainty, that long ago the ragman must have disposed of that identical suit which now may be gracing the upper end of a city Don, or constituting the substratum of a billet-doux. Even the phantom horse has appeared with his phantom rider.

But, strange enough, these spirits sometimes have the vocal chords of their sepulchral throats of sufficient firmness and tension to cause a vibration of the air, which spreads on the night wind till they strike on the ear with words of prophetic strangeness and awe. Their ghostly lungs, too, must have no inconsiderable amount of the virtues of the leather of a bellows, for they force such a current of ghost-breath through their nasal organs as to trill them into articulate speech in some cases, though most often into sounds disregarded alike of the elements of language and the Diatonic scale.

Now all these are facts. Ears have heard them, eyes have seen them, and tongues have deponed to them. How can we but believe? "But," you say, "ears can testify only to affections of the auditory nerves, eyes to the affections of the optic nerves, and the tongue expresses these sensations. The auditory and optic nerves are often affected under certain states of bodily and mental ill-health, and certain external physical circumstances, so as to give us the sensation of a real apparition." Granted,—it was just such considerations which divested this romantic field of exploration from the terrors which at first hedged it in from me. Now, by the touch of my staff, as of a magician's wand, I transformed a spectre into a snow-laden windfall. Again, as the moon was

rising round and full over a hill surrounded by wooded ravines, in the ominous stillness a hideous hobgoblin of immense proportions and indefinable parts, appeared on the summit, slowly advancing towards me. I hesitated for a moment, scarcely believing my senses. I strained my eyes, I couldn't disbelieve in the apparition. Its large white shadowy horns bristling in front, and its irregular shape, moved in an unearthly manner swiftly towards me. I dashed my upraised foot to the ground, and in an instant was turned in full flight down the bridle path into the ravine. Panting I soon gained the other side, and stretching out my staff, which was at once my sword and magic wand, to press aside a branch of foliage, I anxiously peered across for the spectre. I saw it about descending into the ravine resolved into a Ayrshire heifer and its shadow.

But never yet did I stand alone before the immortal part of man unveiled. Never yet did I experience the chilling flood run through my veins and freeze the hair in their sockets, as a shrouded spectre raised its hand of bony whiteness, and pointed into vacuity. I did not believe that spirits burst from their prisons to gambol on this earth of ours in lonely solitude, and for such inane purposes. And, besides, I felt assured that all such apparitions could be accounted for on natural principles. It was unorthodox to believe the soul to wander in human likeness on the earth before its reunion to the body; it was heretical to believe in the spirituality of the apparition of a shroud, a tartan plaid, a horse or a sound. For the inference is that clothes, horses and sounds have spiritual existences, bearing the same relation to their material representatives that the apparition of the human form does to the human body. Therefore, if an apparition of the human body is to be considered its spirit, the apparition of a coffin shroud, dress, or horse, has equally as strong claims to be considered the spirits of the objects which they represent. Then everything animate and inanimate has a spiritual existence which corresponds in shape to the material—a doctrine of modern spiritualism.

But more extravagant than this article of spiritualism, we are led by it to attribute to these spirits of things the power of voluntarily changing the properties of their being, so as to be at one time intangible and invisible, and at another time capable of vibrating the air, of causing cool currents, and of reflecting the rays of light. But as physical science has investigated the phenomena of nature much more closely than sight seers have their ghosts, we are compelled to become sceptics in the belief of the objective existence of such sights. But even should we not, from the facts observed we can come only to the conclusion that the "shades" of human form are "image" of the human body, as the apparition of a shroud is the image of a material shroud. There is no reason whatsoever for believing the "shade" to be a human soul. And then the human "shade" appears to be as innocuous as the phantom horse or phantom cloth.

These considerations firmly indoctrinated into my nature, I had a great curiosity to encounter a ghost not made of flesh and blood. I had no fears, for here I had my staff; a staff is a match for any piece of white cotton; much more then is my staff a match for the apparition of a shroud which is minus matter, while my staff is spirit plus matter. And if a shrouded spectre rose before me, I would feel conscious of my superiority, for the spectre could oppose only spirit to me, while I could oppose him probably with just as much spirit, and a good strong body to boot.

But I saw no ghost. Probably I had not reverence enough for the caste to procure an introduction to their nocturnal dignities; and so the time passed on. I read stores of haunted tenements, supernatural phenomena, and mysterious agencies; but they were in far off lands, or at least beyond the range of my inspection. The spirit of adventure burned within me, but no opportunity could I find for its

exercise—no sight to challenge like the young Dane:

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous."

No Kirk-Alloway to pass

"Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry."

After some time I came to college. At the close of my Freshman year arrived the long waited for opportunity. A haunted house—a haunted house in Halifax, and a pack of students ready for any adventure, be it only romantic enough. Just what I longed for.

(To be concluded in the next.)

EDUCATION AN EQUALIZER.

It appears strange that amidst so much harmony such great diversity exists—not only in men but all through created nature, although in no other natural order to so great an extent. The differences of one man's face, figure, voice, character from those of another are so universal that we are surprised to find a vivid likeness in any physical or moral feature even between the members of one family. But it is in the distribution of intellectual gifts that we see this distinction more clearly marked. The great talents with which some men have been so liberally endowed, enable them, with apparently little exertion, to rise rapidly from that station in life, which, it would appear at first sight, nature had designed them to fill. One man is blessed with a remarkable insight into the unfathomable regions of philosophy; another is gifted with an imaginative genius; a third with the power of eloquence. Any one of these talents is alone sufficient to give its possessor a vast influence over his fellow beings. And we sometimes meet with all these faculties combined in a single mind. That Education or any other Art can destroy the influence which these natural gifts enable one to exert we do not pretend to say; but merely that it can, and does, to a very considerable extent, overcome their power; not by lowering in any way the possessor of these talents but by raising nearer to their standard those whom nature has less liberally endowed.

Our chief source of superiority is knowledge. He who possesses the greater and more widespread knowledge of his fellow-men and things around him can exercise a power over his ignorant brethren, to which, in spite of all their opposition, they are forced to yield. Else why does the student pour day after day and year after year over worm-eaten volumes and musy manuscripts, eagerly absorbing into his capacious mind the uninteresting facts of history, the dry details of other men's lives, the hidden mysteries of science, the never-ending controversies of theology? He knows the value of these acquisitions—the power they place within his grasp. Were he only omniscient he would be well nigh omnipotent, in his limited sphere, and it is to approach as near omnipotence as circumstances will allow, that ambitious man is constantly striving. If then the possession of knowledge is the chief source of power; the faculties which enable a man to acquire information readily, are most to be desired. Now Education makes the acquisition of knowledge easy, not only to the few specially gifted with acquisitive talents, but equally to all. By means of the training power to which he has subjected his mind, the student is able to command for his own use the invaluable thoughts of the world's great thinkers. In an hour he can master a problem which has cost a Newton the labor of a lifetime. He can stow upon the shelves of his small library the form of Cyclopædia and Dictionaries far more knowledge than he can remember. Through education the youth of

twenty, in our day just beginning life, just commencing in earnest to learn one of the great lessons which this world of ours has to teach, has treasured up in his mind information, the half of which, would add ten-fold to the wisdom of a Socrates and render the conquering of worlds a mere pastime for an Alexander. The search for wisdom does not now seem so formidable a task as it did ages ago. The labour which it was necessary for the student to expend in order to work out some pet idea, and for which, perchance, his peculiar studies ill-fitted him has been undergone once for all, and now he can reap the fruit of the toil which his predecessors have borne. These inducements to learning operate in two ways to equalize men. First they bring more competitors into the field and thus render it more difficult for any one man to rise to eminence. And secondly they point out more clearly to each the special part which his talents fit him to play, and as each man runs exactly in the groove which nature has designed for him there is far less probability of one's obtaining fame through another's mistakes. Were this idea to be followed out it could easily be proven that, the greater the Division of Labor (one of the outgrowths of our civilization) the less chance there is for genius to elevate its possessor far above his competitors.

In our day there is less scope for genius and more for perseverance. No sooner have the thoughts of our great poets, historians, orators, or philosophers, been expressed in language, whether through the press, upon the platform or the pulpit, than they are circulated as widely as their merit or popularity claim. In ancient times how different! The eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Cicero reached no farther than the outskirts of the crowd whom they addressed; the wisdom of a Socrates or a Plato was confined to the select circle with whom they conversed. Then the fame of every man depended entirely on the results of his original thoughts and genius had full scope for her unaided power. Now it depends more on the use men make of the ideas of others, and, proportionably to the number of minds capable of reproducing, remodelling and dressing up in attractive form the thoughts of able authors whose writings have been long forgotten, so are the chances of great fame diminished.

Every new fact that is added to the vast mass of knowledge now within reach of any one who has access to our mammoth modern libraries, leaves just so much less for the inquirers of a future generation to learn; and while it bestows upon the discoverer himself fame proportionate to the value of the discovery, it lessens the chances of all the aspirants of future ages to acquire eminence. For this reason—that while the amount of knowledge still remaining hidden from the world is decreased by the discovery of this fact, the competitors for fame are constantly increasing. So that a less amount of undiscovered knowledge remains to be divided among a greater number of those seeking to obtain it. Thus as the world grows older the strife will become hotter, and the chances of one man's towering far above his competitors will be constantly decreasing.

But look at it in another way. Suppose a case—which indeed can only exist in our imagination, for we shall never have the opportunity of testing it, unless we should be so fortunate as to alight upon an American criminal jury, who fulfilled in every particular the qualifications for such a tribunal. Suppose a number of untaught men, innocent of any knowledge whatever, absolute personifications of ignorance. If there were placed before such persons some wonderful piece of mechanism such as a locomotive or a telescope, what great diversity of opinion would be expressed with regard to this unknown wonder. The unaided genius of each man would be exercised to find out the mystery. If one of the number were gifted with extraordinary powers, they would immediately show themselves, nor would the dulness and stupidity of those who were very sparingly endowed be any

the less apparent. The natural talents of each would be his only resource, consequently he who had the clearest brain would be the first to catch the idea. Were a similar course pursued with men of learning, genius would take a longer time to display itself, and even when manifested would not make the possessor appear so conspicuous above his fellows.

For a practical illustration of this, we have only to appeal to the experience of those who have been engaged in the occupation of school-teaching. In the primary department of a graded school, even a careless observer cannot help perceiving the marked difference in the readiness with which some pupils pick up an idea compared with others. But as he goes up the scale he will find the difference gradually decreasing until he reaches the highest class, where possibly the teacher himself may find difficulty in estimating the competency of each scholar. And the same principle holds good after the boys have left school and entered their several professions.

Of course, other things being equal, he who possesses eminent abilities, of whatever nature, stands head and shoulders above his less gifted comrade. But it is just as certain that these great talents can exert far less power over profoundly educated men than over those who are grossly ignorant, even though in the first case their possessor is as learned, and in the second as destitute of knowledge as those he is trying to influence.

To prove the truth of the principle we are trying to establish, witness the present political aspect of those two great nations, who have figured so extensively in the history of Europe, for many centuries back. For the intelligence of her common people and for the efficiency of her Universities, Great Britain is surpassed by only one other country; while France on the other hand is as low in the scale of both common and higher education as it is possible for a nation holding her high position to be. In the one country we find the functions of government divided among a number of very able and competent men, each performing so efficiently the duties of his own department that we cannot well point out the superiority of one over the other. In the other country we perceive the whole machinery of state under the guidance of one man, who is absolutely so powerful that he can dictate to a great nation the form of government under which they must live, and can silence all opposition to his plans by simply threatening to resign the Presidency. How all England would laugh if Mr. Gladstone, in order to pass his Irish Church bill, had threatened to resign the Premiership. How many men possibly as competent as he are waiting for some event to turn up which shall compel the Liberal Premier to retire. Yet in France were any accident to arise which would oblige M. Thiers to abandon the dictatorship, the whole nation would be thrown into a ferment, and anarchy would follow. And this, we presume, not because M. Thiers is so eminently superior to all European statesmen. Count Bismarck surpasses him in the art of statecraft, but possesses far less power. Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Disraeli is but much, if at all, inferior to the venerable French dictator, and still all the influence of these two great leaders combined does not approach that of Thiers. There can be only one solution to the problem, and that is the lack of education in France.

PRESIDENT McCOSH of Princeton College, says he has never asked for a dollar for the college, and does not wish when he dies that the text shall be, "And it came to pass that the beggar died and was buried."—*Ex.*

A PROF., hearing the minister preach from the text, "Set your affections on things above," fell in love with a young lady who sat in the gallery.—*Ex.*

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EDITORS.

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C. D. McDONALD, '73. W. A. MILLS, '75.

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OUR subscribers will oblige us by remitting the amounts of their subscriptions as soon as possible. If we were not pressed by the printer, we would be sorry to disturb our readers by directing their attention to this, generally, unwelcome subject.

D. S. FRASER, Sec'y.

THE attention of the students appears to have been distracted to no inconsiderable extent, from attendance on the meetings of the various societies, during the last few weeks. This is partly due, no doubt, to the interruption caused by the holiday season, and partly to the stormy evenings on which these meetings of late fell. We were, notwithstanding these drawbacks, rather disappointed in the small number who attended the late meetings of the students of the University. The matters which come up on these occasions are such as should engage the attention of every student, and indifference shows, to say the least, a great lack of pluck and public spirit. We know that sometimes the pressure of work combined with other circumstances forms a good reason for absence; but too often it is to be feared that this time is employed in study to make up for idle spells during the day. Students, it is your duty to attend those meetings. If you conduct your work properly it will not retard your studies. As a general rule those who are most attentive to these duties come off best at the close of the term, while those who plod at their books at home while their *confreres* are transacting business for them, generally come out not above medium. With respect to the literary societies the case is different. The attendance here is generally good, for it affords exercise for improvement. But there is also room for the exercise of talent in the Students' meeting, and should there be none, we should not leave the management of University affairs to a faithful few on account of our own indisposition or selfishness. A word more, however, on the literary societies. They should be attended more fully than they are. Towards the close of the term the decrease in attendance is usually very marked. Yet those who never miss

one session are, as a general rule, those who never miss their honours at Convocation. The change of exercise in taking part in the discussions of the various subjects which come up, is healthy. It acts as a mental tonic. The training it gives for the correct and fluent expression of thought, is another very important point overlooked by lazy students too often, until they have cause ever after to lament their carelessness. Good scholars are very good. But save us even from good scholars, whose manner, either in the pulpit or on the platform pains the listener as well as the speaker. Good speaking is going out of fashion in the present day. We have had misery enough in listening to bores. Students, practise in your societies. Study how to speak as well as what to say. The world is sufficiently afflicted with poor public speaking, without the addition of another generation of stammerers.

THE Celtic language is yet lingering in Nova Scotia. Perhaps there are more who use it in America than in its native home. Yet the grand old language is falling back before the advance of the almost cosmopolitan English tongue. In the interest of Philology, as well as for any other use, the language should be preserved and studied. As there are several students attending our University who are masters of the language, and yet others who have a partial knowledge of it, it is highly desirable that a society should be formed for the study and cultivation of Celtic literature in Dalhousie. Let our Celtic friends, the descendants of the indomitable ancient Sires of the North, move in the matter, and form an Ossianic Society. There are such societies among the students of the Scottish universities, and they flourish like the heather in its native clime. It is not saying too much either, if we hint that the like could even flourish in Halifax. How proudly, in that case, could we stretch out our hand across the water to our sister societies in old Scotland! And how certainly might we expect a "Highland welcome!" Talk the matter over. The object is worthy. The subject is noble.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—At a meeting of the students held on Friday, 17th prox., it was moved, seconded, and passed unanimously and with acclamation, That our heartiest thanks be tendered to the Managers of the I. and W. & A. Railroads, for their recent kindness in granting to all who wished to travel along the lines, tickets at half-price, extending over the whole time of the Christmas Vacation.

[This acknowledgement we have great pleasure in inserting. The gentlemanly officials of the R. R. have always treated us with great kindness and consideration.—EDS.]

READING.

THE present century is one in which many important discoveries have been made, and many wonderful inventions sought out. It is an age that has witnessed the development of science, to a degree that is almost incredible; that has, in fact, seen more done towards the advancement of civilization, the enlightening of the masses, and the elevation of the human family, than any other. Though this is true, and should tend

to make every right-thinking man and woman exhibit greater energy in directing, into the proper channels, the mighty agencies at work; though it should inspire them with warmer zeal in exerting their influence, for good, with ever increasing power, yet their energy will often be blunted, and their zeal cooled by seeing others turn against them the very means which they themselves employ.

This leads us to believe with the Persian philosophers of old, that there is a constant struggle going on between *good* and *evil*. Though we do not agree with them in the belief that these principles are the beginning of all existence, spiritual and material, yet we do believe that *good* will eventually vanquish *evil*. We may view the contest upon various battlefields. We may see Honesty grappling with Dishonesty; Temperance steadily gaining ground upon its slowly retreating foe—Intemperance; Education capturing the victims of Ignorance and Vice; Christianity carrying on a mighty warfare with Error and Superstition; and Scepticism, with his colleague Infidelity, retiring before their overpowering foe—True Religion, which will, without doubt, prove to be “the little leaven” that “leaveneth the whole lump.” Interesting and exciting as it may be to any age in any of these contests, we must turn, for a short time, to a point that many may consider of little importance, but which, nevertheless, is worthy of no small amount of attention and careful thought.

If we look out upon the literary field, we can there see a struggle, which is full of interest, carried on in a manner by no means inactive, though without the noise of battle. We do not refer to the wordy strifes, and keen controversies engaged in by those who think differently on points of politics, philosophy, science, or religion, but simply to literature that is capable of conveying profit and instruction to the reader, as opposed to what is open to objection, and liable to taint the morals, or leave a stain upon the character.

It will, no doubt, be admitted that Reading is a means by which much good can be effected; that the very low price of literature is an advantage, and enables us, more easily, to spread truth and knowledge far and wide, throughout the universe. It will also be granted, we think, that the cheapness of reading matter affords a means of casting abroad the seeds of vice and error, which too often grow up attended by the results universally effected by bad weeds.

Presuming that this cannot be denied, we venture the assertion that there is too much reading at the present time. We will first suppose the literary taste of society to be such that no one will read any thing having a tendency to taint the purest morals or injure a blameless character. We will allow all; the Bible; religious, scientific and philosophic productions; the first-class poets; the works of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; and well written histories and biographies. Now a person may read these, or perhaps only a few of them, and still read too much. Many take up a book, go through it, get another, and yet another, finish them, think them done, and look for more. With a little care, however, you can soon find that they have *read* them, (we presume they speak the truth), but they have not studied them. They have not digested the food drawn from their pages, but have left it in a confused mass liable to produce mental dyspepsia. Many read for the mere sake of reading; that they may be able to say they have read such and such a treatise, the matter being a secondary consideration. Some read for the general thread of the story, entirely neglecting the style; and not a few because they have no other way to occupy their time.

Of these three classes those who compose the first can probably repeat quite a list of books that have come under *their* notice, and will endeavour to impress upon you the idea that *their* knowledge of literature is *quite extensive*. When you come, however, to enquire into the subjects treated, the

arguments advanced, they are brought to their level, and expose their true position. They stand before you stripped of the vain pretences with which they tried to conceal their real character. You will soon be obliged to conclude that they have been trying to deceive you. They have supposed you to be as ignorant as themselves; and a knowledge of this fact causes you to leave them with a sense of disappointment; and yet of satisfaction that you have seen them reflected from their own dusty mirror.

Those who read in order to get the story, deserve, we think, more sympathy. They have an aim, proper enough, perhaps, as far as it goes. They spend their time to better purpose than those who constitute the first class, yet it is surely plain that they would have profited greatly if less was read, or more time spent on what they did read. The *style* should receive a large share of attention. It is a very important point to those who wish to figure as writers, or speakers, or even to be agreeable, pleasant and entertaining in the social circle. Much valuable time is, to a great extent, lost, by reading for the matter alone, without paying a due amount of attention to the style.

They who read, for the purpose of driving away ennui, are to be pitied, and yet deserve censure. Of the works we have allowed them, they select only those which require very little thought, and yet afford a certain degree of pleasure. They fall into the habit of reading what is popularly known as “light literature,” and rest contented with it; matter of a more substantial and instructive character requiring too much exertion of the mental powers; a perusal of it increasing rather than dispelling ennui.

It will now be understood that when we speak of *too much Reading*, we do not mean that too much time is spent, or even that too many books are read; but that the proportion of Reading to the thought and study given to the matter exceeds its proper bounds. We do not advocate *less Reading*, but more thought, deeper meditation on what we read. This is what we mean, and who, after carefully deliberating upon society in general, with regard to this matter, can honestly come to any other conclusion? Of course we admit that there are exceptions, and only regret that they are so few.

There is a class of writing which we have, so far, left out of sight. We refer to what is generally known as “Yellow-covered literature,” but which appears more repugnant under the title “Dime Novels.” The character of the stories and legends contained in these is almost universally such that they leave a stain upon the mind of the reader which time cannot remove, nor the ages of eternity efface. These are rendered still more disastrous in their effects, by the peculiar attractions they possess for the young, and injudicious, whose minds are incapable of resisting their evil influences. The number of such demoralizing tales circulated on the continent of America is really alarming. New York sends them out by thousands, and it is to be regretted that many of them bear the name of a Nova Scotian. The smaller the number of Dime Novels, or anything akin to them, is circulated and read, and the more consigned to the flames before being opened, the better for society. The object of all our Reading should be to acquire information, and that too of a useful nature. In order to gain this point care must be taken in the choice of books. Only those from which we can obtain some additional knowledge of value, and which will tend to improve our style, should be selected. A mere superficial reading is not sufficient; thought, meditation, study are necessary. They who read in a superficial manner are like the farmer, who in autumn, goes into his potato field, runs the plough through the drills, and then leaves it. Every one knows that he must dig, pick and put his crop into some place of safety before it will serve his purpose. So the reader must not only *read*, but dig and pick, that is, study and think, turn out all that is useful, and store it up in the

cellar of his mind, that it may be at hand when required.

We have considered all literature under two general classes, that capable of effecting good, and that liable to produce evil. Each class is, as it were, the leader of an army; those who read filling the ranks. As a good soldier is usually inspired by the same spirit as his commander, we should feel the importance of putting aside all immoral leaders, and of selecting as our guides those whom we can follow with safety and profit.

As the displacement of all disloyal and disaffected officers, by true-spirited men, will secure proper conduct on the part of the soldiers, and consequently preserve and promote union and harmony in the ranks, and enable them to go on conquering and to conquer; so the complete extirpation from our land of all reading matter which has a demoralizing tendency; a wider circulation and a more careful perusal of useful and instructive literature would be followed by the joyful shouts of those who remain victors. To such a victory could undoubtedly be traced the development of a more refined style; of deeper thought; of purer sentiments, and a greater demand for literary productions of a profitable and elevating character.

Dalhusiensia.

FOOTBALL, which was all the rage before the Christmas vacation, seems to have unaccountably declined.

A CLEVER Soph, who is studying extra Classics, makes out as much translation in one night as it takes him two to revise.

THE fair sex of Halifax seem to have a greater mesmeric influence over our Seniors than Prof. Stone was able to exert.

JUDGING from the hollow sounds we hear proceeding from the Chemistry room, some of the students must have very empty heads.

A FRESHMAN of last winter lately astonished the inhabitants of Pictou by addressing every female he met with, as "*Madame*."

BRITISH TEMPLARISM is growing in favour among the Seniors. To British institutions and our Seniors both we say, *Semper floreatis*.

WHEN the writer of "An unavailing Ghost hunt" (see page 41), was making his investigation of spirits, what branch of science was he pursuing? Spectral analysis, of course.

FACETIOUS Senior to Freshman—"I say, did you hear of the student who got shot?" Freshman, aghast—"Heavens, no! how did it happen?" Senior—"Why he bought it."

PROFESSOR STONE, the celebrated Electro-biologist, has recently paid a visit to Halifax. Several students went up to test his mesmerising powers, but he had no more effect on them than any other stone.

WHAT a clever lot of Freshmen we have! The moment any Junior or Senior pastes up a notice on the blackboard, some cheeky Fresh. assigns his signature, or alters the wording to suit his own critical taste.

THE Senior Editor, who was absent for over a fortnight during vacation season, was received by a public lecture in French, on his arrival. Although beginning after the Socratic method, the conversazione soon developed into a one-sided didactic harangue, owing to the failure of our arch scape-goat in linguistic ability. May he have strength to bear the iniquity of us all.

SEVERAL of our students are attending the classes of Dr. Honeyman in Geology and Palæontology, in the Provincial Museum. The scientific tendency of the times is also exhibited here by the presence of the fair.

Prof.—"Translate literally 'fingerent altiores Pyrenaem jugis.'" Student, who had lost his printed translation of Livy—"The rest of the Phœnicians fingered the jugs." A Fresh. in a similar dilemma, commenced Virgil thus: "Arms and a man, with a dog."

THE new desks and chairs in the library are a doubtful success. While the Prof. of Metaphysics was lately lecturing in that room, a crash like thunder was heard, and a Junior wrapped in mental contemplation stared widely over the ruins of his broken chair.

WORTHY OF NOTICE.—The Senior class this year is so punctual and well behaved generally, that a clock which scarcely ever indicates even an approximation to true time, is fixed up in the Hall, it is said, for the sheer purpose of giving some of the professors an opportunity for censuring the innocents.

AT a recent students' meeting, it was moved, seconded, and passed unanimously, that Mr. Bethune, Medical, be elected Vice-President of the Students—the office formerly filled by Mr. Melchertson, deceased. Mr. Bethune was accordingly called to the chair, amid the acclamations of the meeting.

THE course of "Popular Lectures" on Chemistry, in Dalhousie, is largely attended by the citizens of Halifax. There is quite an interest manifested in scientific subjects by the ladies of this city of late. This course promises to be patronised by them as extensively as the course in Botany last summer. This we consider to be a move in the right direction. It certainly augurs well for the future of Halifax.

SOME sister College said lately that its Juniors *Ganot* learn their Physics. Our Dalhousie "Three-Year-Olds" *Kant* even *Reid* their *Meta*-physics. One unfortunate recently tried to study a philosophical treatise, and soon after gave it up in disgust, declaring it to be a *Man-sell*. Another took up a second book, but failed to do it up *Brown*. A third, unable to digest his *Bacon*, "went for" his *Stewart*, and *Locke*-d him in the garret.

SAID a drunken man, as he reeled past a Kirk Church in Edinburgh, which boasted of a town-clock, at that time a quarter of an hour too fast—"Weel noo, (hie) I did'na thocht that the Church o' Scotland (hie) was so far ahead o' the Antiburghers." We students, however, are in a different plight. The College clock, by which the classes are supposed to be regulated, has been slowly but surely losing two or three minutes every day, and if it goes on as it has done of late, we will soon recede into the middle of last week. No wonder outsiders talk of Dalhousie being behind the age.

Personals.

EBENEZER D. MILLAR, B.A., has been elected President of the New College Missionary Society, Edinburgh.

ISAAC BAIRD, a general student in '68-'69, at present attending the "Union Theological Seminary," is about to be sent on a mission to the Chippewa Indians to the south west of lake Superior.

D. C. FRASER, B.A., '72, has come to the city where he is prosecuting his studies in Law.

Ghiss.

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

THIRTY Chinese recently arrived in the U. S., to be educated. Good for the "Heathen Chinese."

SAXONY doubles her population in 45 years, England in 49, Prussia in 54, Russia in 56, Wurtemberg and Switzerland in 114, and France in 198.—*Ex.*

THE Khedive of Egypt is probably the richest man in the world. His yearly income is \$50,000,000, and he has twenty-five richly-furnished palaces within the walls of Cairo.—*Teacher's Record.*

A MEMBER of the last graduating class has discovered that "love is like the measles, because every body gets it;" if this is the gentleman's recent experience, we all hope to graduate soon.—*Ex.*

A.M. means, ordinarily, that a man has been out of college for three years, and during that time has saved five dollars, which he is willing to give to some college for the privilege of being called Master of Arts.—*Yale Record.*

It costs at least four times as much in Dalhousie.

College Items.

THE library of Cornell numbers 35,000 volumes.—*Ex.*

IN France there are over three hundred colleges, not one of which will admit lady students.—*ib.*

THE largest library in the West is at Ann Harbour. It contains 22,000 volumes.—*Simpsonian.*

A DEBATING SOCIETY has recently been formed in Boston, the members of which are deaf mutes.—*Index Niagarensis.*

AMHERST COLLEGE spent \$1,400 in advertising last July. The result is that the Freshman class is the largest ever known in the institution.—*Qui Vive.*

ACCORDING to an article in *Chamber's Journal* for May, 1872, the number of young men who go to college seems to be greater in Scotland than in any other country, the proportion being one to every thousand of the population. In Germany the proportion is one to every two thousand six hundred, and in England one to every five thousand eight hundred.—*Teacher's Record.*

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LETTERS RECEIVED. Rev. A. P. Seeton, London, G. B.; John Stewart, Scotsburn; Rev. J. D. Murray; James Fitzpatrick; Geo. P. Murray.

PART of "Editor's Table" crowded out.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have received the prospectus of the new work on Nova Scotia to which we alluded in one of our late issues. Feeling the importance of every attempt to make Nova Scotia better known to its own inhabitants as well as to foreigners, it is with much satisfaction we call the attention of all our readers and especially the students of Dalhousie to the book. The necessity for such a book we need not mention. We await its appearance with no small degree of impatience. It will be issued we understand sometime before the close of the year. The volume will be entitled NOVA SCOTIA, in its Historical, Mercantile and Industrial Relations, by Duncan Campbell, Halifax, N. S. It will consist of about 500 pages octavo, printed in Long Primer, on good paper, and substantially bound, to be published by subscription. Price in Cloth \$2.00, Full Calf, \$3.00. As to the subject matter of the volume, it will present within moderate compass, a comprehensive sketch of the History of the Province, in combination with its mercantile and industrial development down to the year 1870; special prominence being given to the transactions of the last fifty years. It will embody the fruit of seven years' close study of Nova Scotia, particularly in its industrial interests—under which branch of the subject every County, including those of Cape Breton, will be noticed separately. Original sketches of prominent individuals, and incidental descriptions of scenery will add to the interest of the work, which the author will not only endeavor to make readable but of permanent value. The Appendix will contain all necessary statistics, and the Index will be copious in order to make the work of reference convenient. From what we know of the author we have high expectations of the book, and so can recommend it to our students and all those who take upon themselves the responsibility of educating the Nova Scotian youths, as well as to the public in general.

EXCHANGES.

WE have received the *University Herald* for Dec. 31st, 1872—the first number that has found its way to our college. It is in every respect a literary and scientific journal, containing twelve pages of reading matter, and four of advertisements. Its locals are not very interesting, but the college news—to which a large space is devoted—is well selected. We cannot but admire its neat form.

THE *Yale Courant* (Jan. 4.), is in the colour of its paper mellow to a fault. It always abounds in short and exceedingly spirited pieces—setting a good example to all prosy college journals. "Apprenticed to the Devil," recommends itself to our Editorial heart.

THE *College Herald* for January, is full of well written articles—nothing either verbose or sentimental about them.

Qui Vive for January 1st, contains some sensible, though rather dry, reading matter. It is sprightly in appearance, and about the same size as our own *Gazette*.

THE *Index Niagarensis* for Jan. 1st, is on our table. It is published in newspaper form—a poor substitute we cannot but think, for the compact pages of a genuine college exchange. The paper on which it is printed seems to be about the worst that can be procured.

THE *Druggist's Journal*, or Department No. 4, of the *New York Mercantile Journal*, has been received. It is a most valuable journal to all who deal in or use "Drugs and Chemicals."

Mansfield Item, Vol. 1, No. 1, has come to hand. It is a weekly published in Mansfield, Philadelphia.

WE welcome the *Cape Breton Times* as an exchange, and so, especially do the Cape Breton students who form, by no means, an unimportant part of the boys of Dalhousie. With the same feelings do we receive the *Amherst Gazette*. Students from every part of the Maritime Provinces can have the pleasure of reading their own locals in our Reading Room, where our exchanges are immediately placed.

THE *Mayflower* is flourishing in the Maritime Provinces, and growing more vigorously still.

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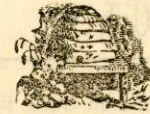
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