

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }  
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

HALIFAX, N. S., MAY 3, 1879.

{ NEW No. 12.  
{ WHOLE No. 118.

## SILENUS.

*Omnibus ad quos hæ literæ pervenerint, salutem et Vale.*

Respectfully dedicated to his "co-mates and brothers in  
"ex-st."

For four long years we've striven,  
Wrestling with adverse fates,  
And now, at length we're given  
The key of learning's gates.

Only the key, however,  
For all that we have learned,  
Is but the prelude, to the long endeavour,  
By which alone, distinction can be earned.

All life is work,  
And he who worketh not therein,  
Is all unworthy of his mortal coil;  
Sins, in the blackest sin.

Now forth upon the sea of life we're launched,  
And each craft guided by the helmsman's hand,  
Coasts the drear shores of nothingness profound,  
Or, bounding bravely on, aims at a better land.

*Comrades!*  
From hence our roads diverge,  
Each one upon himself must lean,  
Until we reach the verge  
Of glorious immortality,  
Or utter, deep, oblivion.  
For well we know a man's great deeds  
Are not "interred with his bones,"  
That some are living, though long dead,  
And others mere, dull, drones,  
In all their mortal span,  
(Showing no benefit to fellow man)  
Can only answer to the inquiring one,  
"Dead—long since dead."

"To be, or not to be, that is the question,"  
Whether our manhood shall but waste our youth,  
Or, tending carefully the seed implanted,  
Gain us a name for virtue, worth, and truth.

Comrades, farewell.  
Take our advice, we ask thee.  
*Nil desperandum*  
Let your motto be.

## VALEDICTORY.

*Ladies, Gentlemen, and Fellow Students,—*

ON the morning of the 25th of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five, fifteen timid youths submitted themselves to the tender mercies of the matriculating Professors at Dalhousie College; now, four years from that eventful day, all that remains of the class of '79 assembles to bid you farewell. Rarely has a class entered the lists under such favorable auspices; with so large a roll, or with such an amount, not only of intellect, but of mischief, among its members. Still more rarely does a year emerge from the fray, with ranks so thinned as ours. Most of those who started with us have one by one dropped out of the race. Some have preferred the drudgery of business to the hard-earned honors gained in the Academic field, some have lapsed from our midst into other classes, some have deserted *substantial* Dalhousie for the *showy* university, and *some* have pressed steadily onwards, and here they are. *We are five.*

It has been the lot of this worthy quintad to suffer many vicissitudes, and to witness many changes during their term of probation. Our Alma Mater has ever been advancing, slowly, 'tis true, but none the less surely. The teaching faculty has from time to time been ably reinforced; new elective courses and new degrees consequent upon the foundation of the university of Halifax have been introduced, and the only thing which remains unchanged—at least externally—is our venerable college itself. There it stands as it stood of yore, in all its airy elegance of architecture; yet withal as fixed and unimpressionable as fate itself; yea, even as the immutable *Grand Parade!* But as the faults of his inamorata are overlooked by the lover, so, in our eyes the deficiencies of our Alma Mater fade into utter insignificance when compared with the benefits which we have received at her

hands. Dalhousie, with all thy faults we love thee yet.

Mr. Principal and Professors,—

We are about to leave your guiding and restraining influence perhaps for ever, and it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we recognize the fact; joy, in that we have progressed far on learning's road under your lead; regret, in that we have not utilized to the full the means of improvement, which through you have been offered to us. By your impartiality to us as a class, and your affability to us as individuals, we have been at once impelled and led; at once influenced by fear and respect. 'Tis true that sometimes we have felt the rod which your hands have wielded, and when forced perhaps, to give up some amusement for the sake of the morrow's quantum of philosophy, triangles and dates, we have enjoyed the privilege of every true British subject—grumbling. But this was necessary to us, and now that we are about to depart from your class rooms, we would venture to tend you our hearty thanks for the past and our fervent well-wishes for the future.

It has pleased the Almighty to remove from your midst, during the past session, a valued co-laborer and an esteemed friend. While resigned to the inscrutable workings of God's providence, and knowing that all he does is for the best, we cannot but deplore with you the loss sustained, not only by the college, but by the whole community and the world at large, in the death of Dr. Mackenzie. However,

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise;  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise."

The missiles of adversity and sorrow are ever aimed at our devoted heads, and each one finds its billet, though, perhaps, not in us. It is a tribute which we owe to our humanity and must be paid; the manner remains to each one of us. The established course of things is unchangeable; we cannot influence destiny, but by assuming the armour of Resignation, we can avert the keenness of the blow. Let us submit to this order of things with patience, and never attempt to expostulate with fate. Let us address ourselves to God in the beautiful words of Cleanthes:

"Parent of nature! Master of the world!  
Where'er thy providence directs behold  
My steps with cheerful resignation turned  
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on,  
Why should I grieve when grieving I must bear,  
Or take with guilt what guiltless I might bear."

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act, remembering always that patience under the divine will is the sure sign of true magnanimity.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

During the four years in which we have been struggling towards our present position the higher educational element of Halifax has made some little progress towards the establishment of a better state of things than that which prevailed at our *entree*. The missing link between common school and college education has been forged by the Commissioners of Halifax, and the noble edifice on South Brunswick Street shows once more the truth of the old adage, "better late than never." But when will the good people of Halifax arouse themselves, reclaim that relic of the Mic-Macs, ye!ept the *Grand Parade*, surround it with chapels, dormitories and class-rooms, replace the paper University by one of wood and stone, and educate their young men with non-sectarian ideas in one grand, central, non-sectarian college. Come, ladies and gentlemen, show your might by suppressing all minor colleges; concentrate in Halifax all the scattered learning of the Province; with one *coup d'état* settle the disputed possession of the *Parade* by settling the city fathers; and build thereon—the *Parade*, not the city fathers—a monument to your interest in the cause of higher education. You have shown your power in the founding of the High School. Show it still more by developing our embryo *Universitas*.

Fellow Students,—

To bid farewell to you is the hardest task of all. Though separate from you in year, in heart we have been always one. Labors shared and difficulties overcome have cemented us in one great friendship's whole. What individual diversity is seen within Dalhousie's fane, how different, how opposite sometimes, are the elements of student society, and yet within those familiar walls how speedily personal roughness and eccentricities are merged into one common characteristic of joviality and good feeling. Yet we must leave this circle of trusty friends and well-beloved comrades just as we have begun fully to appreciate its value. Soon you will follow in our footsteps, and thus the world wags on. And now, as it is the prerogative of a departing friend to give advice, we will e'en part with some of the great stores of our experience for your benefit, or rather, as Tacitus would say, *in terrorum*.

The first and last, the beginning and the end, the Alpha and Omega of student life is work; real, honest, steady, downright work. In it, according to the observant Carlyle, there is "a perennial nobleness and even sacredness." Be he ever so benighted, be he in ever so doubtful a plight, there is always hope for your actual, dogged worker. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair.

We are told that this world of ours, with all its compactness and uniformity, was at first a seething, formless chaos. And what gave it its present faultless organisation, its strata, its proportions of land and water? Work. Once set revolving, it assumed the spheroidal form, all its inequalities dispersed themselves,—all its irregularities became regular. Stop its revolutions, and the original chaos would result.

And so with us. We know men are given a mind and the ability to use it, and that left to itself it would never be more than a blotted, sullied page; in short that it is what we make it. Whether it shall be a mass of profundity and ignorance, or a well-filled and well-arranged store-house of knowledge, depends on work. Of an idle, irrevolving mind, destiny can make nothing. Let the idle think of this and work; let the dabbler think of this and work; let every one work, and, having worked, work. Thus you will attain to the height of your ambition, no matter what it may be. And here listen to the advice which Sir Robert Peel gave to the students of Glasgow on an occasion similar to this:—"Practise the economy of time; consider it like the faculties of your mind—a precious estate—that every moment of it well applied is put out to an exorbitant interest. I do not say, devote yourselves to unremitting labour, and forego all amusement; but I do say, that the zest of amusement itself, as the result of successful application depends, in a great measure, on the economy of time. If you will consider our faculties, as the gifts of nature by far the first of value,—if you will be persuaded, as you ought to be, that they are capable of constant, progressive, and almost indefinite improvement,—that by arts similar to those, by which magic feats of dexterity and bodily strength are performed, a capacity for the nobler feats of the mind may be acquired—the first, the especial object of our youth, will be to establish that control over your own minds and your own habits, which shall ensure the proper culture of this precious inheritance."

But of this enough. On this, the last day that we shall meet each other as fellow students, it would ill beseem us to moralize too much, and so we will turn to a subject diametrically opposed to philosophy, viz., "the ladies." Fellow students: Have you ever thought of the encroachments which the fair are making within the walls of our Alma Mater. Will you allow destruction to steal upon you, without observing or attempting to avert it. But a few years ago the sight of the gentler sex within our walls would have struck astonishment into the hearts even of Stoical Seniors. But how is it now? Young, handsome, and popular professors, give courses of popular lectures. Mark you this. The ladies attend these, and are directly imbued with a desire for more science or—scientists, and now they regularly visit us as students of the Technical Institute. Then rise fellow freemen, or your freedom will soon be gone, and you will be forced to make invidious distinctions between class men and class women. 'Tis true, there are some advantages which would ensue upon the admission of ladies into your midst. Possibly the professors would not be so hard on the caroling (?) in the halls; probably the debating societies would be much better attended; but look at the other side and tremble. Fancy getting up of a cold morning in mid-winter and performing an elaborate toilet before 9 o'clock French or Chemistry; imagine the dreadful necessity of Freshies wearing collars and ties *continually*; picture if you can the ladies' astonishment and horror at the bushy heads and ragged gown which usually emerge from a scuffle in the hall. Comrades, think of this, and guard your liberties to the death.

Fellow Classmates,—

We have fought the fight, we have finished our course, henceforth there remains to us but the memories—the pleasant, sunny memories—of the times which we have spent in common labours and common amusements. We have seen our numbers dwindle and dwindle until we have reached at once a numerical minimum and the end of our existence as a class. But, as we have become beautifully less, so we have increased in that intimate knowledge of each other which has widened our title of classmates into that of comrade and friend. Though now about to separate from each other, yet I feel assured that our friendship will last as long as we have being, and that the times devoted to

the pursuit of learning in old Dalhousie will ever form the brightest spot in the recollections of the past. As we stand upon the dividing line of the old and new, let us renew our pledges of amity, and determine never to forget our obligations to one another, and to our Alma Mater, and then let us quietly descend from our lofty pedestal and once more mingle condescendingly with ordinary mortals.

We have finished. To our Rev. Principal and our Professors we tender our good wishes and God speed; to the ladies we tender our repentance, and thank them for gracing our convocation with their presence to-day; to our fellow students we yield another rung in the ladder; to all, regretfully but firmly, we say FAREWELL!

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—Permit a few remarks in reply to a criticism by one "Bacca," of an article read by us before the students meeting of Dalhousie, which appeared in your last issue. It is not our intention to rise in the indignant, and declare that the aforesaid article was raised too high on the pinions, either by logic or truth, to fear criticism, for in presenting it to the consideration of our society, we confessed to its having been written more in the spirit of rhetoric than of Gospel. Yet if we have gone rather far in one direction, our friend "Bacca" has truly somewhat lost himself in the other.

In the first place; this writer seems to imagine that by conducting the opinions of Macaulay to fearful conclusions, he is involving us in the same. Much as it flatters us to be coupled even in condemnation with this great essayist, we must protest. "Bacca" has overlooked or neglected to notice the important fact, that after giving this author's remarks, we added that a careful consideration of his theory had inclined us *slightly* to his opinion. Now we would ask our learned critic; by what twisting of the syllogism he has charged on us, the full conclusion of a man's argument, with whom we could only *slightly* agree. Having thus freed ourselves from the responsibility of defending Macaulay against the terrible attacks of "Bacca;" much though we feel he need assistance when assaulted by so towering an adversary; we will go on to discuss the question on its own merits.

Our endeavour in the paper under consideration, was to show that the writing of poetry is

an art which flourishes better in rude and uncultured ages, than when education has opened the minds of men to inquiry and investigation. We think that there are two essentials to a healthy poetical period. Under the first, we hold there is required good poets. Under the second, appreciative hearers. Concerning the relative merits of the ancient and modern muse, we are not able from our own investigation to speak decidedly, but many authorities might easily be quoted to prove that the ancient drama, in the hands of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, excelled in power and expression its more modern compeer, under the guidance of Shakspeare or Racine, and that the soul of epic song breathed through the poems of Homer and Hesiod, never revived in its old glory, even though invoked by the immortal genius of Milton. On this, however, we will not insist, but on the latter point, viz., that an appreciative audience is essential to a healthy poetical age, we would lay a decided stress.

It is a fact which even "Bacca" will not dispute, that whatever may be the comparative merits of the ancient and modern muse, the influence which the former exercised on men was far greater than that which the latter yields. Take for example the two epic poets, Homer and Milton. Now what is the fact concerning the relative influence of these men on the Greek and the Briton. Every man throughout the limits of Hellas knew and loved Homer's song. It was to him a delight, a power. He never dreamt of doubting its truth or its logic. It never entered his mind that the marvellous little scenes around the walls of "Illion," might be but the creation of an inflated fancy. To him Ajax, and Diomed, and Achilles, were heroes as real as if he saw them in conflict with the Trojans, and even disputing the sovereignty of earth with the gods. The blind bard was his idol, and he would as soon have thought of disputing the sun's light as Homer's veracity. How different is the reception accorded to the author of the Paradise Lost. We do not wish to be personal, but might we ask "Bacca" if he has read this poem through twice, or could repeat from memory ten consecutive lines of it. We only ask this question of an author who assumes to write learnedly on poetry. It is our opinion that there is not one out of every thousand of the English speaking inhabitants of the earth who has read carefully the works of their greatest epic writer. Again, among those who

have toiled through the pages of Paradise Lost, and Regained, for the sake of saying so, how many are they who have found it a delight, or believed and wondered as they read. The fact is, that poetry, as poetry has lost its power over men to a large extent, and is now read almost entirely for the sake of style and language. How is this? Simply because man's phantasy declines as his reasoning power develops, and habituated to investigation his mind refuses to credit all that seems doubtful or approaches the imaginative. We might go on to show the difference between the appreciation of the drama in ancient and modern times, but to mention it is sufficient for even the most casual reader on this subject. It is a fact that while the Greek theatre was loved for its beauty in thought and expression, its English successor is only supported by its impurities, while the best of our dramatic efforts are banished from the stage, because they do not pander sufficiently to this modern taste for excitement.

And yet while seeing all this we must agree in many respects with "Bacca," and are open to confess that, our first effort on the subject, was far from perfect. Not that we ever attempted or desired to show that poetry is a gift which will in some highly scientific and intellectual age be lost to man. We believe that men must ever speak their deepest feelings in this language, that our noblest thoughts must be clothed in it, and that while we have sorrows to bear or victories to celebrate, our sighs shall be breathed in poetry, and our triumphs heralded in song.

J. F. D.

#### FAREWELL MEETING.

THE Students' Farewell Meeting was held on the evening of Convocation day in Class Room No. 2. The attendance was discouragingly small, and the spirit of the meeting was accordingly not very vigorous. "Lauriger Horatius" by the company initiated proceedings.

Mr. Crowell made a statement of the financial condition of the GAZETTE, which was most satisfactory, and clearly showed that Mr. C. is the right man in the right place. A cordial vote of thanks was tendered him for his energetic and successful management of our finances.

Mr. McLean, of the Graduating Class, read a farewell address, in which he expressed his

mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that his course here had come to an end.

Messrs. Cameron, Dickie, and Emmerson followed with short speeches.

Mr. Dickie regretted leaving "the proud city of the waters," not only on account of the associations which connected him with these stern halls, but as well because he must leave behind him the fair daughters of Halifax who had made captive all the tender affections of his soul.

Mr. Emmerson was glad that he had now attained that for which he had been striving for four weary years. He was sorry that the time had come when he must part with his fellows in toil; but his sorrow was sweetened by the hope that in the absence of his heart-smashing classmate he might be favored with a share of that feminine favor which he could not hope to win when Mr. Dickie was in the lists.

Mr. Cameron could not give a very clear account of his feelings. Pleasure at the conclusion of his course and at the reflection that he was now free from the drudgery of class work and the worry of examinations was mingled with regret that he was leaving the college in which he had spent many happy hours and found many friends.

Mr. Thomson assured the departing class that that from the eagerness with which he looked forward to completing his studies in Arts next year he could appreciate their glad feelings. Those who remained would certainly miss those who were now leaving: their intercourse had been pleasant and would long be remembered.

John Waddell, B. A., being present, was called upon and responded with a short speech. He sympathized thoroughly with the gentlemen who had spoken. He urged the new graduates to cultivate a good feeling for their *Alma Mater*, to keep green her memory and throw their whole soul into effort for her welfare. The Chairman, Mr. Crowell, and several others gave short leave-taking addresses, and the meeting closed singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

ADDISON.—We notice that in the last issue of Rose Belford's magazine, Professor Lyall has added another to his already numerous criticisms of the most eminent English authors. As in all the writings of this gentleman, the subject is handled in an able and exhaustive manner.

**DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.**

HALIFAX, N. S., MAY 3, 1879.

**EDITORS.**

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**Subscribers in arrears will please forward the amounts due to EDWIN CROWELL at Barrington, N. S.**

**WITH** the present issue, two of the editorial committee close their official connection with the GAZETTE.

We have had much pleasure in performing the share of the work which fell upon us. At the time of our appointment, and every day since, we have felt that the students of Dalhousie have honored us, and we have done our best to deserve a continuance of their good feeling and confidence. It has ever been our aim to conform the editorial utterances of the GAZETTE to the sentiments which most plainly declared themselves in the whole body of the college, and to exclude anything and everything in which there was a tendency to individual assertion.

That we should have always given entire satisfaction is not to be expected. Differences have occurred, slight and not difficult to remedy they may have been, but nevertheless quite apparent and much to be regretted. That we were in

some measure to blame for these unpleasant occurrences, we do not for a moment doubt; but we have no hesitation in saying that we have ever acted as in our opinion was best calculated to promote the interests of the paper entrusted to us, and of the college to which we belong.

The relations between the members of the committee chosen from the junior year and those from the senior class have been very pleasant,—the retiring editors take this opportunity of thanking their junior coadjutors for their vigorous and efficient support; they have never shirked their share of the burden, and it is hoped that their example may not be without profit to whoever may step into their places next year. In this connection, we must not forget to mention Mr. J. M. Scott, B. A., who earned our thanks by attending to the making up of our last issue, which was printed at a time when none of us could think of anything but Examinations.

To all—students and graduates—who have assisted us by contributions, we feel grateful. As we cannot repay them in kind, we propose to show that our gratitude is real, by taking upon us a part of their self-imposed task,—we promise to lend all possible assistance to our successors.

The Janitor has been very careful of us. Our subterranean sanctum was always made as comfortable as possible, and proof reading became almost a pleasure. For the Publishing Committee, we thank Mrs. Wilson for her many good offices.

And blessed be the printers! Oh, the forbearance of those men! We cannot command words to express our feelings. Late copy, badly scored proof, alterations, and all the other annoyances inflicted upon them by our unskilled hands, seemed to be powerless to stir up the wrath in the disciples of Guttenburg and Faust. We feel quite sure that had we to do with less obliging gentlemen than those of the Nova Scotia Printing Company, we should not now be in a position to write as we do.

As we close this article, we feel sad that it is our last. Though pressed by other and more imperative duties, and often hurried, we have always worked for the GAZETTE with a light heart, and we regret that the time has come when our connection with it must be severed.

**T**HE Summer Session has been begun under auspices more favorable than many of us anticipated. Though only a few students have been enrolled, classes have been opened in Political Economy, Mathematics, Classics, English, Modern Languages and Chemical Physics. It is yet too early to predict success, but such an initiation is certainly encouraging to those who have been promoters of the experiment.

**ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.**

**THIS** Association held its annual meeting on the 23rd of April, in the Physics Class Room of Dalhousie College. Though not very numerous attended, a very considerable amount of business was despatched at the meeting.

The opening address of the President, Dr. Bayne, was devoted to an account of the progress made by the College since the last annual meeting, and to what was now doing to still further advance its interests. After this came the reports. That of the Executive was occupied with a statement of their work through the past year. It dealt with the disposition of the funds, the Mackenzie memorial, the attempt to start an annual dinner, and several minor matters. After this came the report of the Treasurer. The revenue of the Association for the year had been \$271.50; the expenditure \$246.91, leaving a balance in hand of \$24.59. Against this was to be drawn the sum of \$150, subscribed for apparatus; of this, however, all but \$50 was covered by special subscriptions. Some time was spent on the discussion of several proposed amendments to the Constitution, which ended in the whole subject of Constitution and Bye-Laws being laid by for another year. The action of the Executive in subscribing the \$150 to the purchase of apparatus was approved by the Association, and the disposition of funds for the ensuing year was again left in the hands of the Executive. A strong feeling was, however,

expressed on the part of most of the members present, that no more money should be offered as prizes. It was suggested that for some years to come the funds of the Association be devoted to establishing an Exhibition or Bursary in connection with the Chair of Physics, as a memorial of Dr. Mackenzie.

It was resolved that the Association give a dinner next year, the question of funds and the other arrangements to be entrusted to the Executive.

Some general discussion then ensued on the best way of awakening interest in the Association among the general body of the Graduates. It was suggested that the names of all the members of the Association be enrolled in the Calendar for next year.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year:

- H. A. BAYNE, Ph. D., *President.*
- H. MACKENZIE, M. A., *Vice-President.*
- J. FORREST, M. A., *Treasurer.*
- F. H. BELL, B. A., *Secretary.*

- R. SEDGEWICK, B. A.,
  - W. S. DOULL, B. A.,
  - J. M. OXLEY, B. A.,
  - D. C. FRASER, B. A.,
  - J. CARMICHAEL, B. A.,
- Executive Committee.*

**HALIFAX MEDICAL COLLEGE.**

**ON** the day following our own Convocation, that of the Halifax Medical College occurred. The session just closed has been a very successful one. Thirty-six students have been in attendance. Three of these received the Doctor's degree, and two others have passed their primary examinations for the same degree. The relative standing of the members of the graduating class was:—1st. W. B. Moore; 2nd. W. E. Mackay; 3rd. A. R. Andrews. Of the class in primary subjects.—1st. C. A. Moseley; 2nd. A. R. Andrews; 3rd. J. J. Maclean.

At a subsequent competition the position of House Surgeon to the Provincial and City Hospitals was gained by W. B. Moore, M. D., and that of Assistant by C. A. Moseley. We heartily congratulate these gentlemen. We feel a brotherly interest in them as students, and more particularly because they have all obtained a part of their education at Dalhousie. We hope the new M. D.'s may have abundant success in their chosen profession.

## FORSAN HAEC JUVABIT MEMINISSE.

How pleasant it is to sit and gaze upon the face of nature. Our own heart responds to its brightness and reflects its gloom. On a beautiful summer day, when the air is replete with light and warmth and life, we feel that it is indeed a pleasure to live. In her presence we realise as much as is permitted us, that communion of soul which overawes and subdues every minor feeling or passion of our nature. As we gaze upon the blue infinity above us, upon the "deep and dark blue ocean;" upon the ever-changing light and shade which flits across the landscape around us and relieves its monotonous beauty; the soul bounds within, under the sense of its own relationship to all these beautiful surroundings and their common origin.

Exams were over but the testamurs were not yet out. Suspense and anxiety could be discerned beneath the assumed air of negligent indifference with which we greeted one another. Beneath this outward calm—were it possible to observe the inner workings of the mind—might be seen conflicting hopes and fears. Now hope and confidence hold the sway and the air is filled with mirth and jollity. Anon fear and anxiety assert themselves and the countenance which was lately beaming, becomes sad and thoughtful.

About fifteen of us had met at College and agreed to walk to the Point, and there, amidst nature's works, to endeavour to forget for the time being the joy or sorrow to which the approaching "Pass Lists" might doom us. There we were, one or more representatives from every year, each striving to outdo the rest in an assumption of carelessness. Some there had just finished the last of their "greats," some had only experienced the pleasure of waxing "smalls;" all, however, were alike, the victims of "the hardest papers which were ever given."

But on these perturbed spirits the beauty and harmony of all the component parts of the scene before them exercised a soothing and repressive influence. In front lay the noble harbour of Halifax, reflecting from its tossing surface the rays of the afternoon sun. A stiff breeze just tipped the blue waves with foam, and under its favouring influence two or three stately vessels bounded buoyantly "outward bound" almost hidden under a snowy drift of canvas. Beyond lay the

Eastern Passage and the shores surrounding the good town of Dartmouth, while forming a centre-piece and reflecting back from its acres of glass, the rays of the setting sun Mount Hope Asylum reared its noble proportion. Around us rose the towering evergreens of the Park, while here and there amidst the trunks of the trees might be caught gleams of white road and dashing equipages. Everything denoted a peaceful activity, save the grim tower, which overhead, seemed with its iron teeth to grin defiance against all who should disobey or offend our liege lady the Queen.

Gradually, under the pleasing influence of so much beauty, we relapsed into silence, levity was laid aside, and thoughtfulness once more reigned supreme.

I meditated. In spirit I passed again through all the fluctuations of my sea of troubles during the last few years. Once more I entered timidly and reverentially that afterwards well-known Examination Hall and gazed fearfully at the Judges who were shortly to determine whether I should become one of Dalhousie's proteges or not.

"Ah, distinctly I remember,"

the feelings with which I answered the summons to go through my ordeal.

"Confugate diffido please.  
"Diffido diffidi —."

Down went an ominous mark to the contra account, and down too went my heart until I thought it had gone altogether. But familiarity breeds contempt, and ere that Exam. was over my hopes had found a level again somewhere about 30.

Anon I was a Sophomore once more; despising "those verdant Freshies," and equally despised by the well-seasoned Juniors. But notwithstanding this, those days saw some glorious old times. Then "Sam Simons" was in its prime, and ever and again through the old halls its plaintive notes rang—nay, to use more expressive language—thundered. Then, the Seniors "lived, aye went into the Senate." Then, the spirit of fun and mischief fairly revelled amongst all years without distinction. Then, the Senate were continually on the *qui vive*, and very frequently on the judgment seat for transgressors.

Another Sessional—somewhat used to it by this time, but still with a wholesome dread thereof

—and I was a Junior, one of the upper ten. How proud I felt at being canvassed for information by Freshies, revered by Sophs and patronised by Seniors. Then first was developed that importance which became of use in the next year. We were gradually creeping up the ladder, but only by pushing on ahead out into the cold world, many a genial spirit, many a jolly friend and comrade.

A short six month's Session and I was a Senior. What a world of dignity that one small word implies. None ahead save the Profs.; Freshies, Sophs, Juniors, all behind us. Authorities on all subjects excepting our own; full of wise saws and modern instances. And so we played our part, and now,—our exit in prospect.

And ever and anon, through the dreams of the past, flitted memories of one who comes last on the list of officials, but who is by no means least—*Semper floreat Fanitor*. How affecting and effective were his *paternal and fraternal exhortations*; what times he used to have keeping order in the halls, when some celebrity was being tried by the Senate. How his majestic stature, his warlike appearance, his big stick used to strike terror into our Freshie hearts, and be—quietly derided by the Seniors. *Humanum esrare est*. So let us lay down all his errors of judgment to zeal in the cause of—our common Alma Mater. Alas! 'tis hard to leave all this.

A low gurgle close at hand disturbed these pleasing reveries. I turned in some alarm to seek its cause, and:—

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

SILENUS.

## PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

As several Alumni of Dalhousie have passed into the Seminary at Pine Hill, an account of the exercises which closed its past session may not be out of place in the GAZETTE.

At a public meeting held in Saint Matthew's Church on Wednesday evening, 23rd inst.—Rev. Dr. Burns presiding—the first session of the Presbyterian College, under its new *regime*, was formally closed.

After devotional exercises the Rev. Chairman referred to the change from the old building on Gerrish Street to the fine Hall at the North West Arm—to the satisfactory results of the late

efforts to endow the institution, and also to its prospects.

The members of the Faculty,—Rev. Principal MacKnight, Rev. Dr. Pollock, and Rev. Prof. Currie,—gave a summary of the work done by their respective classes.

The Prizes were then awarded—three to each class,—the first prizes being \$25, the second \$15, and the third \$10. The standing of the winners, which was unusually high, was determined by written examinations held monthly throughout the term.

In the third or Senior year, the prizemen were:—1st, A. McDougall; 2nd, C. W. Bryden, B. A.; 3rd, T. C. Jack, B. A., (U. N. B.) In the second or middle year:—1st, Edwin Thorpe; 2nd, R. Logan, B. A.; 3rd, W. A. Mason, B. A. In the first or Junior year:—1st, John H. Cameron, B. A.; 2nd, Anderson Rogers, B. A.; 3rd, Angus Sellers, B. A., (U. N. B.)

For the highest percentage of marks at all examinations, the Prize offered by the Sabbath School of St. David's Church, St. John, fell to John H. Cameron, B. A.

The Rev. Chairman announced that \$25 had been offered by one of the Graduating Class as a Prize for proficiency in Hebrew, to be awarded at the close of next Session,—also that a like sum would be given for the best sermon on a given text.

Rev. E. Scott, B. A., then addressed the Students. Mr. Scott is a son of whom our *alma mater* has reason to be proud. Though still a young man, he has gained more than a local reputation for thorough and practical thought and forcible and pleasing expression. After referring to the disparity between the work and those who were called to do it, he led his hearers to see the desirability of the clerical profession—its calm and elevating pleasures, its grandeur, the certainty of success for faithful workers, and the splendid reward which awaits the imitators of the Great Teacher.

After a hymn had been sung, Dr. Jardine, of Chatham, an alumnus of Queen's, read an excellent paper, in which he suggested the true methods of reconciling the truths of revealed religion with the phenomena which some scientists and philosophers claim to find at variance with them.

In order to just discrimination an impartial standpoint must be occupied. Theology must advance with the other sciences. Truth is one and cannot be inconsistent with itself. Incon-

sistencies are apparent only because the human mind has not yet comprehended what final truth in many things really is. Hence the difficulty of perfectly harmonizing Biblical and Scientific truth.

Two methods may be adopted to aid in bringing about the desired ends.

1. Progression towards an interpretation of Scripture to which Christians shall agree.

2. The attainment of the greatest possible certainty and unanimity in science and philosophy.

No existing Church can be the instrument of bringing about so desirable a state of things, neither can an association whose creed is but a combination of the similar features of the various sects of Christians. The only instrument that can be effectively used is a more thorough study of the mysteries and symbolism of the Bible, by men who can bring to help them in their work all possible knowledge of scientific and philosophical truth.

Mr. James A. McLean, B. A., then read a carefully written Valedictory, which well deserved the favor with which it was received.

The Graduating Class—six in number—Messrs. G. L. Gordon, A. Gray, J. A. McLean, B. A., T. C. Jack, B. A., C. W. Bryden, B. A., and A. McDougall,—received a parting exhortation from the Rev. Principal.

Short speeches were made by several reverend gentlemen, and the meeting was dismissed with a prayer and benediction by the Rev. Dr. McGregor.

THE library of Dalhousie College has received a most valuable addition within the present month. The friends of the late Dr. Mackenzie have placed at the disposal of the College the large collection of works which formed the scientific library of our lamented Professor. The following is a list of the works comprised in this handsome donation:

#### GERMAN AND FRENCH WORKS.

Advances in Physical Science, 30 vols.  
Gehlen's Dictionary of Physics, 21 vols.  
Lubke's History of Art.  
Weber's Electrodynamics.  
Schloemilch's Compendium of Higher Analysis.  
Serret's hand-book of Advanced Algebra.  
Gorup-Besanez—Inorganic Chemistry.  
Fresenius—Quantitative Analysis.  
Schloemilch—Book of Mathematical Exercises.  
Durege—Elliptic Functions.  
Frick—Physical Manipulations.  
Kulp—Practical Physics.  
Zeuner—Mechanical Theory of Heat.

Kirchhof—Mathematical Physics.  
Riemann—Gravity.  
Helmholtz—Sound.  
Besant—Hydrodynamics.  
Leunis—Natural History.  
Culman—Graphical Statistics.  
Wilde—History of Optics.  
Wiedemann—Galvanism, 3 vols.  
Hesse—Analytical Mechanics.  
Lommel—Bessel's Functions.  
Beer—Electrostatics.  
Briot—Mechanical Theory of Heat.  
Rieman—Differential Equations.  
Dirichlet on Potential.  
Balzer on Determinates.  
Weisbach—Engineering.  
Mascart—Static Electricity.  
Riess—Frictional Electricity, 3 vols.  
Neumann—Electric Forces.  
Kahl—Mathematical Exercises.  
Meyer's—Modern Theory of Chemistry.  
Sachs—Botany.  
Jacobi—Dynamics, 2 vols.  
Schrön—Interpolation Tables.  
" Logarithms to Seven Places.  
Bunsen—Gasometric Methods.  
Beetz—Physics.  
Kohlrausch—Practical Physics.  
Autenheimer—Differential and Integral Calculus.  
Weber—Electrodynamic Measurements.  
Hezekiel—Bismark.  
Lampe—Painting.  
School System of Saxony.  
Zimmerman's English Grammar.  
" Reading Book.

#### ENGLISH BOOKS.

Thomson & Tait—Elementary Natural Philosophy.  
Thomson's papers on Electricity and Magnetism.  
Routh—Rigid Dynamics.  
Olmsted—Philosophy.  
Tyndall—Diamagnetism.  
Airy—Magnetism.  
Brewster—Optics.  
Goodwin—Principles of Mechanics.  
Tyndall—Heat as a Mode of Motion.  
Young—Lectures on Natural Philosophy, 2 vols.  
Puckle—Conic Sections.  
Jenkins—Electricity and Magnetism.  
Lavender & Loewy—Heat.  
Hall's Differential and Integral Calculus.  
Todhunter's Integral Calculus.  
" Differential Calculus.  
" Theory of Equations.  
" Conic Sections.  
Boole's Differential Equations.  
Todhunter's Spherical Trigonometry.  
Croonian—Lectures on Matter and Force.  
Goodwin's Statics.  
Tait—Thermodynamics.  
Tait & Steele—Dynamics of a Particle.  
Garnet's Treatise on Heat.  
Proctor—Spectroscope.  
Orme—Heat.  
Parkinson's Elementary Mechanics.  
Maxwell—Matter and Motion.  
Lardner & Loewy—Hydrostatics and Pneumatics.  
Blaikie—Elements of Dynamics.  
Bayne's Thermodynamics.  
Bottomley—Dynamics or Theoretical Mechanics.  
Tate's Philosophy.  
McGill University Calendar.  
Arnold's First Latin Book.

Besides the above, the following unbound works form part of the collection:

Annals of Physics and Chemistry, 40 Nos.  
Gmelin-Kraut's Handbook of Chemistry, 24 vols.  
Graham-Otto's Textbook of Chemistry, 2 vols.  
Miscellaneous Pamphlets, 30.

#### EXCHANGES.

As usual the *Brunonian* is well up to the standard. The greater part of the paper is taken up with matters of College interest, but still there is room left for "Articles," and here and there a bit of poetry interspersed. In the opening—"Voices of the Streams"—the idea, which perhaps is rather common is well brought out, in verses which are lively and well sustained. "Lord Chesterfields letters to his son" and the continuation of "Letters from Italy," seem the most important of the prose contributions, and as well, the best. The latter is particularly interesting, giving a good description of an excursion in Pompeii. By-the-bye, we think we have seen something somewhat similar to the Amphitheatre placard in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

The *College Olio*, on the "Table" before us contains in its 'leader,' a moving appeal for the admission of women to the benefits to be obtained from a Collegiate course in Marietta College. We heartily sympathise with it, and read with great interest its various arguments. More than a goodly number of Colleges in America have already thrown open their doors, and no doubt the rest will soon follow. If we do not mistake, there are as yet none in Canada, which grant degrees to women; but from the tone of the college press we cannot help thinking that the state of affairs will not exist much longer. In "The Business *versus* the Regular College," we have some good arguments in favour of the latter. The articles in the *Olio* this time are rather too deep; but we always consider this an error on the right side.

The literary department of the *Acadia Athenæum* for March, consists of two articles, the opening six-column one written as usual by a professor, and therefore not to be criticised. As the other is probably written by a humbler individual, perhaps we may be allowed to venture an opinion. The subject is "A walk." We must congratulate the writer on his success—"in filling four columns"—which, at the beginning, he

candidly states is his object. We feel sorry for his sake and our own that there was more than one. By the way we must still plead our ignorance of "subjective walls,"—will the *Athenæum* 'rise up and explain?'

The *Queen's College Journal* seems able to give a fair share of its space to each department, all being equally well sustained. We were very much amused, as well as pleased, with "Love and Law." It is, we think, the best specimen of that kind of poetry we have seen among our Exchanges. "What Great Men we are!" we read with interest, though the characters are overdrawn. We are sorry to see that there is no—"to be continued"—at the end of "Notes from the Far West," which have been such an attraction in the *Journal*.

We notice in the *Tyro* before us, that the Editorial department is a good deal better kept up (at least in the present number) than the literary. The latter is largely made up of extracts. We can easily understand the reason when we read in the Editorial the pathetic notice of Exams.

#### PERSONALS

REV JAMES A. MCKEEN, B. A., has received a call from the Presbyterian congregation at Hamilton, Bermuda, where he has been for some time preaching. The salary is £150 stg.

REV. D. McMILLAN, B. A., of New Dublin, has received a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregation at Clyde River and Barrington, Shelburne Co.

A. W. MAHON, a general student here during the past term, has gone to Antigonish to resume his position as Head Master of the graded school.

W. P. CHISHOLM, of the late Chemistry class, has been appointed to the department of the Dartmouth schools which J. Waddell, B. A., lately resigned.

We regret very much to know that MURDOCH MCGREGOR—a former student at Dalhousie, and now at the Presbyterian College—is seriously ill. His case is now pronounced hopeful, but his recovery will be a matter of time as the disease is slow fever.

REV. W. R. CRUIKSHANKS, B. A., has been inducted into the charge of St. Matthew's Church, Montreal. It will be remembered that Mr. C. after spending some time at the copper mines at Bett's Cove, N. F., went to Montreal to assist Rev. Dr. Jenkins. He was welcomed by a social gathering of the congregation on the 18th ult., and entered upon his ministry the Sunday following.

GEORGE S. CARSON of the late Freshman Class has been appointed Catechist at Mechanicsville, St. John, N. B. C. D. MCLAREN goes to St. Croix, Hants Co., and R. D.

ROSS to the Eastern Shore of Halifax and Guysboro', to act in the same capacity. A. B. MCLEOD has been sent to Dundas, and JOHN F. DUSTAN to Georgetown, P. E. I.

THE graduating class has dispersed itself. EMMERSON remains in town, and will be employed during the summer with the Royal Engineer's surveying party. MACLEAN has gone to his home at Hopewell. DICKIE will forget his grief in the "hum of trade" in Stewiacke. CAMERON has returned to the land of dusky diamonds, and will probably employ himself at his home in Baddeck, at the desk, and for variety, in the potato field. CHAMBERS will explore the mysteries of *jus civile*, in a Truro law office, where, by the way, he spent a part of last summer.

AND now "Personals" makes his bow, backs gracefully from the scene, and lays down the pen with which, during six months, it has been his delight to note the movements and progress of those who have been his fellows at college, or who have been his ancestors, so to speak, in learning. Very pleasant has it been to him to gather up such scraps of information as have from time to time appeared in this column. For further reward would fain believe that his labors have been appreciated by those who look back with kindly feelings to the days when they had a place in the old class rooms of Dalhousie, who are scattered "hither and thither and yon," and who greet joyfully any bit of news concerning their former classmates.

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### INNER DALHOUSIE.

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It is finished.

SOME of the "Boys" are finished too.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY and the only two prizes he ever obtained will ever be connected in Alfredo's mind.

A YOUNG lady in Halifax has lost a little *dickie-bird*. Return him to her and be rewarded. *Come little birdie.*

*Scene.* (The Reading Room—deserted.)

*Time.* (10 minutes before the competition in Elocution.)

Curtain rises (*i. e.* door opens) and discloses to the audience (*i. e.* a roaming Junior) "the Missionary" in an *inextricable* attitude, describing a sky-scraping gesture, and muttering grandiloquently.

*Junior.* "Hello!" I say old boy what's up? Cramps?

"*The M.*" Oh no—I—I—I was sitting a great deal lately and—and—I was just—stretching myself. Exit Junior laughing maliciously.

THERE is nothing like a prize to open hearts, it strikes us. We speak from experience, for didn't the history prizeman actually stand treat the other night. "Fact I assure ye."

WE were alarmed the other day by an outsider rushing in and telling us that he had picked up our Financial Editor, *drunk and incapable*, and lying on his back in the gutter. Imagine our horror. We rose, solemnly grasped each others hands, and huskily ejaculated "Were done for boys! guess there'll be no money left for us!" How were we relieved, however, when our informant said, "I've got him here," and produced from his pocket a photo of the aforesaid gentleman. We breathed again.

OH, the arrogance and airs of those newly fledged Grads. The worst example of it we ever heard was anent the one who nearly got the "Graduates Prize." Asked by a lady to write his autograph in her album, he appended to his otherwise unvarnished name the mystic letters, B. A. Several have seen that particular autograph lately, invariably fail to see the point, and say Ba. *So do we.*

THE Phunny Editor is "done gone." How often he has risked his precious life, the gods alone can tell, but he has stuck to his post till the last, and now "limbering up his gun" is off for Zulu-land. Dangerous? G'long now! talk about danger to we after this winter? Pshaw!

SEVERAL of our Exs. from "Uncle Sam's" territory have complained that our column was not plain (*i. e.* personal enough for their cultivated taste. Allow us to explain, "Inner Dalhousie" is meant for the Students of Dalhousie. By them its hits are fully understood, and in attaining this we think we have fulfilled our mission. That's all on this subject.

TO ALL we say that none of our "squibs" were dictated by maliciousness, and we hope they were not mal-comprehended. If they were, we don't care now, 'cos why, we're hooking it and defy any one to catch us. So ta-ta Gentlemen and Ladies. *Au revoir.*

Now who'd ha' thought it. Our impulsive Johannes is off to the island of "Murphies and oats," to convert the aborigines. And he says he never did anything like it before. "What, never?" "No, never." "What? never?" "Well, hardly ever." *Excelsior Johannes.*

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### ERRATUM.

*Dear Gazette.*—There is a missprint in my article in your last issue. On page 122, first column, eighteenth line from the bottom, insert "*the author's character*" after "*revealing*." As I alluded to these words afterwards, the omission spoiled the point of two sentences. My affliction would be lighter, if I could lay the blame upon any one but myself. MCD.

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### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

— MARTIN, \$1; D. Buchanan, \$1; R. Sedgwick, Esq., B. A., \$6; Dr. David Allison, \$1; Mrs. Forbes, \$1; Dr. Farrell, \$1; Melville Logan, B. A., \$1; Wallace McDonald, \$1.—Total, \$13.50.

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