

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

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HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

NO. 8.

## AFTER THE LAST SCIENCE LECTURE.

WHAT SHE SAID ON THE WAY HOME.

Yes, I think it was perfectly splendid—  
I'm sure I felt awfully wise,  
With my head full of glaciers and icebergs  
Of such ridiculous size;  
And the masses of what-do-you-call it,  
The dirt that is ever so old—  
And came down on the ice to Halifax,—  
It must have been horribly cold.

The views, too, weren't they lovely?  
Especially Mount Blanc and the Alps;  
Though the last ones were perfectly frightful,  
Those men with the clubs and the scalps.  
Well, maybe they didn't have scalps—  
They frightened me all the same;  
And that animal—wasn't he horrid?  
The-what-did-he-say-was-its-name?

Oh! I perfectly dote upon science;  
I think its just jolly good fun;  
And I wish I was going on your expedition,  
With knapsack and gun.  
Mamma says I'm growing strong-minded,  
And should cut off my hair and all that;  
Though eye-glasses would not become me,  
And how could I keep off my hat?

Here's the end of our walk—Good night!  
You may call Wednesday evening, Bob,  
And we'll talk of the glacial epoch,  
And the wonderful thingumabob!—*Ex.*

## THE GREAT MARSH NEAR SACKVILLE, NEW BRUNSWICK.

(Concluded.)

IN pursuing our subject further, we desire to call attention to the character of the marsh, and from a few facts or observations make certain deductions which might serve to account for its formation. Instead of formulating a theory, therefore, and advancing arguments to support it, let us adopt the more natural and logical

method of arriving at a conclusion through the medium of known data, gained for the most part by actual experience, or by the dull process of mental effort. We tremble, here, however, lest some may be anticipating an exhaustive treatise, and in good time warn such to the contrary. That water, under certain conditions, has the power not only of taking up and carrying along with it much mud in solution, but also of depositing the same, when it comes approximately to rest, are phenomena quite within the range of the observation of all. Almost everywhere we see evidences of this in one form or another, and with varying degrees. There is in fact scarcely a river or stream however small, which does not exhibit this phenomena. We may mention as fully illustrating it, the St. John River, along whose banks there are acres upon acres of soil of almost matchless fertility formed by such a process. Our statement, therefore, is the embodiment not of a supposition, but of a well-grounded and recognised fact. Herein then we are afforded with a clue which points directly to a conclusion, provided only the necessary conditions be fulfilled. Whether they be or not is best seen by turning to the map of the country in question. As the waters of the Atlantic enter the Bay of Fundy, which is indeed an arm of the sea, they become more and more compressed, until narrowing almost to a point at the head. We naturally conclude from this, that the water must flow up the Bay with a considerably increased velocity, and that consequently the tides on either side will be higher than the ordinary, while at the same time we would expect the head waters to reach the greatest height in this respect. Now all this is found to be actually the case to a greater extent



even than perchance may have been supposed. At the head of the Bay the tides rise to the almost incredible height of fifty, sixty, and sometimes seventy feet. Such a body of water, therefore, cannot fail to incorporate with itself, so to speak, much of the substance which it meets in its course, which would necessarily be retained so long as a sufficient current continued. The several rapid rivers, especially on the New Brunswick side, which empty their waters into the Bay, would likewise contribute much in the same way. Reason again anticipates what we subsequently find to be so, and enables us to predict with every tide a large deposit of sediment, consisting, as we find, of a red mud. The amount deposited in the spring of the year exceeds that of any other equal period, owing to the freshets, and varies considerably with the tides. Without going further can we not fairly conclude that the great marsh at the head of the Bay is of alluvial formation, and owes its origin entirely to the overflow of the tide. A long time would certainly be required to build up in this way so extensive and valuable a marsh, but herein we see no inconsistency. Objections, however, might be raised for two reasons, viz., that mud of a bluish colour is found further inland, and for the most part a little below the surface; also that there are in the marsh several fresh water lakes. Both of these facts can be accounted for quite readily. The marsh in process of formation would reasonably permit of some vegetation to grow upon it, which simultaneously with the sediment imparted by the tides would go to make up the soil. As regards the second, reason also supplies us with an explanation. As the marsh became more and extended, there would necessarily be portions further inland, uninfluenced by the ordinary rise of the tide, and the natural tendency in these parts would be to settle down, whereby a basin would be formed for the reception of water from various sources. By means of canals and dykes many of these lakes have been converted into good and productive marsh. By digging a channel from the river to the lake, the fresh water has been drained off, and salt water allowed to overflow them. Dykes were built

along the banks of the river and on both sides of the channel to prevent the adjoining marsh from being inundated. As the depth of the lakes did not exceed four or five feet, they became filled up in course of time. Much boggy land has been similarly dealt with, and in this way a considerable portion of the marsh has been reclaimed. What was done then might easily be done again, since there are several lakes such as the Tantramar and Missiquash, whose basins are below the level of high water. Before proceeding further it may not be amiss to make brief reference to dykes. By the way we are somewhat surprised that dyke, a term, if not synonymous with marsh, at least highly suggestive of it, had not been mentioned at a very much earlier stage. However this may be the farmers are not ignorant of what is implied in this term, the great benefit which they serve, together with their little annoyances and grievances which are constantly occurring. Perhaps it has given way somewhere and needs immediate repair. It is then that the dyke-master goes his round, and the farmer must pay an unexpected visit. But this is not all, the boundaries of the marsh are constantly becoming altered, owing to the wearing away and building up of parts, caused by the numerous streams intersecting it. This means the removal of the old dyke further inland, and the building of a new one on the opposite side of the river. The expense of dyking ranges from seven to twenty dollars per acre, and is largely depending upon the locality. Situation beside a river, whilst attended with many advantages, nevertheless calls for more attention in this particular. The present system of dyking is that received from the French, which to their credit be it said, seems to require no improvement. It has been frequently observed that the more closely the French system has been followed the better. It seems to us wonderful that these simple-minded *habitants* should have left behind them marks indicating unmistakeably much skill and engineering ability, and we are almost forced to conclude that they must have received both instruction and aid from the home Government.

In a brief review of the history of the marsh, after its subserviency to man, we are carried back over one hundred and thirty years or more. It is not positively known just when the first dyke was made. The probability is that grandfathers of many who have since become grandfathers in turn, beheld much of the marsh under the protection of dykes. It is well known that prior to the conquest of Fort Beausejour, in 1754, the French had some fairly prosperous marsh, well dyked. How many years previous to this crowning event it had been their pleasure to celebrate the harvest feast, as the farmers of a later day were wont to do, and the society called the Grange now does, after a slightly different fashion, we are unable to say. At that time, however, the country changed hands, and with it, of course, the marsh, which was divided up into lots of about 500 acres each, and given to the English. Very much of the marsh is still held by the descendants of these, but who would be able to free us from the labyrinth of names were we to attempt to trace the ownership of portions of it from that time to the present.

Another interesting feature connected with the marsh is the system of cultivation. This is very simple, and needs only to be properly attended to at the outset. Older marsh, therefore, in this respect, requires but little care. To render newly-formed marsh productive it is only necessary to drain the land and deprive it of the salt which it contains. Dykes are, of course, first made to prevent a further overflow of the tide. For the purpose of draining, ditches are dug at a distance from one another of about 22 yards. These from being 3 feet wide at the top, slope to 1 foot at the bottom, and are 2 feet 9 inches in depth. These dimensions remain unaltered, and there is no prosperity to the ditcher who neglects them in order to make greater headway. The guage must be used as well as the spade. In this state, then, the land is allowed to remain for about three years, during which time it has become thoroughly rid of the salt by the action of the frost and rain. This is followed by plowing, whereby the marsh is divided into ridges about six feet wide, and finally oats along with timothy seed are usually

sown. Such a process of cultivation is absolutely necessary for the growth of the different grasses, to which the marsh is chiefly devoted. There is no certainty whether the French used the marsh for the same purposes as at present; on the other hand there is reason to suppose that grain instead of grass was raised, and that too, chiefly for the support of the French army. Here then would be a reason which would induce the French Government to lend its sympathy and support to their far-distant countrymen, and place in their hands such appliances as would enable them better to labour, not for their own but the nation's good. What is especially to be commendable about the marsh is that it does not require the constant application of manures and such like, but year after year an abundant and luxuriant crop is as unfailing as the season itself. As an evidence of this there are to be found highly fertile tracts of marsh remaining just as the French left them, except that they may have been overflowed by the water, as when the Saxby Tide converted the marsh, for the time being, into a veritable sea. On that occasion the marsh was made more fertile at the cost of such moveables as were upon it. The benefit resulting from the great gale no doubt more than compensated for the numerous barns and hay-stacks which lay scattered in good-for-nothing fragments, after the water had subsided. But as such tides occur not once in a generation, the contribution from this source cannot amount to very much. The farmer's labour, therefore, consists for the most part of gathering in from this great storehouse of nature. It is a curious fact that the growing and what is usually known as the hay-making period are well-nigh equal in point of time. This is not owing to any slackness on the part of the farmers, for they have summoned to their aid all the appliances for the speedy accomplishment of their work, and lack not a whit in necessary zeal and energy. Vegetation on the marsh is exceedingly rapid, and the snows of spring have hardly disappeared ere the green begins to show itself. A very few weeks are sufficient to give quite an altered look to it, and to work such changes as to a stranger would seem quite impossible. About the middle



of June the grass has fairly made a start, and before the end of September it has grown high enough to allow an ordinary sized man to lose his way. We never heard of any such fate, however, befalling anyone, and it would have been rather surprising if any had, since persons, except intimately connected with the grass, are strictly forbidden to meander through it. Therefore several roads cross it, which all wise people think it prudent to keep to. Besides this the Intercolonial passes over it, so that facilities for crossing are all that could be desired. As soon as haying time comes, generally about the first of August, the farmers with all the necessary appendages are seen wending their way to the marsh. All other matters become absorbed in this, or else lose their interest as compared with it. Even education suffers from neglect, whilst the youthful aspirant after knowledge lays aside his school books to engage in the manly art of hay-making. No child is thought too young to do this, as the following illustration will show:—On one occasion a little fellow not more than seven or eight years old was absent from school. The next day he presented himself before his teacher with an excuse duly signed, to the effect that he had to go on the marsh to build loads. The child is father of the man, and therefore at no very distant day we may expect to see, at the head of the Bay, farmers of no ordinary kind.

To return to our subject, the yield of hay per acre varies from one to three tons, with an average of about one and a-half tons. A portion of the marsh is devoted to pasturage, and as such is found to render a valuable return. Cattle are sent there about the first of June, or perhaps a little later, and remain until about the middle of October. Its adaptability for this purpose is seen in the very superior cattle raised there. Much credit, however, in this respect, is due to the farmers themselves, whose skill and ability in the rearing of cattle have almost become proverbial. As a good physician might contemplate the human frame, so they, with a critic's eye, point out all the faults and blemishes of the steer, wherein said animal may fail to constitute what, in their estimation is

termed a *beauty*. Therefore, farmers of the surrounding country, beware of your fraternity in Sackville, for they cannot be imposed upon. Already there is a large cattle trade springing up between Great Britain and the Maritime Provinces, as well as the Dominion upon the whole. In this trade the farmers of Westmoreland, and Sackville in particular, largely participate. In the latter place the number of heads raised for this purpose during the year would be several hundred. On one farm alone, I refer to the model farm, and one in every respect worthy of the Province, at least one hundred and fifty are yearly fattened with such an end in view. Who would not, then, be a farmer, and being a farmer, live near Sackville?

We cannot close without mentioning the high tribute paid to the border counties by the highest official dignitary in our land. Our respected Governor-General, Marquis of Lorne, is credited with having said, whilst crossing the great marsh in the train, that he could with pleasure make his home in a place so highly favoured by nature. Such is our account of the marsh country, and we hope that in spite of the confused and hasty manner in which it is given, some, hitherto unacquainted with it, may be able to glean a little information regarding this portion of our Dominion.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

COUVA, Dec. 30th, 1880.

Dear Editors,—I received the first two issues of the GAZETTE last week. It was as great a treat to the mind, as a refreshing breeze to the body in this warm climate. It carried me in imagination back to old Dalhousie again. Having a little time at my disposal between Christmas and the New Year, I shall devote a part of it in writing you, in a rambling way, of things in general about Trinidad.

Our work is wholly among the Coolies, who are now almost the only laborers on the island. After the negro population had gained their freedom, they felt themselves above working, consequently, to keep up their estates, the planters were compelled to resort to other sources

for labor. They directed their attention to India. The first Coolies arrived in 1845. The immigration has been kept up ever since, so that the number now exceeds 35,000. They are indentured to the estate for five years, and when they have remained on the island for ten years, get, if they wish to return, a free passage back to India. Although the desire to return is strong at first, it gradually wears away, and many of them, on receiving their freedom papers, instead of returning to the land of their birth, purchase land and settle down for life; in fact very few avail themselves of the opportunity, as can be seen by the rapid increase of the population. The Coolies are naturally a polite people, and have a keen, judicious intellect, when cultivated. Our work among them is laborious, but their improvement is steadily progressing. We try to make education and christianity work hand in hand, and find that once these begin to operate in the Hindoo's mind, heathen prejudices soon melt away.

The indentured Coolies live in what are known as "barracks," provided by their employers, the estate owners. The freed Coolies group together and build villages on crown lands. These are different from Canadian villages. The houses are built without any order or regularity,—just as if some convulsion of the earth had tumbled them about, and they afterwards became inhabited by human beings. The more wealthy of them live in respectable wooden buildings, but the poorer classes have very few of the comforts of life. Here is a description of one of the houses of the poorer classes:—The foundation is about 12 feet square, the floor is of mud, the walls are of the same material, mixed with bamboo rods, and are about seven feet in height, the roof of palm leaves, projecting sometimes to the ground. A mud partition divides this mansion into two departments, and it is not an uncommon thing for two families to live in one of these little nests.

The rainy season has been very wet. The fall of rain is greater than for fifteen years. The average fall is 77 inches, this year it far exceeds that number. The rainy season generally begins in June and ends in December. In consequence

of the mud travelling is almost an impossibility; this difficulty will soon be overcome by railroads which are now in course of construction, and will, before long, connect the most important points of the island. About 35 miles is already in operation.

A rather amusing incident occurred on the line a few days ago:—A Coolie had been in town and having purchased a large goat, of the William persuasion, wished to return to his home by train, but was informed by the polite Conductor that it would cost him two shillings to get such an animal into the car. Saying nothing, he fastened the animal by a rope to the rear end of the train, went into the car and took a seat with a satisfied air. When the train stopped at the next station, he got out to see how his goat was getting along, but imagine his vexation and amazement to find nothing but the head and shoulders of his once formidable "billy." Throwing up his hands he exclaimed: "Hē, Massa, much more better me pay in two shillin." He learned a lesson from experience, which I think he will not likely forget.

It affords me pleasure to read of the success of Dalhousie, its increase in students and professors. The princely gifts of Mr. Munro predict for it a prosperous future, and no doubt his example will stimulate others to do likewise. Young Nova Scotia has reason to be hopeful. I trust to join you next winter again. In the meantime, I wish you a happy *New Year*, and a successful exam.

Yours truly,

ALEX. CAMPBELL.

A PRETTY good story is told by a solemn Senior of that far time when he was a careless Junior. While trudging through a Chemistry examination he wrote after a question of which he was by no means sure, as follows:—"I would not bet on this." The paper was returned with "You would have lost your money if you had," written immediately underneath.

THE telescope which is to be placed in the new Warner Observatory, at Rochester, N. Y., will be twenty-two feet in length, and its lens sixteen inches in diameter.



# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

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AS THE SESSION IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE, THOSE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE NOT PAID UP WILL GLADDEN OUR HEARTS BY FORWARDING THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS AT ONCE.

OUR thanks are due to our graduates and friends at other Universities at home and abroad who have contributed the admirable letters that have appeared in our columns. It is as pleasing to know that our old friends do not forget us as it is certain that they do their share to make the GAZETTE both interesting and instructive.

THERE are beings so diminutive that they bear the same proportion to the rest of the intellectual, that eels in vinegar do to the material world. These individuals magnify their own abilities as a general rule, and not unfrequently discover to their fellows their own littleness, by a gross misuse of the humble means with which nature has furnished them. With some there is a desire to shine in print, and whether their ideas be new or second-hand, their literary productions good or indifferent, so long as their name appears at the bottom they are supremely happy.

The praise bestowed upon Rev. D. A. Steele, of Amherst, for the lecture on "Manhood," delivered in Association Hall, has induced him to appear in another *role*,—as a writer on the College Question—and in this case he verified the saying of Demosthenes that, "Undeserved success often leads weak minds to folly."

The letter that appeared in the *Halifax Herald* from his pen, was not such as one might have expected. It lacked originality as a whole, and was characterized by tameness. There was one striking proposition brought forward, however, which relieved the monotony of the letter. He professes to make *Acadia* College the College around which the others shall cluster! And what are his reasons? *The fresh air and enchanting scenery of Wolfville!* Very cogent of a truth, but unless Mr. Steele assures us that other advantages are also to be found at Acadia, we will be compelled after all to give in our vote for Dalhousie.

He asserts that the Baptists own three times as much property at Acadia as is vested in the Governors of Dalhousie College. Perhaps so; but according to Mr. Steele, Dalhousie is a Presbyterian College, under the sole control of the Presbyterians, and he, therefore, will not object to include the Theological Hall at Pine Hill, and the building on Gerrish Street, as adjuncts to Dalhousie.

His assertion would be the better founded on fact, therefore, were he to consider Dalhousie as an undenominational College, as he well knows it is.

The remaining points in his letter are puerile. We have not space to comment upon them at present, nor indeed are they deserving of it; we feel sure that from the specimens we have given, our readers can form a tolerably good opinion of the force of his remaining arguments, and of the effect they will have upon an educated people.

COLLEGE curricula are prepared as if all men were cast in the same mould, or if we all had the same tastes. We clothe our bodies after a prevailing style, which changes sometimes, but our minds are dressed in the same fashion year

after year. Explorers tell us that savage nations think more of beads and trinkets than of calico and broadcloth; we think more of a knowledge of Greek and Latin than of that which is immediately of practical use. It seems as if there was nothing worth reading in our own language or nothing in nature worth knowing when we spend so much time studying what was written centuries ago. It is the fashion, and we must be slaves to it. The mythical labours of a mythical being, and the scandalous intrigues of fabled gods and goddesses, must be all known to us or we have not, in the eyes of the world, "a superior education."

In a previous editorial we referred to the lack of academic freedom and how difficult it was, under the present system, to develop a special taste for a particular subject. It was recorded in our last issue that one of our cleverest students is finishing his course at another University in order that he might take special subjects. A great many who enter the Arts course still have a liking for Science, but as yet the standing of a graduate in Arts is reckoned higher than one in Science; moreover many wish to know something about Greek and Philosophy, and for that reason do not wish to take the Science course. To suit such students, and they, we know, are not a few, some optional subjects might be allowed in the fourth year; if there were, we are certain that many more would take the full course, and the value of the College degree would not be lessened. Could not either Botany, Zoölogy or Geology be taken, if a student wished, in place of one of the dead languages. These subjects are of some practical use, but still a graduate would also have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Classics to vent a Latin quotation, and surprise the less fortunate, if he were an affected, pedantic fellow, by alluding to a Greek myth.

Studying the Classics does help the memory; but in this particular Science is far better. Botanists distinguish about 300,000 plants, the Zoologist deals with two million different forms of animal life, and the scope for the exercise of memory in Geology is enormous. The study of Classics helps the memory alone, of Sciences both the memory and the understanding. It is better to know the meaning of things than the meaning

of words. In Science we can test everything for ourselves, in languages the dictionary says that such is the meaning of a word, the grammar that this is the rule, and the authority is gladly accepted. Which training tends to make us think for ourselves? Many of us who have collected leaves, strangely-shaped stones and insects when we were young, know with what delight we used to roam the fields and sea shore; how much would that pleasure increase if we understood more about them? But by the want of a little training "we pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God upon the strata of the earth!" To understand the grandest phenomena in nature is not valued as much as to know where a comma ought to be placed in a line of Horace, or the exact location of a brook in Asia Minor.

We see no reason why there should not be more optional subjects in the last year of the course. Students, by that time, know what tastes they would like to cultivate, and would look forward with pleasure, and study with zeal a subject for which they had a liking. Now after a year or two a student gets tired of tussling with a subject which he honestly believes will do him no good, and seeing no escape, he considers he is losing his time and independence of thought, and so leaves college. We hope that those in authority will see their way clear to make either Latin or Greek optional for at least one year and allow some of the Sciences to be taken instead, and we know that more students will finish out their course.

WE wish to call attention to the way in which our library is rapidly going to ruin. When a book is wanted it is not to be found; watch the shelves every day for months and still it never appears. If a student wishes to read up for an essay no book that is recommended can be got. Mathematical works are taken out at the first of the session and are used as text-books throughout the term, and sometimes are not brought back at all. Some of the works of the standard English authors are missing, and in all probability will be. It would, in the end, be better if the governors would pay a small sum to



secure the services of some outside person to act as librarian for a few hours each day. It is wrong to ask already overworked professors to keep the books in order. If something is not soon done Sessional papers, Canada Gazettes, German treatises on physics, and some classical works, will be the only books left in the library.

### MY QUILL.

I STRAYED by the side of a placid stream  
Whose waters were finding their way,  
Under leafy shade and sunlight gleam,  
To the tide of the neighboring bay.

Few were my years when I wandered there,  
To play by the shell-covered shore;  
To bathe in the floods, or, on them bear  
A hand at the boatman's oar.

There was health for me in its rippling tide,  
There was joy in its dancing wave;  
Just as now, when ill, the water's side  
Is the cordial I always crave.

One day, as I sailed my tiny boat  
In the balmy breeze of noon,  
I saw high in air a feather float—  
A speck like a distant balloon.

As the voyager came and downward fell,  
How I eagerly watched its descent!  
My joy and rapture no word could tell,  
Nor controlling force prevent.

But, guided to me by unerring fate,  
It fell on my outstretched hand;  
Yet in falling there it brought no weight  
That would balance a grain of sand.

Then a form drew near from a neighboring fen,  
Speaking words so soft and clear:  
"From this quill you hold, make yourself a pen,  
And write without favor or fear.

"Let its point be sharp for a wordy war;  
Let its strength be the power of Might;  
Let the words it writes be a chariot car  
To defend the cause of Right.

"Let the ink you use be a fluid mild—  
So mild as to cause no brawl,  
For a stronger kind, with a wayward child,  
By this quill might be turned to gall.

"But when you come to discretion's years  
Your fluids we'll leave you to choose,  
To draw from the sorrowing grateful tears,  
To please, to instruct, or abuse.

"But tenderly deal with the erring one—  
With no kindred, friends, or home;  
And write not down what you'd wish undone  
When the hours of judgment come.

"Thus bear your part in the world's wild strife:  
Let your acts be firm, but still;  
And in all you do till the close of life  
May you honor and prize your QUILL!"

These were the counseling words it said,  
And these in my ears still chime,  
And I pray that their freshness may never fade,  
Tho' they ring till the end of time.—*Com.*

IN this issue of the GAZETTE we publish a letter from our Edinburgh correspondent, which gives an account of the death of the lamented F. W. Jarvis, the winner of the Gilchrist scholarship for 1879. Whilst deeply deploring the early death of a young man whose talents predicted so brilliant a future, his friends have reason to be cheered by the assurance that his life, though short, was not lived in vain. We deeply sympathise with his sorrowing relatives and friends in their sad bereavement.

*Dear Gazette,*—It is with the deepest sorrow that I write to you at this time. My last letter gave an account of a pleasant evening spent by a number of students from America; now I communicate the sad news that one of the most bright and cheertul of the company has passed away. Mr. F. W. Jarvis, of Ottawa, has been struck down most suddenly by Him whose acts are to us so often mysterious.

Mr. Jarvis won the Gilchrist scholarship in 1879, and thus may be said to represent Canada as no one now in Edinburgh is able to do. In him not only Toronto University, but our Canadian colleges generally, felt an interest. To me personally he was a particular friend. He was the first student whom I met in Britain, and though we had never seen each other before we soon were like old friends. Previous correspondence led me to form the very highest opinion of his gentlemanly character, and further acquaintance increased my regard. Our ages differed by only a week. We had our class in the University in common, and we nearly always managed to sit together. We frequently reviewed the work in company, and discussed the lectures of the professor. Not only in study were we together, but also in recreation. Jarvis it was who showed me the finest views from Arthur's Seat, and pointed out the places of note which

could be seen from its summit. He took me to the ivy-grown ruins of Craigmillar Castle and dilated on their historic interest. Frequently we walked out to see the silent beauty of the country, or the bustle and activity of the town. In our more sombre moods we would sit before the fire and recall days gone by, or look forward to the future. All this is past.

On Thursday evening, January 13th, Mr. Jarvis came in from an organ recital attended chiefly by students; on the following Thursday at exactly the same time he breathed his last. What seemed at first a cold developed into acute rheumatism. Those who knew him most intimately did not imagine that his sickness would be anything but slight. He was not considered dangerously ill till within a few hours of the end. Though he has left us his memory will long be cherished. He was a favourite with all who knew him. I never heard anyone speak of Jarvis except in terms of the highest praise. He was a genial companion, and a firm and trusty friend. We would extend to his relatives our most hearty sympathy in their time of trial.

Yours truly,

J. WADDELL.

### OUR MEETINGS.

THE BEST MEETING EVER HELD IN CLASS ROOM  
NO. 2.

So said the programme and so say the students. A committee was appointed at the previous session of Parliament, to get up a musical and literary entertainment for Friday evening, 11th inst. The students of the Medical College were invited, and about forty accepted the invitation. The room was literally packed. An unusually good programme, consisting of songs, readings, original papers, and speeches, was successfully carried out. The songs were exceptionally good and especially those of Mr. Jennings, who, by the way, is becoming as popular among Dalhousie's boys as if he were a graduate of our College. The following graduates—Morton, Fulton, Cameron and Thomson favoured the meeting with appropriate speeches. After the close of this very successful meeting, a procession, con-

sisting of the students of both colleges, was organized, and making the air ring with our well-known songs, we marched through the principal streets of the city. On arriving at the college again three hearty cheers were given for the chairman, G. M. Campbell, and everybody, well pleased with the night's fun, went home hopefully looking forward to a similar meeting at the close of the Session.

### OUR EXCHANGES.

ANOTHER NEW EXCHANGE.—The *Presbyterian College Journal* is a monthly periodical which lately made its appearance upon our table. It represents the Presbyterian Theological College, Montreal. At present it seems to be owned and edited by one man, but we trust before long to see it in the hands of a board of students. We are well pleased with its general appearance and tone. It is an undertaking which should succeed. Among its contents we notice a short, but well written sketch of Rev. John Campbell, one of the professors of the College. The *Journal*, under careful management, will doubtless be a source of much good. We wish it every success.

*Queen's College Journal* says:—"The GAZETTE goes into ecstasies over the munificence of Mr. Munro, the New York publisher, who has endowed two chairs and given \$2,000 annually to Dalhousie College. If the editors of the GAZETTE have any generosity about them they will direct the shekels Queensward, when Dalhousie is surfeited." Dear *Journal*, don't doubt our generosity, but as yet Dalhousie is not surfeited,—indeed her *wants* are so great that we are *unable* to gratify your wish, however much we may desire to do so. In the meantime, look to some other source.

### LITERARY NOTES.

SCRIBNER for March has a number of interesting points. The second part of Mrs. Burnett's piquant novelette, "A Fair Barbarian," will be eagerly read by those who have read the first part, and will be found even more interesting. That this story adds new laurels to the author's reputation is not doubted by any one who has read it through. "Ericsson's *Destroyer*, and her New Gun," is the subject of a paper, by Mr.



Charles Barnard, which has the advantage of presenting the first drawings of this long-expected piece of armament, with some fresh details. Never before engraved portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb, from old oil paintings, embellish a short paper by Mr. John Arbuckle. "In London with Dickens" is a chronicle of the localities of Boz, including Mr. Tucklinghorn's house, Limehouse Hole, Jenny Wren's house, the Inns of Court, etc. Dr. B. E. Martin, who contributes this paper, writes from personal familiarity with the places which he describes. Another similar paper is to follow. There is an illustrated article on "John Singleton Copley," by his granddaughter, Mrs. Amory, giving a biographical account of an American painter popularly little known, and presenting engravings of "The Coy and the Flying Squirrel," the "Boy Rescued from a Shark," "Lady Wentworth," and other illustrations. Still further variety is given to the number by a second paper of "Recollections of American Society," by Mrs. S. W. Oakey; an illustrated paper on "Striped Bass," by Mr. Francis Endicott; an account of "Protestantism in Italy," by Rev. Washington Gladden; more "Notes of a Walker," including discussion of Shakspeare's natural history, by John Burroughs; "A dangerous Virtue," a striking short story, by Mr. H. H. Boyesen; the fifth part of Mr. Schuyler's "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," illustrated by Blum, Nehlig, and others, and the concluding paper of "Glimpses of Parisian Art," with studio sketches by Jourdain, Alfred Stevens, Rico, Egusquiza, Madrazo, and others, and interesting personal material. Among the poems there is a sonnet ("Two Homes,") by Dr. Holland, who, in "Topics of the Time," writes of "George Eliot" and "The Metropolitan Museum," and takes note of Bishop Coxe's exception to a part of a recent paper in *Scribner* on the Bible Society.

### DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who alone are expected to understand its contents.

AND didn't Neil get a valentine? Shure an' he did.

AND the Personals man got fifteen, and the Phunny man seventy-five, and the Exchange man three hundred and seventy-five, and the Sophomoric Editor eighteen hundred and seventy-five. Who says the country's going to the dogs?

DURING the past week a large number of the students have had sweet intercourse with the gods—at the Academy.

A SOPH who dabbles in Chemistry amuses himself in his leisure hours with a human *atom*, so to speak, viz—the landlady's baby.

Nothing like early training, you know.

A POETIC Senior suggests the following improvement in "The Pirates:"

"Since examinations soon are coming on,  
Coming on,  
The student's lot is not a happy one."

"TWELVE cents to pay," said the Janitor as he handed him a letter addressed evidently by the hand of a fair and lovely one. The cents were paid, the letter opened and there appeared, Ye gods!—an infamous valentine! There was a *German* utterance, deep and significant, but the Janitor understood it not.

"*Parvum filium sinu gerens,*" Junior translates:—"Bearing her young son in a bowl." And then he marvelled at the applause.

*Scene*—Church in the north end. The preacher airs his classical knowledge thusly:—"Yes, my beloved hearers, the chorus in the ancient Greek Theatre, after joining their *right* hands, marched in a circle to the *foot-lights* and sang *harmoniously!*" And at the conclusion of this soul-stirring passage three Seniors went out to breathe.

THE Freshmen take this opportunity to thank the Mathematical black-board for a holiday lately granted.

A SENIOR has shed his moustache. He wishes us to state that he is prepared to fill promptly all orders for wigs, false hair and boarding-house butter.

"THE study of Mathematics is interesting," quoth Germanicus, "and the study of the sex is more interesting." Hence, in connection with the above he is making himself conspicuous, if not ridiculous.

It is rumoured that a proposition (not a mathematical one), was laid before *her* a few evenings ago. At all events he has since been heard passionately exclaiming:

"Oh, my C—e, shallow-hearted, oh, my C—e mine no more,  
Why in the name of goodness gracious didn't you ever say so before."

PROF. to Fresh. "What tenses take the augment?" Fresh. "The preterite tenses, Sir." Prof. "What do you mean by the preterite tenses?" Fresh. "Those that take the augment, Sir."

A DISCUSSION arose at the Court House last week as to whether the accent was on the *o* or the *i* in *moritur*. It was left to the award of a distinguished legal professor of the Halifax Medical College, who decided that the accent was on the *i*, as that quantity would make it *more-right-er*.

### ITEMS.

A DALHOUSIE man at present in Edinburgh, has sent us the following answers given by members of Professor Tait's class in Natural Philosophy:—

Q. What is meant by saying space has three dimensions?

Ans. We cannot *define* space, but we can measure it by three dimensions, *past*, *present* and *future*.

Q. Define Rigidity?

Ans. Rigidity is the property of bodies, to break when bent.

Another Ans. Take a stone and put it in water, measure the water displaced from in mercury till the same amount of water is displaced, weigh the mercury. This is the *rigidity* of the body.

Q. How are clouds suspended in air?

Ans. Clouds are light and feathery. They take up water from the sea, and when they become over-burdened, of course they drop their burden and we have rain.

Q. How is the size of very small particles measured?

Ans. Measured by a chronometer made up of two fly wheels, which are made to approach by turning *one*.

Another Ans. Count by means of a microscope the number in a cubic inch.

Another Ans. Their size is proportional to their weight, and so depends on the force of gravity, which is formed by the angle of torsion.

Q. Distinguish between Heat and Temperature?

Ans. Heat is one of the forms which matter can take in the grand phases of conservation of energy.

Another Ans. Heat is that which is hot, while temperature tells the amount of heat. Heat is the real thing, temperature is the word.

Again. Heat is spoken of more as a quantity, and you can measure it by the *pound*.

A PROFESSOR while addressing a Sabbath school in a neighboring city, took occasion to speak of Finney's sermon on the ruin of Sodom, and added, "Never before in this town had a sermon been preached; well—*hardly ever*."—*Oberlin Review*.

SCENE at a dinner table.—Miss L. (who is eating apple dumpling): "Oh! It's burning my mouth!" Philosophical Prep.: "Don't take in that cold water, 'twill generate steam and spout up a geyser."—*Ex.*

EPITAPH of a Sophomore:

He loved his lager faithfully,  
Who lieth buried here:  
For even after he was dead  
He took another bier.—*Ex.*

MR. BLAIR, a wealthy Presbyterian, has lately given to Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, a gift of \$40,000. Pardee Hall, a magnificent building, was lately opened by this institution.

LATIN class:—Prof.—Mr. S. Will you kindly move your head to one side that I may see Mr. L's boots? The head gracefully surged to the left, but the *head rest* had fallen.—*Ex.*

A FACTORY has been connected with Eton College, England, so that the students may get a practical knowledge of tools.

LOGIC Class Room: "Prof.—"All men have life; all vegetables have life; all men are vegetables. Where is the fallacy? Mr. B.—"There is no fallacy." Prof.—"Oh! then you think all men are vegetables? Mr. B.—"I do." The Bible says 'All flesh is grass.' Applause.

ADVICE TO THE "MEDS."—Old Practitioner to Medical Students: "Gentlemen, whenever your opinion is asked on a case, always make it out as bad as you can; for if the patient dies, no one will blame you; and if he recovers, so much the better for you!" Applause.



THE cost of the Yale Navy last year was \$5,300.

HARVARD has established a Professorship of Sanscrit.

THE new museum of Michigan will cost \$60,000.

A HAMILTON Freshman calls his girl "Opportunity" because he "embraces" her.—*Ex.*

VASSAR girls last year consumed 28,000 claims and 13,402 ounces of chewing gum.—*Ex.*

THOUGHTFUL student to clerk in the Gymnasium: "There's a suspicious looking individual near the coats!" Clerk smiles and says: "Oh, that's all right—that's Prof.——."—*Ex.*

LORD LORNE has offered a gold and a silver medal for competition by the third and second year students, respectively, of Toronto University. The prizes are for general and not for special proficiency.—*Ex.*

"Through all the pestering scenes of life,  
Each brother has a special need;  
Some need religion, some a wife,  
A dog, or a velocipede;—  
And many on this earthly ball,  
To keep them straight should have them all."

*Prof. of Latin*—"Mr. S., I see you are a trifle rusty in the rudiments, will you decline *Mulier*?"  
*Mr. S.*—" *Mulier, Mu*——. Professor, I should like to know what sort of a looking woman this is before I *decline* her."

"PINAFORE" has been translated into Russian, and Buttercup will appear in the bills as Churnkeramokski."

THE class in German was on the subject of gender: "Miss J——, why is 'moon' masculine in German?" "So he can go out alone nights, I presume."—*Ex.*

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