

J. MacG

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

Vol. IV.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 30, 1871.

No. 4.

SUNSHINE.

A farmer gloomily grazed on fields,
O'er-strewn with fallen hay;
Then looked for a glimpse of sunny sky,
Withheld from day to day.

Except in the west, one patch of blue,
The sullen arch gave none;—
But seeing that, his heart was cheered,
As he toiled till day was done.

Before the deep-sounding conch he heard,
Call to the evening meal,
More hopeful still, from the summer scene,
He had begun to feel;

For ere the sun low-sunk in the clouds,
With fire their edges tipped;
Or, tinged with blood, those floating higher,
As further down he dipped;

He sent out a stream of glory, far
Over the land and sea,
That caused the wondering birds in the grove
To warble merrily;—

And purpled waves, over shining sands,
To fall in prismatic showers;
And up from the grass fair heads to peep
Of drowsy, half closed flowers;

And windows of houses, far to east,
To shine forth all ablaze;
And ships' white sails to change to flame,
Beneath the flood of rays.—

The farmer mused in his home-ward walk,—
"God's plans do widest good;
And days that I thought were loss, mayhap,
Have brought the hungry food."

He smiled, when the toddler at the door,
Gleefully clapped her hands;
As she saw stretch over floor and wall,
The golden sunlight-bands.

Nor appeared the prospect only fair,
To his, and infant sight;
Nor did it whisper to him alone
A message of delight.—

The face of a dying saint wore joy,
Sinking to happy rest;
For it brought sweet thoughts of heavenly day,
That reddened, sun-gilt west.

A sailor at work, aloft, in the shrouds,
Whistled a cheery lay;
For the dreary hours of fog and rain,
Seemed faded quite away.

And many a prayerful wish was said,
That day's last moments bright,
Might prove the sign of a morrow, blessed
With needed heat and light.

By G. W. Bryden

BEFORE AND AFTER BACON.

NATIONAL progress and the formation of national character correspond in their several stages to the individual life. The child is at first ushered into a world, of which he knows nothing. He looks abroad upon it with feelings of inexpressible wonder, its novelty, the multitudinous variety of objects that strike upon his senses, awaken in his breast the liveliest emotions of surprise and wonder. His young heart beats responsive to the universal joy of nature, and his whole existence is absorbed in passing and present impressions. But as he grows to manhood, the novelty wears off; present impressions lose, to a great extent, their form, influence, and finding that every day is but a repetition of former impressions, and of the results of former observations, he gradually turns his thoughts within himself, and reflects upon his own feelings and states of consciousness. He now becomes a reflective being. Before, he was a mere observer; now, he is a thinker; before, his perceptive faculties alone were exercised; now, his reflective play an active part, and are fed by the materials with which his former observations furnished him. But the highest stage of development has not been reached. If he remains here, his situation is perilous. The material for thought is within him, but it is material which as yet exists in a crude, undigested state, and death may speedily ensue from mere mental dyspepsia. To save himself he must again become an observer—an actor in the great drama of life. The materials with which his senses have furnished him must digest, become assimilated with his very nature, and supply him with proper nourishment and strength for action. As food is taken into the body, not so much from the mere pleasure of taking, but that it may nourish and invigorate the body for the performance of the duties of life, so must the material for thought be accumulated from all possible sources, not for the sake of accumulation, but that even thought itself may thereby be rendered more reproductive, and the springs of life renewed and vitalized. Individual life has now reached its highest point. His acts are controlled by his thoughts. Action with him is not blind, aimless, and accidental, but is the product of thought, and performed for some definite aim and object. The reign of sense has ended; that of reason has begun. He thinks, not for the mere sake of thinking, but in order that he may act or induce others to act. He speculates, analyses his thoughts and summons all his mental resources, not, however, for the mere sake of doing so, but that action may thereby be originated, directed and governed. Exactly analogous is it in the case of national life. Look at the infancy of any nation. Are not the habits of the race, while in that state, of an exceedingly material or sensuous character? and in a remarkable degree, unsettled and nomadic? The slightest consideration is sufficient to convince us of the fact. Their literary character, if they have any, is on a level with their social. The objective element will preponderate, and scenes and events, which appeal simply to the senses, will form their themes for description or song. If we ex-

amine the early condition of those barbarous races, who in the year 476 rolled down from the North, in successive waves, drove before them the far-famed Roman legions, overturned their empire, and demolished their renowned capital, the truth of our remarks will be at once seen. In those barbarous races we see Europe in her infancy. They may scarcely be said to have had a literature at all. Their habits were exceedingly nomadic—their tastes coarse and material. Physically strong and active they completely routed the now luxurious and effeminate Romans, who ventured to do battle with them. But after all they owed their success to numbers rather than prowess—to physical strength rather than to military skill. For five centuries must they bow to the imperative claims of sense, and acknowledge her as rightful sovereign. Five centuries must roll their round, and accumulate for them stores of knowledge before a Bacon emerges upon the scene and feels that his time has come. Five centuries of national life! Could the many events which transpired in that time be presented to us in panoramic view, how would they alternately agitate, surprise, and delight us! What international feuds! What waves of barbaric tribes rolling down from the North, and commingling with each other!

We characterize this period as the age of observation. But it is also an age of ignorance. Knowledge is only gained by experience, and the conditions necessary for its attainment are, in this period, entirely absent. The downfall of the Roman empire, in 476, A. D., was the downfall of all that was noble and great and good in the nation. It means the extinction of literature, the death of civilization, and the destruction of all those influences which go to constitute a national civilization. The Roman nation had passed away and all that was lofty in literature and noble in Art followed in swift succession. New races came upon the scene, life must be begun anew, for the unmistakable signs of infancy, and inexperience everywhere appear. It is the age of observation,—it is the age of ignorance,—it is the age of superstition. The simple observation of facts does not constitute knowledge, it is the arranging and marshalling of these facts for some definite purpose, which constitutes knowledge in the true sense of the word. The first five centuries after the downfall of Rome, is distinguished by the absence of all this arranging or constructive power. The age is fruitful in nothing but undecided conflicts. It is true that most of the barbarous nations had embraced Christianity, but it must be remembered that the Christians of this age were generally illiterate,—proscribed and persecuted. All physical science, especially, was held in avowed contempt as inconsistent with revealed truths, and no encouragement held out to those who may have had the inclination to study it. The natural effect of this was to foster a belief for the most irrational superstitions for which the study of physical science is the only sure antidote. This age stands out, it will be readily seen, in striking antithesis to that of Bacon, who is considered the great father of physical science; but just as "the child is father to the man," and as manhood is but the result of forces and influences operating in youth and infancy, so surely and so naturally is the age of Bacon the necessary outcome of influences whose incipient operation is traceable to the age under consideration. We cannot understand an event, isolated and apart from all others, nor can we understand an age by selecting and eliminating it from those which precede and succeed it. The ages sustain to each other a necessary, causative relation, and to study or to consider them in any other relation is at once unsatisfactory, and unphilosophical. This period is usually denominated the Dark Ages, and the justice of the term cannot be called in question. The darkness of night prevailed around, but through the gloom in which all things were enveloped, glimmered here and there a flickering light, as if heralding the

approach of a twilight that would usher in a bright and cheerful day. It was the chaos that proceeds a cosmos. It was the faint and sickly ray of the nightly luminary that melts away before the rising sun. But before that sun appeared, many forces must be set at work, many causes must operate, and many influences must be exerted, and every force and cause and influence was as necessary to his appearance as is the manure, and soil, and light, and air, to the growth and full development of the plant.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

WE do not intend giving the reader a piece of washy sentimentalism, of the "yellow cover" type, where, hanging on one side of a garden gate, a love-sick, heart-sick, brain-sick John sighs out, with broken accent and faltering tongue, vows of eternal constancy to a simpering, languishing, pouting Julia, on the other side; neither do we wish to impose on their credulity by a description of the manner in which the pre-historic "undeveloped" ancestry of the human race wooed and won, as they leaped in wanton gambols from bough to bough and from tree to tree: or with protruding eyeballs and naked rows of shining ivory grinned love at each other through the rank foliage of a primeval forest; but assuming that fact is more wholesome, more instructive, than fiction, if not more strange or agreeable, we purpose giving some "sketches from real life," (selected from a history of the researches of various travellers,) which illustrate the customs of savage nations with regard to the nuptial tie.

"Among the Hudson Bay Indians, it has ever been the custom for the men to wrestle for any woman to whom they are attached; and of course the strongest party always carries off the prize. Any one may challenge another to wrestle, and if he overcome, may carry off the wife of the vanquished. Yet the women never dream of protesting against this, as it appears to them quite natural."

In some parts of Australia the men do not even display this questionable gallantry in suing the favor of the fair. When, on looking for a wife, they discover an unprotected female belonging to another tribe, their manner of courtship is something after the following fashion:—"Stunning her by a blow from the dowak, they drag her by the hair to the nearest thicket to await her recovery. When she comes to her senses, they force her to accompany them, and as, at the worst, it is but the exchange of one brutal lord for another, she generally enters into the spirit of the affair, and takes as much pains to escape as though it were a matter of her own free choice."

This method of surprising, overpowering, and carrying off by force, appears to have very generally prevailed among savage tribes at a very early period. As some progress was made toward civilization, persuasion took the place of violence; yet so deeply rooted was the old idea, that where it has long ceased to be a reality the appearance is still kept up, the lover pretending to seize and carry off his bride by force, the happy fair one feigning resistance, and her parents acting as if determined not to let her go. In many countries this sham proceeding forms the greater part of the marriage ceremony.

"In Orissa," says Major Campbell, "I heard loud cries proceeding from a village close at hand; fearing some quarrel, I rode to the spot, and there I saw a man bearing away upon his back something enveloped in an ample covering of scarlet cloth; he was surrounded by twenty or thirty young fellows, and by them protected from the desperate attacks made upon him by a party of young women. On seeking an explanation of this novel scene, I was told that the man had just been married, and his precious burden was his blooming bride, whom he was carrying to his own home. Her youthful friends, as was the custom, were seeking to regain possession of her, and hurled stones and bamboos at the head of the devoted bridegroom, until he reached the confines of his own village."

Among the wild tribes of the Malay peninsula, "When all are assembled, and all ready, the bride and bridegroom are led by one of the old men of the tribe toward a circle; the girl runs round first, and the young man pursues a short distance behind; if he succeeds in reaching and retaining her, she becomes his wife, if not, he loses all claim to her. At other times a larger field is appointed for the trial, and the eager lover chases his fair one to the forest."

Among the Kalmucks "the girl is mounted on a fleet horse, and rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; if he overtakes her she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. If the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, she will not allow him to overtake her, and no instance occurs of a Kalmuck girl being thus caught, unless she have a partiality to the pursuer."

"Among the Mongols, when a marriage is arranged, the girl flies to some relations to hide herself. The bridegroom coming to demand his wife, the father-in-law says, 'my daughter is yours; go, take her wherever you can find her.' Having thus obtained his warrant, he, with his friends, runs about searching, and having found her, seizes her as his property, and carries her home as it were by force."

In Greenland a lover consults the relatives, and after obtaining their consent, he gets some old women to fetch his bride. They go and catch her, and carry her off, in spite of a vigorous resistance.

In some parts of South America a man bargains with the parents about the price of the girl, then catching her by surprise, he carries her off to the woods. The happy couple spend a few days there and then return home.

In New Zealand the lover first consults the parents or guardian of a young woman to whom he has taken a fancy. If they give their consent, he watches his first opportunity, seizes his fair one and carries her off, she resisting with all her might. Sometimes a terrible struggle takes place, and it is the work of hours to remove the precious prize a hundred yards. If unwilling to marry her admirer, and able to effect her escape, she flies to her home, and the disappointed lover has no hope of getting her, as he cannot make another trial. If he can get her home she becomes his wife.

A good story is told in illustration of the custom in New Zealand of having a mock scuffle after marriage. Says Mr. Yate, "The bride's mother came to me, and said that she

was well pleased in her heart that her daughter was going to marry Pahua, but that she must be angry about it with her mouth in the presence of her tribe, lest the natives should come and take away all her possessions, and destroy her crops. To prevent this she acted with policy. As I was returning from the church with the bride and bridegroom, she met the procession and began to assail us most furiously. She put on a most terrific countenance, threw her garments about, and tore her hair like a fury; then said to me, 'Oh, you white missionary, you are worse than the devil; you first make a slave lad your son by redeeming him from his master, and then marry him to my daughter, who is a lady. I will tear your eyes out!' The old woman feigned a scratch at my face, at the same time saying in an undertone that it was 'all mouth,' and that she did not mean what she said."

"Among the Ahitas of the Philippine Islands, when a man wishes to marry a girl, her parents send her before sunrise into the woods. She has an hour's start, after which the lover goes to seek her. If he finds her and brings her back before sunset, the marriage is acknowledged; if not, he must abandon all claim to her."

In an account of travels in West Africa, it is said that "A Mandingo, wishing to marry a young girl, applied to her mother, who consented to his obtaining her in any way he could. When the poor girl was preparing some rice for supper, she was seized by her intended husband, assisted by three or four of his companions, and carried off by force. She made much resistance by biting, scratching, kicking, and roaring most bitterly. Some of her own relations were standing by, who only laughed at the farce, the whole scene being but a conformity to the recognized custom."

"In Circassia weddings are accompanied by a feast, in the midst of which the bridegroom has to rush in, and with the help of a few daring young men, seize the lady, carry her off; and by this process she becomes his wife."

Until about two hundred years ago it was customary, even in France, for the bride to feign unwillingness to enter the bridegroom's house.

Among the Welsh it was "the fashion for the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends on horseback, to demand the bride. Her friends, who were likewise on horseback, positively refused, a mock scuffle ensued, and finally the bride allowed herself to be captured by the bridegroom, who carried her home in triumph."

Having glanced over the world, and taken a peep at the manner of courtship in almost every clime where nations in primitive simplicity live and love, prompted by association of ideas, our thoughts involuntarily revert to the manner of conducting such affairs in our own and other civilized lands. What a pitiable contrast there presents itself! We see man with all his boasted progress, instead of preserving the dignity of his manhood, by calmly and coolly "popping the question," and as calmly and coolly receiving "yes" or "no"; kneeling a trembling, craven suppliant, at the feet of haughty beauty and in the most humiliating manner, suing for favor, imploring mercy at the shrine of an idol whose votaries are under the influence of a spell more powerful and a delusion often more deceptive than were ever the devotees of Baal or Juggernaut.

Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 30, 1871.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THOSE who have not already paid their subscriptions for Vol. IV. will confer a favor upon the managing committee by doing so immediately. The difficulty of sending half a dollar by mail no longer exists, since the issue of 25 cents notes, which subscribers will find very convenient for that purpose.

We authorize graduates and students throughout the country to collect and forward subscriptions.

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year" is the earliest recollection we have of a song,—and as the slow days lazily bring us nearer to this most delightful of all seasons, we cannot help feeling thankful that such a day, with all its charming recollections, exists. It comes once a year, and to the great majority of the Christian world, it comes to make them glad.

All the associations of the ages cluster around Christmas. Though his head is white with years, he has still the smile of youth. He can tell you of his infant birth, and of all the merry days he has spent among men. Often has his yearly advent been heralded by sorrow, yet how often has old age mingled with laughing youth to usher him in, and to shower flowers, songs, smiles, and good wishes upon his head.

How welcome to students is our old friend's approach. It tells him to forget books, Professors, and everything else, for the home circle. The thought of the family re-unions lightens up his "apartments," however humble, and enables him to imagine that around him everywhere are the faces and hearty greetings of the "loved ones at home." What does he care whether or not the last few College exercises are well done. He never thinks whether his place in class

is high or low. Everything must yield to his anticipated pleasures. Nor is this at all wonderful.

Some expect to meet their glad parents, and an unbroken circle of friends. Others will meet surviving relatives, and together will fondly linger over the "dear departed ones." On this day mothers whose smiles lightened up our path of youth, will live vividly in our loving hearts. In the faces of those who remain we will see what no books can give—the tender care of those who love us. We will live our past life over in one day,—our sadness will merge into pleasure, and our pleasure give way to joy. And as all our numberless exercises come before us, let that joy be swallowed up in thankfulness; and let all of us at our homes be gay and merry.

We will meet our friends who have been scattered far and wide, but who at this season assemble once again in a happy state of companionship and good will; and will have awakened in us old recollections and dormant sympathies. Nor will we forget the absent of our number. On Christmas day how many kind wishes and loved reminiscences do we have of the loved ones in Britain and elsewhere. Not even the bright eyes of beauty and fashion can win us from the love we bear to them.

To our friends and patrons we wish all the compliments of the season. We will think kindly of those who have "paid up," and kindly ask those who have not to save fifty cents for us out of their Christmas purses. Yes, we repeat it, Christmas is a welcome friend, and we rejoice at his approach.

Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home! Let us not dwell in melancholy dirges on the old year, but gladly welcome our friend to his seat.

"We'll usher him in, with a merry din,
That shall gladden his joyous heart;
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine honest face, he scorns to hide,
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.

Then again we'll sing, till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall,
To the stout old wight, fair welcome we plight,
As the King of the Seasons all!"

THE want of a High-School in Halifax has caused a gap in our educational system, which, for the ordinary student, can only be bridged over by his own individual efforts. While many of the counties in the Province have had their Academy, in a greater or less degree of efficiency, the metropolitan county, where education ought to be in the most flourishing condition, has been content to "drag her slow length along" considerably behind the other counties, that are

not equal in wealth, and are not expected to be equal in intellect. The School Commissioners for the City of Halifax, seem to have awakened from their sleepy state, and are taking steps to establish a High-School or Academy in Halifax.

It has been the constant complaint of our Governors and Professors, that such a small proportion of students is supplied by the city. There is one reason that can be assigned for this, which seems to lie on the surface. The only alternative for those who wish to prepare themselves to enter on a collegiate course, is either to attend a private school, or be their own teachers. In the one case, tuition fees are so high that the greater number are practically shut out from the benefits of the higher education; in the other, perseverance and pluck far beyond the ordinary, are required to carry out the purpose. The High School will obviate this difficulty and put all, without reference to caste or grade, upon an equal footing as regards preparation for entering upon the path of a classical and scientific education. Moreover, there are many young men in this community, who do not wish to go through a regular Undergraduate course in a University, and yet need, and must have something beyond a mere common-school education. From this fact and the non-existence of a High-School, "Dalhousie" has been placed in a rather anomalous position. She has been compelled, on the one hand, to be to some a kind of educational wet-nurse and prepare her sons for matriculation, while to others again she has assumed the position of foster-mother, exercising toward them a parent's care, yet not permitted to acknowledge them as her own proper offspring. The establishment of a high-school will remedy this anomaly, and will enable those who wish to have a thorough collegiate training to come fully prepared to pass a higher standard of matriculation than is possible under the present *regime*, and will also afford an opportunity to those who require an elementary knowledge of the higher branches, and by this means, the College will be in a far better position to carry out its true end and aim.

The University can only be at the head of the educational system, and however much we may wish to see a University worthy of the name in our midst, we must remember, that this is to a considerable extent impossible, while the opportunities for preparatory education remain incomplete. The educational system of this province will never be perfect until, on the foundation of our common-school education which has been laid broad and deep, there rises the substantial superstructure of a well-organised High-School system, and crowning all, the dome—a single unsectarian University, from which the widest outlook can be had over the field of Art, Science, and Literature. We hope that those who have in hand the perfecting of our educational system, will see this to be the wisest and best policy. In the meantime, we are glad that such praiseworthy efforts are being made to fill the blank that has so long existed, and as some bodies that are hard to move have a resistless momentum when they are moved, so we hope that nothing will prevent the School-Board of this city from establishing a well-equipped and efficient High-School.

A SIGNAL honor has lately been conferred upon "Dalhousie." To obtain the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh the student has to take a three year's course in Divinity, and to have an M. A. from the Faculty of Arts in the same University, or an equivalent. Mr. John M. Sutherland, a graduate of Dalhousie, having completed his theological course applied for the degree of B. D., and presented his degree of B. A., as a certificate of proficiency in science and the liberal arts equivalent to the Edinburgh M. A. The "Senatus Academicus" considered the case and decided in his favor. He accordingly obtained the degree of B. D.. The degree of M. A. is obtained in Edinburgh just as our B. A., at the end of the curriculum, the student having passed in all the branches proper to the course. He is neither troubled with the farce of writing a thesis nor the imposition of paying a second fee. Comparing the age, fame and influence of the two institutions, we think this recognition, a high tribute as well to the standing and efficiency of our Alma Mater, as to the character and worth of the sons who represent her in the "Modern Athens."

Correspondence.

EDINBURGH, Dec. 2nd, 1871.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I suppose that one writing for such literary and fastidious readers as strain their eyes and shake their sides over the wisdom and wit of the *Gazette* should speak of nothing beneath the dignity of philosophy or less esthetic than "those rudiments of potential infinite pain which are subtly woven into the tissue of our keenest joys." (*Vide Punch.*) But as I know very little about such things, and, besides, have my head full of odds and ends which float on the surface and must come out first—I'll wander on giving you things as they are "unpacked." The question of Common School Education is up for discussion just now through the length and breadth of the country. It is rather difficult for an American mind, which can see very little difference between twice two, and four, to appreciate all the fine distinctions which are drawn in this logical land. I often think that Dalton's theory of atoms could never be accepted here; for when the last atom was reached, and, a pause made, some indignant Scotchman would at once burst out, "split that." The question of religious instruction in schools causes the discussion that rages at present. "The powers that be," in their efforts to secure an uniform system of school management, are trying to introduce a measure separating Bible and catechetical teaching from the secular lessons, and placing it before and after the other work for the day. To effect this it is proposed to have a "time table," to be used in all the schools, by which regular hours would be set apart for religious instruction, and any children who did not wish to be present could absent themselves at that time without losing secular tuition. This motion has raised a great storm of opposition from conservatives in religion. With my American ideas I cannot but feel amused at the pictures of future woes to Scotland and her religion, which

are drawn as the prophesied result of such a measure. I heard speeches from Dr. Begg, Nixon, &c., in which appeals were made to the goddess of Liberty; to John Knox; to "the ashes of our sires," and sundry others on behalf of truth, liberty and right. An Association has been formed, with the Marquis of Tweedale, President, to work against this awful destruction of school religion by taking it at nine in the morning instead of at sometime nearer midday.

Although we are Nova Scotians and stiff Britishers at home, we are daily becoming Americans in the broadest sense over here. Everybody talks of America as if it were one nationality about the size of Britain. We resent this style of speech sometimes in a way slightly bombastic: talk quietly of sinking Scotland in a Canadian lake; of putting England among our small colonies, and covering Europe nicely with our Dominion alone. It is a little annoying sometimes to listen to questions about Nova Scotia. I am now growing desperate and answer wildly, that we are obliged to fasten our stone houses together with treenails to prevent the frost splitting them; that men often have their legs frozen off above their knees, and such characters are only slightly peculiar; that we sleep in fur bed clothes, and carry heating irons in our pockets when out skating. The weather here, you may depend, suggests suicide. Fog prevails thick enough to be walked on without much of a miracle, and smoke equal to that of Lake Avernus. The days creep out of their dirty beds about nine o'clock, and crawl slowly back between three and five. The twilight is vexatious—long as a gossip's tongue, and discouraging as a stern-chase.

I have seen only three things here to suggest home: flaming hand bills about the Allan line of steamers, offering to carry exiling Scotchmen for any rates to America—"the land of the free and the home of the brave;" Forbes' Acme Skates, now and again in an Ironmonger's window, looking homesick and out of their element like snowshoes in Africa; and last, Digby herrings lying in a fishmonger's window, disgraced under the name of "Nova Scotia sprats."

Students here look a good deal like those at home—perhaps a little redder faced; all carry small note books with a great rubber strap around them, and the Medicals especially carry immense walking sticks like inverted bed-posts. There are about 1500 students at the University, with 40 Professors. Inglis, A. Gordon, Thorburn, J. Parker, J. G. McGregor, who are "household words" in Dalhousie, compose the N. S. team.

There is by no means the same feeling of jolly brotherhood among the students of a large University that there is among those of a college like Dalhousie. They do not know often who is a "Civis Academicæ Edinensis," and hence do not attempt often to get acquainted with one another. There is a volunteer corps in connection with the University. Prof. Christison, a veteran of eighty, lately gazetted a Baronet, is Lieutenant, while his son is Captain. They are more formidable just now as a battery of peas and snow balls with crackers, than anything more deadly.

The University of St. Andrews, after a tough fight, elected the liberal candidate for the Rectorship, Ruskin, last week; but it now appears that he cannot accept the honour owing

to his being a Professor at Oxford. Probably his opponent, Lord Lytton, the tory nominee, will now be chosen without opposition.

We are greatly pleased to hear of the promising session which dear old Dalhousie has entered upon. With her growing importance we bespeak a continued enlargement in the influence and importance of the *Gazette*, until it reaches the proud position which our fond hopes assign it.

GILL.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE.—Boston, Lee & Sheppard: Halifax, Z. S. Hall.

Radcliffe, or Radcliffe Hall, was a part of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.,—the college where Longfellow graduated. In consonance with the rugged pioneer life of the State in which it is situated, Bowdoin has reared many of America's sturdiest, most energetic men. This feature the author brings out prominently in this book. His style is terse, fresh and invigorating. There is too a ring noticeable that comports well with the youthful, ardent spirits, whose life at a critical period, it portrays.

The author, in his preface, states that it is his object to give a picture of that portion of the student's life which is generally called the Sophomore year—to show what peculiar temptations beset the student at this particular period of his college career, and the necessity of practical knowledge to produce symmetry of character, and insure success in life. The latter point may be said to constitute the pith and marrow of the book. The central idea of the whole is, that the mere book-worm, that has no practical knowledge of the world will never be the successful man,—will never influence and mould society,—will never be as good a man, in any sense of the word, as he that associates with his fellows, that seeks to fill his place in the great brotherhood of humanity.

There is a vein of boisterous fun running through the book—accounts of student pranks and tricks, which make it doubly interesting and entertaining. There can be no better relaxation for the mind, wearied with study, than to spend an hour among "The Sophomores of Radcliffe." To all students, and especially to Sophomores, we say: Patronize our friend Hall.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—One of these Guides ought to be in the hands of every lover of flowers. Apart from its value as a floral catalogue and guide, this book is a beautiful specimen of the printer's and engraver's art. The two colored plates alone, are worth three times the price of the guide. The editor, Mr. Vick, gossips pleasantly with his customers, gives useful directions for laying out ground, and improving homes, and also hints on transplanting and sowing. A list of the seeds and bulbs, which can be obtained from him, is appended, with price list, and profusely illustrated. To ye gentle tribe, ye gardeners, and to all our readers we say, enclose ten cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., and get one of these catalogues, and you will, very probably, become a regular customer.

Dalhousiensia.

AN individual, unknown but not "unhonored and un-sung" has established a scholarship of the value of \$1000 in connection with "Dalhousie," to be known as the "Scott Scholarship" in honor of the centenary of Sir Walter Scott. Through the praiseworthy enthusiasm of a few true and

loyal Scotchmen, something was done at the time of the centenary celebration, and it was proposed to establish a "Waverly Scholarship." The project was not supported; enthusiasm died out and we had almost despaired of seeing the memory of Sir Walter Scott perpetuated by anything better than a celebration. We are glad to find that there is a spark left, and that it has been kindled into such a big flame in the heart of our unknown hero. His name should be known, for he will be one of the of the most prominent characters in our still unwritten epic.

THROUGH the kindness and interest of J. S. McLean, Esq., the College library has received a valuable addition from the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, in the form of a complete set of their annual reports, which contain an account of the work of the institution in the interests of science, as well as articles by eminent scientists upon the subjects that are being prominently discussed in the scientific world; also collections of monographs prepared by members of the Institute and others. This is a most valuable acquisition to our scientific library, and while we appreciate the gift, we most heartily thank the gentleman who obtained it for us.

OUR Medical Department is fully equipped with a staff of learned and skillful professors, under whom a goodly number of "Esculapii" are studying the Healing Art, yet in spite of all this, the glazier has to be called in occasionally to doctor the *panes* after a volley of snowballs is fired into the hall.

NEW SOCIETIES.—The "Lambda Pi Delta" Society, the oldest now existing among the students of the University, was instituted on the 1st Dec., this session. Its constitution, transactions, and thus far, its officers and members are kept strictly secret. The qualifications of members are such that the society is very exclusive. Those who are eligible are made acquainted with the fact by the Secretary.

A FRESHMAN, not long since, concluded his speech in the Debating Club by describing, in something like the following style, a man seeking and making a fortune:—"He toils on through difficulty and discouragement. The road is rough and rugged. His chariot drags heavily, but away in the distance he sees the castle of independence. He applies to the axles the oil of perseverance, and slowly but surely he progresses. The goal is drawing gradually nearer, until at last his chariot rolls up to the castle gate, his toilsome journey is over, he takes off the wheels, slings them over the beams of ease and comfort, walks into the well-furnished rooms, sits down, and spends the remainder of his life in contentment and peace."

MR. C. D. HUNTER, who is never lacking in the support of any good cause, has presented the College, we understand, with a set of globes that will be very useful in the study of Trigonometry and Astronomy. We have not yet had an opportunity of examining them, and will perhaps speak further about them at some future time.

A Student who does not manifest a very extensive acquaintance with late literature, was heard inquiring not long since whether "Bill Nye" was one of the characters in the "American Baron."

The old "Debating Club" having become very much too large, was constitutionally dissolved on the 15th inst. On the same evening the first and second year students in Arts, Science and Medicine, organized a society, provisionally called the "Junior Debating Society of Dalhousie University." The following were elected as officers:—Donald McLeod, P. E. I., President; Frederick Melchertson, Antigua, Vice President; J. McDowall, N. S., Secretary; Robert Sinclair, P. E. I., Treasurer. Committee—James C. Herdman, D. R. C. McKay and Francis H. Bell.

IN the Moral Philosophy Class. Prof.—proving the existence of an intelligent cause, from the order that exists in the universe, and the adaptability of the structure of various animals to their mode of life, happened to remark that, "some animals can sleep standing." Senior No. 1, turning to Senior No. 2, asked, "can you sleep standing?" No. 2 replied, "No, but I can *stand* sleeping."

Personals.

CARR, '68—Rev. A. F. Carr has been called to the pastorate of the congregation of Cascumpec, one of the largest congregations of P. E. I.

ROSS, '75—J. T. Ross is teaching in Shelburne Academy.

HERDMAN, '74—A. W. Herdman is teaching at Ten Mile House, Pictou Co.

PARKER—J. J. Parker, for two years an occasional in "Dalhousie," is pursuing the study of medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

ABBINETTE—G. A. Abbinette, also an occasional for several years, is a clerk in the engineer's office at Moncton, N. B.

McKAY, '73—We clip the following from the report of the inspector of schools for the county of Pictou, in the *Eastern Chronicle*.

"Section, No. 21, North Dalhousie merits 'honorable mention' for the laudable efforts made to secure an efficient School. A Class room was fitted up and an assistant Teacher engaged. This enabled the worthy Principal, Mr. A. H. McKay (a grade A Teacher), to give attention to the Higher Branches. In addition to the Classics, he gave much valuable instruction in Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, and thereby created a taste for these studies which probably would never otherwise have been created."

Molecules.

THE fiftieth section of the twenty-second book of Livy is, of course, indicated by a large L. The words beginning this section, are "Haec," &c. A dozen members of '75 lately spent an hour trying to find out who *Lucius Haec* could be.—*College Argus*.

How is this for Latin? *Mens es ego,—mind your eye.—Ibid.*

Two of Darwin's sons have been on a visit to the Yosemite Valley. It is said that the monkeys recognized them at once, and asked kindly after their father.—*Exchange*.

A precocious Senior, lately, while in the Class-room gave every indication that he was examining his text-book for the next point. The Professor commanded him to close his book. The Senior, gleefully rubbing his knees, immediately exclaimed, "Sold, the book isn't open."—*Courier*.

THE following papers have been added to our exchange list since last issue:—*The Acorn, Beloit College Monthly, Virginia University Magazine, College Courier, Collegiate Monthly, A Voice from the Alumni* (Lewisburg, Pa.)

Business letters received to Dec. 28th:—Jas. Fitzpatrick, Rev. W. L. Currie, Rev. A. B. Dickie, Rev. J. D. Murray, T. F. Knight and C. W. Bryden.

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Subscriptions received for all English and American Periodicals.

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