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WOODCUTS, AS THEY WERE, ARE, AND WILL BE.

We are firmly convinced that in no department of Science or the Fine Arts, is the progress of modern taste so clearly exhibited as in that of Pictorial representation—we do not mean, mind you, the elaborate and classical drawings of the skilled artist, nor yet the gorgeous handiwork of the sign-painter, dazzling the eye with resplendent hues; but (to descend to less pretending productions) simply those illustrative pictures generally known as Woodcuts. For Woodcuts we have always entertained the greatest veneration. At the present moment there seem to steal gently over our mind dim recollections of the illustration on which in childhood we spent many a fascinating hour. And as we close our eyes, and shut out external objects, the pictures themselves seem to pass in a long array before us; plain and coloured; natural and unnatural; simple and gorgeous; true to reality and fanciful; modest and extravagant; good, bad, and indifferent. We see once more those on which we used to look with horror; as where (for we naturally advert to the daubs of the fairy tale and the fable)—the hateful Blue-beard is about to slay his disobedient wife, or where the aspiring hero of the Bean-Stock is hotly chased down from the skies to earth; and, on the other hand, those in which we were wont specially to delight, as in the representation of Jack the Giant Killer slaying a huge bloated ogre, and bearing off in triumph an imprisoned fair lady; or of Cinderella rising from her ashy bed in the grate to become a Princess and a blushing bride. But by a strong effort, we dispel these phantoms of the past, and bend to the task before us.

I.—WOODCUTS AS THEY WERE, SAY DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

The chief element that characterized them at this period was, a striving to be as stiff, exact, stilted and unartistic as possible. In a landscape scene for instance, the trees must stand up perpendicularly, the rivers be as uniform and unpicturesque as canals, the fences and bridges irreproachably perfect; everything has its own place, and not a flower or a pebble is out of order. To lay such a drawing beside a modern sketch, with a dilapidated cot as the subject, or the ruins of an ancient abbey, or some wild mountain glen, where Nature gushes forth responsive to every touch of the pencil, is like comparing the new town of Edinburgh with the old; the former is squared off according to rule, and built up with mathematical precision, each street being exactly parallel or exactly perpendicular to its neighbour; while the latter, irregular and ill-proportioned, its streets narrow and zigzag, is for these very reasons preferred by the truly artistic mind to its irreproachable counterpart.

Particularly was the stilted style of drawing above spoken of, used in illustrating such books as the Bible. In the following words does a celebrated writer describe an attempted representation of Paradise: "An exact square, en-

closed by the rivers Hiddekil, Pison, Euphrates, and Gihon, each with a convenient bridge in the centre; a rectangular bed of flowers, a long canal neatly bricked and railed in, the Tree of Knowledge clipped like one of the vines behind the Tuilleries, standing in the middle of a grand alley, the snake tied around it, the man on the right and the woman on the left, and the beasts drawn up in an exact circle around them. In one sense the picture is correct enough, that is to say, the squares are correct, the man and woman are in a most correct line with the tree, and the snake forms a most correct spiral."

Such a mode of delineation marred the most beautiful designs. In the front page of many an old Bible is yet to be found a poetic and sublime conception embodied in a prosy and ridiculous execution. The conception is of Heaven; but alas! the execution is of earth, and decidedly earthly. Looking at the picture we see a highly ornamented circular dome; in the centre is an equilateral triangle, on each of whose vertices sits one of the God-head; around the Trinity stand encircling bands of angels, each in the same posture, viz., one of his arms upraised, one foot advanced (making him look like a volunteer), his wings partially veiling his head, and his mouth open—(which changes him to the likeness of an unfledged cock-robin.)—If this be Heaven, and Eternity is thus to be spent ———.

The woodcuts prevalent in the last generation being of such a cast, the illustrators of the time were peculiarly at a loss how to represent anything figurative or abstract. Bunyan in his "Pilgrim's Progress" depicts Christian as labouring under a grievous burden; in accordance with this conception we see numberless pictures, which, whatever their design, present Christian to us as a pedlar with his wares on his back, or a thief weighed down with stolen chattels, or Atlas toiling beneath his globe, or—most imaginative of all—a runaway soldier with a neat knapsack fitting nicely between the shoulders. Furthermore, that this substantial weight may keep its position, two or three straps or thongs are drawn—suggesting the idea that there is nothing in the world to prevent Christian from slipping a jack-knife through them or at all events from hastening to the nearest blacksmith and get liberated. Until David Scott made choice etchings of the "Pilgrim's Progress" it probably never occurred to Bunyan's illustrator that this terrible burden of Christian's could more fitly be represented by a dark, indefinite, ill-defined cloud settling upon his shoulders; deepening and darkening as the good man yields to fears or falls in the Slough of Despond, and gradually lessening as he moves on his Celestial way, till at the foot of the Cross it sinks from his back to be seen no more.

After all, the woodcuts of the last century were but embodiments of the spirit of the age. A struggle between Nature and Art was in progress, and for the time, the latter was victorious; the cold and polished courtier was preferred to the honest free-spoken rustic, and the brilliant sophistries of a Hume to the genuine outbursts of a Burns. Poets and

Painters alike forgot that "the highest art is to conceal art." Finally then, we should say that the book-illustrators of the age forgot three important principles: (1.) There are no straight lines in Nature; (2.) Precision should yield to grace, and false accuracy to freedom; (3.) What is too vast for the mind to comprehend, will appear when an attempt is made to fix it on canvass or paper, as ridiculous as in itself it is sublime.

II.—WOODCUTS AS THEY ARE.

As the press extends its bounds, and books are multiplied every year, illustrations increase in a proportionate degree; and blind indeed must he be who denies to many of these productions true artistic merit. But while we acknowledge such deserving ones, it must be confessed that the tone of the vast majority of circulating pictures is as low as ever it was, or will be for that matter, for we defy succeeding ages to produce woodcuts that will beat some we have in our mind at this moment. What chance is there of cultivating a child's good taste on drawings which the tyro of twelve can excel? What aesthetical emotions must swell in his breast as he sees the four-headed giants and other pictorial monstrosities which illustrate the fables he delights to read! And if a modern police paper should fall in his way, he will find even richer things—inasmuch as they profess to be true to Nature, which the others do not.

The characteristics of a popular woodcut of the present day seem to be somewhat as follows: 1st, the picture is vastly more exaggerated than the actual scene delineated, could possibly be. For instance, if a horse throws his rider, while the illustrator of the last century would present us with a representation of a mule-like animal standing stolidly in the middle of the road, and a man sitting coolly, comfortably and unconcernedly in mid-air (with a straight tree on each side of the thoroughfare to complete the picture), the illustrator of *this* century would sketch a wild coal-black charger, his ears pointing to his tail, and his tail to the mid-day sun; a man standing on his head in a pool of dirty water twenty yards off, evidently labouring under the most excruciating contortions, a beaver hat far off in the distance, and a cane half way to heaven. Were anatomists to sit in judgment over our modern woodcuts, they would find about every tenth man represented to have at least one limb out of joint; and *what* would they think of his hair being always on end at the slightest mishap. "O tempora, O mores!"—and, we add, "O turpes pictores!" if you *do* occasionally come across an individual whose head is too large for his body, why, O *why*, must that person be the type of all you have occasion to draw? If you *have* seen a boy with the features of a man, why do you make all boys after the same likeness? And because you have a malignant expression of features yourself, why must every one have the same? And if you *will* try your hand at angels and cherubs, pray do remember that because no longer human, their countenances are not necessarily inhuman, their foreheads need not be *quite* so high, and if their wings were clipped a little it would be an improvement.

The chief tendency, on the whole, of modern woodcuts, appears to be to represent every person and thing in a state of over-drawn excitement. Hence the scene is very seldom a quiet landscape. If our world is judged of by modern drawings, what a noisy one it must be! Now, though we do not advocate sketches of a canal, or a tree, or any such soulless scene, we think that modern illustrators are too fond of representing exciting events—and what is worse, that a great deal of unnecessary excitement is always depicted. When five or six persons are crammed into one small woodcut, what need is there that each should be in violent motion, so anxious in their looks, and wild in their gestures?

But after all, this is just the tendency of the times observable almost in everything. Now-a-days few can afford

the leisure that our great grandfathers enjoyed, and he who can keep time with the locomotive engine is the prosperous man. Hence it is only natural that the same spirit should be embodied in our modern drawings, having for their subjects scenes in actual life. This is a fast age, but still the woodcuts are ahead of it.

III.—WOODCUTS AS THEY WILL BE.

We prophecy a glorious future for pictures; a time, when neither as artificial as those of the last century, nor as unnatural as those of the present age, they shall be capable of educating, instead of repressing, good taste and artistic principles in a child; a time when trees will cease to appear perpendicular on paper, when illustrators shall have become acquainted with the shape of the human body and a few of the principles of its anatomy; and when cherubs shall no more appear as hybrids between babies and eagles. At the present day, in all kinds of pictures except woodcuts, artistic merit is greatly progressing, and that in this very important department of drawing likewise, advance will eventually not be found wanting is the earnest hope of the writer.

SOLAR RAYS.

A MEMBER of the Royal College of Physicians of London, in a late scientific paper, gives an account of some experiments which seem to prove the existence of certain rays in the solar beams whose properties have hitherto been undescribed. The sun is pouring on this world of ours a continuous stream of heat, light and we know not what else. But that there is something more radiating from it than that which affects our eyes as light, and our thermometers as heat, appears not only possible but highly probable to the student of Physical Science. The late discoveries in Physics show conclusively that light and heat are the same in their nature, and that all the phenomena exhibited by them can be accounted for on strictly mechanical principles. As that which produces the sensation of sound has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt to be a vibratory motion of the air, so light and heat have with nearly equal certainty been proved to be the sensations caused by an undulatory motion of a fluid which pervades all matter and space, but which is too ethereal to affect all of our senses. The truth of this appears to be as irresistible to the person who has given the subject some attention and study, as that the sound from the ocean is the effect of the rush of the wind and the dash of the billows. To make this view of the subject popular would take more time and space than would be compatible with a simple notice. We, consequently, must use a popular nomenclature and speak of the *different coloured rays* of light, instead of *undulations* of a certain determinate number in a second.

An ordinary ray of light—say from the sun—if allowed to fall on a prism is broken up into its component rays, and some of these are deflected more than others from the original line of directions. These spread out thus, and received on a white surface, form an image of the section of a rainbow, which is called the solar spectrum. The rays of heat are deflected *least* from their original course, next come the red rays, then the yellow, orange, green, blue and violet. Our ordinary ray of light is thus decomposed. If the decomposed rays be again united by means of a lens or reflector, the original white light is produced. Hence, we conclude, that in the sunbeam there are rays of heat and rays of light of every colour in the rainbow. The only difference in those rays, we are informed by Physicists, is their period of undulation,—700,000,000,000 undulations in a second producing the violet at the one extreme of the spectrum.

As the undulations are less rapid the sensations of colour produced change in the order of the spectrum until we come to the extreme red, which represents undulations of about 470,000,000,000,000 in a second. Undulations more slow or more rapid than those do not affect the optic nerve as light. The slower produce the sensation of heat, the more rapid, called the actinic rays, have only a chemical effect. These rays according to their different periods of vibration affect different kinds of matter. Those of the slower periods affect ordinary matter powerfully, causing expansion, liquefaction, &c. Others affect the optic nerve, as the visible rays. They also have some effect on the development of organic tissue. The actinic rays beyond the violet of the spectrum, produce no thermic nor optic effect, but yet have the power of acting chemically on certain species of matter. And from the experiments of George Robinson, we would infer that there are rays which excite the sensation of heat or pain in the living body, and yet do not effect our ordinary thermometers as heat, nor our sense of sight as light. In other words, they lead us to the conclusion that the thermometer is not an absolute test of *that heat* or form of force which affects living organisms—that there are certain invisible rays which do not act on the mercury by expansion, nor on the thermo-electric pile by generating a current of electricity, but which nevertheless have a physiological and pathological effect on animated nature.

Before proceeding to notice these experiments, let it be observed that some substances allow of the free transmission of certain rays and are opaque to others. That is, some rays are absorbed or reflected by certain kinds of matter, which allow other rays to pass through unimpeded. Thus, violet glass absorbs all the rays of white light falling upon it, except the violet which it transmits. Red glass absorbs all the rays of white light except the red which is allowed a free passage. Iodine dissolved in bisulphide of carbon absorbs all the visible rays, but allows a free transmission to the heat rays. To illustrate, if we put a window in a room having a layer of this liquid enclosed between two layers of glass, not a blink of light can find its way through, but the heat of the sun pours in as fully and freely as through the naked glass, and those black heat rays can be collected by a proper lens or reflector, brought to a focus and made to fire any combustible as well as in the sunlight. Rock salt allows of the free transmission of heat and light, while alum and water are transparent to light put nearly opaque to heat. Then, again, some substances are more opaque to heat rays of a certain period of undulation than to others. This has been proved beyond doubt by Tyndale and Melloni.

We will find, then, from Robinson's experiments, that there are rays in sunlight, which are not the visible rays, nor the ordinary heating rays, but which, yet, have a distinct and powerful effect on living tissue. He concentrated the rays of the sun to a focus on his finger which was placed under water. Pain and vesication was the result. Now, water is to a very great extent opaque to the heat which affects the thermometer, as we have already observed. That this is so appears also from the following: when the blackened bulb of the thermometer was put in the water in the same position as the finger, it rose only from 60° to 80° in ten minutes. But what is more conclusive, the concentrated rays of the sun were directed to his finger as before, and the pain was distinctly and immediately felt when two layers of blue glass were interposed, or even black leather glazed and unglazed. These rays which caused the pain were also found to pass immediately through thick white card-board, through the same covered with blue or red paper, through oilcloth and common glue one quarter of an inch in thickness. If these experiments have been properly conducted, and we have here results that can be relied on, they prove conclusively, that the concentrated rays causing pain were not the rays in

the visible portion of the spectrum, for light does not pass through those substances. Again, when alum, which according to Tyndale is nearly opaque to the heat which affects the galvanometer, was interposed the same result followed. And more than that, these pain-producing rays passed instantaneously through double tinfoil and even thin sheet iron, a feat which ordinary heat rays cannot accomplish. A mirror of glass a quarter of an inch thick was taken, the silvered back covered with a coating of paint, yet these unseen rays went through glass, silvered coating and paint as in the other cases. That these were not ordinary heat is furthermore shown by the albumen test. Albumen coagulates at about 150° F. Coagulation then, determines, at the lowest, a thermometric heat of 140° to 150° F. The experiment is thus described: "I took some of the purple thick glazed paper, and wrapped it round my finger. On the purple surface I placed some albumen, and on the latter, a second layer of the purple paper. I then carefully concentrated the sun's rays so as to avoid burning or injuring in any way the paper, throwing the rays through it and the albumen. I instantly felt the burning pain in the finger, and then withdrew the lens and examined the albumen placed between the two layers of purple paper. *It was not at all coagulated.* Here the irritating rays passed through two layers of purple paper and a film of albumen without producing any effect on those substances, but instantly caused pain in the skin beneath. A little of the same albumen placed upon the same paper was at once coagulated by the same condensation of the sun's rays, so that, if any rays of heat had passed through the first layer of paper, they ought to have produced coagula in albumen resting upon the second layer of purple paper. As they did not do so, the probability is that pain was not occasioned by ordinary heat. In another experiment, the mirror above mentioned was placed upon the finger, a layer of albumen intervening between the skin and the back painted surface of the mirror. The rays were then gradually concentrated upon the upper glass front of the mirror, until a burning pain was felt in the finger beneath the latter. The albumen being then examined was *not coagulated.*"

These phenomena, at the least, afford an excellent opportunity for those who have the time and means to verify them or make them open to exception. We all would, undoubtedly, like to know a little more about the subject—to know whether these "irritating rays" proceed alone from the highly heated sun, or if they come, from sources of lower temperature also,—to know what substances are impermissible to them, and to know how to shield ourselves from their violence. The phenomenon of sunstroke may be due to these invisible rays against which oilcloth, leather, or even sheet-iron are no protection. Some of these statements are so strange that they give rise to the suspicion that blunders have been made in the course of the experiments. But when they come from a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and when they give evidence of a long consideration of the subject, it is not too much to accept them as probably correct. Our duty, then, in the meantime, is to see whether these things are so. We anxiously await the further development of the subject to see whether the testimony of other experimenters corroborates or throws doubt on the existence of rays having such properties as those described above. If such do exist, the investigation of the subject will not only enrich the field of Physical science, but will also enlarge the field of Medical science.

HYMEN seems to be the tutelary deity of the mixed colleges. Study seems to be quite a secondary consideration, and marrying and being married is the order of the day.

Dalhousie Gazette.

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TERRIBLE EXCITEMENT AMONG THE FRESHMEN.—By a few harmless remarks in the last GAZETTE the indignation of our Tyros has been raised to a pitch that threatens instant destruction to at least a part of the Editorial Board. We have received a lengthy production from one of the righteously incensed with a request for publication, in which he draws a most astonishing picture of our misconduct with regard to them. He accuses us, forsooth, of the *heinous* crime of repeatedly taking *their* names in vain.

Our friend begins: "Messrs. Editors—On glancing over the first number of the GAZETTE the idea occurred to me that that issue was published almost altogether for the benefit of the Freshmen." Presumptuous, Fresh. Do you actually suppose that the GAZETTE has no better subject to rack its brains about than your verdant compatriots? We now and then *deign*, when we want matter to fill up our columns, to mention the august name of Freshman in the way of salutary advice, of which you greatly stand in need.

The first count of the Plaintiff's declaration is to the effect that, in our lament over the fall of the Box we happened to speak of "the luckless Freshmen opposing their rise in the world." The Defendants by, their attorney your humble servant, say that the Plaintiff has been labouring under a great misapprehension. For his benefit we will condescend to explain. In the glorious and lamented days of the Box, before the above-mentioned plaintiff had entered our walls, the custom of "putting up" was quite prevalent. Being "put up" was nothing more nor less than being seized by a few of another year and being placed upon the Box. The Freshies, however, were not alone in the ranks of the "put up," but were ranged beside Sophs, Juniors, and even Seniors. The writer himself has graced that position on several occasions. Now our readers can see that this rise in the world was not of a very serious nature. Seniors, Juniors, and even Sophs, while being elevated accepted the situation, were quite quietly placed on the Box, and after benignly smiling down upon upturned faces, as calmly and quietly descended. The Freshies, however, either consider-

ing the attempt as an insult to their newly acquired dignity, or feeling that such exaltation was by no means consistent with their lowly station, in the majority of cases most determinedly opposed it.

Surely, it is not a terrible thing to speak of this opposition in connection with the Box. Why this should cause indignation is more than I conceive, unless it is that the word "luckless" troubles their souls. But were they not luckless in not possessing a sufficient amount of sense to see that the matter should be taken coolly and as a piece of fun, instead of violently resisting to the detriment of their gowns and pants.

The second count of the Plaintiff's declaration is as follows,—Referring to an article in the "Dallusiensia," he says, "the learned and dignified Senior who wrote that effusion has seen fit to call us 'queer curiosities of humanity,' and then he goes on to a lot of personalities and abuse which are unworthy of any student. And for a second plea the Defendants say that they never made use of such an expression with regard to the Freshman class. Let us look for proof to the item in question. "The Freshies of Dalhousie seem to prefer beavers and kids to the cap and gown. We hope some philanthropic individual may make a collection for the benefit of *those who have not yet got caps*, which is the case, we have good reason to believe, with not a few. If the University regulations are to be violated so openly on account of the meanness of those *queer curiosities of humanity* we feel it to be our duty to bring them to light."

Now any person who can read English must see clearly that the offensive remark refers to *those of the class who have not yet purchased caps*. And, moreover, he will say that it has been written with justice. No man should ever come to college who is mean enough to remain capless and go up for his degrees in borrowed head-gear, simply because the senate do not enforce the wearing of squaretops by fines as they did formerly. As for his allusion to the fact that Juniors and Seniors often wear no caps, we are sorry to have to confess its truth.

In the third count of the Plaintiff's declaration, after stating as a ground of complaint the quotation "Freshmen bold with uncombed hair," he expresses an ardent desire to get his hands into the hair and down of a particular one of the Editors in order to render them, as he felicitously expresses it, minus. And for a third plea the Defendants say, that the aforesaid expression, being a quotation, is perfectly allowable. Be it known to the Plaintiff that, in the second year of the GAZETTE's existence one of its editors, now a B.A., in the first issue extended a hearty welcome

"To Freshmen bold with uncombed hair,
To Sophs so sad and gloomy,
To Juniors strutting full of pride,
And Seniors wise and moody."

And, moreover, that the present Senior Editors of the GAZETTE, although at that time Freshmen as green as grass, were not at all offended thereat, but on the contrary, with good grace congratulated the poet on his happy description of the various classes. Why should not the Freshies of the present day follow our footsteps, and not trouble their heads

about what the GAZETTE says of their boldness and un-combed hair.

To continue our legal phraseology, we hope that the First Year Students will not *join issue* upon the Defendants pleas, for the reason that it may lead to a bad feeling between them and the editors, which is the last thing that we would like to see happen. Perhaps we have done wrong in taking for granted that our correspondent is the exponent of the views of his class. For the sake of their own credit we hope, nay, we almost feel convinced that such is the case. We can scarcely believe that all his fellow classmen are so prone to misunderstand expressions as he has shown himself to be. Again, oh Freshmen, we beg of you, don't for a moment entertain the thought that we take delight in making remarks offensive to you. If you examine the GAZETTE of former years you will find that it can enjoy as hearty a laugh at the expense of a Senior or Junior as at one of your class; and we promise that such shall be the case this year as well. All jokes will be faithfully chronicled, to whomsoever they may refer. If you want to retaliate, do so; write out an item pointed at whom you please so long as it be not insulting and personal, and we pledge ourselves to find room for it.

In conclusion, we hope that the student who wrote this letter will have enough good sense to see the error of his ways, and never again have the audacity to send to us such a ridiculous and at the same time insulting communication.

ANAGRAMS.

THIS subject was once thought important enough to merit the honors of book form. The book was entitled "Of Anagrams, a monograph treating of their history from the earliest ages to the present time." The earliest ages some one exclaims; who ever heard of anagrams before? If there be any such reading this article, let him read on, and we will endeavour to show him that these anagrams are among the most interesting curiosities of literature, and reveal some of the most attractive vagaries of the human mind.

An anagram defined in the broadest and most general way, is the transposition of the component letters of a word. This species of word-dissection, would seem at first sight to be a very trifling thing for men to be bothering themselves with for so many ages, but when looked at in its relation to thought and action, is seen in many instances to be surrounded with a halo of historic interest and meaning.

Our definition, however, affords room for division. Take for example the word *College*, which if we count the l's and the e's as separate letters, has 5,040 anagrams. We might make something of *legecol* or *gleecol*, but who will articulate for us such combinations as *gleleo* and *gleleo*. Even our Gaelic friends, we think, would fail with all their power of gutturals. Even those combinations which are pronounceable have no place in the English language, while the others are both meaningless and unpronounceable.

Both of these classes have a place in history. When a writer or author wishes to conceal his true name, he often adopts some meaningless, chaotic combination of its constituent letters. But it is becoming common now-a-days, for a

man to boldly affix his name to the blackest heresies and the most defiant challenges. The "Freedom of the Press" will prove the death of this species of anagrams. It might have been dangerous in some periods of the world's history for a man to express his unbiassed opinion over his own signature, but now even an Odger or a Bradlaugh, (perhaps it would be well for these men to turn their attention to anagrams) can write scurrilous and blasphemous words against existing law and order, and yet live on in safety and security. Montalembert, the celebrated French historian once published a pamphlet entitled, "Un débat sur l'Inde." He thought it proper, however, to issue it under the following pseudonym: *Edni L Rus Tabed nu par Ed Trebmelatnom*, and probably he knew best. Scientific men of the middle ages, it is said, were wont to conceal their theories and discoveries in anagrams. With the fate of Galileo before their eyes, perhaps they were wise, but we would have admired their heroism more, if they had manifested the same spirit that he did, when, after signing a recantation of his views with regard to the motion of the earth in the presence of the dignitaries of the church, he stamped his foot upon the ground and cried, "still it moves." Tyndall, Huxley and other *savans* of the nineteenth century have completely turned the tables. Anagrams there may be in the book of nature, but certainly none in the literature of modern science.

The name of *Voltaire* is said to be an anagram. The family name of the illustrious Frenchman was *Arouet*, which, with the letters *l* and *j*., for *le jeune* the younger, and considering *v* and *i* as equivalent to *u* and *j*., gives by proper transposition, a name which will be famous till the end of time. Such anagrams as these, however, derive their interest from association, rather than intrinsic worth. You and I, reader, could make anagrams just as good as these that would be forgotten the next day. Good anagrams like good puns are exceedingly rare. Among the rubbish heaps of anagrammatic literature, we can, however, here and there discover a gem, radiant with the light of genius. True wit is one of the highest and rarest qualities of the human intellect, *i. e.*, in the sense which it was understood by our Saxon forefathers, who gave it its name. He who can by a glance of penetrative insight, note the characteristics of a man, or system, or an age, and represent these in a word or phrase, especially if the word or phrase contain the additional element of satire or comment, is an Archimedes. It is only when an anagram is of this character, that, like a comet, it attracts the gaze and excites the wonder of all. When two such men as Rabelais and Calvin enter the list, we may expect to see prodigies appear. Calvin, grieved at the loose philosophy of Rabelais, and wishing to cut loose from him, anagrammatized his name into *Rabie Laesus* (bitten mad). It was a daring attack thus to probe the giant in his lair. The literary world of Europe waited for the response. It came at last. I am *Rabie Laesus*, am I Mr. John; pray what are you said Rabelais? Let me see; *Jan Cul* (bloody John) that's about it, and the inimitable joker sank into his easy chair and looked satisfied. Probably more so than Calvin for the jest spread like wildfire.

There are on record one or two good examples of another

species of anagram, which do not conform to the strict principles of anagrammatism, but which are worthy of note. These anagrams are made by the re-division of words. During the siege of Tyre by Alexander, and when all his efforts seemed to be baffled, the great general had a dream of a Satyr dancing around him. This dream he made known to the wits and soothsayers of his camp, who seeing an easy chance of making themselves famous and inspiring Alexander to prosecute the siege with greater vigor, exclaimed: *Satyros*—*Sa Tyros*, Tyre is thine.

At the division of lands after the general peace of 1814, a portion of Saxony fell to the share of Prussia. To celebrate this addition to his kingdom, the king made an issue of six-dollars, and had the name "Reichsthaler" stamped upon them. The Saxons re-arranged the word and made it "Ein Reich stahl er," (he stole a kingdom). The Saxons were keen observers as well as good anagrammatists. The "stahl reich" policy seems to prevail in certain quarters.

The most fruitful field for the anagrammatist, is that of proper names. There has often been supposed to be a secret and mysterious connection between a man's name, and some leading event or characteristic of his life. In old times, names certainly possessed a personal reference or significance, and anagrammatists still find these ambushed behind a new transformation of letters. Here are a few examples: *Maria Steuarda Scotorum regina! Trusa vi regnis morte amarâ cado!* Thrust by force from my kingdoms, I fall by a bitter death. *Horatio Nelson, Honor est a Nilo.* *Arthur Wellesley: Truly he'll see war;* and such like. A fame may be awaiting some obscure or unknown individual, who peruses this article, who discovers hidden in his humble name, the prophecy of a great destiny, and endeavours to realize it; but if not, he can indulge in delicious day-dreams of possible wealth or glory. After all, this anagrammatism which at first seems so trifling, brings us into that region of mystery and marvel—the connecting link between thought and language.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE FORRESTER MEMORIAL" has been placed on our Table. We recommend a reading of it to all those who wish to be "posted up" in the controversy. It is a plain statement of facts, from which the public can form its own opinion.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1873, elegantly got up, is on our Table. It is now published *Quarterly*. 25 cents pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., Florist, publisher. He announces, that those who after taking the Guide, send money to the amount of *one Dollar* or more for seeds, may also order twenty-five cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide. The *January number* is beautiful, giving plans for making Rural Houses, Designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One hundred and fifty pages on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings and a superb *coloured plate* and *chromo cover*. The first edition of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND just printed in English and German, ready to send out.

WE have received the prospectus of a book entitled "Description, History and Statistics of the Charitable, Benevolent

and Educational Institutions of Canada." It is to be illustrated with numerous engravings, including Portraits of Historical and Distinguished Persons; Views and Plans; Maps and Descriptive Tables; Seals and Armorial Drawings, &c. The object of the work is to supply the Canadian public with a full and complete historical, descriptive and statistical account of the many noble Institutions of Benevolence and Charity which exist in the Dominion of Canada. The work will be published in five volumes, under the headings Hospitals and Lazarettos, Asylums and Alms Houses, Orphanages, Educational Institutions, and lastly other Charitable Societies and Associations. The typography and illustrations will be produced at the unrivalled Canadian Press of George E. Desbarats. First Vol. issued in Aug. 1873, the others following six months after in succession. To subscribers the price will be \$1.00 per Vol. in cloth; \$2.50 for the illustrated edition. To non-subscribers the price will be double. Agents can obtain any information from the Author, Stanislaus Drapeau, *Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.*

THE READING ROOM.

THE following have been placed on the tables of our Reading Room:

COLLEGE PERIODICALS.—The *Oxford Undergraduate's Journal*, *College Courant*, *Yale Courant*, *College Mercury*, *Harvard Advocate*, *William's Vidette*, *Tripod*, *College Courier*, *Lafayette Monthly*, *McKendree Repository*, *Simpsonian*, *College Argus*, *Madisonensis*, *Collegian*, *Cap and Gown*, *Qui Vive*, *Torch Light*, *Blackburn Gazette*, *Iowa Classic*, *Brunonian*, *Acorn*, *Bowdoin Scientific Review*.

NON-COLLEGE PAPERS.—*Presbyterian Witness*, *Colonial Standard*, *The Patriot*, *Abstainer*, *Monaghan's Advertiser*, *The Sun*, *Provincial Wesleyan*, *Newspaper Reporter*, *Athenæum*, *Literary World*, *European Mail*, *The Pioneer*, *The Christian World*, *Nova Scotia Journal of Agriculture*, *Home and Foreign Record*, *Monthly Record of the Church of Scotland*, *Presbyterian Advocate*, *Eastern Chronicle*, *Le Moniteur Acadien*.

Correspondence.

HALIFAX, NOV. 20th 1872.

Messrs. Editors,—On glancing over the first number of the GAZETTE, the idea occurred to me that that issue was published almost altogether for the benefit of the Freshmen. Under the head of "Dallusiensia," there are two paragraphs devoted to the attempted castigation of those unfortunates.

Concerning the first of these, I will say nothing, as I am, to a certain extent, ignorant of the circumstances under which "the luckless Freshmen oppose their rise in the world." But I would like to say a few words with reference to the second paragraph. The learned and dignified Senior who wrote that effusion, has seen fit to call us "queer curiosities of humanity." Were I to treat this term as first impulse dictated, I should hurl it back with disdain upon the head of him who penned that sentence. But, sirs, it requires further attention, and it shall get it. Does the Senior who wrote this paragraph forget the time, when, three years ago, he entered College? Does he forget the time when he left his father's house, in a town on the north coast of this Province, and came to Halifax, a "stranger among strangers?" Does he forget that some of those whom he designates as "queer curiosities of humanity" were formerly his own school-mates? Does he mean—does he dare to say, that because some of the students are from Cape Breton, or

Prince Edward Island, they are not as good in the eyes of men—in the eye of God, as he is? And, sirs, allowing all this to be so, allowing that this Senior *does* cast a disdainful eye upon us—allowing all this—why does not that member of your staff who wrote this, stick to the truth? Were he to raise his “eagle eye” so far as to glance at the heads of the students of the Third and Fourth years, he would see not a few without the “cap and gown.” And whether is it better for a First year student to “carry his gown rolled up under his arm like a pedler,” or for a Third year student to come “up to the Hall” minus both cap and gown, and descend to the Reading Room, where he keeps his gown, when not in the class.

As to his remarks about “Freshmen bold with uncombed hair,” let me tell him, that there are many of “those queer curiosities of humanity” who would like to get their hands upon his *auburn* locks, when both those, and that commodity on his face which some people call “down,” would be designated by the sign “minus.”

I will not take up more of your valuable space with this subject. Before concluding, I would warn *that* Senior to let the Freshmen alone, or he may rouse the sleeping lion—or rather, sleeping “curiosity of humanity.” There are those among the Freshmen who can take up the subject and do better justice to it than I have done.

Thanking you for your valuable space,

I am, Yours,

A FRESHMAN.

Dalhusiensia.

THE new Class-Room exactly seats the class in History.

FRIDAY, 15th inst., 11 P.M., Janitor irritatus erat.

CANES and Kids are the Academical costume of the Medicals this season.

THE Excelsior Society this year far surpasses the Kritosophian—in clapping, stamping, and noise generally.

THE Kritosophians have been very kindly invited by the Meds. to attend the meetings of the Aesculapian Society which are held on Thursdays at 7½ P.M.

THE Soph who translated “into the country” by “in rum” is requested to open a class in Latin Prose Composition.

A SENIOR lately called upon a Medical to enquire as to the meaning of a strange phenomenon. He said “Doctor, I actually said my prayers last night after I got into bed.”—“Pretty boosy last night, eh?” was the response.

A NEW society rejoicing in the appellation of the Sigma Tau Theta, has sprung up within the last week. This, however, in all likelihood exists solely in the fertile imagination of two cheeky Juniors. The Lambda Pi Delta is still flourishing.

THE Governors have generously expended \$400 on apparatus and chemicals for the use of the class in chemistry. The arrival by last steamer of new apparatus will also, we hope, make the lectures on Experimental Physics more attractive.

STUDENTS are hereby requested to refrain from opening and reading the GAZETTE Exchanges before the Editors have looked over them and sent them to the Reading Room. Moreover it would be advisable to leave these papers on the tables when placed there, as they are not intended for the private perusal of individuals.

Personals.

CHAS. W. HILTZ, M. D. C. M. of Class '72, is at Harvard.

FINLAY McMILLAN, M. D. C. M., of '72, is practising at West River Station, Pictou County.

G. H. H. DEWOLF, M. D. C. M., of '72, has gone to Edinburgh.

A. G. RUSSELL and E. S. BAYNE of Class '71, are studying theology at Princeton.

JAMES W. SMITH, Sophomore, is now “enlightening the masses” at Lower Stewiacke.

J. K. RAMSAY, who was a “General” in '70-'71, is now in the Commercial School in this city.

A. W. HERDMAN, a Soph in '70-'71, is teaching in Guysborough, N. S.

John MCGILLIVRAY, who spent five years here as a general student, is now teaching in New Glasgow, N. S.

JOHN BOYD, also an old “General,” is attending the Presbyterian Theological Hall in this city. His beard is gone.

WILLIAM McRAE, M. D. C. M., of '72, is stationed at Bedeque, Cape Breton. We are sorry to learn that he is seriously ill.

HUGH MCKENZIE, B. A., of '72, now fills the post of Head Teacher in the Model School, Truro, N. S. He was in town the other day but forgot to call and see his old chums.

THE brothers Ross, William and John, who were Freshies in Session 1870-71, have returned as Sophomores. We hope that the former will continue his career of prize taking which a year's absence has interrupted.

WE clip from the *Morning Chronicle* the following telegram:—“TORONTO, Nov. 18th. Robert Sedgewick, graduate of Dalhousie College, passed a very creditable examination as barrister, and was today admitted to the Law-society of Ontario.” Sedgewick is a B. A. of Class '67. We congratulate him on his success.

THREE students of Class '72 have come back to their “Alma Mater,” after an absence of one, two, and three years, respectively. W. Ross, who has been in the U. S. for the past year, joins the graduating class of '73. H. M. Stramberg, returning from that “land of go-aheadativeness,” joins Class '74, a Greeleyite to the backbone. William Bearisto, leaving his situation of Inspector of Schools for Prince County, P. E. I., has become a Sophomore.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of several valuable periodicals from Dr. Lawson for the Reading Room.

The GAZETTE is issued every alternate Saturday during the Session, by the STUDENTS of Dalhousie College and University.

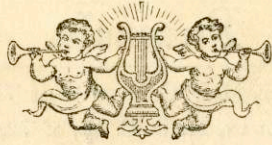
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