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(For the Dalhousie Gazette.)

TO MY FRIENDS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.)

To my friends, to-day I've sent forth
Many greetings by the wind;
May he now the world hunt over,
Flying quickly, them to find;—
Those dear jolly old companions
Of my joyous youthful years,
Whom the mighty wave of time
O'er the busy world far bears.

Thus I charged him. Some thou'lt find
Giving doses to the sick,
Others using for their clients
Every legal dodge and trick.
Others, too, in dismal schoolrooms,
Where the tawse and birch hold sway,
Teaching boys to say their "tupto"
In the good old-fashioned way.

Others still, with pen in fingers,
Scribbling wisdom mixed with wit;
Or, forth from the oaken pulpit,
Dealing sinners many a hit.
Many, with the crooked staff,
Feeding flocks on heaven's way;
Last of all, beneath the sod
Some thou'lt find;—Oh wake them, pray!

Say to each one, that I keep,
In my deepest heart laid by,
Memories of the years of youth;
And that now I fain would lie
In the lap of days long past;
And that, for all friends to-day,
Beats my heart as warm and true
As at that time so far away.

Kindly tell them, that great blessings
God has showered on me from heaven;
After wandering far and long,
Me a resting place has given;
Me has now a home allotted,
Which, far from the noisy walk,
Round enclosed by forest quiet,
Is "a house built on a rock."

Tell them, further, that within
Room is found for every guest;
That for them the warmest chamber
Ready stands a place of rest;
That, although 'neath many dishes,
My small table never bends,
Yet it's well supplied with fruits,
Which my garden daily sends.

Up and shake thy rustling plumage!
I impatient wait thus long.
Fly thou forth, then, hasten hither,
Bring back greetings in thy song.
But let not one answer fail me—
Thou dare'st not so careless be;
If I miss one when I count them,
Blame I'll lay on none but thee.

UEBERSETZER.

MEN OF THOUGHT.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

The requirements of man in any sphere of life are few, when compared with the abundance of the supply our world affords. Contrast the wants of the most ambitious, of him who would be actuated by such desires as welled up in the hearts of men like Napoleon and Alexander the Great, with the almost inexhaustible means of gratifying them, and conclude with reason, and with us, that the truth of the lines above is unimpeachable.

Were man's life ten, twenty, or forty times longer than it is, maybe his wants might grow to be great. Though our sojourn here is short, at best, yet the life of society is long, yes, long as time. As man grows older his wants become more. So it is with society. As years roll on it is gradually developing, and its wants are growing more numerous; but one thing that it always did, and always will require, is Men of Thought.

Let us look into the state of communities, of countries, of provinces, of kingdoms, and of nations, and try to imagine what they would be without Men of Thought. We must conclude that Confusion would sit enthroned, as the mutual spouse of Anarchy, and that they would rule triumphant, unchecked by their present masters, Law and Order. What are we to infer from this? Nothing more nor less than the idea of Plato, concisely expressed by Goldsmith when he says:

"For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil."

History supplies us with innumerable instances of this. Away back in the days of Ancient Greece, we find the names of Solon, Lycurgus, and others as prominent examples. Witness the mighty power of Mahomet, directly over the Arabians, and indirectly over the surrounding nations, extending its influence far and wide, ultimately reaching our own day. And was not Mahomet characteristically a man of thought? Down through the different eras and epochs of our world's history, the thinkers stand out prominently as the rulers. We need not restrict ourselves to such notorious personages as Solon and Mahomet, in support of this theory. Many men have lived and died, whose voices never sounded upon the public ear, either as commanders of armies, or as kings and potentates; whose eloquence never made the walls tremble in our more modern houses of parliament, but who passed their days in comparative obscurity,—maybe in the cells of monasteries,—moulding into legible form, thoughts that have shaken mighty empires to their very centres, and upon which nations have been reared and still stand. They not only form the foundation, but run through, strengthen, and keep the whole structure in a sound and healthy condition.

Men of Thought have been necessary in past times, and they are even more requisite in our own day, for this is pro-

verbially a fast age, requiring more thinkers than any that have gone before. *Thought* is beginning to displace the clash of arms, and the booming of artillery in the settlement of national disputes. The friendly relations of distant countries are becoming more intimate, and their continuance more necessary. New laws and treaties have to be framed in order to preserve these relations, and to maintain a prosperous and profitable intercourse between nations. Here men of long experience, men who have been ardent students and profound thinkers, are required. They are indispensable in preserving peace, in maintaining commercial and national prosperity. If we come gradually down through the various forms of subordinate state tribunals and courts of justice, into communities, we will find that Men of Thought, experience, and education, are necessary, to a greater or less degree, to preserve harmony and ensure success in every undertaking.

If we leave the course of Statesmen, and turn to the paths trodden by Philosophers, Theologians, and Scientists, we find the same class of men, some hewing from the mountains of Philosophy, materials to strengthen their own fortifications, and weapons with which to attack their enemies; some drawing from the wells of Salvation, and giving to the world draughts for which it has long thirsted; others exploring the vast domains of Science, and bringing to light things hitherto wrapped in the folds of obscurity, or bound by the mystic ties of the unknown. In every sphere of life, from the highest tribunal of a mighty nation, down to petty societies which exist in communities, *thinkers* are necessary to harmony and success. Let us have Men of Thought, and there will be no lack of Men of Action.

MY HICOUGH.

(Concluded.)

Of the various experiments which I tried during the next half hour, I have but a dim recollection. I must have been half crazed. I remember something about knocking a man down, in hope of being taken off to jail, of calling for a cab, and when a dozen cabbies drove up in hurried response, slipping off and leaving them to settle the matter between themselves, of making faces at a bull-dog, and of standing on my head crying loudly, "Mesopotamia! Mesopotamia!" As a last resource, I determined to do what I should have done at first, apply to a doctor. I at once hastened to the most skilful physician in the town, and in broken accents east myself on his mercy. He seemed touched, felt my pulse, looked at my tongue, and in the most illegible characters, wrote a prescription. I took it to the nearest apothecary: he read it, opened his eyes, frowned, looked puzzled, slowly opened some drawers, and made up something. I took it and went out, still, as it happened, carrying the prescription. On my way home I passed another apothecary, and, and, as the thought struck me, went in and handed him the prescription. He read it, closed his eyes, smiled, looked pleased, quickly opened some drawers, and compounded something. I took it also and went home: reached my apartment, which was the one above the room where my friends were—Oh, how their mirth jarred on my ears!—and took a survey of myself. My beaver was smashed, gloves missing, hair dishevelled, nose bleeding, eyes black and blue, coat in shreds, and trousers decidedly 'holy'; from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot I was a dilapidated ruin. Then I opened the two packages. I found as follows:—Package No. 1: a drug: liquid, a chemical compound, fiery red, with a smell like brimstone. Do. No. 2: a liniment: pasty, a mechanical mixture, white, with a smell as of rotten

eggs. I mixed the two together as the best way to reconcile them. Result: a viscous, treacly mass: colour, dirty grey: smell that of the dung hill. I hesitated whether to make a present of it to my land-lady as soft-soap, or swallow it and take the consequences. But I soon made up my mind. I locked the door, made my will and took a gulp. At that precise moment an energetic hicough was coming up. The opposing forces met midway, and the consequences were something fearful. A dreadful explosion took place, which spun me like a musket ball to the further end of the room. I fell insensible. When I came back to consciousness, I found myself surrounded by my friends, and the room, with the door burst open, reeking with abominable vapours. How my gustatory nerves were effected, I decline to disclose. It was a desperate remedy, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Moreover, it was thoroughly efficacious, for I have never since been tormented with hicough. If ever I find it stealing on me, I take a look at that dread mixture—for I have kept the remainder of it ever since—and go out and vomit my hicough away.

OUR AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

BY J. M. O.

CHAPTER II.

"GENTLEMEN, this is the proudest moment of my life," cried an emotional lover of the beautiful, from the summit of a neighbouring cliff, as with kindling eye and joy-lit countenance, he watched for the first time in his life the newborn rays of sun-light shooting athwart the eastern sky, and lighting up the dew-laden trees into crystal splendour. There was, indeed, good reason for his enthusiastic ejaculation. Far across on the other shore, hung a light thin mist which melted away on Phœbus' approach, revealing cosy cottages and picturesque farm-houses nestling in green foliage or perched upon some grassy knoll. Momentarily quieted by the landscape's beauty, we gazed in silence upon a grand transformation scene, with old Sol as harlequin; under his magic touch a hitherto dark smudge on Nature's canvass becoming a lovely cove, and a black spot changing into a charming islet. "Quack, Quack," distinct and clear, not fifty yards off. "Hand me my gun for Heaven's sake!" "Where on earth is my powder flask?" Our day dream was dispelled in the twinkling of an eye. Mac disappears and R. B. N. follows close behind. Furious *bangs* are heard in the distance, then silence intervenes. An hour passes by. The excitement and suspense grow oppressive, and I am about to seize my gun, when—re-enter mighty hunters, one bearing aloft a yellow-leg, his companion staggering beneath the burden of a snipe. Reader, these birds, together with an old stump, two bottles, and R. B. N.'s superannuated hunting cap, were the sole contents of that day's bag.

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink," very aptly quoted the historian, for at breakfast our last drop was claimed by the teapot, and a diligent exploration developed none in our vicinity. So R. B. N. helped me to organize a foraging expedition. He started off gaily with our big jar in one hand, and his gun in the other. All went well until he attempted to walk down the slippery bank, and then he went considerably better. About a mile a minute his time must have been to the bottom. A most exciting race took place between himself and the jug, resulting in a victory for the latter by a short neck, the rest of the body coming home in detachments, distanced. Poor fellow! we could not but sympathize with him, and from pure pity only brought in a verdict of "temporary insanity, superinduced by concussion

on the brain," when he declared, as he righted himself, that although it had exercised a *jarring* effect on his nerves, nevertheless it was a *peaceful* contest.

It may have been only a natural phenomenon, but I am strongly inclined to consider it a sign of displeasure from those disagreeable old maids, the Fates. Whatever was its cause, it came down almost immediately after R. B. N. committed the offence just mentioned. I refer to the rain. Wearily, drearily, all that day fell the unwelcome drops with remorseless monotony. Driven from the flats, our only source of amusement was to lie prone, and dodge the drops trickling through our faithless roof. We found it inexpressibly dull and fatiguing, this utter inaction. Our intention was to have remained out another night, and the "ancient mariners," to whom a thorough wetting was no novelty and of little moment, would have adhered to it, had I not drawn in *couleur de rose* a picture of the comforts obtainable beneath Weir's roof-tree. They proved ready victims to my guile, and there was no "corner" in Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on the following morning.

Now, you must know that this same Cole Harbour has one great peculiarity. The top and the bottom are extremely near to one another. At low tide, I believe, the bottom is uppermost. At other times the space is filled up with long grass, which streams gracefully along the top of the water, but is not conducive to the speed of boats passing through it. It is in fact a miniature Sargasso Sea. We had not made much progress homeward before the boat entered this forest of mermaids' hair, and *poling* was appointed, vice rowing superseded. For what seemed to me several miles we ploughed along laboriously, and then made a new discovery. The boat was stuck fast on a sand-bank. There was nothing for it but to push off and try back. At length, after much tribulation, we found a channel or gully, and in the course of half an hour reached our landing place. What words can express our, or at least, my joy on returning once more to civilization and *beds*! "Blessed invention! There is no place like bed," said I, "unless it be the tea-table," added Mac, seating himself thereat, an example we were not slow to follow. I am afraid our good hostess was rather astonished when she came to clear away, for our appetites were immense. The five loaves and two fishes would not have been of much account, notwithstanding their unlimited liability style of doing business, had we joined the multitude in our before-tea condition.

When our evening meal had made its adieux, and our rusty guns had received some attention, we were ready to retire. As accommodation for the night, Mrs. Weir informed us there were only two beds. Judging from the size of the house, we hardly expected even that, and it puzzled us exceedingly to account for their existence, until we discovered them in a modest room up stairs, which could just contain them without actually straining its sides. Another would have burst the walls as certainly as that anecdote concerning Horace Greeley and Hank Monk did the frail tenement of the unfortunate but grateful beggar. Some lively discussion now arose. Neither Mac nor R. B. N. wanted company, so I foreseeing the natural result slyly expressed my preference for a bed-fellow. The immediate consequence was an appeal to the god of chance for the vacant bed and the result that—

"Mac smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

He would not listen to reason and have half of my bed. It is not on record that any of us were present at the rising of the sun next morning. Apparently those subsequent proceedings, whether interesting to Mac or not, were sufficiently so in our eyes to detain us from bringing them to a close,

until the orb of day had got well under weigh. I believe Mac was the first to stir. After much deliberation R. B. N. and I followed, and by ten o'clock we were ready for any business that might present itself. This time the tide was all one could desire, there was no mud, no sea-weed, no sand-banks, a broad, smooth sheet of water filled the whole harbour, and it was plain sailing to Flying Point, where we spent the greater part of the day. Nothing of special interest occurred on the last day of our stay at Cole Harbour. The ducks, plover, snipe, &c., were as unsociable as ever, and our luck no better than before, if I except the ignoble conquest of a wood-pecker by the historian, and a robin red-breast by R. B. N. And so when "twilight gray had in her sober livery all things clad," we brushed the Cole Harbour mud off our clothes and departed homewards, more experienced if not better men. To all those desirous of spending a pleasant week, whose programme of enjoyments shall embrace a wide range,—from clam-digging up to duck-shooting,—I humbly tender the advice, "go and do likewise."

EXTRACT from the Examination-Book of a candidate (unsuccessful) for admission to one of our American Colleges.

Question (in History)—"Give a brief sketch of Oliver Cromwell."

Answer—"Cromwell was a very wicked man, and led a very wicked life. But on his death-bed he repented, and his last words were, 'Oh, would I had served my God as I have served my king!'"—*Harvard Advocate*.

A CERTAIN Professor, whose chin was wont to be graced by a flowing beard, has lately returned, shorn of every vestige of his hirsute appendage. A Soph., meeting aforesaid Prof., after a prolonged stare, and a knowing wink to his senior companion, burst out with: "By Jove! that's the hardest looking Freshman I've seen yet!"—*Cornell Era*.

THE KING OF THULE.

(From the German of Goethe.)

In the good old town of Thulé
Once there lived a king of old;
So true was he his dying loved one
Gave to him a cup of gold.

There was nothing to him dearer
Than this cup in after years;
For, as often as he used it,
Lo! his eyes were filled with tears.

And when death drew near and nearer,
All the cities he had gained
To his heirs all he bequeathed,
But the beaker he retained.

At a feast within his castle,
High above the foamy wave
Sat the king, and all around him
Gathered counts and nobles brave.

And he raised the beaker gently
To his lips and drank his last;
Then he hurled it headlong downward,
And he watched it falling fast.

Saw the billows close above it,
And the white foam rolling o'er;
Then from his eyes the bright light faded,
And he drank, ah, never more.

J. A. L.

Dalhousie Gazette.

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The next issue of the "Gazette" will not appear until after the Christmas holidays—probably on Jan. 10th, 1874.

It has been frequently said that in Halifax there are no celebrated localities, no relics of ancient times, no antique edifices round which cluster historic associations. This is a great mistake. In the centre of this city stands a most venerable pile: the only existing specimen of a now obsolete style of architecture to be found in Nova Scotia. We refer to Dalhousie University. Justly have we reason to be proud of our College. Never yet have we seen the College that could compare with it. Grey with age, worn and crumbling through the lapse of centuries, it stands up as a relic of ancient civilization. It is a thing unique. An indescribable feeling steals over the tourist upon first beholding it. As an object of interest it is universally admitted to have no rival. Our pen falters as we write—we feel our inability to describe its appearance or character. Yet we will attempt the task—and what we say, we will, like all accurate historians, gather from external and internal evidence.

Speaking from the former, we are led to advance a theory which as yet we have never seen in print. It is, that the commonly-received report of this institution being founded within the last half-century or so is a complete myth. Does it not appeal to all the senses as a relic of antiquity? The pavement in front, ground by the tramp of countless multitudes—the building itself, hoary and wrinkled with age—the tottering, crumbling walls—the damp, mouldering smell—the vaults, into which light never penetrates—all, all attest the lapse of centuries and flight of ages. Those who contend that it was built at a comparatively recent period, base their evidence upon some ambiguous words engraved high above the door. This but confirms our theory. The words are evidently in a foreign tongue. What nations have, since historic times, held possession of Nova Scotia? (1) Indians, (2) French, (3) English. Now this superscription is neither in the Indian, French, or English tongues. It must then have been reared in the pre-historic ages, by a

nation that has now died out of existence: for no nation is found at the present day on the face of the earth speaking that strange language to which the words in question belong. As to the discovery of some ingenious antiquarians, of the numerals 1819 engraved below the inscription spoken of, the unprejudiced enquirer will pass it over in silent contempt. It is well known that, in the year 1819, some repairs were made on the summit of the building, by some masons who took with them chisels and other instruments; what more likely than that, desirous of leaving their mark behind them, they engraved the above-mentioned numerals?—which is confirmed by the recent discovery, inscribed in the same place, of an English name: GEORGE RAMSAY. Now Ramsay is just the name we would expect any mason to have: furthermore, his Christian name is spelt wrong, showing the engraver to have been an illiterate man: for the word is actually spelt with an "ii" at the end, instead of an "e." Thus it has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that this building, from an external point of view, appeals to us as the only existing work of a by-gone race.

Secondly, we will attempt to give an idea of its character from internal evidence. Having already sufficiently proved the antiquity of the pile facetiously denominated a College, we will proceed to speak of its internal arrangements. And from these we are forced to the conclusion that it can never have been intended for a College. We will mention a few facts, which may possibly induce some enterprising Yankee to rent the building and exhibit it to the public at so much per head. From the earliest times of which we have any authentic record, it has been the centre of numerous important and flourishing institutions. What has it not contained within its venerable walls? We will specify a few: Beer, Medicals, Sausages, School-rooms, Rats, Hardware, Post-offices, Gas, Families, Corpses, Classics—words fail. For substantives see Lennie's grammar. In fact, it would be easier to answer the question: What are the things which it has never contained within its walls? After careful investigation we give it as our candid opinion that the only class of objects which never patronized Dalhousie are, the Purses of the Rich of Halifax. Within the memory of man, no visitor was ever seen to take out his purse in this building. The probabilities therefore are, that no purses ever entered. What does Dalhousie now contain? After making the most careful and minute investigations, we are in a position to publish the following statistics, compiled with the greatest accuracy: Dalhousie College contains Four Flats and a Garret. The First Floor is divided between a Turtle-Grove Brewery, a Hardware Establishment, and a Carboline-Gas Company. This is very convenient. Parents in the country need have no anxiety, when they send their sons to College, of their not being able to get Beer in Halifax. "The Brewery," reasoned the Governors of the College, "will be a great help to our College, as it can afford to pay a good rent." "The College," reasoned the Governors of the Brewery, "will be a great help to our Brewery, as the students can afford to pay well for good beer." Thus they are mutually dependent on each other, and give mutual assistance. This is a very wise policy. Some detractors have indeed hinted that the College is now so old that it is getting in its dotage. Such dark insinuations show a petty soul—a soul that is opposed to one of the greatest improvements of the age. For this system at once combines Theory with Practice—students read of Bacchus in the rooms above, and can see him revelling below. As to the Gas Company, probably they intend their Carboline vapors as a satire on the vapors manufactured in the Chemistry Room of the College. If so, they are as yet signal failures.*

* Since the above was written, this Company has vacated. Another chance for Breweries.

The second floor is tenanted by our worthy Janitor. John Wilson is a type of the building he takes charge of, occupying the following important positions: (1) Janitor and Overseer of the College, (2) Milkman, (3) Letter-carrier, (4) Husband and Father.

On this floor there are two rooms above the Carboline-Gas Company's office: one the meeting-room of Professors, the other of students. They are not saloons. The latter has been facetiously termed a Reading Room. This is because, though well supplied with papers, it is so dark that except at the windows, reading is generally out of the question. It was given for the special accommodation of students. As over 100 young men attend the University, and the apartment in question will hold 30 when well crammed—all standing—it will be seen how admirably it answers the purpose.

The third floor occupies the body of the building. Here are taught Science, Philosophy (Natural and Unnatural), Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Literature, &c., &c., &c. With more than a Haligonian generosity, four class-rooms have been set apart for this purpose. Anyone can see that this is a great waste—in fact a *sinful* waste—when rent is so high and Breweries are willing to pay well for a stand in the venerable pile. The rooms are just of the kind that are always preferred for stowing away empty casks. We speak advisedly when we say one class-room would suffice, almost as well as the four we have at present do. And then, at a pinch, we could do as the Aristotelians of old did—perform all our work walking. The Hall would answer admirably for this system. In one of the apartments, History, Rhetoric, Psychology, Modern Languages, have all been taught in the same day. By stretching a little, things could be arranged so that they would be all taught at the same time in the same room on the same day, and at the end of the hour a new batch of studies might take their place. This, of course, we merely throw out as a suggestion.

The fourth floor contains two class-rooms. These are devoted to Ethics and Medicine. This is one of the wisest arrangements that could be made.

The Garret is monopolized by corpses, skeletons, and Meds. In many respects it is a very interesting place. Once seen, it will not easily be forgotten. From the top of the building, we may mention in passing, is a very fine view: so extensive that tourists assert that on fine evenings, the moon may be seen by the naked eye.

After the manner of historians and antiquarians, we will now draw a philosophical reflection. Nineteen Professors and over one hundred students carry on three separate courses in Arts, Science, and Medicine, as well as divers distinct Honour Courses in the former of these, in six class-rooms and a garret. This is a highly gratifying and encouraging fact. It illustrates to perfection one of the fundamental principles of Political Economy. At the same rate of Dalhousie's progress in the last few years we may confidently look forward to yet seeing twice the number of students with half the amount of class-rooms: to the transformation of many of the superfluous apartments into retail groggeries, to the triumph of the useful and good over vain sentiment, and many improvements of a similar nature.

Before closing we will draw attention to a few things in the College which show its onward progress and true character.

The first of these is the Hall Clock. It must not be mistaken for the time-piece which regulates the twelve o'clock gun of the city. It has been remarked that it does not keep Greenwich time, nor yet follow the sun, nor go by the stars. Of course it doesn't. Why should it? What is more to our purpose, it is the most convenient clock that students could desire. To a student, it takes the place that a mother takes

to a school-boy, furnishes him with excuses and gets him out of any amount of scrapes. The glory of this clock is, that its Will is Free. It is self-regulating. It is restrained by no system of laws. Here it sets a praiseworthy example to students, which, to do them justice, they are not slow to follow.

The second and last of the College Institutions which, as antiquarians, we feel bound to mention, is the famous Dalhousie Library. It is supposed to be the only rival of the great Alexandrian Library of the Ancient World. The number of volumes it contains is something enormous: no less than 1200, or the astounding average of something like 10 works to each student. It contains a very choice collection of books with Sabbath-School covers, a highly interesting compilation of the Minutes of the House of Commons, and other improving and favorite treatises. What gives it the greatest interest in the eyes of the antiquarian is a number of antique books which, from external appearance, must date back, at least, to the time of the Founding of the College. Their binding is of a kind which is never to be seen in these days of the lost arts. They are mellow with age, and have the odour of sanctity. They are the wonder of the College World—yet few have imbibed their contents. Strange as it may appear, the most ardent enquirer rarely gives them a glance. This is doubtless due to the difficulty of reading them, and, of course, only heightens their value. One of the rules of this Library, and one in which it has a right to boast, is that as few modern books as possible shall find its way into such a hallowed retreat. The last admitted, we believe, was Darwin's "Descent of Man." This effectually secures it against the intrusions of modern book-makers, so that its collection is one, the like of which can be found no where else. Again, it is the receptacle for any old volumes which the generous public of Halifax can bring themselves to part with—nor is it a reflection upon it to say, that such books are only given because the owners want to get rid of them and cannot otherwise dispose of them. No—for its highest aim is to be a collection of just such antique and time-tried volumes, and, to do it justice, we think it bids fair soon to accomplish its end.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of the Gazette:

In an article entitled "On Learning" which appeared in a late number of your paper there were several misstatements, and an amount of error which it may not be inappropriate to correct.

The writer of that article asks what is learning? quotes Hesiod's intellectual division of mankind, agrees with what he calls "the distinction of his ability," and then adds "Learning is threefold, &c." What connection "these distinctions" have with a definition of learning is quite a mystery.

The writer states "man's talents and knowledge are not the effects of education—the latter being oftener the effect of chance than any study." According to this it must be quite a mistake for young men to come up year after year to college for the purpose of obtaining knowledge when chance is likely to do so much for them—Dalhousie bears a very poor comparison with the university of chance.

This statement the writer says may be proved by facts of which the only one mentioned as such is, "to the most trifling incidents the most illustrious of our statesmen have often owed their learning." Now the "most trifling" incident can never make a man learned, but may open up the way or give him the means for the acquisition of learning, although it is to be regretted that "trifling incidents" give learning to the statesmen too often according to many persons' ideas of the illustrious. The writer uses the word "therefore" in the latter part of the third paragraph as if connecting some reasoning process where no such essence as reason is to be found.

We find also the statement that the "truthful art seems to be

entirely forgotten" in our modern schools; such is not the case in our experience, of which we claim to have a respectable share; it may be so in those with which the writer is and has been acquainted. There is grievous complaint of the dark ages being misrepresented by "modern-loving pedagogues" by believing General Grant to be better than Cæsar or the Agamemmons. What place Cæsar or the Agamemmons occupied in the dark ages we leave for school-boys to conjecture, while we see our belief rightly founded on the fact that the one came forth at his country's call to maintain its unity and wipe off from its population of over twenty millions, the crime of slavery, while of the others, the first followed a career of ambitious conquest and vain glory, usurping the place of a tyrant and dying an ignominious death, while the rest, possibly only a creation of poet's brains, performed deeds of revenge, massacre and violence.

The notice taken of this article is not so much from any love of criticism or desire of bringing the absurdity of such a production before the minds of others as to induce the author to pay more attention to truth and confirm his assertions by facts. Having noticed the prominent points we conclude.

STUDENT.

OUR EDINBURGH LETTER.

EDINBURGH, November 17th, 1873.

My Dear Gazette,—The news that your sun has arisen to enlighten the academic world generally, and that part of it in particular resident in Nova Scotia, has not yet reached me; but, judging from the constancy of your appearance during the last five years and from the character of stability to which you have already attained, I am warranted in concluding that before this date the first number of Volume VI. has been issued and that you, like all blushing young maidens who have recently made their first *debut* into society, are anxiously waiting for compliments as to the success of your first appearance. Such compliments I cannot pay until, at least, I have seen you. But in the meantime let me express the hope that the *Gazette* of the present session may continue the progress that has been manifest in successive sessions hitherto. The farther we errant sons of Dalhousie wander from our intellectual home, the more do we value the privilege of receiving the "big love letter" which, in the *Gazette*, we all may have;—and while I hope that you will have the enthusiastic support of all Dalhousie men at home, I can assure you that their enthusiasm will always be surpassed by that of the men who are abroad.

The Dalhousie "team" in Edinburgh is this winter reduced to four—DeWolf continues his medical studies, R. Blanchard, too, is seeking higher proficiency in the healing art, Cruikshanks, having recovered from seasickness, enters upon the investigation of the problems of Theology, and MacGregor returns refreshed by a continental tour to be, during yet another session, a devotee of Science. Four hearts, therefore, will be rejoiced when your first number comes across to us.

The present session has opened with brighter prospects than those of several years past. We have actually had ten days of fine weather, and the Principal's opening address was given under a cloudless sky. Sir Alex. Grant's inaugurals are usually of too statistical a nature to be very interesting; but with a clear atmosphere he was able to be much more happy and much less dry than on the former wet occasions on which I have heard him. The last session of the University seems to have been in almost all respects more successful than any former one. During the winter session it was, in numbers of students, by no means behind the age, seeing that they amounted to exactly 1873; and before the summer session had ended it had fairly outstripped the years of grace, for the Matriculation Book shewed that over 1900 tickets had been issued. The Medical Faculty had 782 students under its care, and of these 190 succeeded in passing their examinations and taking their degrees. In the Faculty of Arts 737 studied, but of these only 54 took degrees. In Theology there is no progress, there having been no more students and fewer degrees granted than in former years. The Law Faculty did not grant a single degree and, in consequence, they are about to establish the Bachelorhood of the Law of Scotland instead of the more general, more difficult, and not so practically useful, Bachelorhood of Laws. The Principal's statement about the Building Fund shews that it is in a most satisfactory condition. Sir David Baxter's bequest of £18,000 has, by donations, been increased to £36,000. A very good site has been procured near the splendid new Infirmary, and buildings for the Medical Faculty are soon to be commenced. Things might be

made to move with somewhat more celerity, but the Scotch motto is "slow and sure," and they are generally faithful to it. The students of this year appear to be a quieter lot of fellows than those of at least the last two. During the opening address they really behaved themselves well—a hard matter for Edinburgh students collectively to do. Only occasionally were the customary cheers and hisses heard, (as, for instance, when Dr. Wallace was welcomed by the Principal) and the newspapers the next day mentioned, as a remarkable circumstance, that only one man had ventured to throw one handful of peas. Truly the world is not so bad as some think it, and goodness, at least in the department of good behaviour, seems to be on the increase.

The death of John Stuart Mill gave the Professors of Philosophy a fine subject for their opening lectures. Both Calderwood and Fraser availed themselves of it. If you were a larger paper and did not require all your space for the very able original articles which, I have no doubt, will be written by you, I would send you a full report of their addresses; for Calderwood's was exceedingly able, and Fraser's quite interesting. Dr. C. endeavored to show that, owing to Mills' early education and the influence which, even throughout his whole life, his father's opinions exerted over him, his Utilitarianism were almost inevitable, and that he never reached the standpoint from which it was possible for him to look with favour upon the Institutional Theory of Morals. He proved, too, from his own words and from the account of the religious part of his education which he gives in the autobiography that he had no right to the possession of his religious opinions. Prof. Hodgson's introductory has drawn down upon him the wrath of Ruskin, the Art critic; because, in treating of one of the social questions of the day, he took occasion to refer to and enunciate the law of supply and demand. A few very hot letters have been published, and the controversy has ended by Hodgson's promising to give Ruskin's views on Political Economy a sifting examination in a work which he is soon to give to the world—*ne sutor supra crepidam*. The best of art critics is not necessarily a good economist.

In one department of the University is there mourning and lamentation. The ladies! where are they? Our sister medicals! have they departed from us forever? Their action at law, which they intended should open to them the doors of the University, has but fastened them the more securely. The judges have declared that the Constitution of the University is such that ladies cannot legally become "cives" or proceed to graduation. The authorities, therefore, have acted *ultra vires* in passing the laws by which they were allowed even to matriculate. Of course that settles the question. The ladies must either give up the project of becoming *medicinæ doctores* of Edinburgh or application must be made to the Queen in Council for a change in the Constitution. Most of the fair ones have dispersed. Some have temporarily suspended work; others are engaged in prosecuting their studies in Paris. Miss Jex-Blake still lingers in inhospitable Edinburgh, attending the Hospital daily and aiming at becoming *docta* even if she can never be *doctor*. There is some talk of her entering an action for damages against the University Court. If she do, the case will likely go in her favour. But no announcement is yet made of the fact. She has been for a short time back coquetting with St. Andrew's University. St. Andrew's has no real Medical Faculty—only one or two Professors. But it grants medical degrees notwithstanding to those who, having studied under lecturers approved by the Court, are able to pass the University examination. Miss Jex-Blake hopes to have this privilege granted to ladies, so that they may study under approved lectures in Edinburgh and take degrees from St. Andrew's. Her advances, like those of all fascinating young maidens, who, besides their own individual charms, can bring to bear upon their enemies—men—batteries of almighty dollars, are rendered more sure of success by the fact that through a bequest of John S. Mill she is able to offer £10,000 to the University which first opens its doors to her and her followers, £5000 to go into the general fund of the University, while £5000 is reserved as a bursary fund for lady students. St. Andrew's seemed at first inclined to lock its doors, but perhaps this golden key may drive back the cruel bolts. If the affections of St. Andrew's are won, the engagement, as in the German custom, will probably be published so that I may soon be able to advise you as to the result of the courtship.

Meantime I know you are tired of me and longing me to cease from troubling. Remember us who are in Edinburgh to all the old fellows who may happen to drop in to your *Sanctum Sanctorum* and believe me to be

Yours very sincerely,

MAC.

Dalhusiensia.

WE are much pleased in being able to announce the appointment of Rev. G. W. Hill, Rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, to be a Governor of DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, in the place of the late Hon. Joseph Howe, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia.

THE Students of the University have been kindly supplied with tickets for the lectures of the celebrated Jenkins and Douglass. This is a treat as unexpected as welcome. We need not add that this generosity on the part of the Medical Faculty is fully appreciated.

THE Class in Ethics were recently informed that "sutures" were to be found in all their heads. Great was their indignation, until at some one's suggestion, they turned the word up. The subject is now a forbidden one with them.

SOME of the Note Books in the History Class are literary curiosities. One word frequently stands for a whole sentence: subject, verb, object, and dependent clauses to boot. Not unfrequently students cannot read their own notes.

ONE of our Seniors recently had his Note Book in Astronomy torn to pieces and partially devoured by an inquisitive dog. A remarkable change has come over that animal. Every night he stands for hours contemplating the Heavens—and especially the Constellation Canis. Senior tried to get him to devour some Greek Books, but it was "no go."

FOOTBALL has been quite the rage for some time amongst our students. Many of the Freshmen are capital "kicks," though our best players are undoubtedly in the Sophomore Year.

OUR Confectioners have very poetical names, *vide*: Homer, Byron, Campbell, Scott, Allan, &c.

THE gentleman who translated "*Nascitur ridiculus mus*," by "a nasty ridiculous muss or fass," better try again. We believe him to be the same person who as a rendering of *Poëta nascitur non fit*, gave, "A poet is nasty and not fit."

ON one of the streets of Halifax, where a drain is being dug, the following scene took place the other day:—

Irish Woman to Workman—"What if that *dhrain* fills up and floods my cellar?"

Workman—"We will clean it out."

Irish Woman—"Suppose it takes a bad *cowl* this weather?"

One of our officious Meds. came to the rescue of the non-plussed workman, and advised an injection of Dover's Powders.

Exit Med. followed by Irish woman.

PROF.—"Gents, there are the numbers, now "go for" the logarithms." Slang is gettuing very common.

THE Student who translated "*comitia ad partes translata sunt*," "the comitias were translated to the fathers," is requested to inform us what that means in *English*.

We are now in a position to publish the number of Students attending the various Colleges of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the Arts' Course of King's College there are 6; of Acadia, 37; of Mount Allison, 34; of Fredericton, 44. It is only due to the latter to say that owing to a recent change in the school act, the College is now in a "transition state," which probably accounts for a smaller attendance than last year's (50). In our own College we have: Undergraduates (1st year) 19, (2nd year) 17, (3rd year) 9, (4th year) 7; Generals 26, making a total of 76 Students in Arts. In the Medical Department there are 29; in all, 105 attending Dalhousie this winter.

Personals.

A. LIPPINCOTT, B.A., M.D., recently paid a visit to his Alma Mater. He looks hale and hearty.

A. W. HERDMAN, formerly of class '73, is now Principal of Annapolis Academy.

ROBERT McLELLAN, formerly of class '75, is at present teaching in Pictou town. We miss him in the Football field.

A. GUNN, B.A., '72, W. T. BRUCE, B.A., '72, W. P. ARCHIBALD, B.A., '72, are studying in the Presbyterian Theological Hall, in this city.

WALTER THORBURN, '69, is "still grinding" in London. So says "Mac."

JOHN CAMPBELL, who attended Dalhousie a number of terms, was married last Sept. as we are informed, to a "rich merchant's only daughter." We wish him joy, and will expect a *large subscription*. N.B.—Every Student who marries a "rich merchant's only daughter" will be expected to pay up handsomely. We mention this that there may be no misunderstanding in future.

HUGH MCKENZIE, B. A., '72, is, we understand, studying law at Windsor, N.S.

ALEX. PATTERSON, formerly of class '75, is studying law with an uncle in Truro. He "attends to the business while his uncle loafs." Such is his own account.

Ghys.

A MUSCULAR Senior still continues obstinate in his seeming determination to use the words "ike ben," (ich bin), in German. —*Yale Courant*.

A JUNIOR Theologian was heard to say, "I tell you, Matthew, this Hebrew will play the devil with us if we don't get a pony." —*Yale Courant*.

NEW Haven Apothecary shop. *Young Hopeful*—"Would you take the last cent a fellow had for a drink of Soda-Water?" *Clerk*—"Yes, certainly." *Hopeful* pulls out the cent and demands the drink.

Instructor in Logic—"Mr. — what is the Universal Negation?" *Student*—"Not prepared, sir."—*Magenta*.

A PROFESSOR once stated to a class that a fool could put as many questions in an hour as would puzzle a wise man for a day. "By Jove!" exclaimed one of the students, "now I understand how I was plucked last time in Constitutional History!"—*Ex*.

EXCHANGES.

SINCE our last issue the following exchanges have made their appearance for the first time this term.—*Emery Banner*, Emery & Henry College, Virginia; *The Analyst*, Albion College, Mich.; *The Owl*, Santa Clara, Cal.; *The Brunonian*, Brown University, Providence, R. I.; *Woods' Household Magazine*, New York; *The Patriot*, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; *Amherst Gazette*, Amherst, N. S.; *Maritime Sentinel*, Oxford, Cumberland Co.; *Westminster Monthly*.

To J. C. Your letter received,—will appear next time.

Receipt of subscriptions will be acknowledged in next number of *Gazette*.

WE acknowledge with gratitude the receipt from Prof. DeMill, of the "Contemporary Review." Every student should read it. It is to be found in our Reading Room.

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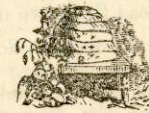
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