

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II.
OLD SERIES—VOL. IX.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 20, 1877.

NEW No. 5.
WHOLE No. 87.

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“IS IT PEACE?”

READ BEFORE THE KRITOSOPHIAN SOCIETY,
DEC. 15TH, 1876, BY W. S. WHITTIER.

AMID the din and clatter of an ever-busy present, are men whose delight it is to “look into the seeds of time, and tell which grain will grow and which will not.” These self-anointed prophets, mighty in presumption, contrast well with Cowper’s unassuming man,—

“He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes it may be so.”

Far otherwise is it with the students of the shadows of coming events. A favorite theme with such of late has been to point to signs of the approach of unending peace. They cry “Peace, peace,” and though there is no peace, hope deferred does not appear to weaken their shout. There is nothing unreasonable in this, either; for on looking out on the lodgments along the shores of progress, left from the driftwood of antiquity, we see unmistakable evidence that war’s great sanguine tide is on the ebb. The general ownership in the soil, the accumulation of immovable property, the mixing of various tribes, classes and interests, the occasional settlement of international disputes by arbitration—have led many talkers, and some thinkers to conclude that the stream will soon go dry altogether. Byron’s “Image of War” with

“Blood-red tresses deep’ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon:
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at whose iron feet
Destruction cowers”

is soon to be admired only as a curious monument of past and foolish scenes.

The general diffusion of scientific knowledge is supposed to have a tendency to elevate above the desire for bayonet analysis. And further, special agencies have been conjured up, Peace Conventions have become active, plans have

been devised, appeals have been made, and the call is to take up arms against war itself, and by opposing end it.

Good must result from these efforts. The aim is high, and though there is “not strength enough in the bow to bring the shaft to the mark,” men’s eyes are at least turned in the right direction. Not the peace makers alone, but all who teach us to look forward to, and take pleasure in, the prospect of universal peace and harmony, deserve well of the race. The open-hearted, buoyant creatures, full of hope bounding eternally up, if they do not hasten fair weather, at least do something to gladden the foul. However long its coming, we are bettered by the thought that civilization shall some day gain a retreat beyond the sound of war’s last bellow, where the waves from the great sea of human agitation shall run smoothly on till they fall with a rippling beat on the favored shore where the swell of the by-past storm can never come.

I quarrel not with the hope of such a state of things before long, but it strikes me that a great change must first come over the spirit of the world’s dream. So great must be the change that I fancy the gentle spirits of that better time may consider the nations of the present as entirely demented, monomaniacs of the worst type, and look down on them as we do on the French monster who could not see a child but he was seized by an irresistible desire to destroy it. They may deny our kinship altogether. Is it not possible that we may be even viewed as a species of evil genii from the pit, having nothing in common with rational creation? May not the learned world meet a surprise, as bold as the rebellion of Copernicus, when some rash antiquarian, thousands of ages after systematic homicide shall have become one of the lost arts, ventures the suggestion that possibly the then race of mortals has descended by a long series of ascending degrees from the bloodthirsty bipeds who destroyed their own kindred without so much as the hyena’s plea of

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hunger! This may yet appear the longest step in a theory of moral development; and sages who have vaulted over every break in the road from mud, through monkey, up to man may despair of bridging this chasm.

But, without further speculation, let me notice a few of the many powerful influences which stand ready to strangle the notion that, in the complex problem of human absurdities, war is a vanishing factor.

We have not data by which to compare with exactness the military operations of far separated ages; and, indeed, the myriad causes involved would go far to weaken any inferences drawn from such a comparison, though history furnished every possible fact. I have no intention of asking you to traipse over the past, and count the bones on battle fields; but in order to disabuse our minds of the idea that war cannot long survive in the atmosphere of modern society, take just a glance through the century which ends in the present. There is nothing unfair in taking this period as a sample,—another twenty-five years would include the wars of the Great Frederick, while still another fifty would take in the struggle between Peter of Russia and the Royal Madman, as well as the crimson period when Marlborough met the Marshals of Louis XIV.

You need no help from me. Sum up in your minds the last hundred years, and what do you find? That peace prevails as the masses are enlightened and refinement advances? By no means. The drums come beating up to the very threshold of the present. Not a single nation worthy of the name, in any quarter of the globe, has carried a clean sword. The only approach is in the case of Britain's Colonial possessions, and of these we must throw out India, Cape Colony, New Zealand, the Upper Provinces of our own Dominion, and not a few others. Revolutions and counter revolutions, each leaving its bloody memorial, have convulsed France, Spain, Italy, Mexico, and much of South America. Rebellions have been many. "How the red rain hath made the harvests grow" in Poland, Hungary, India, and United States, as well as in Belgium! Germany has in this year of peace expended more than four dollars per head of her entire population for the support of the army alone. If we take 21,000,000 as the average population of Great Britain and Ireland, and suppose 6 to make a family, then (accepting the figures of Prof. Levi, of King's College, Lon-

don), each family in the Mother Country has, since 1776, run up a little bill of \$15,571.426-7ths for the glorious amusement of taking foreign exercise! One item of the drain on England during Napoleon's time is \$1,000,000 a day for twenty years.

It has been argued that the confining of war to the smallest possible districts, and to soldiers alone, (the last great European war in the east for example) shows a wholesome tendency. Granting that whole tribes are not exterminated as formerly, it is not to the point. Two boys may fight till little can be seen but scratches, swelled cheeks, ruby noses, and tattered clothes. Two trained athletes engage in a similar diversion with at least equal animosity, and after some cautious guarding and shifting of positions, one crushing blow on a vital part ends the contest. But are the boys any more likely to keep up their mode of life than are the men to encounter the first new antagonist that offers? Does not this apply to the sudden prostration of empires? I fail to see anything in the systematic style of warfare to justify the opinion that there is a general desire to do away with the time-honored game. There may be less indiscriminate slaughtering of noncombatants, yet it is difficult to show any improvement in this direction since the days of knighthood.

As to the statement that wars are now carried on by small numbers compared with the hosts of antiquity, its truth is not very evident. No age in all the past ever fed such a mass of soldiery as ours. The United States buried more soldiers during their four years' "unpleasantness" than the 720,000 troops of the Conqueror of Babylon. Spain has varied the monotony of a century of civil strife only by short pauses. More of her men have fallen in Cuba than left her borders with Hannibal to fight his gory way through the Great Punic war. France has probably lost as many warriors during the life time of her President MacMahon as Greece wept throughout her whole story.

It is important, though by no means assuring, to notice that nearly all the recent fighting has been by those nations whose career promises to be long and powerful. Worse still, the nations that are the depositories of that Christianity whose doctrines form the groundwork for the hope of the ultimate triumph of peace, are generally the most ready to take the field. In the very centres of enlightenment

"Red battle stamps his foot and nations feel the shock."

So much for past facts. As to the present I only remark that when we look across the Atlantic it is not the smiling sun but the angry crescent that

"Pillows his chin upon an orient wave."

Now, as every age is the offspring of its predecessor, look at a few of the influences tending to perpetuate this state of matters. I care not now to examine the seeds of discord which are multiplying with the increase of investigation and independence of thought.

The inborn love of heroic action which wakens early and fills the mind with all sorts of wild visions, the plaudits from press and platform showered upon deeds of daring, the fascinating halo which history gathers about the story of great army leaders, and which throws other actors in the shade, all combine to enlist the sympathies of the young in favor of Alexander's trade. Even the pulpit and the Bible help on the same feeling. Many of the most distinguished characters of Sacred History were men whose fingers could fight. "He did that which was right," is the introduction to many a warrior king of Palestine. To credit History, then, Sacred or Profane, is to see men of blood not only respectable, but occupying the highest seats in the synagogue of Fame. You may say that noisy applause is only tinsel, but to boys it looks bright, and you cannot deny that it has the army stamp. That such men as Pizarro, Hastings, Frederic of Prussia, are well known, while the great part of those who have zealously wrought for the upbuilding of our social institutions are unknown; that the records of stormy times—"battles, sieges, fortresses," are so generally read compared with Histories of Constitutions, Arts, and Philosophy, tells where the popular interest centres. The only rational way to account for the omission of the valuable and instructive, but quiet scenes where improvement grew, is to say that the reading world discourages such, and asks that every page be daubed with blood to give brilliancy to pictured conquerors.

Another mighty force to be considered side by side with the moulding influences of the past, is the military establishments of the present. Since few have had weight enough to get the name of "Great" without wearing their swords to turn the scale, we find the proudest names decorated with army titles for the sake of securing additional lustre. All the thousands of gifted men who think connection with regimentals their highest honour, have a direct concern in

making war, that is themselves, the last court of appeal. Apart from selfish motives the continuous study of any one subject necessarily creates a prejudice in favour of the department in which others must feel their inferiority. Myriads of minds are thus by profession and training committed in opposition to peace, and the prayer for the scattering of those who delight in war appears in a sense pretty generally answered, for they are found scattered all over the world.

When were the destinies of this planet more surely wrapped up in a single people than they are in the English-speaking race of to-day? And in that strange amalgam every man is quick to stand for the liberty of his person and the dignity of his opinion. For both he is ever ready to give proof of his high and stubborn attachment. To all lands he is carrying this trait of the free yet domineering Teuton. Here, evidently, we have the promise of many a stirring episode for the future.

Perhaps the legal profession should be mentioned in passing. Never did such numbers push for admission to the bar. The study of law, as Burke says, renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack and ready in defence, full of resources. Besides this building up of a class whose influence on the tone of society is considerable, think how courts are crowded and multiplied, showing an exuberance of the spirit of litigation, in the presence of which men forget to forgive.

Notice, further, how the soldier swaggers through the fields of fiction. Here drill is unnecessary. The essential part is that an occasional murder must be forthcoming to enliven and ensnare attention. Hence you find that men who know human nature best, when they want to play the passions strongest, plot a tragedy. What a large percentage of steel is found in the thrilling ballads of Christendom! For one "Gentle Shepherd," or "Farmer's Boy," or peaceful "Excursion," our poets introduce us to scores of "Lords of the Isles," knights of "King Arthur," and sieges like "Corinth."

When the great writers of English Allegory, Spenser and Bunyan, wished to represent moral principles and the Christian pilgrimage, did they allow their heroes to win the portion of the meek by humble submission to insult, remembering that vengeance was not theirs? Nay, verily! The "Red Cross Knight" is only one of a troop which prances through the scenes of "Faery Queene." Christian and Greatheart show less of

the sheep's clothing than of the metal armour. Thomson finding "Indolence" altogether too sluggish for a recruit, adopts the next most popular plan; he represents it as a "Castle" that it may be stormed. The lasting hold which these and similar works retain, proves the enduring strength of the prejudice on which they draw so largely.

The followers of the unflinching founders of Christianity fall into rank at the inspired word of command, "Soldiers, arm! fight!" and march singing, "Hold the Fort," "Lift high the Royal Banner," "Victory."

You can rarely find a standard poem which is not enlivened by images drawn from war. When Longfellow speaks of the glacier as a challenge thrown down by the Alps ages ago, and which the Sun has been ever since trying to lift on his spear; he plays upon that love of Chivalry which has made such figures the most popular of all embellishments.

"The world is a battle and life is a fight."

In his Ode on the Nativity Milton felt the want of terms that would give sprightliness to his description of a time of universal peace; and threw passages into the negative that he might use war language.

"No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng."

Again when the scene becomes too tame—

"The helm'd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks."

Byron in his dungeon story of "Chillon" to sketch the character of the brother who was too noble to breathe in chains, whose "mighty heart declined" soonest, tells how he

"Was formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy."

It is a fact that Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" sells by the tens of thousands; and this is a sign of the taste of American readers, though Holmes thinks it not a flattering one. The "Philosophy" brandishes weapons in this way:

"Thus unto fair conclusions argueth generous youth,
And quickly he starteth on his course knight-errant to do good.
He goeth full mailed in faith, and zeal is flaming at his heart."

"He challengeth to a fair field that giant, Infidelity,
And worsted in the unequal fight, strengtheneth the hands of error:
He hasteth to teach and preach as the war-horse rusheth to the battle."

"Alas! for there are enemies without, glad enough to parley with a traitor,
And a zealot will let down the drawbridge to prove his own prowess,
Yea, from within will he break away a breach in the citadel of truth,
That he may fill the gap, for fame, with his own weak body."

The soldier has securely intrenched himself in every department of composition. Efforts in connection with wealth, knowledge, reform and religion, are all admired under the form of attack or defence. It is rare to meet an article of merit on any manly subject which has not a whole company of martial epithets on duty; and I see no signs of putting our language on a peace footing.

My paper is already too long, and to mention other indications would be tedious. If examined as an argument the flank will be found too extended, and the central position imperfectly fortified.

Do not think me in sympathy with those who sneer at the idea of society ever improving, who groan "the world is in its dotage." I find no word too good for earnest men like Hill, Hussey and Hubbard of the Ohio Society of Friends, who are scattering periodicals by the thousand, and who have seen fit to summon all American clergymen to a Peace Convention, in imitation of their European co-workers. I am not disposed to dispute that there may be a general movement towards peace. As we spin "down the ringing grooves of change" we may sooner than is expected reach the grave of strife. I only claim liberty to doubt those social meteorologists who pretend to fix the day when the last storm of contention shall have passed over the earth.

Remember that there has not been a single year of peace since this century began; that millions of money and of men are embarked in the war interest; that history, poetry, every department of literature sparkles with decoy lights luring the mind to adventure; that rivalry, criticism and protest distinguish the progress of enlightenment; and where is there solid ground on which to build the assurance of an early peace? Estimate the mighty adverse influences, within man's nature and about him, which are rolling themselves down on each succeeding to-morrow, and see if the mass is not likely to plunge on through many a year to come.

THE following pieces of apparatus have lately been added to the collection of the Physical laboratory:—

Atwood's Machine, for illustrating the laws of falling bodies.

Astetic Galvanometer, for the detection of weak currents.

Coulomb's Electrometer, for determining the fundamental laws of chemical attraction, and capable of being used for the measurement of potentials.

Magnetometer, for various magnetic determinations.

Ampere's Frame, for illustrating the mutual attraction of currents, and the behaviour of solenoids.

Arago's Induction Apparatus, for showing the induction of currents in a conductor moving in a magnetic field.

Trevelyan Rocker, for illustrating the constitution of musical notes.

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Hope's Apparatus, for showing the temperature at which water has its maximum density.

Plücker's Tubes, for spectroscopic observations.

OUR EXCHANGES.

NOTWITHSTANDING we hold it a sign of a weak mind to like what everybody else likes, we cannot help liking the *Packer Quarterly*. The articles are all in good style, and if not light, at least the very opposite of heavy. The first, entitled "Patriotism," defends that virtue against the charge of being "narrow, inconsistent with humanity, the cause of countless wars and troubles." It is a task to which the female mind is peculiarly adapted. We think the writer of this article has been decidedly successful. "Advertising" has our unqualified admiration, so has "Flowers." "How the Danbury tribe went to Philadelphia" is a failure. It is easy to begin numerous sentences with "Wal," leave off the final letter of present participles, and make three of the later letters of the alphabet do duty for the past tense of the verb *to be*, and as a matter of course it is played out. That upon "Ideals" is original. We once heard it said that originality was nothing more or less than candour, and this article called up the remark, *e.g.*, "I do not see why a girl should look confused and feel silly, when an older person hears her say, 'I should like to marry such or such a man,'" naming the qualities she admires. It is as foolish to be ashamed of such a thought, as it is to think the greatest aim of woman's life is marriage." We are amused with the first sentence,—"He was like a school girl's ideal: four-fifths an-

gelic, one-fifth diabolic; wrote the author of a book into which I looked the other day: poor man! he does not know any better."

THE *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*, is a paper whose very name is calculated to inspire respect, not only from the quantity of type necessary to print it, but also of the magnitude of the interests represented. Think of one journal representing above forty colleges. But this is but a trifling circumstance. These seats of learning have been, and still are, giving forth works upon every department of knowledge, works which take and keep the foremost rank, and this fact gives to the *Journal's* column of book reviews, an interest utterly unlike that of any other of our exchanges. Then its societies are historical. Who is not interested in the boating-clubs, the annual boat-race, and the "Union"? Notwithstanding all these *a priori* reasons for believing the *Journal* interesting, we thought it, upon examination, decidedly the opposite. The University sermons, we may fairly suppose to be good, if not attractive. They belong, so far as we looked into them, to the department of Apologetics. Who would ever wade through the "Correspondence"? An editorial, entitled "Oxford Religion," is very good. It will well repay a careful reading. We notice a Latin oration by the "Public Orator" of Oxford, "This being the first occasion upon which he has appeared in his official capacity since his election to the office." Here is the opening paragraph:—

Dignissime domine, domine Procancellarie et tota Academia: Si Romanorum oratorum maximus nunquam sine magna animi perturbatione dicere incipiebat, quanto magis me necesse est commoveri, qui hodie primum apud vos vestri oratoris officio fungor, in vestigiis insistentis viri elegantissimi qui oratorum Aticorum memoriam inter nos feliciter instauravit, cuius eloquentiam nunc maxime desideratis. At enim tanta est vestra indulgentia, tanta et tam diversa inter se duorum horum philologorum merita, qui hodie in ordinem magistrorum in artibus cooptentur, ut neque ipsam dicendi materiam difficilem esse, neque vos mihi difficiles fore arbitror.

Certainly for solemn humbug commend us Oxford!

Personals.

J. C. SUTHERLAND, a Soph. of '74-'5, had for some time been teaching in the "Golden State." We are happy to notice that he now fills the post of local editor on the "Napa City California Register."

W. MILLER, who attended part of last winter as a Soph., is doing business as a partner in a Woolen Factory, West River, Pictou.

A GENERAL feeling of sympathy has prevailed among the students this week owing to the indisposition of Principal Ross; though we fear a gleam of something akin to satisfaction plays over the faces of certain Seniors, as they idle away their precious hour for Ethics. We hope soon to see him out again.

The fact that chairs were made to rest on four legs and not on two, proves nothing but the ignorance of the chair-makers.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 20, 1877.

EDITORS.

J. McD. SCOTT, '77. J. H. CAMERON, '78.
W. SCOTT WHITTIER. EDWIN CROWELL, '79.
H. H. HAMILTON, '77, Secretary.

CONTENTS.

"Is it Peace?"	49
Apparatus added to the Physical laboratory	53
Our Exchanges	53
Personals	53
Editorial	54
Adulteration	55
A Scandinavian Philippic against Intemperance	56
Correspondence	58
Acknowledgments	60

WE think that on the whole the Arts Curriculum of the University of Halifax, as published in the *Chronicle* of Jan. 11th, is a very good one, though we have some strong objections. The matriculation requirements published Jan. 8th, may be considered as part of the requirements for a B. A. degree, for in reality it amounts to this. Matriculation, at least in the case of those who study privately, is nothing but a name. We are glad to see considerable prominence given to the study of English language and literature. But we think, though we say it with diffidence, that more particular encouragement should be given to the study of the history of English literature. It is undoubtedly a subject which every inquiring youth early makes himself considerably acquainted with. Yet, we know that the average student is often in terrible ignorance of it. The subject deserves special attention. The knowledge of it is useful directly. It comes constantly in requisition all through life. We can now actually read but a very small portion of what is valuable in our literature, and it is very desirable to have the knowledge to enable us to choose intelligently. And in many of the common vicissitudes of life, when to know is to have power, what knowledge is oftener useful than this? It is equally useful, indirectly. No study is better adapted to develop scholarly tastes and ways of thinking. Undoubtedly

much is to be gained by studying special passages of the best authors, but it is in the way of particular investigation. A general introduction to English in the form of an accurate and extensive history would, we think, be more befitting a B. A. curriculum. We are aware that in the University of London special passages are studied, and were we sure that the examinations of Halifax are to be conducted with equal ability, we should, perhaps, offer no objection; but we think the latter should take the general precaution of choosing, *ceteris paribus*, subjects wherein there is least liability to blunder. The nature of the studies in Logic is thus indicated: "Logic,—Terms, Methodology, Propositions, Syllogisms. Induction as in Whately's, or Fowle's, or Jevon's." It is to be charitably hoped that nothing but the merest accident caused this collocation of phrases. The books recommended both in Logic and Mental Philosophy are not of the most original kind, but this is perhaps better, upon the cautionary principle above laid down. It will, of course, be a great drawback that all history, save that of the English Constitution, is excluded from the curriculum. Whether this might have been otherwise or not, is not for us to say. The General History course is, perhaps, one of the most valuable which we in Dalhousie study. We hope it will not on any account be given up or curtailed.

It is manifestly impossible to say anything regarding the severity of this test, for that will depend wholly upon the application. The nature of the Examinations depends much more upon the Examiners than upon the Syllabus. Examining is a fine art. It requires a special tact. We need not expatiate on the difficulty of asking good questions. It requires a knowledge of the general working of examinations. It requires a well-balanced conception of the subject. In the Colonies, where opportunities are limited, men of one-sided education abound. From all these circumstances, the ordinary aspirant for a B. A. degree will probably require some fuller information before he commits himself.

THE MERRY SEASON has been here when men feast and fraternize, and ladies deal in cakes and compliments.

"Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again;
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine."

As with poorer watches, it appears that while the piece is being wound up, a certain freedom results from the suspension of the pressure.

Of course any other part of the earth's orbit as truly marks the completion of the circle as the spot reached on the 31st of December, since we can never know from what point the spiral of years began to unroll. Yet we all breathe quietly, and the clock ticks louder while the expiring year counts out his last seconds. Even if the beginning of our year is an arbitrary point in time, custom has taught us to pause there and give a moment to retrospection. Without going largely into the question, we would offer a simple, yet regularly formulated proof to show that our New-Year's day is not misplaced, thus: Whatever reason can be given for its being on one side of the present date, may be given for its being on the other; but it cannot be on both sides, therefore it must not be on either!

The story of 1876 requires no special review at our hands, and general summaries abound. In that year has been registered the birth of the infant University of Halifax: much depends on how it is fostered, and the nurses seem disposed to do their duty patiently. Education is gradually doing its work among us, and we are confident that the future has good in store,—that the worth and fame of our sea-bound Province will be as permanent as her rocks which breast the Atlantic,—that her sons will continue to climb high to merited renown,—that she will be the home of a happy people whose intelligence and morality shall ever grow broader and higher.

With a cordiality befitting co-workers we wish to all Colleges represented on our exchange list a year of increased success in lighting the way

to improvement. As season after season flashes in sense, then glimmers in memory, it becomes us all to listen to Drummond:—

"Deck thee with flowers which feare not the rage of daies."

ADULTERATION.

DID you hear the "Exposer of Spiritualism" state that he had more difficulty in getting pure drugs in the Dominion than in any other part of the world? Supposing this true, think not that druggists are sinners above all others. Every one who takes the trouble to test may satisfy himself that useless and often injurious ingredients abound in groceries as well; notably in most grades of coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, and confectionary. Spices are generally well "cooked." In some cases the chemicals used are no better than slow poisons.

This has been long and patiently borne. That good-natured, much-wronged personage, the Public, feels its digestive organs failing, and lays its great hand on its great dyspeptic stomach; but far from indulging any feelings of resentment, it swallows some adulterated potion to enjoy a disturbed sleep, and dream of the next supper of adulterated cakes and liquors.

Now is it not as much a part of civil government to guard the general health in one way as in another? Should not a health officer seize a corrupt article of diet, irrespective of its being flour, sugar, or meat? The law pretends to look over the whole field of justice. We have standard weights and measures: the seller is required to give a full pound. But nothing is gained by this if that seller is allowed to make up half the weight with some valueless preparation. A man would not dare to give you one pound of coffee and demand the price of two: so he mixes in fifty per cent. or more of scorched beans, grain and trash, and stands ready to swear to an account for two pounds of coffee! There could be no clearer case of obtaining money under false pretences. The real article for which you ask and pay, as well as the quantity,

should be guaranteed to all citizens. If a man advertises a certain article, he should be compelled to sell it in its purity. This is a matter for government, and not for the individual. The "greatest happiness principle" is plainly involved.

It would not be difficult to introduce something like the English system of inspection. Deception alone would suffer. Honest manufacturers and dealers, instead of being driven out of some departments of industry as they now are, would be benefited. If certain grocers and druggists were obliged to leave in their shop windows, a full analysis of any debased articles purchased there, could anything but good result? Practical chemists are now too numerous to make it safe for interested parties to obtain a dishonest pass, supposing an inspector to be pliable. We commend the subject to the attention of our lawmakers.

HON. P. C. HILL'S Lecture on "A visit to Rome and Pompeii" though justly spoken of by the Chairman as a "traveller's talk" was full of interest. We always feel subdued in the presence of the past. Rome's monuments of buried greatness form a unique collection of "sermons in stones;" and the anti-classical interpretation of these, and of the lecturer's emotions, will long fill a niche in memory. The annals of the old Halifax Mechanics' Institute tell how, in the olden time, leading politicians often gave addresses on literary and popular subjects; and we trust some may be moved to follow the example set by the Premier last Tuesday evening.

A SCANDINAVIAN PHILIPPIC AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

MESSRS EDITORS,—In these days when the subject of Temperance attracts to itself so great a share of public and private attention, it may not be uninteresting to some of the readers of the GAZETTE to be made acquainted with the point of view from which drunkenness and the liquor-traffic were contemplated in an age, and

a country alike far distant from our own. We have chanced to fall in with a work bearing the name of "Scripta historica Islandorum," being a translation into Latin of the Icelandic text of a series of Scandinavian sagas which have been ably edited by the Royal Northern Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen. This Latin edition consisting of twelve volumes, was published under the same learned supervision at Hafnia (Copenhagen) in the years 1828-46; and in Vol. VIII, at page 176, is to be found by anyone fortunate enough to have access to the work, an oration against drunkenness delivered by Sverrir*, King of Norway, who lived in the twelfth century, and exercised a powerful influence upon the development of Scandinavian politics. A learned Icelandic gentleman who first directed our attention to the passage, having informed us that no part of this collection of Sagas has ever been rendered into English, we have decided to attempt a modest translation of our own (from the Latin text), of the royal deliverance just specified.

Regarding the speech itself, there can be no reasonable doubt of its authenticity. The Sagas when dealing with historic times are generally reliable. And though some sentences and sentiments are always liable in every system of reporting, and historic transmission to suffer alteration from the *ipsissima verba* of their author, still this speech of Sverrir's, having been committed to writing and incorporated into the Sagas under his personal supervision, has in all probability descended to us in a much more trustworthy outline and accurate text than we can rely upon possessing in the case of, for instance, the famous funeral oration of Pericles, as contained in the second book of Thucydides' history. And inasmuch as a royal oration in mediæval times was not a "Queen's speech" with its authorship mysteriously distributed amongst Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State, the manifesto which, after explaining the occasion of its utterance, we shall proceed to subjoin in English, may be considered a faithful exposition of the personal and patriotic views of one of the cleverest politicians of Scandinavia.

Some German traders having imported into the town of Bergen in Norway so much wine "that it was worth no more than beer (*cerevisia*)" a certain Teutonic "vinarius" concluded to sell

* Generally, but without good reason spelt *Soerter*. Mediæval Latinity made wild work with foreign names.

no more of the generous liquor on such unusual conditions. We are not informed whether this scale of prices meant that wine was very cheap or beer very dear; but at any rate when the worthy bar-keeper's resolution was communicated to the thirsty natives, it operated in such a way that a free fight arose between the Germans and the Norwegians in the said little town of Bergen. This brawling was followed by fraternization; but though the Germans themselves retired from the scene of strife, visions of German wine still haunted the bibulous Norwegian imagination. Supplies of the coveted beverage seem to have been continued from renewed commercial intercourse, and to have been partaken of in a systematic fashion—"multæ turbæ inter vina extiterunt," says the Chronicle. Between the fine flavour of the favourite exotic when they could get it, and unpalatable potations of the indigenous liquid when they couldn't, the townsmen had a very merry time; some further diversion being caused by the eccentric behaviour of two inebriates who were "ad insaniam redacti" (*Anglice*, "in the D. T's.") When the mirth was on the point of becoming monotonous, and the need of another episode was becoming apparent, a controversy—probably on the comparative merits of wine and beer, arose between two of Sverrir's royal subjects, one a servant and the other a visitor to Bergen; both being "bene poti" ("half seas over") conducted the debate in the manner in which gentlemen in that condition occasionally do, and from disputation on general principles fell back upon the potent *argumentum a baculo*. The efficacy and infectiousness of this mode of adjudication is undeniable; the private quarrel became a party strife. The King's servants (*stipulatores*) immediately mustered in their ship* and got under arms, while the King's visitors (*speculatores*) headed by a daring spirit answering to the name of Thorolous Rympil, led a fierce onslaught upon them. Of the result of this terraqueous struggle it is naively said "vehemens proelium ortum est." The invaders finally swept everything before them; many of the besieged plunged overboard, while such of the butlers and stewards and bar-keepers as

* The domestic and economic arrangements of Scandinavian monarchs were accommodated to the demands of a roving life. One vessel of his fleet the King assigned to his retinue of servants, another he was expected to place at the disposal of his numerous guests.

preferred death to cold water were speedily placed *hors de combat*. News of this desperate conflict and its tragic results having been brought to King Sverrir, His Majesty called a meeting of the townspeople which he addressed as follows:

"We cherish sentiments of gratitude towards all the English who have been wafted to our shores, introducing wheat and honey, flour or cloth into the land; similarly towards all traders who have brought with them linen or flax, wax or kettles*. To their number we add those who have come hither from Orkney or Shetland or the Faroes or Iceland†, and indeed all others, who by making imports into this realm, have ministered to its necessities and requirements. The Germans, however, who come hither in great numbers and with huge vessels for the purpose of carrying away butter and dried fish, in taking these have brought disasters upon the country, since in return they have sent us wine, which my subjects, both soldier and civilian, were but too ready to buy. Abundant evils have attended its purchase, and not a solitary advantage: it has resulted in the loss of life to many and of limb to others: bruised and knocked about, some are covered with scars, and others with shame, enough to last them all their days: for which consequences excessive tipping is directly responsible. Since then this traffic of the Germans is most unwelcome to me, it is my decree that they leave these shores with all celerity, if they have any respect for the safety of their lives and property: for their arrival has been fraught with ruin to ourselves and our kingdom‡.

* *Triticum et mel, sigilinem aut pannos...lenteum aut linum, ceram aut lebetes*. One text of the Sagas, in the place of "cloth" proposes "beer"—the emendation doubtless of some bibulous Scribe.

† *Ex Orcadibus aut Hjaltlandia aut Færœis aut Islandia*.

‡ Compare this manifesto of Sverrir's against the importation of wine by the Germans, with the denunciation of the Chinese Government in 1832 directed at the opium trade persisted in by a country whose name we shall not specify:—"An order is hereby issued to the Hong merchants, that they may forthwith obey it accordingly. They are commanded to expostulate with earnestness, and persuade the barbarians of the several nations, telling them that hereafter when coming to Canton to trade, they must not on any account bring opium concealed in the ships' holds, nor appoint vessels to be opium depôts at Lintin in the outside ocean, hoping to sell it by stealth. If they dare intentionally to disobey, the moment it is discovered, positively shall the said barbarian ships have their hatches sealed, their

"Concerning drunkenness itself, let us call to mind what its inherent effects are, what the gifts which it bestows, what the ruin which it brings. First and most trivial effect: he who takes to drinking bids adieu to prosperity, receiving no compensation but that of drunkenness itself followed by its necessary results, the total loss of every possession, for the man who formerly revelled in riches becomes, if he abjure not intemperate habits, a beggarly poverty-stricken wretch. The second evil of intoxication is, that it destroys the memory, so that one forgets what it behoves him to remember. The third, that the man becomes fond of the very vilest acts, hesitating neither to lay violent hands upon other people's property, nor to trample upon the honour of womanhood. The fourth evil of too great a liking for the cup is that it incites a man not only not to bear anything, whether word or deed, with equanimity, but when subjected to contumely, to execute vengeance with twice the atrocity called for: besides which it instigates him to heap curses upon innocent heads. Yet another evil accompanies drunkenness: the victim in every possible way makes serious drains upon his bodily powers, the results being inability to go through with labours, so that vigils kill him, his blood becomes vitiated all the body over,** and the loss of physical health both accompanies and ensures the loss of reason as well. And when things have come to such a pitiable pass, as that fortune, health, and sound-

selling and buying put a stop to, and an expulsion inflicted, driving them away to their own country; and forever after they shall be disallowed to come to trade, that thereby punishment may be manifested."

Similarly in the month of August of this year (1876) wrote Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, "God has given me this land and kingdom; and concerning the rum, oh my subjects, you and I have agreed that it shall not be sold in Antananarioo....The rum does harm to your persons, spends your possessions in vain, harms your wives and children, makes foolish the wise, makes more foolish the foolish, and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God." In short, intoxicants inspire the same phenomena in Morseman Chinese and Mascarene as in the Anglo-Saxon.

§ Quid efficiat, quid afferat, quid perdat ebrietas.

|| Miser, mendicus et pauper.

** "[Ut] sanguinem ex omnibus artibus amittat." This vague expression can scarcely be taken to mean, "ut exudet sanguis" &c. The force of "amittat" is sufficiently exhausted if we take the statement to be, that, in every part of the body, the blood becomes *thin* and impoverished.

ness of mind have given way before intemperance, then it goads on the man until he loses his soul hitherto [comparatively] unperverted: then it persuades him to free himself from the claims of morality and holy precepts, to acquire a longing for iniquity, to turn away from God Almighty and the paths of justice without staying to think what he is doing.

"Attention now, all ye who are fatally fond of drink: when the time comes for renouncing both it and life, by whom do you expect your soul to be received? Remember how different from the true ideal of existence is such a life as yours: †† for temperance should be observed in everything.

"As for soldiers, in peace they should be gentle as lambs, and in battle fierce as lions. Merchants and farmers ought to preserve an even tenor of life, in order that they may acquire wealth by honest yet real work, and be economical in expenditure, whilst liberal in gift. And let dependants cherish gratitude, each one labouring for his master with good-will and to the best of his ability."

"This speech," adds the Chronicle, "all sensible hearers greeted with shouts of applause and mightily approved of." Without expecting sensible readers of your journal to make any such enthusiastic endorsement, we leave them now to their own meditations, whilst we record ourselves,

Yours as ever,

J. C. H.

Edinburgh, Dec'r, 1876.

†† Quantum talis vita a recta vivendi ratione distet.

MR. EDITOR,—In the perusal of your journal at various times, I have noticed papers on Natural History, of which perhaps the most remarkable was the treatise on Rats. As you know I am a sophomore, and in our study of Psychology I have become especially interested in the theory which is enunciated concerning the sensations, and particularly, in the consideration of the similarity of the brute and human natures in this respect. Now it is not my intention at all to startle you with any theories of mine on this subject, but, in the course of my peregrinations during the holidays, I was landed from ship-board at Chester, on account of stress of weather, and as the ground was covered with snow, the place had decidedly a very white appearance and there is no doubt that the mental law

of Identification, of which we hear so much, brought back to my memory some of the scenes of those happy days when I was in my boyhood and when Chester white pigs were very much in demand. It may be necessary for me to premise my remarks by saying that in our part of the country in those days it was customary for each family to raise its own pork. The methods of doing this most economically, were periodically discussed in the sewing circle at home, so that you may take it for granted that all the plans followed were those suggested by experience and proved by long practice. My object is to state some recollections of preparing the hog as an article of food after he had been sufficiently raised.

I lived with a good old aunt, *i.e.*, good when she thought she wasn't imposed on, but she had a keen sense of discrimination as regarded her own rights. The sewing circle had been going on successfully. Twice had it met at my aunt's, while some of the other members seemed to have forgotten that invitations to their houses would be in order. So accordingly we were not a little surprised when Auntie received a note from the President of the Society one Tuesday morning, saying that it had been decided to hold a meeting at our house the next evening. This was rather too much. She walked to the door, said Nickodemus, in a way which brought me to her in a second, and, after a moment's hesitation, went on, "People must think I'm a fool. There's Aunt Jemima, Miss Mary Ann Sam, and old Polly Johnson, who hav'n't had the Society at all. Here, you go the President's and tell her that I've arranged for having the hog killed to-morrow and there will be so much work going on that I can't have the Society here; and as you go along, call and see Gimmejob and ask him to come over early in the morning to do the job, now, hurry;" and as I jumped over the fence, I heard her say, "If you 'aint back in half-an-hour, not a bit of dinner do you get." I remember getting my dinner. Gimme was there, but as I had not specified what he was wanted for, he brought several knives, a ball of twine, a bottle of camphor and a lot of other things which I do not remember particularly. He was a fellow who was Jack at all trades and used to do all manner of petty jobs about the neighbourhood. The method of killing was something different from that of Cincinnati, I believe, for I have heard that there they drive the hogs into the feeder of a machine

which kills and dresses them and puts them in barrels labelled "Heavy Mess Pork." I could believe all of that except the labelling part, but that doesn't seem to be honest. Before the machines for doing this were invented, it is said that when a pen was filled with a drove of hogs, a man walked over their backs and killed them with a mallet. But Gimme's plan was simpler than anything that I have ever heard of. First, I had to turn the grindstone for him to sharpen a long-handled knife which he had for such purposes as this. Sticking this knife in the side of the pen he carefully got in and scratched the hog's back with his fingers. He rarely had any introduction but this. When he supposed that he was sufficiently acquainted for the hog to accept an offering at his hands, he put some victuals—potatoes and milk, in fact—the very best of fare, in the trough, and the hog, remarkable in this, that he had no presentiment of danger nigh, immediately expressed satisfaction at the proceeding. It was Gimme's intention to stun the pig with a blow from an axe and then to cut his throat with the knife. I remember standing by the sty with a hand over each ear anticipating the conflict which was soon to ensue. The axe is raised, slowly it descends between the ears of the hog in order that Gimme may get good aim for his blow, and then he strikes with all his might. But as he swung the axe, some of the mischief-loving gods induced that hog to turn his head, and consequently, the blow fell directly on his ear. His ear was rent by the axe, ours by the most outrageous squealing ever a hog made. In a few minutes all was hushed and it was necessary that the operation be performed in better shape the next time. The hog, however, seemed to have lost his appetite, so another expedient was resorted to. It had been a favorite pastime of mine on warm sunshiny days to pour buttermilk on the hog's back and then to scratch him with a broad hoe. The Sewing Circle had positively decided that this would conduce to the growth of the species of the animal in question, and I believe their decision was founded upon a knowledge of the fact that little boys grow faster when they stand at the table to eat their porridge. At any rate such was my aunt's application of what she considered a true principle. So Nickodemus got the hoe and scratched away while my Aunt poured on the buttermilk. My thoughts as I stood there, occupied as I was, were harrowing in the extreme. Old associations came up be-

fore me calling to mind the many times hoggie and I had romped together in that same pen, how often he had been my horse, how often I had been his capsized driver, and my boyish fancy wandered on to the consideration of what the next hog would be like. But as I groaned in response to the grunt of the brute, with which I deeply sympathized, Gimme consoled me by the remark that I would be a man before my mother, and visions of beaver hat, cane, and mustache, soothed me for the time. In the meantime a crowd had collected. Many of the neighbors had been attracted by the squealing, and the hog, unused to public exhibitions, was correspondingly nervous. Gimme went through the same operation as before, but this time the hog's interest resulted in his getting the blow in the eye. Frenzied by the pain, he rushed about the sty giving vent to the most hideous noises and filling the air with a sound so doleful, that, when the ears were covered, the sound was reduced only so much that it might have been taken for artistic fantasies upon an old fashioned pitchpipe. The squeal, commencing with the shrillest, most piercing tone imaginable, would slowly lower its pitch until the closing groans, alternated by the inspirations, seemed like a winter storm on the sea coast, the grumbling of the surf being interspersed by the howling of the winds. When this seemed almost to have died away, the squeal would burst forth afresh and with almost as much energy as before. Gimme had enough to do for a few minutes to keep out of the way, but thinking that he would put the animal out of misery, he began to use his axe again, and, after pounding him in several places over his back and breaking one of his legs by a worse clip than usual, he managed to stagger the hog a sufficient time to get the knife and thrust it into his throat. The hog fought well but this time was obliged to succumb on account of loss of blood, and in a short time the battle was ended.

Our butcher might have passed for a red man from the amount of blood which had spurted over him, but a hasty rinse was all that the time allowed. Half-a-dozen hands soon dragged the hog upon the old sled, against which leaned the cask in which it was to be scalded. Hot water by the pailful was immediately forthcoming, the cask was partly filled, and the hog doused therein. The old case-knives were soon prepared, and, as soon as the bristles were loosened, the scraping operation began. Soon this is finished

and the body is hung up by the feet, and dressed, and the whole is carefully washed, when the inside seems to deserve the commendations bestowed by the loafers, and the black spots here and there outside attest the sincerity of Gimme's intentions when he was handling the axe.

O. W. Holmes seems to have had remembrances of some such scene as this when he wrote:

"And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And like a mighty pendulum
All solemnly he swung."

* * * * *
"O father, father, list to me,
The pig is deadly sick:
And men have hung him by the heels
And fed him with a stick."

But old memories come back like Longfellow's early loves, with a Sabbath sound, and throng upon me. The anticipation of an unlimited supply of cookies' roast pig-tail, and a week's outfit of bait with which I could lure the crows and cats from the nearest woods while I lay behind a neighbouring fence with bow and arrow, all these made the occasion one of great interest, and its annual occurrence was of as much importance in my calendar as April fool's day itself.

N. E.

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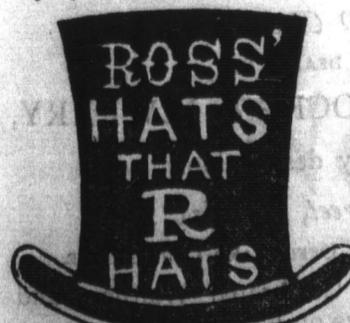
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