

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

NEW No. 7.  
WHOLE No. 89.

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## A WEARY ONE'S WISH.

I would I were a little bird  
To rove among the flowers,  
To sport around the evergreens,  
And dwell in fairy bowers.

Upon some very topmost bough,  
My little song to sing  
Of praise to him who rules above,  
And love to every thing.

I'd sing my very sweetest songs  
To the weary and the sad:  
I'd tell them of such pleasant things—  
They could not but be glad.

And joy should steal into their hearts,  
With every note they heard:  
Their souls be full of thankfulness,  
And bless the little bird.

D.

## GOING A-BLUE-BERRYING.

I AM of opinion that this is the queerest world  
ever I have seen. One man calls it a "Stage."  
I consider it a "Query." All the world's a  
query. I have several very plausible reasons to  
substantiate this theory of mine. I feel confi-  
dent they would convince even the Sceptic, but  
for certain good reasons I shall not give them,  
but proceed to remark, that of all the queer, we  
ourselves are the queerest. The word *we*, in  
this connection means everybody, and the idea  
is "everybody-ourselves are the queerest." I re-  
flect, that I am not alone in making this affirma-  
tion. Indeed it were the easiest thing in the  
world to adduce a host of illustrious personages  
to testify to the truth of the observation, and  
but for the monotony of the thing I should cer-  
tainly do it. But as too many reasons are worse  
than none, allow me at once to illustrate my  
meaning. I shall confine myself exclusively to  
one department of queries—that of Tastes.  
You see one man liking pork and another beef  
—a third wants mutton—a fourth is happy only  
when he's eating fish. Some men don't like

fruit, and some men do. One man wants only  
apples—another only pears,—a third won't have  
either, but give him cherries. Here and there  
we find one that's careless to admit what he  
likes best, and then we have to judge from his  
appearance. As a general thing this is about as  
safe a way as any. Occasionally, once in a year  
for example, we find a man who likes everything  
that's good. I like blueberries, myself. I al-  
ways did. Somehow, they seem just adapted to  
my nature. They act somewhat in the capacity  
of panacea. I've never been known yet, to be sick  
in blueberry-time. And if I was ill with a  
chronic disease,—bronchitis for instance,—the  
first thing I'd do would be to go to a land where  
there was nothing but blueberries. Most every-  
body likes blueberries. I speak from experi-  
ence. I've known good looking people to go  
twenty miles, just for blueberries, and get none  
when done. I've gone ten miles, myself, and I  
always got them—always—except once. I failed  
once. I propose giving a brief delineation of  
the events of that occasion. I was doing no-  
thing. I had been engaged in this employment  
for some weeks. Time was flying and blue-  
berries were growing. I began to hanker. I  
didn't consider, at the time, that I was to blame  
for this. The fact was I couldn't help it. My  
feelings got the better of me, and I was com-  
pelled to give expression to them. I told a  
friend how I felt. Fortune favored me. That  
friend owned a vessel. She had just come back  
from a voyage and was lying at the wharf. He  
proposed we invite some company and set sail  
for a given place, where blueberries were known  
to grow. I accepted most gratefully. The ap-  
pointed day came.

We gathered at the given place—at the given  
hour. My friend was there—so was the captain.  
The latter looked like a sage—I had never  
seen him so calculating. He remarked: "Can't  
get out to-day." "Wind blows from the wrong  
corner." "Wait till to-morrow." I looked my  
friend full in the face. He was under some

emotion, but I didn't see the point then. I felt indefinitely vague, and our company looked divers colors. But we went home all of us. My friend, before we started, remarked that he wanted to go away to do some business, anyhow, and doubtless "all would be for the best." "A bad beginning was most always sure to make a good ending." "The berries would be that much riper." This was very well dictated, and had a tolerable effect. We went home and came back again next day. The captain was on the ground, and ready, but where was my friend? They said he didn't get home till late. Was sleeping now—thought it a pity to wake him. We could as well go without him. All agreed, and we made for the wharf. Too early. The ship was not afloat. We waited an hour, and the command given, we set sail. But the wind had gone down in the night. We were fifteen minutes getting out to sea. But we got out, and got a puff and got under way. Looking back to the harbor, we beheld a man on the wharf declaiming most violently. It was my friend. He was not to be cheated. He had awoke just in time to be late, and without breakfast or anything else much, he rushed out of bed and ran a mile to the wharf. We got him aboard. I noticed he looked droll. All was now arranged. Yonder some twenty miles, we could see the land of blueberries, and we were going straight for them. I began to take cognizance now of the folk. I knew most of them. But there was one lady among our company whose presence I couldn't account for. She was the wife of a noted rumseller—"whom no man could tame." How she came to be invited I couldn't tell—but she was there—"there was no doubt about it," and making herself perfectly at home—doing more talk than any other two on board. And now "all went merry as a marriage bell." The day was delightful and our company were in good cheer. In the course of an hour after we started, my friend, the captain, and some half dozen more of the men went down into the hold of the ship. A most extraordinary procedure. It awakened my curiosity. I asked *why?* I got a most significant wink for my answer. I saw it now. I knew why my friend went on business—why the wind "blew so heavy"—why the lady was there. And this time I was right. My friend meant business. I'd have gone back if I could, but I couldn't. I thought I'd make the best of it. Time went by rapidly and brought the dinner.

We had a grand dinner that day, every one of us. Three o'clock came and we were only half way there. No wind. The tide swept us miles away from the blueberries. There was not a ripple on the water to be seen. "Silence reigned around." We could hear noises from the land with wonderful distinctness. The thing was growing monotonous. I concluded to take some exercise. I hauled the boat alongside—jumped aboard and proceeded to apply the oars. Our vessel was now some four miles distant from the nearest land. The thought struck me I could make the shore and wait till the ship came up. When I had got a mile away I saw the other boat standing off from the ship and coming after me. It held five of our best men. They got within forty yards of me. I thought that would do, and forthwith began putting up my sign. The effect was marvellous. They couldn't catch me, do their prettiest. By this time we were almost ashore, not more than ten or twelve rods distant. I pulled harder than ever,—fancied I was just ashore,—looked round to see, and lo! I was three times ten rods away. I had got into the tide, was being swept out to sea with great rapidity, and going straight in the direction of the "Rips." I had heard people say a boat wouldn't live there five minutes. I could see them just ahead. They looked bad. I wished I were in the ship. But she was four miles away. I wasn't alone though. The other boat had followed in my track, and was right alongside. I assumed command immediately, and without appointment. I don't know why I did so,—perhaps because I was oldest, or perhaps because I was the best looking. Any way, I gave orders that we all get aboard the largest boat and "pull for the shore." We found the boat was not built to accommodate us. We could only take even numbers in each boat, and pull in the direction of the shore, and against the tide till the vessel came up. We did so. I never was very conceited. I never thought I was very strong. But I hadn't pulled five minutes before I changed my opinion. There wasn't one in that boat that I couldn't beat. I never felt so strong before,—most likely never will again. But how eagerly we watched the shore to see if we gained or lost, and how sadly we looked at one another as we saw ourselves loosing ground. The tide was running like a race-horse and taking us backwards all we could do. Night was at hand. The wind was rising, and

the vessel seemed to stand still. We thought it was all over with us. But we resolved to hang to the plan we first adopted. It was our only chance. We redoubled our efforts, for we were now but a few rods from the "Rips." Fortunately the vessel got into a current through the agency of the wind, and bore down upon us rapidly. In a few minutes we were on board. Our friends never expected to see us. We had been pulling one long hour—the longest hour ever I put in. I don't think I'll ever go there again. That performance taught me three things. I.—That I am an able-bodied man. II.—Always to stay where I am put. III.—The theory of Tides. After I had got on board I took a cursory view of the scene of my adventures, and turned away, doubtless for ever. A half an hour after and we made our harbor. It was dark. We couldn't see five rods before us. I expected we would have supper and a night's rest. Imagine my surprise when I heard my friend calling upon the men to go ashore. Evidently, he had been there before, and he hadn't run a mile that morning for nothing. They went ashore and left me with the ladies. I often wondered why they didn't invite me to go but I didn't take any insult at the time. An hour passed by—we listened for them, but not a sound. An hour and a quarter. We listened again, and this time they were coming. We could hear them. We couldn't see any steam, but we judged it was there from the noise it made. Presently they arrived. But they didn't bring any blueberries. That country brought forth more than blueberries. "The scene was changed." "On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined. No rest till morn." That was one of the nights we read about. Its history would fill a book, "A book for everybody." The limits of this essay won't allow me to expatiate. But I didn't dream any that night, nor I didn't sleep till eight o'clock in the morning. I slept that night with one eye open. I was busy all night. When I wasn't sleeping, I was receiving callers. I suspect I'm rather sensitive anyway, but "such a night an old man sees but once in all his time." It seemed to me a thousand-and-one—something or other. I've no wish to specify in particular. I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, and I don't like to have my own hurt. But morn came at last and I greeted it with all my heart. The day was cold and drizzling. I wanted to go home. I didn't banker a bit for blueberries. All the ladies,

with a single exception, were on my side. They wanted to get home, they said. But after considerable deliberation, it was thought advisable, as soon as breakfast was over, to go ashore and try our luck, inasmuch as we had come for the express purpose, and if we went back without any berries, and without even having looked for any—our friends would hold us up to ridicule—we would never hear the last of it. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, we started in pursuit. We did not know where to go. Meanwhile my friend was sleeping soundly. "No rest till morn." We enquired at the first house. Houses didn't grow very thick in that locality. This one was the first and the last. They told us the berries didn't grow this year. Nothing uncommon. As a general rule, they grew in great abundance for two or three years, and then came a year when none grew. "The news was dagger to the heart." The emotional nature predominated in every one of us, in two or three instances, at the expense of the intellectual. I won't stop here to delineate. We resolved to go back to the ship and go home forthwith. We went aboard, but the noise awakened my friend. What was all this? We were going home. But my friend was altogether of a different opinion—perfectly calm—decisive—and at ease. We had come for blueberries. We were not going home without them. The people at that house had sold us. He knew where they grew—after dinner we would go in quest of them. We would stop another night here, and go home the following day. From the style in which this was delivered, I came to regard my friend a man of talent. We were perfectly convinced. His style was *persuasive*. What should we do? He was too many for us on an argument. We left him for the captain. I'm not a believer in woman's rights, but I have always thought since, that women should be admitted to the bar. The charge was irresistible. The poor old captain couldn't stand it. They spoke with the power of utterance—straight on—trumpet-tongued. So I concluded. He agreed to go. But my friend owned the ship. Our captain was an "old boy." He wished to see a man who was he said ashore. He said he would be back in a few minutes—then we would go. He came back presently, looking mysterious. He and my friend went to a remote part of the ship. It acted like magic. My friend changed his opinion the quickest of any man ever I saw.

We got up sail and pointed homeward. In less than two hours we were home. But it didn't pay. I shall not go again. And the evils of intemperance—that may form the subject of another essay.

E. T.

## MUSIC.

THE just Aristides has said, "Music is calculated to compose the mind and fit it for instruction." The truth of this assertion seems to have come to the students of this University as an intuition common to our nature, notwithstanding the fact that music was denounced in the last issue of the GAZETTE as a humbug. Evidently the article does not express the sentiments of the majority of students, judging at least, from the songs that frequently resound through the old hall. Music may be regarded as a refreshing amusement, which has a tendency to raise the drooping spirits, and even give rest to the weary body after the fatigue and toils of the day are over. It is surprising how cheerful we can become as we listen to a good song, or a well-played piece of lively music. Hours often occur in the life of every one suitable only to recreation and enjoyment. The strain exerted on either our mental or physical powers must at times be relaxed, and how can we spend our hours of leisure from business, or study, more to our satisfaction than in the exercise of the musical powers. Plato says,— "Music is to the body as air to the soul." Perhaps, too, the association of ideas as we engage in song, brings to the mind memories of pleasant hours spent at singing-school, or moonlight walks, or nice sleigh-drives after class; and then,

"Whose heart hath not within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned?"

When reminiscences crowd back upon him of pleasant evening spent at the old homestead in company with that "Heavenly Maid," whose good qualities have lately been so misrepresented.

Music bears a closer relation to Mathematics than might at first be supposed. It is the good mathematician, and he alone, who can thoroughly understand the principles of music. From the fact that a man is a good singer or performer, it does not follow that he is a good musician; though good in practice he may be totally ignorant of the theory or science. There is, however, much in music, which an ordinary mind

can understand and a good ear appreciate. Every one appreciates good music, from the warrior marching to the measured beat of the rolling drum, to the smutty-faced boy who shouts, Coal, c-o-a-l, through the streets of our city. In spite of all that has been said we believe that,—

"The man that has no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,  
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted."

What courage and enthusiasm have the notes of the pibroch aroused in clansmen of Scotland as they marched along their native glens! The youth of the old soldier returns as he hears the sound of the fife and beating drum. How the eye of the Red man flashes as the war whoop re-echoes through the western forest! There is music in every sound of nature. We laugh, talk, weep in music. A laugh, musicians tell us, is produced by two sounds or notes differing by a single tone. Even a cry consists of a rapid succession of musical notes.

"There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

The groaning timbers of the tempest-tossed ship, and the roaring waves mingle their hoarse bass with the wild soprano of the creaking masts and rigging. The winds whistling in the tops of the forest trees send strange melodies to the skies. There is fine harmony in the measured roll of the billows as they beat against our rock-bound shores.

"There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea and music in its roar."

And says Tennyson,—

"And heard once more in college fanes  
The storms their high-built organs make,  
And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
The prophets blazoned on the panes."

Music exerts a soothing influence. Less sensuous than either painting or poetry, it is purer than the one, more heavenly than the other. What does Milton say? "If wise men are not such, music has a great power and disposition to make them gentle." Homer also tells us that Achilles was taught music in order to moderate his passion. Martin Luther was deeply affected by Music. On one occasion some friends visited him dejected and lying prostrate on the floor. They at once struck up one of his

favorite tunes, when he immediately rose, remarking, "the devil hates good music." He says the most of the singing in mass is very fine and glorious, breathing nothing but thankfulness and praise, such as, "Gloria in Excelsis," "Alleluia," "Benedictus," "Agnis Dei." It is said that he dispelled his melancholy by music while confined in the castle of Coburg during the Augsburg Diet in 1530. It was on this occasion that he composed his celebrated hymn,—

"Ein feste Berg ist unser Gott."

We are told by divine authority that music shall constitute the principle element in the everlasting praise of the redeemed. Surely then, if a knowledge of music shall be of use in another state of existence, we cannot better spend our leisure hours than in its study, for,—

"Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

E. L. N.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Niagara Index* exchange column begins to grow interesting. The editors have shown their genius and force of character by adopting a new, and withal a very simple policy.

THE *Tyro* of the Canadian Literary Institute is in magazine form, and is mostly literary. The articles are of a very respectable character. We like best, "Must it be dark to-day to be bright to-morrow?" because it is unpretentious, sensible and readable.

The *Colchester Sun* asks our authority for using the vulgarity "played out." We did not use it. "Played out" is a vulgarity only when applied to individuals, or at least to individualities. Were we to say, for example, that the *Colchester Sun* is played out, we should be guilty (not to speak of falsehood) of gross vulgarity. But when applied to tricks invented to catch the public ear, as we applied it, it is not slang, but good English. Tricks are *played*, and this one is *played out*. Were the *Sun* guided more by common sense, and less by conventionalities, it would criticise, if not less, at least, differently, and in a way much more beneficial to all concerned. By a misunderstanding "Our Exchanges" was crowded out of our last issue; hence we were unable to give the desired "information." Are we "right"?

THE *Lafayette College Journal* is a well got up paper. Were we to find fault we would say that it is too journal-like. It is filled with items, in departments of "Editorial," "College Interests," "The Month," "Inter-Collegiate," "Here and There," and "Personals," the latter being just one-fourth of the reading matter. The editorial considers college expenses; the sum of it is that the average annual expenses of the Lafayette student are about \$350, while the rigidly economical can live on less than \$200. In the next department we learn

that Lafayette is adopting more fully the system of written examinations. This is what they say, and we presume they have tried both,— "The system is to be admired for its simplicity, justice, and the perfection which it tends to secure in every branch and department. In the first place each student will have a clear understanding as to what he is required to do. It will also place each man on an equal footing, by giving all the same topics. . . . The chief benefit to be derived from the system will perhaps be the amount of knowledge that will be acquired by each branch of study. A thorough examination of all the topics will necessarily require a comprehensive survey and study. The only objection of any weight that can be brought forward is that it requires a great deal of time, and is extremely tiresome." Under "The Month" we have an interesting account of a preliminary oratorical contest, with specimens of eleven orations. They are all very good.

THE *College Herald* is better than the foregoing, inasmuch as it has a literary department. Some poetry entitled the "College Bell" is very ordinary. In these lines—

"To open erudition's door,  
And all the riches there explore,  
In quest of truth,"

there is a fine satire, though we half suspect it was unintentional. The other articles are good, fully up to the average. The editors' salutatory is well-polished, but marvellously devoid of meaning. The *Herald* also discusses college expenses, showing that \$220 will amply meet the expenses of a year's attendance at "the University at Lewisburg," while a good authority estimates that the "expenses of a Harvard student of the most rigorous economy cannot be less than \$450, and will probably amount to \$500."

"ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.—This was the subject of a lecture delivered last Sabbath evening in Batray Parish Church, by Mr. James C. Herdman, nephew of the Minister of the Parish. There was a large attendance of members of the congregation and others, doubtless owing to the fact that the lecturer was one of the third generation of Herdmans who had occupied that pulpit. Mr. Herdman spoke of the great difficulties with which Paul had to contend in preaching the Gospel, and gave a vivid description of the philosophic teachings which were promulgated at that time. The lecture was learned, thoughtful and interesting, and was listened to with marked attention throughout.

We may note that Mr. Herdman took his Arts Curriculum at Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., where he took the degree of B. A.; and Divinity in Edinburgh."

The above is clipped from the *Blairgowrie News*. Mr. Herdman graduated in '74, and was for three years an editor of the GAZETTE,

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N.S., FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

## EDITORS.

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

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"Two of the professors in Michigan University have printed outlines of their lectures given before the students. They are printed in pamphlet form of eighteen pages each, with blank leaves bound in for the use of students in taking additional notes. The matter printed is simply that which has heretofore been dictated to classes who have been required to spend an immense amount of time in copying, while a large portion of the lecture hour has been spent in mere dictation."—*Targum*.

The above is a striking illustration of the slowness with which the world progresses. For hundreds of years valuable time has been taken up in dictating and copying paragraphs over and over again, and for the last fifty years this simple improvement has been perfectly practicable, yet no one thought of it till the year 1876. And how long may it yet be before it will be general? Old customs die tremendously hard, and new ones have a long struggle for existence. Yet this innovation has so many manifest advantages and so few inconveniences that it will surely soon win its way without much difficulty into the College world. The first and most manifest advantage is that of saving time. Almost every subject has a framework which is composed of simple and unalterable dicta that must be swallowed and taken just as they are. This occupies much valuable time, and so occupies it that the good intended to be gained from the viva voce lecture is lost. It is mere dictating

on the part of the professor and copying on the part of the student, mechanical things both, matters of brute force.

The object of the living lecture is to give living explanations, illustrations, applications; is "Thought kindling itself at the fire of living 'Thought'; is to nourish mind, "which grows not like a vegetable, (by having its roots lettered with etymological compost) but like a spirit, by mysterious contact with Spirit." And is not anything which will give more time for this an advantage? The time given to mere dead facts in the lecture room is to a large degree wasted. They are the business of books. It is undoubtedly difficult to fix a boundary between the province of the lecture and the book, but that is a matter which each teacher will settle for himself. There are some subjects on which such pamphlets would be wholly unnecessary, their place being already well filled by text-books, as Chemistry, for example. We fancy no teacher of Chemistry would find much inconvenience in following the plan of any good recent text-book. But in Mental or Moral Philosophy, in Logic and History, or even Mathematics, no original teacher will care to follow any book implicitly, much less those intended as text-books. In such branches a brief outline would do much to give a student a comprehensive view of the subject. It would be useful to him just as a map would be useful to a stranger in a great city—he would know where he was; now his vision is bounded, especially if he be little of (mental) stature, by the great thoughts and ideas around him.

We have often felt that there was an evil in this matter somewhere. It struck us forcibly when we read the above passage from the *Targum* that the Michigan professors had found the right solution of the difficulty, and we have endeavoured in these few crude and hasty remarks to call the attention of the authorities and friends of our College to the matter. It is at least worth thinking about. We know that our professors are continually striving to improve the

methods of teaching, and we are sure that a suggestion of this kind, if made with due respect, will not come amiss even from students.

SOME years ago a book was published in England called "Historic doubts," questioning the existence of such a man as Napoleon Buonaparte, and purporting to prove that the story of his life and victories was but a myth. Although the work was meant to be in the highest degree satirical, nevertheless a certain clergyman undertook to answer it, and he *did* prove entirely to his own satisfaction, that the "Little Corsican" was a reality after all. But instead of gaining for himself honour and immortal fame as he had no doubt anticipated, he was simply laughed at by all sensible people. This man finds his parallel on a small scale in the case of that Falmouth correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, who, a few days ago, so fiercely attacked the writer of "City vs. Country," an article that appeared in the GAZETTE of Nov. 25th. Evidently from the tone of her letter, "Highland Mary," took the remarks therein contained very much to heart, but having poured forth all her vials of wrath upon the head of poor "C," she will now likely feel much relieved. If the lady wishes for herself more notoriety, she will find in No. 4, Vol. II., of the GAZETTE an article entitled "A Word for Dirt." If she has not been disgusted with that also, she will, we fear, be considered "marvellously unintelligent." It is a subject which might be worthy the attention of a large soul.

"THE mind's the standard of the man;" but then the body is, in another sense, the standard of the mind. Both must be estimated by qualities other than their bulk. Nor can the most "Msterialistic systems" give a formula by which, from the known size and condition of the body, to calculate what is understood as mental capacity. A great fat body may wait upon a lean and little mind, the adjectives may be reversed, or both may be alike lean. It is evident, how-

ever, that if either becomes diseased the other is affected. Disorders below the neck are very apt to give rise to vapors above it, hence vaporers. The force with which our common mother presses her children to her rough bosom is not, then, a satisfactory measure of their real importance. A few figures may not be objectionable for all this. They simply represent so much organized matter, the disorganized minds not being taken into account.

The present average weight of our 96 students is 144, the lightest being 106, while "the other extreme" turns the scale at 210. More than half the whole fall between 135 and 155. The several years average thus, 1st, 146; 2nd, 140; 3rd, 148; 4th, 152. Our Honor-men average, 142; the Class Prizemen of last Spring, 143; the Elocution Prizemen for the last four years 144; the Medalists 153; and "We" 158.

A LATE issue of the *Christian Messenger* has a rather amusing article entitled, "Public Plunder—Dalhousie Rapacity." This double heading fairly represents the grotesque character of the piece throughout. The offer made to the City Council by the Governors of the College, to settle the disputed title to the Grand Parade, is set down as a "demand," and the veil of futurity is drawn to show Dalhousie "utilizing" a High School to be erected on south end of said Parade! As a satire on certain extremists who envy our College its Provincial character, the article referred to has merit. There is something quite artistic in its simulated warmth and blindness. But if intended as a real thrust we have a new source of thankfulness in the reflection that so much malice has been rendered harmless by being compounded with an equal amount of absurdity.

THE Senate of the University of Halifax certainly does not consult the convenience of graduates of '77 in requiring them to attend two examinations, one in July, '77, and another in '78, Most of the senior class in Dalhousie at any rate are

tired enough of examinations, and it will require a much greater temptation than another degree to induce them to brush off the rust of a year, and enter upon their long drawn agony again.

### WINTER.

WINTER has come again. All things are covered with their winter dress. The leafless trees stand out in bold relief against the clear sky, their boughs covered with glistening icicles instead of leaves. Mother earth has bid us good-bye for another season and has gone to sleep beneath her covering of snow: the merry jingle of sleigh-bells rings in our ears; and, as we look around us we see nothing but snow, everywhere, on housetops, in the streets, edging the fences, loading the branches of the trees, and in fact, lodged wherever it can find support. The balmy days of Summer come into our mind, but as a dream you allow your fancy to wander back to those days of life and joy and gaiety, you are again engaged in angling for the "speckled trout," or forming one of a happy band of picnickers, partaking in some or all of the merry pastimes of Summer, when you are rudely awakened from your reverie by some one yelling "your nose is bitten!" Starting from your meditations, you perchance in the forgetfulness of the moment, ask him why he bit it, and indignantly repudiating the assertion he goes on his way, sadly musing on the ingratitude of all men in general and of you in particular, whilst you suddenly become conscious that your nose feels—well in fact that it doesn't feel at all. Hastily grabbing in the nearest snowbank, to the no small astonishment of passers by, you rub your nasal organ until blood begins to circulate again, and then comes the bite in good sooth. Or perhaps you are moving briskly along the street, and seeing a tempting spot of ice shining directly in front prepare to show the world how you can slide. But stop! let us look at those around us first: two young ladies are behind, well wrapped up in furs and bidding defiance to the cold, an old lady well wrapped up and equally defiant is in front; you are between them, and before you lies the ice. Taking a short preparatory run your foot touches the ice, and whack!—upon the clear wintry air rises the silvery laughter of the mirthful ones behind; the old lady in front, turning at the crash fairly splits her sides at your mirthprovoking posture,

and you! alas! your dreams of distinction have vanished, stars flash in your bewildered optics, your day has suddenly become night, your lips give vent to exclamations of indignation and disgust, and you rise from the spot, dejected, downcast, sad, for all the world like that poor Freshman who came to College so joyfully, so expectantly, but whose dejected, downcast look, and emaciated form may daily be seen in our halls.

But are tumbles and frostbites the only amusements of winter? By no means. On a fine moonlight night let us go out in quest of amusement. Some how or other each of us finds himself in a short time seated in a sleigh, and by his side, not exactly the ghost of his uncle, but a young lady, fair of course, who doesn't care a snap for the cold. Merrily ring the bells as that horse flies over the ground, or, in other and, more vulgar phraseology, he puts it. College Professors, even Janitor, everything is forgotten in the keen enjoyment of that drive, and we will trust to imagination for the rest; pen, ink and paper are utterly incompetent to do justice to the subject. On another night—for we students *ex necessitate* are nocturnal—we find ourselves progressing favorably, skates in hand, towards the Rink, or Griffin's pond, or the Dartmouth Lakes, or some other piece of ice equally suitable for the purpose, and strange to say, we are accompanied by the same substantial phantom that haunted us in our sleigh drive. Soon we are careering o'er the glassy surface of the ice, in supreme indifference to every one—save one only. Of course a few tumbles befall us, but what care we for tumbles. Recklessly we stumble up again, and still more recklessly pursue our career. But Pa and Ma have instructed our fair companion to be home at nine o'clock sharp, and reluctantly we obey the fates to wake up next morning utterly disgusted with the unromantic aspect of Chemistry, Latin, Greek, and such trash. A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream. This time the night is not moonlight. Snow is now falling, and has already covered the ground to the depth of a few inches. In snow coat and hood, our feet encased in moccasins and our hands in mittens, with our loins girded and snow-shoes at our back, we sally forth bent on a tramp. Soon the outskirts of the city are reached, and a halt is called to fasten on our snow shoes, and then the real business of the night begins. On

we tramp, scarcely marking the surface of the snow, smiling in pity on the weary plodders through the drifts who meet us. But there are in the midst of us novices in the pastime, and upon these the exercise soon tells. They complain of blistered heel and stiff toe, and we in pity for the poor wretches turn back. Home is soon reached, and we are held in a short time in the arms of Morpheus, and pretty tightly too.

But a truce to all endeavors to bring back the remembrances of those festive days, for now, in the words of a well known clergyman of this city, we must set "doggedly to work." We have before us a long and unbroken interval of study, in which we have to overcome the strongest opposition to our knowledge. Let us then, setting aside all remembrances of holidays and their enjoyments, and steeling ourselves to the gravity of the task before us, press boldly and vigorously onwards, assaulting and overcoming in our course Classics, Mathematics, Chemistry, Logic, and last, but by no means least, those fearful and wonderful things called Examinations.

Read before Excelsior Society, by

R. P. J. EMMERSON.

### ATHENS.

DEAR GAZETTE.—

YOUR boys are tired digging dead roots, out of dry lexicons. Give them a few minutes recess and we will take a run to the grave of old Greece.

It was a bright May morning. The steamer passed Cape Sunium shortly after sunrise, and was gliding at an easy pace up the gulf of Egina, close under the South shore of Attica. For an hour or more the high land to the right was rather tame, yet it was impossible to gaze even upon these grey hills, without the deepest interest, as one remembered the sights which they have witnessed since Art and they were young. How often, when Athens was Britain of the seas, have they, like the cliffs of Dover and Holyhead, looked with pride upon their country's fleets, going forth upon their missions of colonization, conquest, or commerce, and returning deep laden with the wrongs of war or the rights of peace. The very air whispered of the past, and the rippling wavelets seemed like dumb lips vainly trying to move themselves in speech, that they might tell the stranger of

other days, tell how they shed tears against the prows of the Persian Armada in her way to the capture of their loved Athens, and how they

"clapped their little hands with glee"

as they closed behind the flying keels of Xerxes after the battle of Salamis.

Soon we sighted on the left the coast of Argolis, and directly before us a few miles distant lay the islands of Egina and Salamis, both so celebrated in Grecian history. On the right the scene was changing. We were past the mountains which form the Southern extremity of the peninsula of Attica, and an oblong plain about ten miles in width extended back from the sea shore to a distance of fifteen miles. Two parallel ridges of red, bare, barren hills running at right-angles to the coast bounded it on the North-west and South-east, while a mountain, shaped like the hump on a camel's back, lay between these ridges, bounding it on the North-east, making a vast amphitheatre, almost completely enclosed on three sides by high hills, and opening on the South-west to the sea.

The plain at first sight presented few features of interest. A slightly elevated ridge, scarcely perceptible from a distance ran across it from North to South, and there were some depressions not visible from the water, but so far as we could see there was neither village nor ruin. A grove of olive trees extended for several miles along the North-west side while the remainder looked dry and dreary as if it had been but half finished at first and nothing done to it afterwards.

With our preconceived ideas of Athens and its Acropolis, we expected to see from far out on the water some precipitous hill, its top hoary with massive marble ruins, and rising out of them the Parthenon, more like some gigantic work of the gods than a building of men, and we felt sure that when we had passed this uninteresting flat and the next equally uninteresting range of hills, our hopes would be realized. As we were idly gazing, a young English priest, who had been a fellow traveller for some weeks, and who was sitting near me on deck, pointed carelessly to a little hillock nine or ten miles distant away towards the middle of the plain, on which there seemed to be the shadowy appearance of a few small grey columns, remarking that it might be some ruin. As I could think of nothing more unlikely, I laughingly suggested, "The Parthenon." Glasses were turned

upon it. As the distance lessened the dim outline began to take shape. Denial gave place to doubt, and doubt to disappointment, as we felt that we were gazing upon the world famed citadel and temple of Greece.

And this is the "vast plain of Attica"!!! As we stand facing it, that ridge of hills on the right is Mount Hymettus, celebrated now as of old for its honey. That on the left is the Parnes range, while directly before us, terminating the plain at the further end is Mount Pentelicus, from which has been quarried for thousands of years the Pentelic marble for the houses, temples, and statues of Athens.

It was almost impossible to take in the thought that the little plain before us had been at once the cause and the scene of so much of earth's history, that there had swarmed the brave and busy myriads who had shaped the destinies of the world, that there were nursed art and literature and philosophy, which have been the pattern, and study, and admiration, of all succeeding time.

Two things conspire to make the Attic plain with its furniture, appear at first sight much smaller than it really is. The air is dry, clear and pure, and objects ten or fifteen miles off are so distinctly seen, that to one accustomed to our heavy, hazy Northern atmosphere, they do not seem to be more than half the distance, consequently the plain containing from a hundred to a hundred and fifty square miles does not appear to be more than one-fourth its real size. Then the mountains which surround it are of so great a height, that lesser elevations, such as the Acropolis, are scarcely noticeable, and look almost like "cradle-hills." The plain, like the vale of Chamouni, is set in such a huge framework, that the picture itself, with all that it contains, seems insignificant.

Suddenly rounding a small promontory we found ourselves in the harbor of the Piræus, a circular bay about half-a-mile in diameter, connected with the gulf by a narrow strait, across which a chain used to be stretched in time of war to keep out the enemy's ships. As we were entering the strait, there lay close to our left the rocky islet of Psyttaleia, in which the Athenian hoplites under Aristides destroyed the flower of the Persian army after the battle of Salamis. It lies in a narrow strait between Salamis and the mainland, near the point where the battle raged most fiercely. On the bank opposite the Island the silver throne of Xerxes

was erected, so that he might watch the progress of the battle, and there he witnessed the destruction of his vast fleet, 480 B. C.

As the steamer came to anchor a crowd of little boats were on hand to carry passengers ashore, the troublesome politeness of the boatmen reminding us of what is often seen at railway depôts nearer home.

Reaching the shore there was another blockade to run, cabmen offering to drive us to the city. A railway has been built from the Piræus to Athens, a distance of about five miles, but the carriages do not give up the route, and as they give a better and more leisurely view of the country, many on their first arrival drive to Athens. Besides it would seem almost irreverent, the moment one steps on the soil of Greece to get into a railway car and go thundering in hot haste over the graves of Socrates, Pericles or Plato. Railways seem almost as much out of place as the fabled ones from Joppa to the Jordan. One feels like treading softly over a nation's dust, so taking a carriage we drove slowly towards the city, the road being constructed in the long North wall that anciently connected Athens with her seaport town. Crossing the dry bed of the Cephissus, we passed through some vineyards, then through the skirts of a large olive grove, and were soon in the suburbs of the city. Driving along the broad Hermes street till we reached the Palace Square we found a comfortable home and sincere welcome with which visitors are generally received by hotels.

A few words as to "how it strikes a stranger." In some respects it is the most interesting city on the face of the earth. In no other is there so little of the mouldy and musty with so much of the ancient. Memphis and Thebes are now desolate, interesting only for their voiceless ruins. The cities of Bible lands have, in most cases, left little but their sites behind them. She of the seven hills is in her third childhood, with the ruined rags of her first life and the gorgeous dresses of her second, still clinging to her, while modern Rome is like any other Italian town with its pride and poverty, its splendor and squalor, its dash and its dirt; but in Athens the old and the new though twain seem one flesh. She appears modern, and yet ancient. One is at home, yet almost feels as if living two thousand years ago. She is not merely a relic of the past, but is a real live old city.

The language is unchanged. Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Latin are dead, but Greek is living yet. The difference between the Hellenic writing of to-day and that of the age of Pericles is not much greater than that between the dialects of ancient Greece, and one of the first things that attracts attention in walking along the streets is the "class-room" appearance of the sign-boards, the name and letters being the same as they were twenty-five centuries ago.

Allow me to give as nearly as Roman letters can spell them a few examples which I copied in passing. Over a blacksmith's shop was written in large Greek capitals, "sidēourgeion;" above the door of a baker's shop was, "artopoieion;" a druggist's sign was, "pharmakeion 'e panakeia;" that of a liquor dealer, "oinoi Pergon kai Athēnōn;" above the door of a public hall was, "dēmarcheion;" and on the front of the University, "ethnikē bibliothēkē tes Hellēnos. Still more interesting are the names on many of the sign boards, "Aristoteles kai Anipas, "Solon kai uios," and many others of olden time.

As one is looking with ever fresh interest at name after name and seeing in fancy the ancient dead still walking and talking in the streets of Athens, a shout is heard around the next corner, and in a moment a newsboy appears with a bundle under his arm, crying his paper "ō mōmos, 'ō mōmos," while yonder goes another yelling at the top of his voice, "ō hesperos, 'ō hesperos," calling to mind the time-honored echo, "Halifax Evening Reporter." One buys a paper, and glancing into it, what visions it conjures up. Memories of midnight gas, sore eyes, and achy heads, visions of a crowded hall with its old coal box, the throne to which was elevated those whom students delighted to honor, visions of No. 2 class room, poorly prepared lessons, ill concealed attempts to give a "free translation" from a pony under the desk, cutting remarks from the keen eyed "profs.," and censures for laziness or stupidity as the case might be. Such visions pass quickly in review, for the language is that over which so many weary hours are spent in college days, trying to spell out its meaning, and it is rather amusing to see a cabman sitting on his box, reading the news of the day in Greek as easily as we would run over a column of the Dalhousie Gazette.

A few minutes later another antique cry greets the ear. Here comes a milkman, carrying a couple of jars suspended from a yoke

on his shoulders, shouting as he passes along, "gala, gala," "gala, gala," till one can fancy Xantippe coming out for her pint of milk, leaving the door open behind her that while getting it, she may not have to stop scolding at Socrates.

As with the language, so it is to a certain extent with the people. The other great nations of antiquity have passed away and an "abject race" is there; while, though the brass has in many instances been mixed with the clay, the genuine Greek still lives, and under good government and wholesome influences, is capable of taking his place by his sire of ancient times.

In architecture also, the new harmonizes well with the old. One who expects to find an embalmed mummy of art in the shape of a few ruined temples drawing up their skirts from the dirty hovels of a modern Eastern town, will be surprised at the fresh, new, appearance of the city, the broad straight streets, two beautifully laid out and well kept "squares," and the many handsome buildings constructed of Pentelic marble. Some of these, as for example the new Academy just finished, under the auspices of Baron Lina, would have been an ornament to Athens in her palmiest days. In passing along and seeing a man at work on a large block fashioning it into colume or cornice, one has a picture of former times. The stone is from the same old quarry whence the Parthenion was built. The workman hews it as deftly as the ancient stone cutter would do. He is of the same nation, and if spoken to will answer in the same tongue. His work when completed and compared with the ruins beside it which have the "grime of age," seems like childhood beside the crippled grandsire or dame who retain their lines of beauty in their declining years. There is a wide difference between them, but both belong to the one family.

In Education, Athens is now as of old, a centre of resort. The University, founded in 1837, has four faculties: Theology, Law, Philosophy and Medicine. The leading staff numbers sixty professors and twelve private lecturers, and there is an attendance of twelve hundred students. There is in connection with the University, an Observatory, a Pharmaceutical School, a Cabinet of Natural History, an Anatomical Museum and a Library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

But why all this about the modern? We care not what there is now in Athens. We go

there to see something ancient. We care not what the language is. We have modern Greek of varied dialect in the class exercises in Greek composition; we have the work of modern architects too in the University of Halifax, built not of marble, but of material just as white and just as costly. Nor do we wish merely to see ruins, we have them all around us,—ruined enterprises, ruined health, ruined morals, ruined reputations, ruined prospects, and ere long we may see ruined Universities with nothing but paper columns standing to show to after ages the wisdom and skill of the builders who planned and erected such grand emprise. We care not for such. We want to see something real, something old, something that once had not merely a name but a local habitation. We wish to see the statues and stadiums, the temples where the "Unknown God" was worshipped, and the theatres where Grecian Garricks played, the Bema where Demosthenes stuttered and thundered, and more interesting still, the hill of Mars, for a greater than Demosthenes was there. Yes, yes, have patience and we will see them all. But the afternoon is well nigh spent. It is high time that you and I were back to our books. So—

We'll each take off our several way,  
Hoping to meet some other day.

E. S.

*Our Societies.*

KRITOSOPHIAN and Excelsior Societies were crowded together into class-room No. 2, on last Friday evening, for a combined assault upon the "live question:" "Should Theatres be patronized?" The speaking was more animated than usual. The affirmative party contended that the principle involved, the personation of character and representation of past acts and ages, is essentially sound,—that in pandering to popularity, there was an effective check in the feeling of humanity, which requires the triumph of virtue and truth,—that the stage had won a compliment from our most philosophical historian, Hallam, for its power well exerted during the English Reformation,—that it continues to be a great educator, especially of critical taste, and that while it rests the over-wrought, it also quickens the mental operations. The opposing phalanx distinguished between the general theory of the Drama and the practice of the modern Theatre,—maintained that the abuse exceeded the total benefit,—that the feelings were unduly agitated,—that quiet home retirement, health and morals were in danger of being sacrificed to a species of aesthetic intoxication. When at a late hour the chairman succeeded in repressing further discussion and put the question, the mind of the meeting, or at least the majority of hands, showed in favor of the "patronage."

*Personals.*

E. MOORE, M. D., C. M., who graduated at Dalhousie Medical College in '74 is now practicing in Salisbury and vicinity, Westmoreland Co., N. B. He has succeeded in "working up" a very good practice. He has proved himself a successful physician and skilful surgeon, and enjoys the high respect of the community, as he well deserves for his literary attainments, as well as for his medical knowledge.

ROBERT MCLELLAN, who, as many of our readers will remember, led the Freshman Class in '72, was made whole on New Year's day by taking to himself a wife. We wish him much happiness. He is a teacher in the Classical department of Pictou Academy, and we are happy to learn is more than ordinarily successful.

*Dallusiensia.*

A JUNIOR had studied the line for some time. Suddenly a light passed over his countenance, he looked up and said, "That's all, sir."

A FRESHMAN wishes to know how long after the event a lady can sue for breach of promise. We believe the best lawyers are agreed that no action can be taken after the promise is kept.

It is reported on good authority that two Freshmen were lately seen demonstrating a proposition with chalk upon a board fence on Cogswell Street. They were, as one of them once said about the Prof. of Rhetoric, much "devolved" in the subject.

THE student who went a coasting on the glaciis of the citadel on the little boy's sled, has been seen lately stitching diligently at his indescribables and singing:

Each pleasure has its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

A FRESHMAN says he delights in reciting that passage in Macbeth, "Not in the legions of horrid, &c., &c.," because it is so profane.

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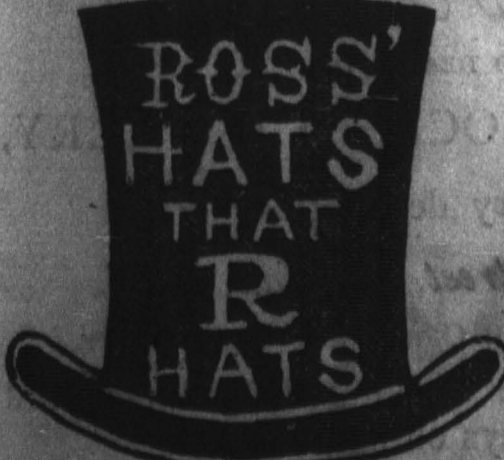
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