

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 11, 1879.

{ NEW No. 4.
{ WHOLE No. 110.

THE BELLES.

HEAR the *chatter* of the belles, youthful belles;
What a world of sentiment their shallowness impels.
How they fuss and mince and flirt,
Carrying vanquished hearts before them as the dirt;
How they chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, ever since the time of Eve,
While the traps that they are laying with the purpose to deceive
Fasten round their victims slowly,
Seize alike the high and lowly.
Yet the victim fully knows by his heart's quick palpitation
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet his better judgment tells him
How his prospect sinks or swells,
By the softness or the hardness
In the temper of the belles, belles, belles,
By the smiling or the frowning of the belles.

Hear the *chiming* of the belles, tempered belles;
What feelings of astonishment their unison compels.
How men shudder, shudder, shudder, as they listen to their tale;
For such union to the knowing is a source of terror pale,
To the knowing, who perceive
That a laughing belle deceives, as she weaves,
In her giddy naughty brain,
In her artful scheming brain,
Plans of pleasure and of pain,
Plans of pleasure to the schemer,
To the victim full of pain.

While the harmony that swells from the chiming of the belles,
Is an omen that foretells and that breeds discordant yells,
For the changing moon can never,
In the height of her endeavour,
Match the growing and dissolving,
And the tying and the solving,
And the lying thoughts revolving
In the bosoms of the belles.
For, to one thing constant never,
On the tongues do wag forever,
Of the belles so fondly clever,
Whether bright or cloudy weather,
Of the belles, of the belles, belles, belles,
Of the changing, moony, inharmonious belles.

Hear the *chiding* of the belles—broken belles,
Age has left his iron traces on the features of their faces;
Nor can paint, nor style, nor laces,
E'er restore their sometime graces
In this vale of bitter tears.

How they clatter, clatter, clatter, like a tray of broken dishes,
All unconscious of their discord, harbouring hopes as vain as
wishes,

Counting all their conquests over.
While the sexton in their belfries,
In their frizzled, grizzled belfries,
Only makes more horrid clangour
As he swings the bell in anger,
Which is ever a reminder
That the belles so wildly clanging
Are the cracked and broken belles;
That the belles so harshly jangling,
Are the rusty, musty, fusty worn out belles.

E. C.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

THE seasons circling move
And bring the new year round;
With peace, and faith, and love,
May it for all abound,
And as the angels said, "on earth good will,"
So let us onwards help each other, till
This year is past;
And pleasure then without alloy,
And ever beauteous, heartfelt joy,
Shall aid us to resolve again,
Another year with might and main,
To act as in the last.

Within Dalhousie's hall
The angels' words resound,
Then comrades, to the call
Let all our hearts rebound,
And beat in unison with God, and man,
While for each other, whatsoe'er we can,
We'll strive to do.
And ever making this our creed,
To help our comrade, in his need,
We'll satisfied, review the past,
And while this mortal span shall last,
Our work will aye renew.

This finite world of ours,
Has neared its end a year,
Use well the fleeting hours,
Press onward without fear:
Strive for a first class in this earthly strife,
Strive for a first place in the latter life—
Eternity:
With heart and purpose resolute,
The wiles of selfishness refute,
Live helpful to our brother's need,
And so attain the well earned meed,—
Lasting prosperity.

SILENUS.

1878—1879.

THE fortnight holidays, to which we, a few weeks ago, looked forward in such joyous expectation, are now among the things of the past, affording us pleasure only in the remembrance thereof, although leaving behind them footmarks, in the shape of the blessings of recruited health, re-enlivened vigour, renewed strength and good spirits in view of the remaining work of the session, which we well know will be much more arduous, and fraught with a far larger share of toil and anxiety than that of the last two months of Seventy-eight. Ere we again separate, three months and more of laborious study we must needs go through; the usual and, we may say, necessary amount of *cram* we must attend to, while yonder, looming up in the dark distance—a distance week by week and day by day growing less, we see those days of reckoning, *dies Aprilis, dies irae*, which our fond *Alma Mater* holds over our trembling heads, as an essential part of the discipline of her well-regulated household.

After enjoying some very pleasant days with our relatives and friends, mingling in the society of those dear to us, making up the number of many family gatherings and re-unions, whiling hours away in the agreeable evening pastimes, games and time-honored observances of old Father Christmas, invigorating our student frames with healthy, bracing out-door exercise and recreation, flying steelshod over the glassy surfaces of lake and pond, speeding over hill and dale accompanied by sleighbell and buffalo, or "in quiet but not less happy mood" enjoying long walks with companions and friends—after all this we have again responded obediently to the imperative call of our *Mater Carissima*, who with the weight of not a few years upon her brow, is still seated not on a *scarlet coloured beast* but on the Grand Parade, who verily on her broad forehead has a *name written* which affords *mystery* enough to many who pass by her way. Not much *purple and scarlet*, still less *gold, precious stones and pearls* do we find as forming any appreciable part of *her* apparel, although many who see her do *wonder with great admiration*. (?) The *beast* on which the woman sitteth, if not going into *perdition*, is approaching destruction as fast as the ravages of time, the neglect and carelessness of the unknown parties responsible for its well-being, and the utmost endeavours of boisterous juveniles, can hurry it. Our *Mater*

Dalhousie, loving although severe and strict, again receives back her children from the enjoyment and pleasure of the holiday, she has so kindly given them. She *has called her sons from afar*; but not *her daughters from the ends of the earth*, for in the possession of these she can not yet boast. Although now of advanced years, she still indulges a hope, faint it may be, of one day numbering such, as members of the family. True it is, that in an offshoot of her family they are to be found. She is thankful, but still prefers the name of *mother*, to the venerable but less endearing one of *grandmother*.

On this our return, she wishes us all the compliments of the season, and like every good and kind parent opens up her treasures of new year gifts, displaying not *gold, frankincense and myrrh*, but instead, (and she knows what is best for us) an unlimited supply of midnight oil, some emaciated frames, not a few sunken eyes, examinations in supplies unstinted, and,—this, we hope, only to very few—the dire punishment of "plucking," vulgarly so called, to those who show disregard for her authority, dispositions to idleness, or a manner of life and conduct unbecoming her sons.

At the opening of the session, we all looked forward with pleasure to these few days of rest from mental toil, and even to its close shall we often and again review them as they pass before our memory's eye. Wondrous institutions are Christmas and New Year's Day, and, to students especially, made still more welcome, and more the objects of anticipation, by the short season of relaxation by which they are always accompanied. In consideration of this, we are almost selfish enough to rejoice over the death of every good old year as it passes, our "friend of twelve months, true and tried," if indeed not to long for the time of its departure. What would the year be without this season of enjoyment, delightful meetings and festal gatherings? Friend meets friend; those whom "fortune makes to dwell in climes and regions far apart," assemble around a common board; joyful greetings are exchanged, old enmities and grudges are forsaken, and the spirit of the religion of Him, whose advent in the flesh this closing part of the year professes to commemorate, seems to exercise over the minds of men an influence greater than at any other time. Now especially does the angelic benediction "On earth peace and good will to men," form the motto that binds all, as one common brotherhood.

From Chambers' Encyclopædia, we obtain some information with regard to the institution and first observance of Christmas, which may not be uninteresting. Almost all our readers are doubtless familiar with the history and origin of this festal occasion, but still, it may not be judged out of place, if we very briefly notice a few facts in this connection. The institution of the festival is attributed by the Spurious Decretals to Telesphorus, who flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius (138–161 A. D.) but the first certain traces are found in the time of Commodus (180–192 A. D.) In the reign of Diocletian (284–305 A. D.) that ruler, while holding court at Nicomedia, heard that an assembly of Christians were celebrating the birthday of Jesus, and ordering all the doors of the building to be shut fast, he set fire to them, and every soul perished in the flames. There was little or no uniformity in the time of observing this festival among the early churches; some held it in the month of May or April, and some again in January. That the 25th of December, however, was *not* the day of Our Saviour's birth is certain, for the very height of the rainy season in Judea is at that time, and the shepherds could hardly have been on the plains watching their flocks by night. This day however, was not casually or arbitrarily chosen. One of the causes that cooperated in fixing upon the time of year, was the fact that almost all the heathen nations looked upon the winter solstice as the most important part of the year, the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, and of the gods who were originally the personifications of these. The Celts and Germans regarded this season with the greatest festivities, under the name of "Yule," a name by which Christmas is still popularly known. This "Yule" festival formed an essential part of their "nature" or "sun" worship. In the Edda the sun is called *fagrahvel* (shining wheel) and a remnant of his worship, under the image of a fire-wheel, survived in Europe as late as 1823. The old Norse *hvel*, A. S. *hveol*, have become the Icel. *hiol*, Swed. and Dan. *hjul*, Eng. *wheel*; but from the same root, seem to have sprung the old Norse *jol*, Swed. and Dan. *jul*, A. S. *geol*, Eng. *yule*, in which last as applied to the winter solstice, we see the conception of the sun as a wheel, or more likely, to his wheeling or turning back, at that time, in his path, in the heavens. Goth. *hvelia*, Eng. *while*, denote time as wheeling or returning. In the the greenery

with which houses at this time of year are decked, in the Christmas trees laden with gifts, we see the remains of the faith which our forefathers placed in the power of the returning sun to clothe the earth anew with green and hang new fruits on the trees, while in other of our observances at this season can be traced the memory of the offerings paid to Hulda or Berchta, the Northern Ceres, the goddess of fruitfulness, to whom they looked for new stores of grain. In the burning of the *yule-log*, we see a testimony to the use of fire in the old sun-worship—others have derived Christmas from the festivals of ancient Rome, held in the latter part of Dec., as the *Saturnalia*, the *Sigilaria*, or Nero's *Fuvenalia*. A striking parallel is found in the *Brumalia* or *Natalis Invicti*, when the sun, then at the winter solstice, was, as it were, born anew, even as Christ the Son of Righteousness then dawned upon the world.

New Year's Day has also been observed by all nations and in all ages, with either religious rites, festive rejoicings, or both. The Jews, Romans, Egyptians, Chinese, Mohammedans, although differing as to the time from which they reckoned the opening of the year, regarded this day with great interest. In Rome, the year anciently began with March, and when Numa, as we are told, transferred it to 1st of January, that day was made sacred to *Fanus Bifrons*, who was supposed to turn back on the old year, and forward on the new. After the introduction of Christianity, great variety prevailed both as to the time and manner of the celebration. Christmas Day, the Annunciation (March 25th) Easter Day, and March 1st, have all, at different times shared the honour with the First of January, which was not universally accepted as the New Year's Day, till late in the 16th century. The early Fathers forbade all festivities upon this day, and ordered instead, prayer and fasting, which command was but very partially obeyed. Nevertheless it was, to a great extent, observed as a day of prayer, and more so, when the year began with the first of January, as that day, the eighth after Christmas, was held in commemoration of our Lord's Circumcision. The social customs of New Year's Day appear to have been the same in all ages, for in the earliest records, we have notice of feasting, interchange of presents, &c. Suetonius alludes to the custom of bringing gifts to the capital, and Tacitus also mentions the custom. In England, so far down as the reign of Charles II., a part of

the wealth of the Court was regularly expended in this way. In the Roman Catholic Church, a *Te Deum* is still sung at the close of the old year, and in many of our Protestant churches, the out-going of the old and the incoming of the new year is "watched" for with a special service, very solemn and impressive in its nature. New Year's Day, in all civilized countries is kept as a holiday, a day of rejoicing and mutual congratulations.

The year 1878 has taken its place in the annals of the irrecoverable past, its days, weeks and months have gone from us for ever—of joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity, the ravages of disease, famine, fire and flood, disaster of almost every kind, commercial depression at home and abroad, it carries with it a tale fraught with fully as much interest and moment as in the case of any of its predecessors. Its history has been an eventful one—when 1878 made its appearance in the car of time, the Russo-Turkish war was still going on, the Shipka Pass still held out, and to many it seemed as if the Sultan would yet manage to defend himself successfully against, if not overpower, his formidable adversary. But the Muscovite tide could not be stemmed. It soon rolled up to Constantinople's very walls, and then the British iron-clads came upon the scene and prevented the Czar from breaking his pledged word. His troops did not enter Constantinople, and proclamations of peace were soon promised. Then came the famous Berlin Congress, crowning with laurels the head of Beaconsfield and enrolling the Island of Cyprus among British acquisitions. Germany, during the past year, has had her attention fully taken with her Socialists, the attempt on the Emperor's life, and general discontent and distress. Beyond humbling Nicaragua she took no active part, outside of internal politics. In France also a similar state of affairs prevailed. The Republic had to be strengthened, and other necessary work done. In Italy, we saw the death of a King and a Pope, and the succession to each, while Spain, after satisfying Cuba, witnessed the marriage of a King and the death of a Queen, a few months only elapsing between the two events.

For Canada, 1878 was not uneventful. We have seen the Conservatives reinstated in their old place in Dominion politics, while our Local petty governments have also been subjected to changes. We have seen Lord Dufferin's departure, and, as the one or two of our city's arches,

now shabby with age, still feebly testify, we have also seen the arrival of his successor, Lord Lorne, accompanied by his Marchioness, Princess Louise. This, at all events, marks 1878 in Canada's history, for years to come.

In the States, perhaps the most marked feature of the past year, was the Yellow Fever Plague of the Southern cities, and this brings up before our minds, the ravages of famine in China and India. In China, this scourge was rendered more terrible by the burning of the Three Thousand in Tientsin. Famine, cholera, and small-pox are even now doing their fatal work in Mexico.

At sea, 1878 has been full of catastrophies. The capsizing of H. M. S. *Eurydice*, the collision which sank the *Grosser Kurfurst*, and that, even more awful one, which gave the hundreds in the *Princess Alice* a watery grave, serve as instances. Only a short time ago, the steamer *Pomeranian* was cut down by a barque. Among notable deaths we have that of Pio Nono, Victor Emanuel, an English Princess Alice, and fair young Mercedes, a bride queen of Spain, Duchess of Argyle, Earl Russel, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Chelmsford, Cardinal Cullen, Gilfillan, George Cruikshank, while the death roll of America contains the names of Bryant, Henry, Taylor and Hodge. If assassins had had their way, Alfonzo of Spain, William of Germany and Humbert of Italy, would also swell the number.

The past year has been one of great financial depression. From Great Britain especially, we have heard news of dire distress. The failure of the Glasgow Bank has been followed by the ruin and downfall of many extensive business firms, of two other banks in Scotland, and of the important West of England Bank in Bristol.

Beginning with war, 1878 also ended with it. That now raging in Afghanistan was chiefly caused by the reckless conduct of Russian General Kauffman, whose promises to the Ameer proved as futile as they were boastful. Such are but a very few of the memorable events of the year just gone by.

Let us draw nearer home, and even in our little students history, we find something to interest. Changes have been wrought in our College and its workings, which are important. A Science course has been opened, which, together with our time-honoured one in the Arts, has already engaged the attention of some of our literary and scientific aspirants. For the more effective

carrying out of this idea, we have had the good fortune to secure the able services of Drs. Honeyman and Bayne, even as '77 added to our faculty, Dr. Mackenzie, whose scholarly attainments and teaching ability have already manifested themselves plainly to all. The external appearance of our College is as of yore, but inside, great improvements have been effected. Our old dissecting room, so long an object of dread and awe to poor Freshie and wiser Soph has been transformed into Chemical Laboratories, while Dr. Mackenzie's class room has been re-seated and fitted up, and is now much more comfortable and commodious than before. Large additions have been made to our Chemical and Physical apparatus.

In the outside appearance and surroundings of our ancient looking pile, no changes are to be noted. The Grand Parade is as picturesque as ever, the trees which adorn and shade the walks are still coming on famously, although for a time divested of their foliage. Our flower beds and grassy lawns are of course covered with snow and ice, but next spring will restore them to our view in their pristine beauty and verdure. The well-built fence, displaying all the elegancies of modern architecture, contends with the snow which surrounds it, for the palm of whiteness. It has not been newly painted for many years, but so well was the operation then performed, that this was thought unnecessary. The juveniles who throng the streets are not allowed near our sacred precincts, and so cannot injure anything within. A large sum of money has been left by a well disposed and charitable lady, whose name is since dear to Dalhousie's sons, for the worthy purpose of keeping the Parade in thorough yearly repair, which money is year by year wisely put to use. Our Parade especially is a credit to the city, is noted for its beautiful appearance and forms one of the chief places of interest to all who visit the metropolis.

Our sister institution on Pine Hill (if we may dare to call her "sister") will also receive our sincere new year congratulations. Surrounded as she is by all that can please the eye, favoured with a home in a most lovely spot, we wish her "God speed"—may her course, re-opened under such favourable auspices, be run with success and the highest credit to herself and her sons.

To all our students we wish the happiest of happy New Years. The Session has again opened; we are again rushing on after our short

rest; before Convocation Day and the Ides of April we see mountains of study and toil and anxiety that must be climbed. Let us brace up for the campaign. Do not be cast down and discouraged by apparent difficulties. Do your best and all such will grow smaller and smaller. Place your shoulders to the wheel. With Divine blessing and assistance, which are freely promised to all who ask, and without which no real measure of success can be attained, let us go on our way. The results of our labours may fall far short of what we would desire, but with this we have nothing at present to do. Every man is expected "to do his duty." Let each of us find what this is, and act accordingly. In conclusion, to Professors, Graduates, Students past and present, to all our friends and well-wishers, we most heartily extend all the compliments of the season. L.

A DARK cloud has enveloped the household of our beloved Queen. A daughter of the Royal Family, a princess renowned for all those qualities which go to make up a beautiful character, has been summoned from earth to another world. The visits of death must ever leave sadness as they come, and more than an ordinary grief will be felt when those visits are directed to the homes of those who, both by their high position and wide-spread influence, have found a place of trust in a nation's affections.

WHILE the various Canadian Colleges have had *Argosies* and *Journals* and *Gazettes* to represent their views, King's has until lately been without a regularly published paper. This want has been supplied by the institution of the *King's College Record*, the first issue of which appeared on the first day of this month. Though small, the *Record* is very pleasing to the eye, being tastefully printed on tinted paper, and bearing under the title the seal of King's College, surmounted by the Royal Crown. The contents are equally pleasing. We are dubious about the authorship of this new contribution to periodical literature. We have looked in vain for an advertisement of its editors. The prospectus only intimates that the publication will be monthly throughout the year. Does the *Record* belong to the students or to the college?

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 11, 1879.

EDITORS.

C. S. CAMERON, '79. A. E. THOMSON, '80.
R. R. J. EMMERSON, '79. J. F. DUSTAN.
E. CROWELL, '80, *Pi. Secretary.*

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ONCE more we meet again, and with conflicting emotions look back upon the past fortnight, which has slipped by, as though in a dream—our joy in the recollection of its pleasures, being tempered with the regret that they must now be reckoned among the things of the past. For we can expect to have but few of these pleasures during the remainder of the term; we must now devote our minds earnestly to the work which lies before us. During our holidays, we have had a breathing space in which to recruit both mind and body, in preparation for the coming struggle, and it is with renewed energy, that we once again take up our burdens. And we have need of it, for now comes the “tug of war.” A mountain of work looms up before us, but *not* in the distance. That which we have previously experienced, compared to this, was mere child's-play, a foretaste of joys to come. But though a difficult, it is not an impossible task to overtake the amount of study, if we do but set about it the right way.

Perhaps here it would not be out of place, to give a word of advice, especially to those who

have entered college for the first time this year. We would say, keep the work well in hand, and do not trust to make up in the future for the idleness of to-day. Work will accumulate very rapidly if left for any length of time, and nothing is so disheartening, as to nominally review that which has been previously untouched, or merely glanced over. Keep constantly reviewing, and do not trust too much to memory. It is but a treacherous support, which is apt to give way at the time of your greatest need.

But while we earnestly insist upon the necessity of work, we would with equal earnestness advise, that a fund of energy be kept in reserve, on which to depend in the spring. It is too soon yet to begin burning the traditional midnight oil, amid its equally suggestive surroundings, wet towels and green tea. Three months have yet to pass, and it is only those of a very strong constitution, who can for this period endure the terrible strain upon mind and body of late hours and unremitting study, and its effects upon them even, will, in nine cases out of ten, become evident in after life. No, let us bottle up some of our *vim* in anticipation of the week or fortnight of cram at the end of the term, when we shall need all we have, perhaps a little more. For cramming, though considered by many an evil, is certainly an unavoidable one, in the present system of competitive examinations; in a student's career, not a little depends upon it. It is vain to hope to stand among the first in the pass list, without undergoing a certain (and by no means a small) amount of cramming; and perhaps this is not unjustly so, since the very fact of being able to endure the extra mental exertion, is evidence of a vigorous mind, which can make use of the training which it has previously received.

Then avoiding the one, as well as the other extreme, let us remember the trite but well-proven saying:

In mediis tutissimus ibis,

and direct our various courses, to the best of our ability, and should there be any want of skill,

making up by our prudence. Then without incurring the charge of over-weening confidence, we may calmly and hopefully look forward to the future, in nowise dreading what it may bring forth.

NO TIME. This is the excuse which students love to give in palliation of habitual neglect of society meetings, debates, and all literary exercises outside the actual necessities of class work. And judging from the slim patronage accorded the Excelsior, and the utter collapse of the Kritosophian, there must be among the classes of this session an intense desire to economize time and delight the hearts of the Professors by placing the sessional average away up in the nineties. ‘Grind’ seems to have been selected by the majority as motto and watchword. This appears to us a perfect exemplification of penny-wise-pound-foolish, save-at-the-spigot-spend-at-the-bunghole policy. Would we had the inspiration of our orator-friend Paulus! What a list of noble pleaders, preachers and parliamentarians could we then give, whose first lessons were learned in college debating societies.

Now, fellow-students, as the year begins, let us rally round our Friday evening meetings, and if we cannot muster force enough to keep two societies in healthy working order, let us unite our energies and have one, and that vigorous enough to amply repay those who attend its meetings, for the time they spend in its exercises and preparing for them. Let us save ourselves and our College the disgrace of allowing the literary societies to die of neglect, those societies in which many a student has spoken his maiden speech, who now, as barrister or minister, has the ear of courts and congregations, which have taught many a timid orator the lesson of self-confidence, which are bound to us by many pleasant associations.

WE regret to hear that W. T. Kennedy is again ill and unable to take charge of his school. Mr. D. Thompson in the mean time supplies his place.

ON TUESDAY, 7th inst., the new High School building was opened with appropriate ceremonies. A full description of the building and the inauguration has already appeared in the daily press; a repetition in our columns is unnecessary.

We heartily congratulate the educational authorities of Halifax upon the completion of this splendid and commodious edifice. Its imposing presence is an evidence that the citizens do not intend to neglect the education of their sons. But what of their daughters? Following the example of His Honor the Chief Justice, we would direct the attention of the friends of education to the fact that in Nova Scotia there is no institution devoted to higher or medium female education. Let Haligonians and Nova Scotians make this their next task, to provide a seminary for young ladies.

LAST year the whole scientific world was ablaze with excitement over the newly discovered fact that oxygen and hydrogen could be made to assume other than the gaseous form. But now, *mirabile dictu*, we are asked to disregard all our hard-won knowledge of chemistry, and believe that all elementary bodies recognized by chemists, are neither more nor less than hydrogen at various degrees of condensation. Mr. Norman Lockyer proposes the theory, and claims that he has abundant proofs to maintain it. He has been led to this wonderful conclusion by the results of a series of investigations into the nature of the spectra of the sun and other celestial bodies. According to Mr. Lockyer, the stars which are hottest contain either pure hydrogen or the most elementary bodies. The sun, which is only of medium heat, consists of a mixture of various elements, while the colder celestial bodies show the most complex compounds.

STRANGE that from coal-tar—that dirtiest, blackest, stickiest filth—chemists should be able to extract substances that are used to give to finest silk and woollen fabrics, the most beautiful and delicate tints. Nearly twenty-four years ago an experimenter, who was trying to derive quinine from aniline, accidentally produced a beautiful purple dye which he called mauve. This was the first of the aniline dyes, of which we now have so many, violet, magenta,

blue, green, orange, scarlet, &c. Another and extremely beautiful one has been added to the list. This most recently discovered, and perhaps most remarkable, of all the coal-tar group of dyes, has been called uranine. It is highly fluorescent and its coloring power is astonishing; a single grain will give a decided tinge to nearly five hundred gallons of water.

WE have before us the Catalogue for 1878-79 of the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York. This institution, founded in 1836, is open to students from every denomination of Christians, though its Directors and Professors are members of the Presbyterian Church. It has seven fully endowed chairs, three lectureships and two fellowships, and numbers on its staff such men as Drs. Adams, Schaff and Storrs. The Library contains 35,000 volumes and 34,000 pamphlets, including many rare and curious books and manuscripts, over 1200 numbers of Reformation Literature in original editions, 200 editions of the Vulgate and of early German Bibles (the earliest being 1470.) Dalhousie is represented among its students by Louis H. Jordan, B. A.—Dufferin Gold Medalist, '75.

We have also received the Catalogue of the College of New Jersey for this, its hundred and thirty-second year. This University, which, as every one knows, is located at Princeton, has an instructing staff of thirty-one professors, assistants, lecturers and tutors, and over all the great Dr. McCosh. The college supports ten Fellows, who are pursuing special branches of study either at home or in the foremost Universities of Europe. The total number of students enrolled this session lacks but five of five hundred, and includes among those taking post-graduate courses, four of our Alumni: John W. McLeod, B. A., '75 ("St. Andrew's" Prizeman, '73 and '74, "Melborne" Prizeman, '75, "Graduates" Prizeman, '76), who studies Physics; F. W. Archibald, B. A., '77 ("Young" Elocutionist, '74.) Early English; J. L. George, B. A., '78 (Professors' scholar, '74, "Dufferin" Gold Medalist, '78) President's Lectures on Contemporary Philosophy—John A. Cairns, B. A., '78, Physics. These gentlemen it will be remembered are students in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Princeton.

The pamphlets above referred to are to be found on the Reading Room table.

HOMER.

"Long trails of light descending down."—DRYDEN.

Methinks he was a lad of five feet ten,
With ebon locks, and budding whiskers mild.
Ah me! I'd have him not so wicked quite,
Nevertheless the Muses round his neck
Have tied their ticket; so we'll humour him.
His glory shines not on the horrid Ides,
But rather shines on every common day;
How merrily he tunes his smoky lyre,
Lifting in air the fair Kafoozulum,
Kafoozulum the daughter of the Turk,
That horrid Muslim beast out in the East—
But here comes Homer smiling from a cloud,
In smokiest smoke smoking a smokier smoke,
Waiting with dignified expectancy.

S. J. M.

ADVERSITY.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity"—is a quotation, perhaps better known and more made use of than any of the vast number from Shakespeare. But it is doubtful, whether the truth of this has been fully proved, rather perhaps, it has been taken for granted, on the principle that—to change slightly the common maxim—"Shakespeare can say no wrong." That the "uses of adversity" are "sweet," sounds at first very plausible, and taken in a vague, general way, seems to bear the impress of a certain amount of truth. Poetry has breathed upon the dry bones, and made of them a form beautiful, though imaginary; but when the glamour with which the poet invests it, is stripped off, only a skeleton remains, which will be to us a skeleton always. Regarding adversity without reference to its material effects upon man, but rather to those upon his moral character, we cannot help thinking, that, as a rule, it is far more hurtful than beneficial. In novels and fairy tales, indeed, it is a useful episode in the life of the hero, which enables him, after he has successfully passed its ordeals, to acquire a reputation for energy, perseverance and whatever other mental quality the author has not already endowed him with. But his reverses are of a very mild character, compared to those which we meet with in real life, and he has always a most happy faculty of falling on his feet. An example of adversity in Romance, is the deserted island, which the castaway finds a perfect Eden, where all the necessaries, and a good many of

the luxuries of life are produced. To supply the remaining few, Providence kindly sends a shipwreck, even though the lives of a dozen or so of men are lost by it. Even in these cases, adversity, such as it is, continues but a short time; its clouds are soon dispelled by the sun of prosperity which shines with renewed splendour. How different it is in real life, when we seek after prosperity, which alas, too often comes not at all, or too late for us to enjoy it.

One of the chief uses of adversity, it is said, is that it enables us to test true friendships; but it is doubtful whether it is a fair standard to judge by, for we but too often, subject our friends, by our querulousness and over-sensitiveness, to trials which they cannot submit to. Many who have perhaps rendered us benefits and would gladly continue to do so, are repelled by our ill-temper and ingratitude, and drop off, one by one, disliking not us but our tempers, and we call them fair weather friends, unworthy of our esteem. Again, we become so over sensitive, that we are continually changing mole-hills into mountains. In some little acts of forgetfulness, may be of neglect, we see a studied insult, and should we not be treated with every ceremonious attention, we consider the omission due to our change of circumstances. We are continually on our guard against being patronized, which in every kindness shown us we see threatened. A favour, which but a short time ago, we should not have hesitated to make use of, becomes now oppressive, and we refuse to benefit by it, lest we be borne down by a weight of obligation. But, supposing adversity to be a true test of friendship, are we sure that this magic touchstone is applied with advantage to ourselves, which only shows us how much alloy there is in proportion to the pure gold? That we find only few real friends, is but an additional source of unhappiness. While we pursued our course, aided by the favouring breezes of fortune, we deemed all those friends who shaped their courses by ours, and followed us closely, even at the risk of having the wind taken out of their sails. But this is all changed, now that we are buffeting with the waves of misfortune, we see them putting about for calmer regions, disregarding all signals of distress which we may make to them, and we are left with the miserable certainty that we are friendless. We were surely happier in the first case, in our belief, ill-founded though it may have been, than in our dearly-bought knowledge, in the second place.

Such is some of the necessary fruit of adversity, bitter to us, and too often so to our friends. Let us then think of them as necessary, and judge accordingly; for we cannot gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles; we cannot expect the apple, nipped by the cold blasts of adversity, to have the same flavour and sweetness, as that ripened by the genial rays of good fortune. In passing judgment upon the shrivelled fruit, let us temper justice with mercy, remembering the extenuating circumstances. The continual worry, the perpetual struggle to keep one's head above water, a task which grows harder day by day, is a terrible strain upon mind and body, which must in time tell upon them. One seems to become a focus where all the rays of irritation meet,—the well-intended condolence of friends, the ill-concealed satisfaction of enemies, and the complacent way in which the "I told you so's" speak of his misfortune, leaves wounds on the already lacerated spirit, which quivers at the slightest touch, however gently and kindly meant. Thus it is, that, unless we are as buoyant as Wilkins Micawber—and even he had his moments of despondency—we lose all hope in what the future may bring forth, and become a prey to despair and ill-temper. We cease struggling, and submit ourselves to the hands of fate, yet cling to our position in society, and finally sink into those most wretched of human creatures, "those who have seen better days."

But it is argued, "men of higher intelligence do not sink, but rise superior to their troubles, which merely serve the purpose of more fully developing the character, and teaching self-reliance." This cannot be denied; but we are now speaking of adversity, with regard to its effects upon the average man, who is by no means of "high intellect," and because it is beneficial in one particular instance, we have by no means authority for generalizing that it is always so. When men of powerful intellect "come to grief," they soon work back to their original position; but we must not attribute to adversity, the vigour which they display, which though perhaps developed by misfortune, lies wholly in themselves. While we follow their ever upward flight, we must not lose sight of their weaker, but yet more numerous brethren, whose flight is ever checked by the bonds of adversity, which can not be broken until death comes to their relief, death, the sovereign remedy for all earthly troubles.

A. E. T.

A LOOSE SCREW.

IN this republican age, perhaps no more useful art can be cultivated, than the art of public speaking. We are not sheltered by any profession or pursuit from the danger of being called upon to make a speech. Every man now a-days is a politician, and as such often finds it useful, if not absolutely necessary, to raise his voice in the exposition of his views. Then again, religious gatherings of all descriptions require their orators. Further—clubs and associations must be conducted, and for the conducting of these harangues are needed. Now if this is a fact, as is now beginning to be universally acknowledged, training fills an important place in the education of every speaker, what is the duty of each man who desires to hold a prominent position among men? It is easily seen that the question supplies the answer: Train.

With no other exercise do we deal so unfairly as with this. It would seem the height of folly, for one who had not served an apprenticeship to undertake the construction of a vessel, a house, or an engine. And yet, to build any of these, is a much simpler undertaking, than to frame what deserves the name of a speech. When we hear of the laborious, untiring practice, by which such men as Sheridan, Curran, Brougham, and Burke, climbed to their lofty position as orators, we cease to be surprised at the contemptible figure those, otherwise respectable, so often make of themselves, when they rise to address an assembly. Far it is from our intention to throw a slur on the study of classics and mathematics, when we say, that the highest utility of this study, should be to help the learner, with elegance and precision, to put forth his ideas. We blush for a man who, boasting of College honours, violates the plain English idiom, and displays his practical ignorance of the sample rules of Rhetoric in every sentence.

That there is a lack, in this important branch of culture cannot be denied. In studying the history of Greece, one is struck with the attention given to the training of young men for public speaking, and by looking at the course of instruction now pursued, he is equally struck at the lack of such training. Now where lies the cause? Surely not that oratory is considered a superfluous ornament to-day. It cannot be that educationalists are blind to the want before them, or do not believe that there is a want. We think it may be explained by the fact, that during the

history of modern culture, the supposition has passed almost current, that some men are born orators, as ducks are born swimmers. We do not deny that this is to some little extent true. We cannot deny, that few of our present-day splutterers could be drilled into Sheridans, but yet we claim that many of them by a careful course of training, might have been rescued from becoming laughing stocks. And farther we hold, that, be a man's natural gift what it may, diamond like, it can only be brought to perfect clearness by polishing. This is a subject worthy of attention, and never until it receive attention can we hope to replace the frothy harangues of to-day, with those mighty, those soul stirring orations, whose echo borne to our ear on the tides of history, give but a faint whisper of the grandeur of their lost reality.

J. F. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—Having spent some leisure hours in considering how I could best fulfil the promise made in my last, the whole subject of writing for the press was vividly brought before my mind. The collegian in his efforts to enlighten "the many," is in a somewhat trying position. He is not impelled by the *animus* which leads the newspaper man to deliver himself of slashing red-hot articles. He is supposed to be highly judicial in character. True, as he is a mere boy in years, with all a boy's love of enjoyment, his pen seems surrounded by a spirit of joviality that entrances the reader. He sees the romance of college life, even when the more sober-minded hardly suppose it to exist. Let us picture his feelings as he goes about the work of composing. His choice of a subject involves difficulty. Subject after subject comes to his mind, but one after another is rejected. At last, he satisfies himself. One river has been crossed, now for the work of thought. He finds a poverty of ideas to which he hardly looked forward. He must read up on the subject, and so he goes to work with tolerable success. The work of writing ensues. In despair, he begins to believe that he was never "cut out" for an essayist. However, the task is completed, and in due time the readers are aware of a new star in the literary firmament. Pope says:—

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

There are a few principles which will guide us aright if we are but willing to follow them in

their practical working. The necessity of well-arranged thought precedes everything else. "Order is Heaven's first law." A man who has mental pigeon-holes properly marked and numbered, need not fear to give expression to his sentiments. Just as well-disciplined soldiers answer the call to arms, will he be prepared for an emergency. *Extempore* speaking requires such a habit of mind. Those whom the world calls its great *extempore* speakers, are men of great analytic power and well arranged information. "The principle and source of good writing is to think rightly." When Milton had lost his eyesight, his great regret was that nature's book was closed to him. In our day the multiplicity of books favourable in many respects, seem to have one drawback. Thought is enfeebled by reliance on the aid of books, where we ought to be independent of such helps to a very great extent. A walking-stick does not argue up to a crutch. We need to interpret that great unwritten book, from which can be derived stores of information and illustration. The perusal of the authors of a language opens up to us this great secret. They have touched and adorned the commonest objects of nature. What unthinking men have passed by as pebbles, their minds have invested with the lustre of jewels. "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." The book of man is a study that no one can afford to despise. The study of nature is the great auxiliary of the latter. The more we study nature, the more terse will our language become. In our own literature, it has been statistically proven that the Anglo-Saxon element of our mother tongue outnumbers the Græco-Latin. Let us relegate "long-tailed words in -osity and -ation" to the hands of the philosopher and scientist, to whom they properly belong, and drinking at the "well of English undefiled," avoid the intoxication which seems to possess those "who would make the little fishes talk like whales."

Fraternally yours,

PAULUS.

Princeton, N. J., Dec. 26th, 1878.

EXCHANGES.

IN No. 3 of the *Archangel*, the errors which we had occasion to mention in a previous issue, are as numerous as ever, but sink into insignificance, in comparison with the great fault in style

which we observe. In one or two articles we have a vein of abuse and vulgar criticism, which, fortunately, we but rarely meet with and then only, as in the present instance, when well-deserved criticism is met with ill-disguised spleen, clothed in language as ungrammatical as foul. When logic fails, the *Archangel* hurls a list of epithets at its opponents, as amusing for their disconnectedness, as revolting for their vulgarity.

From such an exhibition, we turn with pleasure to the *Brunonian*, which as usual, is as near perfection as possible. With such a number of good articles to choose from, we scarcely know which to select, but we cannot pass over "Appreciation and Growth," without congratulating the author upon his boldness and success in advocating his views. But, Messrs. Editors, *us*—thinks your personals are very few!

We are glad to be able to congratulate Acadia upon its Phoenix-like rise from its ashes, after the conflagration, whose anniversary they have been lately celebrating. We can not however, with equal justice, congratulate the *Atheneum* upon its ode in commemoration. Everything, even sense, seems to have been sacrificed, for the sake of sound. For instance, we are at loss to decipher the meaning of the following:

"The long-loved walls, the pillars, stately showing
Crumbled beneath the fingers of the flame
At morning break, when pale the east was glowing—
Her ashes, and her memory, and her fame."

We must also disclaim all knowledge of "subjective walls." The Locals and Personals, in this number, are both numerous and interesting.

In the December number of the *College Olio*, among other things which attract our attention, is the truth of the remarks in the editorial, which describes the effect of college life in "doing away with peculiarities, often very undesirable, which a man may have at entering." The opening paragraph in the exchange column, will also recommend itself to those who aim at impartial and careful criticism. In the Locals, we have four columns of matter, which is interesting even to outsiders.

It is with great pleasure, that we read in *Queen's College Journal*, the Inaugural Address delivered by Prof. Dupuis, lately elected President of the *Alma Mater* Society, on his taking the chair for the first time. Like Nova Scotia, Ontario is apparently troubled with too many Colleges with degree-conferring powers.

Has our McGill namesake given up the ghost? We have seen but one copy this year.

We have also received late numbers of the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal*, *Canadian Spectator*, *Canada Gazette*, *Eastern Chronicle*, *Pictou Standard*, *Yarmouth Herald*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Evening Reporter*, *Wesleyan*, and *Presbyterian Witness*.

PERSONALS.

'77. HE has gone and done it! The rumors were not without foundation. On Christmas evening, at the residence of the bride's father, and by Rev. W. Donald, of Prince Street Church, HOWARD H. HAMILTON was united in wedlock, with Georgie, youngest daughter of James Stalker, Esq., of Pictou. The ceremony was conducted in the quietest manner, the guests being almost exclusively members of the two families so happily united. The young couple have decided to cultivate love in a cottage on the Battery Hill in their native town. The GAZETTE unites heartily in the wishes of their friends, that they may enjoy many a merry Christmas.

JAMES MCKENZIE, B.A., has taken charge of a school in or near St. John, N. B.

HUGH R. GRANT, a Freshman '77-'78, teaches the second department of the public school at Stellarton, his home.

A short time ago, two young men who were once disciples at Dalhousie, returned from the motherland, where they had been studying for some years. JOHN STEWART, M.B., C.M., Edin., (whose brother J. McG. Stewart, B.A. '76, was Dufferin Medallist and one of the staff of the GAZETTE) for some time resident in London in the capacity of assistant to the famous surgeon Lister, at King's College Hospital, will probably begin the practice of his profession in the town of Pictou. His companion, Robert J. Blanchard, also an Edinburgh graduate, is a brother of C. W. Blanchard of the present Sophomore class. After taking his degree he held positions on the staff of the Craiglockhart Hospital, Edinburgh, and of the Stirling Infirmary. We believe that he also is to join the ranks of the medical profession in his native province. We trust that after so many years spent in untiring preparation, these young men may have abundant success as healers of men.

JOHN T. ROSS, referred to in our last issue, has hinted at an action for libel, defamation of character, and consequent damages. We hasten to make explanation, and thereby avoid entanglement in the meshes of the legal net. We understand Mr. Ross' political opinions are somewhat different from those which influence the Secretary of the Liberal-Conservative Association, in fact that he is a Grit, and Secretary of the Liberal or Reform Association.

WE are often assured by old students that no part of the GAZETTE has more interest for them than the personal items. Knowing this we are anxious to make this column as full as possible, and ask all to give what information they can in regard to the locus and occupation of Alumni.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

MDCCCLXXIX.

A HAPPY New Year!

AND now the Freshie's sleep is disturbed by visions of mutilated turkeys, indigestible plum puddings, and fairy faces.

WE have heard on good authority (?) that *one* Soph. has not succumbed to the "complaints of the season." *Perge!*

WE have been reasoning during the holidays. Result: the reason that the Haligonian Conscript Fathers exhibit such dilatoriness in coming to a decision *in re* "Grand Parade," is that they have no place whereon to lay their—superfluous filth and waterpipe.

CONFIDING student to Prof.: "Is card playing allowable, Sir?" Prof.: "Certainly, you will have to play your cards well before you *pass*." Whereupon the confiding one subsides.

EVEN staid Theologs can have their little joke. Quoth a prospective reverend the other day to his room-mate. "I will be a *full-fledged* minister next spring." "Yes," replied his companion laconically, "if you're not *plucked*."

THE Prof. was in his chair,
The Freshies thronged the room,
And many a brow was witnessed there,
Beclouded o'er with gloom.
Slyly a student came,
Quietly he sat him down,
But a voice fell like a thunder-clap,
"Now sir! where is your gown?"

THE Prof. of Chemistry lapsed into an imitation of "the House that Jack built," the other morning, thusly:—

This is the soil that the farmer cultivates.
This is the Alumina in the soil that the farmer cultivates.
This is the Lime that displaces the Alumina in the soil, &c.
This is the Soda, that displaces the Lime, that displaces the Alumina in the soil, &c.
This is the Potass, that displaces the Soda, that displaces the Lime, that displaces the Alumina in the soil, &c.
This is the Ammonia, that displaces the Potass, that displaces the Soda, that displaces the Lime, that displaces the Alumina, which is in the soil that the farmer cultivates.

PROF. to student: "What are the bases of Thomas Bradwarden's theory?" *Sandy* gives the theory, and then asks whether the views of the Archbishop of Canterbury were not identical with Bradwarden's, whereupon the class laughs. *Quid riserunt?* Simply because Bradwarden was Archbishop of Canterbury himself.

PROF. in Ethics (to Dub.): "Does this coincide with the views of Aquinas or differ from them?" Dub. (rather hazily): No!

THE student with the *weak constitution* is back again, and feels now very *hale*.

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