

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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## THE KNIGHT OF THE MOST HONOUR- ABLE, ILLUSTRIOUS, AND ROMAN- TIC ORDER OF THE SUGAR-BOWL AND PRESERVE-DISH.

As expletives to characterize the juicy sweetness of my subject, I may mention "Strawberries and Cream," "Beef and Pudding," "Honey, Meat Pie, Apple Ditto." In our last, we had occasion to mention the combats of the Knights of the Willow, of which Mac and Johannes could singly, severally, and individually say "*ejus pars magna fui*" Johannes, who, like one of the Achaean heroes was "valiant and great; over-topping the junior Academicians by his head and broad shoulders" was well to the fore. General Pennefather could not have led his battalions against Russian artillery vomiting forth fiery death with more intrepidity than did Mr. Field-Captain G. of the A. Academy C. C. incite his enthusiastic followers with glorious endeavours to stay the tide of victory. He made the best score of the day, and was congratulated upon his batting by the S. Field-Captain. An inspection of the bowling analysis shews that in it also he stood *primus inter pares*. His departure was a source of grief to the "C. Boys"; and when a match was proposed sometime afterwards by the S. men, it was declined by the sorrow-stricken A.'s. Mac was one of the very best batsmen in the team; but, although he exhibited some nice play, did not come off well. *In re* bowling, he did finely, being neck and neck with his bosom-friend Johannes.

It would hardly be within the scope of a short paper even to refer to, much less to describe, the many interesting circumstances connected with the social and family life of A. During winter season, the Literary Club provided a rich treat in the shape of lectures, which were well patronized. This served, as it is wont to do in all localities, as a means towards the better promotion of social intercourse between the young

ladies and gentlemen of that thriving county capital. Temperance societies were unfailing *springs* of comfort and courtship. No less than 5 or 6 individuals put forth crafty efforts to entrap our hero; but he successfully resisted the combinations and machinations of all and sundry. The following scene was enacted in the Academy play-ground: Miss D. and Miss F. approached Mr. G. Miss D. "Mr. G., allow me to introduce Miss F., etc." The question was popped "whether Mr. G. would unite himself for weal or woe, joy or sorrow, better or worse, with La Planche Temple, No. 127, Independent Order of Sons of Temperance." He declined, anticipating the life of a bachelor hermit. Mac did better, as did also Mr. G. H. Alboin, to whom I shall allude further on. There was something singular (here I must again refer to the Debating Society) in the order in which our hero named the lady part of the Committee for the arranging of the literary and musical entertainments given by the Club. We are inclined to think he was enchained in "love's young dream." There was something pleasant about those Committee meetings. I may say, that pretty young ladies were allowed to express themselves freely. As a result, lasting impressions were made.

Horace Greely wrote "What I know about Farming." Josh Billings said he had not read the book, but had no hesitation in pronouncing it to be *bully*. Were I to write a novel entitled "The Boys and Girls of A," no one could refuse to call it *tip-top*.

The chief features of the Literary entertainments by the Society were "This Canada of ours," essay by C. R. S., capital dissertation on "Perseverance" by Mac, and "Thoughts on the French Revolution of 1789," and "Manufactures" by Johannes, as well as an opening address by the latter on "The Development of National Spirit in Canada." The young ladies distinguished themselves by the excellence of their readings which formed not the least instructive and pleasing part of the programme.

Allow me to mention a notable episode known as the "Breaking of the Organ." This is a *most melancholy reminiscence*. Mac, assisted by one F. B. R. was getting an organ borrowed from La Planche Temple, on a sled, when F. B. R. slipped, and the organ fell, and great was the fall thereof.

Mr. G. L. Gravis soon after received a note from plaintiff's attorney filing a plea for \$1.00 damages, which he set about collecting as quickly as he knew how. By dint of coaxing, he screwed the required amount out of the members of the society, which had ceased operations during summer. I have hastened on, and merely touched on some of the salient points of the narrative, which haste, to my deep regret, is necessary from constraining surroundings. The curtain must now drop on A. and all the actors save Johannes and Alboin.

*Scene.* Town of Plato. Battered building. Room with museum. Gas lit. Our hero had heard much of the Platonic Academy, its Debating Society and Cricket Club. Accordingly he expected a large turn-out at D. S. Was much disappointed at seeing only 7 or 8. Present of the Platonic Academicians, Jacobus Brickly, Jean Broomy, Jakob Käse (Eng. Cheese) Gulielmus Butter *et alii indigni qui nominentur*. Much difficulty in getting President. Johannes made Secretary, Käse Treasurer. On the next evening, however, it was thought best to raise Johannes from the Secretaryship to the Presidency. Jean U. Broomy filled the vacant office. On this evening our young friend had occupied the position of opener to the entire satisfaction of Jacobus Brickly, Critic. He was at once in the confidence of the Platonists.

A few nights after,

"Dogged War bristled his angry front,  
And snarled in the gentle eyes of Peace."

Käse was *orating*, when one Rerac, encouraged by Jean, affixed an article of the pyrotechnic order to the nether integuments of the said Käse against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity. Said instrument, vulgarly known as a fire-cracker, was set off, and acted its part with violence to the immense perturbation of Käse. Johannes administered a scathing rebuke to the delinquents, and put his head down on the President's table, for what purpose we will leave it to be inferred. For several evenings, there was something of

this; but the violators of decency had, ere long, to make tracks for other fields and pastures green.

"Our darling" became more and more popular. Before Christmas, a "grand bust" was given, consisting of a capital debate, recitations, dialogues, etc. The American Consul, a man of culture and learning, graced the occasion with his presence, and moved a vote of thanks to the P. A. D. S., to which Mr. Gravis responded in a way that made his brethren feel proud of him. Our friend Brickly superintended the dramatic department, and the manner in which he "ran" the dialogues reflected credit on him. A screen was formed by means of the American flag (kindly lent by the Consul) draped with its noble rival, the Union Jack. The actors did not smear their faces with wine-lees, as in the ancient and earliest comedy, but gentlemen of colour were not wanting to lend their charms of figure, intellect and fancy, to the great delight of the spectators.

At this gathering, and one following, the outlines of which have faded from memory's page, great discomfort and disorder were caused by the admission of certain small boys and girls, who behaved very rudely and prevented the well-disposed auditors from enjoying the programme. Johannes and his confreres resolved to put a stop to this annoyance, and various plans were suggested. At last, it was determined to admit by ticket only. J. Käse and Fitzjames were authorized to invest in tickets to the number of 60, at an adjacent job-printing establishment. They were to be inscribed as follows:

Platonic Debating Society,  
Admit one.

They were pretty equally distributed among the members of the Society.

The hearts of the young ladies were all in a flutter. The work of distribution was exciting. Johannes was moving about as if he did not know whether his head or heels were uppermost. On a Friday afternoon, near the last of April, 1874, a vigorous decoration committee was on hand with flags and other appurtenances. The classical room was chosen as the scene of operations. An organ was forthcoming, J. Brickly, J. U. Broomy, C. E. T., R. M., a vigorous committee soon put things into ship shape. The noise was greater than that with which Solomon's Temple was constructed. Johannes and Käse were getting up a dialogue. It was a

conversation between two collegians—one inclined to be fast, and the other of the good, old style. Johannes was to take the former, Käse the latter. They each had a recitation. On account of there being no gas in the classical room, lamps had to be used, and they were soon provided. Everything was pushed with promptitude. The evening came. Temperature, 127° in the shade. The President called on Rev. Mr. Hirt to open with prayer. Then business was gone through. Miss Annie M., sister of one of our B. A.'s presided at the organ, and was aided by some excellent singers. Everything passed off splendidly. Only three lamp chimneys were broken. Remarks by prominent gentlemen, bearing on the history of the Society 40 years ago, were listened to with deep interest, and highly applauded.

Some time after this date, Hamlet, formerly an active member of the Society, but absent from his native town for some time, returned, and on the resignation of Johannes, was elected President, the ex-President being chosen Secretary. Things now moved on smoothly till the next "blow." Enthusiasm, instead of rising as the summer passed away, grew less and less. The evening came—Hamlet in the chair. Music A. I. Couldn't be beat (to use a common expression). After preliminaries, Debate commenced. Hamlet opened with an excellent address. Johannes responded concisely, fluently, and vigorously. H. was supported by Käse and Jean, and J. by Mr. J. H. Alboin, who here again is associated with the fortunes of his A. friend. The latter did admirably. Although the respondent and his supporter had by far the weaker side to maintain, when the vote was taken, they were only in a minority of 1—12 to 13. We can only account for the result by the fact that J. and J. H. A. were pleasant-looking fellows and consequently favorites of the ladies. The next part dragged heavily. Käse and J. H. Alboin gave capital recitations, but J. put his foot through it, by giving a reading, which was outrageously long, and impatience of which caused a disturbance among the small boys outside. In the next number of the "Colonicum Signum," the local newspaper, appeared a communication, under a *nom de plume*, forgotten at present, ridiculing the whole affair. It fell like a bomb-shell among the Knights of the Oblong Table. H. was disjused, J. was cool as a cucumber. The perpetrator of this dastardly piece of cowardly meanness was soon

found out, and a castigation was administered by J. as "Small Boy," in the "Colonicum Signum."

Here, gentle reader, we must bid you a hurried good-bye, by introducing some stanzas written by Johannes, and addressed to the fair ones of Plato Academy:

TO THE GIRLS OF P. A.

O lovely girls! whose faces flit  
Around my wandering noddle;  
My wish is not your names to fit  
To measures of this model.

Oft did your fairy forms appear  
Before my eagle eyes,  
Requiring not poetic seer  
To say you judged the prize.

Oft did your approbation's glance  
Reward my vigorous efforts;  
And helped me thus to break a lance,  
Or storm the opponents strong forts.

But now those happy days are gone;  
Your forms have flown away,  
School days delightful season done,  
Alas! I'm sad to say.

But to my recollection dear,  
You ever shall remain;  
As long as I am on this sphere  
You ne'er shall cause me pain.—Johannes.

J. L. G.

## AN EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT IN THE FRANCHISE.

MESSRS EDITORS,—I was pleased to notice in the GAZETTE of the 7th ult., an allusion to the injustice suffered by students and kindred spirits under the existing suffrage law. I believe as you do that no harm would be done the constitution, and that the change would be productive of some good if the classes mentioned in your article were enfranchised, "clergymen, men of the legal and medical professions, professors, school-teachers and students in law, medicine, theology and arts," not being property holders.

While associated in the Nova Scotia Government with the late Hon. Joseph Howe, his Honor, Lieut.-Governor Archibald, then Attorney General, introduced in the Assembly a bill, which, being passed, became the law regulating the suffrage in this Province. Previous to that time all males who had attained the age of twenty-one years were entitled to exercise the franchise.

The promoters of this bill argued that universal suffrage gave too much power to certain

unreliable classes of men, e.g., the mob of a city, *hangers-on*, men having no regular calling or means of sustenance. That employers of labor, having much influence with their clients, were able to affect the representation in Parliament to suit their own ends. Managers of mines, railway contractors, ship owners and manufacturers, could often, without committing any punishable offence, defeat candidates distasteful to them. That too much opportunity was given for bribery, personation, voting by minors, and other corrupt practices.

Now, if the class for which we claim the franchise can be shown to be such that none of the above stated objections may be urged against it, why should it any longer be denied a voice in the election of our representatives.

No one will presume to say that a member of any of the learned professions, or any student, should be disqualified from voting for the same reason as are the unsettled denizens of city slums, or because they have no competent means of gaining a livelihood, nor can he be included under the second debarring clause with colliers, navvies, ship-carpenters, or factory men, who are by their circumstances induced to favor the person or party in which their employers are interested. The last objection is perhaps the least applicable, for the educated, even though indigent, are far less *approachable* than any other class of men. So much for what we are not, now for what we are.

A student whose business is to think, and who is acquainted with the facts of history is well qualified to form correct and impartial opinions in matters of national interest. Students and professional men generally are, *ceteris paribus*, in a better position than any other class, not only to form correct judgments, but to *act honestly and boldly*. We are loyal, and anxious that our country may be well governed, and to assist in every way possible in attaining so desirable an end, therefore, Mr. Speaker and Hon. Gentlemen, having shown that we are not among those who should not have a vote, and that we are eminently fitted to discharge the electoral function, we mildly suggest the propriety of having the suffrage so extended that we may all vote for you at the approaching general election.

Wishing you, Messrs. Editors, and the GAZETTE every success.

March 2nd, 1878.

Yours, &c.,

F. S.

### Correspondence.

DEAR EDITORS,—Taking up a late number of your GAZETTE our attention was arrested and our fine feelings were shocked to see a criticism on "Maud Muller," and directed against the pith of the poem too! Still, there is a certain latitude for students; being young and comparatively unacquainted with the *peculiar* nature of the opposite sex. Addressing ourselves to that student who penned the critique we would say to borrow "Littimer," "You are very young sir," or you would know that it is this very apparent "duality of principle," which makes female human nature such a delightful study (?)

"There is a clear voice symphonious, yet distinct  
And in the charming strife triumphant still."

Amid all troubles and doubts she was true to her woman's nature, and, being so, her motives could not be low. With this hypothesis let us—though we "fear to tread," endeavour to reconcile these so-called inconsistencies in Maud's character. Any woman who has read this poem will join us in saying Whittier thoroughly understood girl-nature: that he, out of meagre threadbare materials was able to touch all hearts, only goes to prove that the "prose of life" is the highest romance.

Let us turn for a little to "Maud." She, poor girl, found "poverty a weary thing," and sighed as she leaned over her rake. Her tattered gown and shapely bare feet were not to her the things of beauty they appeared to the Judge. Thoughts and fancies chased each other through her brain, while her hands were busy, but they had no definite form or hue until the Judge came. He reined in his horse and enjoyed with artist eye the sweet rural picture, the fields of half-ripened grain, the trees and the birds, the fragrant clover, but, Maud, the "crowning beauty" in the foreground, riveted his attention. He had met his ideal; a sweet pure girl "enshrined in maiden modesty." Her eyes charmed him; "those long-lashed hazel eyes;" perhaps half the charm, was the admiration for himself, which he could read mirrored there. Were her feet large and her eyes a dead grey, we imagine the nobility of her soul would have passed unnoticed. He was enthralled because "the form was eloquent." We grant she had a claim to the nobility Tennyson speaks of when he says—"Tis only noble to be good," but she had not that nobility of intellect which the wife of the cultured gentleman should have. No "bright and thorough-edged intellect" was there.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Judge was gone; poor Maud was left alone with her heart. She had now seen "something better than she had known," the something had vanished, but there was left an aching void. Her day-dreams had colour and shape now. She began to picture the happiness of being united to such a grand person, the comforts and favors she would heap upon her friends were she only his wife.

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.  
My father should wear a broad-cloth coat,  
My brother should sail a painted boat," &c.

After the girlish vanity was over came the true woman's heart wish:—

"I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

There is goodness, innocence, a spice of vanity, and, we think, childishness—in these verses. The narrow channel of thought is clearly seen, Maud was awakened, but only partially, and "the awakening was not sweet." His noble bearing and courteous words were henceforth interwoven with her dreams.

Years rolled on, Maud was a typical woman, tender, clinging and frail. She had also another womanly trait, elasticity. We imagine her heart was caught in the rebound. We can't bear to think Maud married solely for the purpose of bringing up a family, though the haughty Jewess of old considered it a great privilege to become a mother. We think, rather, that her nature craved love. She had an "ivy-like clinging for some masculine oak whereon to incline her tendrils."

We also believe in the law of attraction. (Don't imagine for one moment we talk philosophy, we don't.) Maud was dainty in her nature, and cast in "nature's finest mould." She married her opposite, the boor whom Whittier makes us despise so heartily. In his youth he must have had some physical beauty. We have seen some splendid specimens of manly beauty in country districts. Sons of Anak, sound of wind and limb, ready hands, honest hearts and clear healthy complexions, swinging their scythes all day long. We admit the type is not the finest, but it is substantial. It would not be hard for a man, with but little mental calibre, to grow old and sit for the photograph Whittier gives us of the husband:—

"Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug."

He took to his pipe, and she to her wheel, simply because they had no intellectual graces of mind to admire in each other; her mind being rather finer, she turned from the ever present act to the dear old buried past. The endearments of children was another refining influence brought to bear more directly on Maud than on her husband. We think she should have stifled that girlish fancy, but it would not be following out her nature had she done so.

Let us imagine her situation had she married the grave Judge. A simple wild-flower looks lovely out in the open field, but when gathered and placed side by side with hot-house flowers, its native elegance is lost, and it looks faded and mean. So with Maud among fashionables. As the Judge's wife she would require a certain amount of womanly dignity that we cannot fasten on Maud's shoulders. He, with cares of state on his mind could not teach her, and poor Maud would have been more unhappy than ever, as "the rift between her and her husband widened." We allow *his* life would have been one degree happier if Maud were his wife instead of the frivolous fashionable lady he did take. Maud with her sensitive nature would have been able to feel the great gulf of thought and early education fixed between them, and in living "die a thousand deaths." To our mind, the sad, meaning words, "it might have been," lose half their sadness when viewed in this light.

We would like once more to find fault with "the criticism." The student speaks of "Queen Titania's" love for "Bottom the Weaver," and considers it unnatural. Now, we always thought and still believe she was the Queen of flirts.—e. g. her conversation with "Bottom."

"Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I, thy amiable cheeks do coy;  
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy large fair ears, my gentle boy."

Large ears were never that we knew of a mark of beauty, rather, the butt of ridicule. Just imagine the dear little flirt laughing in her sleeve! If we take her words in sober earnest, then it is a proof that dainty tiny creatures always love their opposites, or consort with them.

We are afraid our logic is weak, but we lay it all to the faulty early education. Give the ladies their rights and we'll spout logic, speak in rounded periods, and always end our letters with a full stop.

Yours,

MISS MUFFETT.

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 22, 1878.

## EDITORS.

J. H. CAMERON, '78. R. MCKAY, '79.  
A. ROGERS, '78. G. W. MCQUEEN, '79.  
C. S. CAMERON, '79, *Fin. Secretary.*

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THE fracas that disturbed the quiet routine of college life at Princeton, a few weeks ago, calls our attention to the relations that exist between Freshmen and more advanced students in our institutions of learning. The cause of the Princeton row was the "hazing" of a Freshman by a few Sophomores. The Freshman with a number of his confreres retaliated. Seizing the aggressors in their room they bound them to their chairs, and with shears clipped off their capillary adornments, with the exception of a headtop tassel à la Chinamen. Some friends came to the assistance of the Sophs, and when they were unloosed, one of them fired on the Freshmen who had gone but a little distance. The fire was returned, and there was quite a "little unpleasantness." The offenders were immediately expelled. We need not wait to moralize on this unseemly occurrence. The circumstances that led to it, however, may be worthy of a little attention. We do not blame Freshmen for seeking satisfaction when they are imposed on, but we do blame the spirit that leads to such imposition. Hazing in every form we condemn. It is a relic of barbarous times, an unsightly remnant of the insolent intolerance of the Dark Ages. It exhibits a spirit that

should have been dead centuries ago. It should never be tolerated in American institution. But it is tolerated, and even approved of in some of them. Among other things, we read frequently in our exchanges of "cane rushes" and "hat rushes" in which Freshmen are victimized by the older students. In college papers too, Freshmen are made stock of to an almost unpardonable extent. They are made the scapegoats of the college. To them is attributed every miserable joke or pun that the editors may think of. They are among students what Irishmen are among men—every ridiculous blunder is laid to their charge. A Senior, Junior or Sophomore may think it is clever to sit upon a *Freshie*, but it is ungentlemanly, worse, tyrannical. It is not his fault that he is a Freshman; not even his misfortune.

It will be said that the Freshman has so many oddities that to reform him a little rough treatment is necessary. But have not Seniors, Juniors and Sophs their little peculiarities also? How would they relish the rough treatment remedy in their own case? The Freshman certainly has eccentricities of character, but by experience and ordinary contact with his fellow students, he will soon grow out of these. He may not know as much as a Senior, but what of that, "A man's a man for a' that." Besides it is the part of the *shoddy* aristocracy of learning to turn up their nose at those who may be some steps below—perhaps not so many after all. We do not wish to be misunderstood. It is not our aim to encourage Freshmen in insolence, and shield them from hard rubs on every occasion. Our remarks have been made on the supposition that they themselves will act in a decent gentlemanly manner. If a Freshman, by his impudence, brings down on himself the wrath of an older student, that alters the case totally. He deserves to be taken down, and the more vigorously he is sat on, the better we like it—we will not interfere. What we disapprove of is imposing on Freshmen on account of their position. The student who has true manliness

of character never does it. Need we add that the truly polite Professor will treat the uninitiated Freshman with as much respect as the Senior who is on the eve of graduating, with First Class honours it may be.

## STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

ON Friday evening, the 15th inst., Dr. MacKenzie lectured to our students on the above subject. The library was filled with an expectant audience, and never were hopes more fully satisfied. The lecture was a series of word paintings, such that forms, real men instinct with life arose vividly before us. Seldom do students get a treat so pre-eminently suited to them. We lived in Germany for the time, and followed the Doctor from one class room to another, from lodging to restaurant, all the while sharing in the difficulties and pleasures of our new acquaintances. The smooth conversational style was peculiarly adapted to produce this effect.

The lecturer, in order to enable his hearers to judge of student life, began with the German school. The complete system is a unit. The great aim is to develop mental power, not to stifle with facts—to make men know themselves. The highest school is the Gymnasium, which is under state control. The youth enter it when nine years old, and pass through six stages, beginning with the *sexta*, and by slow degrees rising into the *prima*. Each of these are subdivided into higher and lower forms. Nine years are thus passed. The subjects studied are as follows:—Latin, ten hours per week during the whole course; Greek, six hours per week for six years; native language, from two to three hours weekly, (great attention is paid to its grammatical structure and literature); Geography, History, Mathematics, throughout the whole course; Natural Science and French for four years. Those preparing for Holy Orders study Hebrew for two years. Besides there are optional subjects, viz.: English, Spanish, Italian. Music and gymnastics receive a full share of attention. At the end of each term there is an oral examination, to which parents are invited. The pass examination from one division to another is much stricter. More important still, is the final. Momentous as this is, all attempts at cramming are studiously avoided. To prevent that which only results in laxity and mental im-

becility, it is insisted that each take two years in the *prima*. The field embraced in the examination does not include special subjects, nor prima work. If successful, the young man at eighteen receives his diploma, certifying that he is fit to enter the University. If he fail, a parchment is given testifying that he is "unripe"—unfit to live or die.

Let us follow the man to the University as he goes to matriculate. We meet in succession rector, pro-rector, assessor, dean, questor, and lesser satellites. There is no ceremony at the opening of the term. Matriculants from foreign countries present certificates of character—if they have any—"pass" and B. A. documents. In the "judgment hall" each enrolls himself in three separate books, gets a card that protects him at all times from danger—even the policeman's grasp—and listens to an address by the rector. The company is complimented as a band of true Israelites indeed, who have traversed the wilderness of difficulties, crossed the Jordan of examinations, and are now in a land flowing with milk and honey.

The four faculties consist of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. Besides professors ordinary, there are the extraordinary, who perchance, get no pay. The position of *privat doctent* is not like that of a tutor, but equals that of a professor. He may lecture on the very same subject as the latter. The time of attendance at the University is not definite—the minimum being three years for a degree. Saturday is not a holiday. Sessional examinations are unknown.

Look at the lodgings. On an average, rooms and service are worth ten dollars per month. What does service imply? That the landlady wake you in the morning, brush boots and clothes, mail letters, and serve coffee, which is often sipped in bed. The room generally contains a writing desk, clothes bureau, elegant mirror, book case, and bed, minus blankets. This loss is compensated by an additional tick. Under this the sleepy head burrows. Not less indispensable is an enormous pipe with stem three feet long.

The term is fairly opened and we can get another view of the men. The lectures are only three quarters of an hour in length; this is rendered necessary by the distance that the buildings are apart. When the lecture is being delivered there is perfect attention. As every where else there are drones, who go to college

for the name, and spend the afternoons in driving teams of four. The workers can get along with five hours sleep, and spend one evening a week at the *kneipe*. There is common ground, however, a common altar, before which all kneel—the beer barrel. There is a word that is redolent of all that a German student is or hopes to be—it is beer. The maximum capacity per day is ten quarts.

The *kneipe* society is composed of classmates, who meet for literary entertainment and beer-drinking. Workers spend the Sabbath in studying, walking and dancing. Operas and theatres are largely patronized. Duelling is very common, the rapier being the general weapon. A slight insult is met by a challenge. The ladies foster the evil, by bestowing special marks of favour upon those who can show gashed faces.

By and by the reckoning day comes when students go up for degrees. The conferring of these upon those who pass (generally one-third of the whole) is a grand affair indeed.

Our readers will see that we have attempted nothing but bare facts. The delicate spice of wit and sarcasm cannot be passed unimpaired from one to another. It is enough to say that the audience was held perfectly quiet for an hour and three-quarters.

The lecturer took his seat amid deafening applause. A vote of thanks tendered by Mr. George was pleasantly responded to. Several enthusiastic speeches followed. "God save the Queen" closed the proceedings that were most heartily enjoyed by all present.

THE following appeared in the January number of *Nature*, and refers to an experiment by Dr. MacKenzie, of whom we are proud:

*A propos* of the remarkable relation established by Dr. Kerr, a short time ago, between light and electricity, an interesting experiment has been made by Dr. J. J. Mackenzie, in Berlin, at the instance of Prof. Holmholtz. A glass plate 161 mm. long, 12 mm. thick, and with tin foil on its opposite sides, from which proceeded copper wires to a Ruhmkorff coil (with six Bunsen elements), or a Holtz machine, and to earth, was supported and covered with larger glass plates, and placed between two Nicols, as in Dr. Kerr's experiment the light source being a lamp. The electric action gave no perceptible increase of brightness, nor was any such obtained when polarised sunlight was used to give greater sensibility, and a leaf of mica thick enough to give

the violet colour, was interposed between the glass plate and the analyser. Experiments with oil of turpentine likewise gave negative results. (The high sensibility of the polariscope is demonstrated by distinct experiments.) It is therefore concluded that the phenomenon observed by Dr. Kerr is not produced by electric tension itself, but possibly in a secondary manner, through the heating thus caused. Confirmation of this is found in the fact that in Dr. Kerr's experiments it was only after about thirty seconds from closure of the circuit that the action reached its maximum; it also disappeared slowly.

#### ECCENTRICITY.—PRIDE.

THERE are eccentric people in the world. There always have been. Their presence relieves the world of a part of its monotony. We are amused by their whims, and diverted by their oddities. And although they often do and say things that make us smile, and which, should we stumble into doing or saying, would cause us to feel rather nonplussed, we never find fault with them and are ready to excuse them to those who do.

But there are two classes of eccentric people; first, those who are considered eccentric by everybody but themselves; and secondly those who are considered so by none but themselves, and whose eccentricity is merely assumed. The latter, in fact, are not worthy of the name, and have nothing eccentric about them but their odd desire to be considered odd. But this class, nevertheless, exists, as every observer who has been disgusted by a parade of artificial idiosyncrasies will be ready to attest. And whence then the desire to be thought eccentric? Is there any virtue or merit in, or attached to it? If not, why should it be counterfeited? Do we ever see imitations of brass or a deceptive copper coin? Is it not gold and diamond that are generally subjected to this honour? This being the case, eccentricity must be, or what is the same thing it must be believed to be, a mark of greatness. Now we admit that it has sometimes been the accompaniment of a great intellect and has characterized some great men; but by those of the second class above named, it is considered an invariable concomitant of genius.

There are several ways in which people of this class seek to convince us that they are possessed of this quality. One of the first of these is by

#### OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

"How quickly time is passing," is a common expression used by both old and young. The old are astonished to hear young people speak of the fleetness of time. They say: "When we were young time did not seem to pass so quickly. We knew that

"Old time was on his journey, and never standing still," but we did not realize its fleetness as the young now do."

We might imagine, in hearing old people talk in this way, that they are forgetful of their youth, and be inclined to say that they realized the fleetness of time in their youthful days just as much as we do. It seems quite natural for us to suppose that—

"We are the same as our fathers have been."

It is quite true that—

"We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,  
And we run the same course, our fathers have run."

But yet we cannot help believing that there is a good deal of reality in what old people say about their youthful days not seeming to pass as quickly as ours. Consider the changes which have come over society since our parents were boys and girls. Then there were no railroads, by which people could be borne from country to country in a few hours. Then there were no cables or telegraph wires by which news could be conveyed with electric speed. Then, too, mails were carried very seldom, especially in country districts, so that when the newspapers arrived, there were no expectations of any more news for a week or perhaps a fortnight, and persons thus situated, must have felt time pass more slowly than if they were getting the daily news. When a young lady was expecting a love letter, long and dreary must the time have been in passing until the mail arrived, and if the letter did not arrive, then just imagine the dreary suspense and longing anticipations of the next fortnight. But such an imagination is too shocking to dwell upon. In those old times, too, books were scarce and dear, while now they are so plentiful, that we cannot get time to read all their titles, much less the books themselves, and when we finish one, a good deal of time is often spent in considering what is most profitable or interesting to read next. And who will say that reading an interesting and instructive book in lonely hours is not the quickest way on record of passing time? The beauty of reading

*forgetfulness*.—especially about affairs which are generally considered of minor importance, evidently seeking thus to exhibit an occupancy of mind with some most profound subject or matter of the greatest moment. How often do we think of that hackneyed line of Horace,—"*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*" Very closely allied to this is *carelessness*, another means which people use to show their eccentricity, or what they consider the same thing, their mental greatness. This commonly takes the form of carelessness as to personal appearance, slovenliness of dress, uncouth habits, &c. One invariably goes without his neck-tie, another has a fancy for wearing an old coat while he has half a dozen good ones at home, while a third takes a pride in stalking absent-mindedly before us with a hat that looks as if it had been in the war.

We read that Socrates was very indifferent about his clothing, but these Stoic principles in dress, however scrupulously observed, will never give us the intellect of Socrates.

But there are some who indulge in this carelessness with a double object. They wish to have us not only impressed with the opinion that they are no ordinary mortals in point of intellect and attainments, but that they are immeasurably above feelings of pride and vanity. Now we know that there are men in the world who are peculiar—even eccentric, and who are not particular about their dress,—some of them men of distinction too. But be assured that the man who, for the sake of being seen, wears a greasy coat and faded vest is as proud—nay, more so—than the fop who cannot move without the inevitable cane and eye-glass. The latter has pride alone and he makes no attempt to conceal it; the former unites to his pride base deceit; the pride of the one is rather superficial, that of the other is deeply rooted in his nature. We think it has a tinge of the pride of Diogenes who thought that Alexander the Great could serve him in no other way than by standing out of his sunlight.

There is a class of people who would do well to remember that copying the eccentricities of great men does not give us their genius; that "peculiarity" and "originality" are not interchangeable terms, but that "pride" and "peculiarity" are more likely to be so; and that the pride which boasts in violating the most common of the conventional laws of society, and seeks to draw attention by eccentricities, is the very worst kind.

K.

is that it is not only a quick way of passing our youthful days, but is profitable and refreshing to the mind. Look at what the poetess says about her books:—

"Silent companions of my lonely hours,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Let me return to you, this turmoil ending,  
Which wordly cares have in my spirit wrought,  
And o'er your old familiar pages bending,  
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought."

In the youthful days of our fathers, too, when cables, telegraph wires, railroads, steamships, and many other inventions of modern times began to be spoken of, we may believe that they longed for their completion; that they would almost "barter the days of their youth" for a few drives in the long anticipated railway train. But I think that it must be sufficiently clear to all, that having so many advantages over our fathers, which are full of interest to us, our days must seem to pass away more quickly than theirs, and, consequently, there is little use in spending any more time in trying to prove what nobody doubts.

Since it is so that

"The future is more present than the past,  
For one look back, a thousand on we cast,"

let us for a few moments reverse the order of our thoughts, and go back to the good old times when we played together around the old school-house in our childish glee. We can scarcely keep from dropping a tear, when we remember that those days have fled for ever; when we meditate upon the hours that we reclined in friendly bands by the side of yon rippling stream or beneath the shade of the willow; when we think of our daily walk into the fields or woods to gather wild flowers, and remember that many youthful friends who were with us in our rambles have been taken from us to a better world, our hearts are filled with a longing sadness to see them once more. Where is the heart that is so cold and dead to the joys of childhood, as not to feel sorrowful in calling to remembrance the friends with whom

"We oft have run about the fields and plucked the flowerets  
fine"

In the midst of our dreams, we may well feel poetical, and say:—

"There are things of which I may not speak,  
There are dreams that cannot die,  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek  
And a mist before the eye."

But though there is sorrow in recalling the days

which have fled, yet we cannot help occasionally smiling, and even bursting into a laugh in the midst of our meditations. Those fierce football matches and jovial games of base ball; those much cherished hours of truancy for which we received many a gentle rebuke administered with a branch of the weeping willow, and those sweet sensational games which so often involved us in a debt that some of us were very shy of paying, rather amuse, than create sorrow. The poet may well say, in talking of the days of youth:—

"There are moments in life which we never forget—  
Which brighten and brighten as time steals away:  
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,  
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day."

J. R. F.

### FICTION.

It would be a curious problem, and one which might well employ the abilities of some clever statistician, to calculate how many pounds avoirdupois of fictitious literature, our world, up till the present time, has produced. As nobody, as yet, has taken the trouble of making the computation, we have no means of forming any precise notion of the amount—we only have a vague idea of immensity, and that if it were all collected into one place it would form a mountain, of dimensions by no means despicable. Although metaphysicians tell us that immensity is one of the sources of the sublime, we confess that we do not find ourselves very overpoweringly possessed by that exalted feeling, as we imagine ourselves standing in front of this mound of yellow covered literature. Notwithstanding, if we take the trouble of burrowing into its bowels, we will find, together with a vast quantity of rubbish, and no small portion of what is indifferent, very much that is useful and valuable. We are aware that there are some who eschew all fiction as unwholesome in its character, and immoral in its general tendency, and would have us write over it all "TEKEL." While we allow that the intentions of such men may be the best, it must be acknowledged by all that the plea of good intentions is a very poor excuse for an unjust and indiscriminate condemnation. The man who condemns all fictitious works, exclaiming, "they are altogether filthy," because he is disgusted with the contents of one or two prurient novels, is guilty of the same logical fallacy as Junius, who was so liberal of his abusive tirades

against all Scotchmen, because a few nobles of that nation about the English court were no better than they should be, or Dr. Johnson who made Boswell the model of every man north of Tweed, and treated them all accordingly.

There is nothing radically wrong in fiction. The novelist only gives us a memoir, having changed the name of its subject. Anybody has the right to publish a book under a pseudonym, or discuss a question of public interest in any of our newspapers, why can not the fiction writer bring forward his characters under what names he pleases, so long as they represent correctly the original in his own mind. The true novelist is a moral teacher. He instructs more by example than by precept. He makes the virtuous happy, the vicious wretched. The good triumph in the end over all evil, the wicked find out that the way of transgressors is hard. A parable is an epitomized work of fiction. The aim of both is to teach truth. Macaulay says, "Truth is the object of those works which are called fiction, but which, in fact, bear the same relation to history which Algebra bears to Arithmetic." The object of the fiction writer is to give the truth in the most unforbidding form. We will not take the bitter medicine our physician gives us till he has diluted it with water, and sweetened it with sugar. So the novelist, lest he may offend against our mental palate, when he has hard lessons to teach, or disagreeable facts to divulge, must make use of all the accessories of plot, scene, incident and description.

It is a very singular circumstance, and one which we have had more than once occasion to notice, that some men who are haters of fiction, not from considerations of taste, but of principle, are warm admirers of painting. And what is the difference between the two? Does not Walter Scott, with his pen, as truly paint Scottish scenes and Scottish manners as Wilkes with his brush? Does not Dickens as closely imitate nature as Turner? He who can most exactly copy nature is the best painter. Is not the same true of the novelist also? The painter gives us an impression of the "human face divine" as it appears under the influence of a single emotion; the novelist gives us the same face with expressions various as the passions that move the breasts of men. This parallel could be extended, only we do not think it at all necessary to do so, in order to prove these men guilty of a peculiar inconsistency.

It were well indeed were all our novels in-

tended to teach virtue, or extend the domain of human knowledge. We have already noticed what a quantity of useless or indifferent literature we have. We have besides novels innumerable, which, though they do not directly teach immorality, indirectly do so, abominable and trashy, degrading still lower the degraded beings that love to read them, and aimed at the very foundation of what society regards as most sacred; works in which the most unlovable character is, perhaps, a clergyman, the greatest rogue some church official, in which the virtuous man is constantly getting into trouble, while the libertine, a glorious hero, is extolled to the skies, "in which vice itself is varnished over with everything that is captivating and gracious, and ennobled by association with splendid virtues," and the villain, though black as hell, is made so bright that his very deformity is hidden by the glitter. Of a kind with these, but not nearly so bad, are the "blood and thunder stories," in which the murderer is so clever, and the highway robber so prepossessing in manners and dress, that, though both at last decked the gallows, we have found them such nice fellows that we admire them in spite of their vices. Those novels smell to heaven; their offence is rank. We ought to be thankful that such novels live but a temporary life. They have no literary merit to ensure their longevity. Addressed to that class of readers in whom a constant perusal of trashy literature has produced a morbid desire for excitement, and a distaste for whatever is natural and reasonable, instead of purity of language, graphic description and skilful development of plot, obscurity, murder, with "here and there a sprinkling of ashes," are the qualities substituted; qualities cheaper, certainly, and much more profitable to the writers.

It is a fact which reflects credit on the judgment and morality of English speaking people that the most permanently popular novels in our language are those which appear to have been written with a higher aim than that of pandering to an unnatural desire for excitement, or, of telling a pleasant love story to entertain school girls. Some of our very best modern novels have been directed against existing political, social or moral evils, or public abuses; their authors have been the most faithful friends and advocates of a suffering humanity. And first in this class (not in order of merit) we may name "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This book did an enormous amount of good in opening the eyes of the world to the woes of the poor negroes, and in stirring up in the Northern States that spirit of philanthropy which led to the emancipation of the enslaved. Under the same category come many of Dickens' excellent novels. In "David Copperfield," and "Nicholas Nickleby," what bitter satires, but true, do we find on the private school system of England! In the latter, what a clever exposure of the brutality and ignorance of Yorkshire schoolmasters! If anyone thinks that Squeers and his school were creatures of the imagination without counterparts in reality, let him read the author's own preface to a second edition, and he will find that the castigation was not only necessary, but that the scoundrels for whom it was intended, squirmed vigorously under the corrector's rod. In "Oliver Twist" the hunger and wretchedness to which helpless infants are subjected by the farming system, and the cruelty experienced by children and more aged persons at the hands of work-house officials are fully disclosed and

held up to merited public execration. Surely no one will deny that novels such as these, having for their aim the amelioration of human suffering, and the increase of human happiness are valuable, and exercise an influence for good that is incalculable.

Let us refer to Walter Scott. His works of fiction are eminently useful from a historical point of view. Take "Ivanhoe" for instance. It is the complement of the history of Richard's reign. The historian introduces us to the King and his nobles; we visit their castles, and attend their councils; we follow the royal crusader to Palestine and accompany him home again, having been present with him in all his exploits and misfortunes. The novelist, on the other hand, makes us acquainted with the Saxon subject; he shows us his home; we see the scenes mid which he spends his days; we hear him talk; we witness his manner of living and attend his sports. "The historian sketches a map, the novelist paints a landscape." Scott is the representative of a bygone age, the customs, manners and life of which he has imperishably embalmed for us in his works. But not to particularize further, we may mention the humorous novel of the Pickwick Papers' school, the satirical novel of the Vanity Fair type, the pleasant, quiet novel, of which the "Vicar of Wakefield" is a good representative, the temperance novel, besides many others which cannot easily be classified under any single heading, all of which have some worthy object, and serve some worthy end, and which we would be very sorry to find in an *index expurgatorius*. C.

### Personal.

JOHN R. K. LAW, Soph of '75-6, who has been residing in Britain since the autumn of '76, is now on his way to Ceylon, to engage in the coffee-planting business.

### Dallusiensia.

BEFORE coming from your place of refuge look out that the corners are clear. That last was a narrow escape.

*Prof.* Any more questions? We have a few minutes left. Well, Mr. C——? Mr. C——. I want to know how you do those impossible examples you showed us the other day.

*Prof.* Do you take it for granted that that formula is correct because I said so? The student replied, "No Sir," in a tone so full of animation and earnestness, that all believed he felt what he said.

WHAT about that Medical Student who had to shave off his moustache in order that he could pass by the house unknown where he had *bussed* the mistress for over *twenty minutes*, thinking she was the servant. The young man intends emigrating to Montreal where the field is large and the materials varied.

Two Seniors paced the stones in front of the College, without finding sermons in them, but they did discover, to their intense horror and amazement, round holes that might engulf not only diminutive Freshmen, but even the largest of Seniors. To those of you who wish to benefit mankind, we say, the holes are ready.

"TEMPORA mutantur et nos in illis mutamur." The remark of an embryo graduate to a junior friend respecting the Greek class was trite and true, viz.: he felt himself the relic of a by-gone age. If he can get others to view him in that light, he may prove a valuable article.

LE SAGE'S jew's-harp solo was one of the most excruciatingly exquisite features of the Society "bust" on March 8th.

THE following is a copy of a letter received from a classmate:

"Mon cher "le grand,"

Voulez-vous s'il vous plait me preter votre "cheval" jusque à lundi au matin, je ne puis pas aller chez vous parce que je me enrume

et obligé tres bien, &c.

N. B.—Donnez le cheval à qui ce porte.

*Glossary* Cheval; a pony, crib, translation, &c.

"WHY man he doth bestride the narrow world like a colossus."

One of our Fourth Year men, when returning from a party a few nights ago, did not play the part of the Colossus very well in the matter of a Lockman Street hydrant. In professional language the experiment was a failure. It seems that even noted crural development is no shield against the "thousand natural shocks" and casualties that befall us in the course of our nocturnal pilgrimages.

Hush! how he sweetly sings,

"When the spring-time comes gentle Annie."

Alas fifty or sixty lectures of General History have to be gotten up. He is thinking of his beloved at the distance of a few hundred miles. "There's a good time coming boys, a good time coming." No longer will the weary Senior, ploddingly wade through mysterious note-books; for the merry round of music and of dance will be re-echoed, and the noise of the *grinder* will cease in our land.

### Notes.

JAMES R. INCH, M. A., former Principal of the Ladies' Academy, Sackville, has been appointed President of the Mount Allison College, in the room of David Allison, L.L. D., who left his position vacant by accepting the office of Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. He is represented as a man worthy of the position.

THE degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin by McGill College, on the occasion of his recent visit to the City of Montreal. His reply to the address of McGill University was in the tongue of Demosthenes.

THE percentage required to pass examinations in some of our American Colleges are as follows: Wesleyan, 60; Yale, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Trinity, Williams and Boston, 50 each; Harvard, 40.

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