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A CHRISTMAS RONDEL.

With festal cheer, and hearts aglow,
Mid those we hold on earth most dear,
We keep the night, as years ago,—
With festal cheer.

The merry peal of bells we hear
Rung from the belfry white with snow. . . .
Nigh is the passing of the year.

Great logs blaze on the hearth we know
Since childhood; all our loved ones near,
We make one hearth of warmth, and glow
With festal cheer.

FAREWELL TO DALHOUSIE.

FOR THE M'NAUGHTON COMPETITION.

Dalhousie, I shall n'er forget
The happy days I've passed in thee;
Firm on my heart the seal is set,
Which binds them to my memory.

That seal is but a "student's love,"
But where a stronger tie to bind,
Or where a firmer hand to groove
A pleasing image on the mind?

Men oft forget, 'mid hurrying scenes
Which fleeting pleasures round them cast,
Their college days. The present screens
The truer pleasures of the past.

But when those fleeting pleasures fail
Or dread reverses crown their strife,
"Fond memory" bids them shun the tale
And leads them back to college life.

So if my heart in future years
Be torn by sorrows wintery night,
The vengeful blows and cruel fears
May bring the faded seal to light.

And it will draw my thoughts away,
To happier times and sweeter strains,
And those sad thoughts so ad to-day,
Will be as balm to soothe my pains.

Thus I may then, much pleasures reap
From what I now a sorrow deem;
And thoughts which now but rob my sleep
May then with sweetest comfort beam.

Then fare thee well, my second home,
A long farewell thrice happy days,
O'er rougher pathways I must roam;
I count him friend who speaks thy praise.

(READ BY T. J. CARTER, AT THE ENTERTAINMENT.)

Oh, I am a freshman green!
Come fresh from my mother's knee;
I miss each rural district scene,
And the hum of the busy bee.

Oh, I am a sophomore now!
And, I tell it in secret to you
How I fill the freshie with sad surprise,
As I tell him all manner of work to despise,
And teach him to smoke and chew.

O, I am a junior wild!
The Profs. have no terrors for me,—
With cigarettes mild,
I am not beguiled
But whiskey and I agree.

Now I am a senior grave,
For honors I strive and toil;
In climbing prosperity's wave
I'm ready to swear by Hoyle.

But I am a senior too,
Though honors I do eschew.
I smile so sweet
At the girls I meet,
That each one thinks me true.

Oh I am a "general" fair!
On mashing I am intent;
While sojourning here
Boys call me "dear,"
And the hall with cheers is rent
When I pass; but I do not care
For I flirt and I bang my hair,
And behave so chilfully,
Mockingly, willfully
Cold, to the masculine fair.

For English, 'tis said I came,
For Ger-man or some other man ;
But a home and a change of name
Are esential parts of my plan.

Oh I am a theologe bold !
I live away out at Pine Hill ;
" And the half has never been told,"
Of the ardent I take for a-cold,
Or the smoking that clings to me still.

Of faith I'd a plentiful store,
And when as a senior, Sir,
Over poker I used to pour,
And draw four cards or more,
Folk said be a " minister ;"
And that's just what I'm doing.

I'm a first year law,
And I smoke and " chaw "
And the choicest of stories tell ;
I am learning " Draw "
And a little law
And can take a drink quite well.

* * * * *
Now I've got my LL.B.,
Now clients, come to me,
For if you don't its Heaven help me,
But otherwise, Heaven help thee.

DALHOUSIE UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF DR. McCULLOCH.

The institution was opened, I think, in October, but it might be November, 1838. I did not attend that year and do not recollect of there being any special services at the inauguration. There was of course only the Arts Faculty. It consisted of the Rev. Thomas McCulloch, D.D., Principal and Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy and Political Economy. Rev. James McIntosh, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Rev. Alexander Romans, Professor of Latin and Greek.

Judging by the standard of the universities of older countries this may seem a very small staff. But it was larger than any college in this Province had at its commencement, and as large as any possessed up to that time or for some time after. Indeed up till the time that Dalhousie was started on its present basis, three professors in the Arts was considered a good equipment for one of our Provincial colleges. Experience has shown that such a body of capable and thoroughly earnest men, if they cannot carry students as far forward as the fully

equipped universities of other lands, may yet give students such a start in the study of Philosophy and Science, and so quicken their intellectual activities, as to fit them by proper industry in after life for filling the highest positions in society. As to the number of its professors then Dalhousie College was thought at the time to be fairly well equipped for a commencement.

But as to their efficiency we cannot speak in the highest terms. Dr. McCulloch was its main stay. His capacity for teaching had been amply proved by twenty years labour in the Pictou instiution, and his prodigious energy had been exhibited in the herculean efforts in which he had built up that institution in circumstances so difficult, and maintained it so long against overwhelming odds. But his constitution was now much broken down by toil and struggle. He was not so old; he was only 62, but seemed much older. Five years later, when he died, people were astonished to learn that he was only 67. He had been so long before the public, and so long had borne the marks of failing strength, that many could scarcely credit that he was under eighty years of age. His intellect was now as clear and vigorous as ever. The work of his class-room, except as it might be interrupted by illness, was as efficiently conducted as ever. But physically he was much broken down. There was a worn and weary look in his eye, which betokened that the old warrior needed rest, and perhaps was longing for it, his movements indicated feebleness and his often infirmities showed how with his unwearied spirit, and amid the toils and struggles of a life without a holiday, his clayey tabernacle had been undermined. The indomitable will however remained, and he continued at his work in difficulties under which ordinary men would have succumbed. One day we would hear of his being sick in bed. But the next we would see him entering the class-room with pale face and feeble steps, and go through his lectures, while all his determination could not suppress the expression in his features of the pain he was suffering, and then, we would think, almost tottering, leave, it might be to return to bed. Thus, however efficiently

the work of his classes might be conducted, he was no longer capable of those exertions outside by which he had so long upheld the Pictou Academy, and which to some extent were still necessary to build up a new institution. Indeed we think that he looked upon the act which placed him at the head of Dalhousie College as affording a quiet haven in which he might spend the evening of his days in peace.

Both the other professors were ministers of the Church of Scotland. The Rev. James McIntosh was a native of the north of Scotland, and became minister of St. James Church, Charlottetown, in 1830. Thence he removed to Halifax, where he taught a high school or academy till his appointment to Dalhousie. He was a man of at least respectable talents and fair scholarship. But in no respect was he a man of that high standard needed to build up a new university. Indeed the social life of Halifax was already telling on him, and inducing or strengthening those habits, which not a very long time after led to his deposition from the ministry.

Mr. Romans was a native of Halifax, studied first at the Pictou Academy, but afterwards took a full course at the University of Edinburgh. In the year 1835 he was ordained pastor of the congregation of Dartmouth, but being inadequately supported taught a school in Halifax till he was appointed Classical Professor in Dalhousie College. He was a fair Classical scholar, and against his character nothing could be said. But—" he was not the man for Galway."

Neither of these ever commanded the entire respect of the students, neither did either of them carry that influence and weight in the community which would give the institution prestige with the public. But it must be said that if they had been stronger men than they were, the fact as it was regarded that they had been put into their position not from any superior merit, but because of their belonging to the Church of Scotland and to the exclusion of better men, excited prejudices against them in the minds of persons of other denominations which would have been a hinderance to their

success and an obstacle to the progress of the college.

Thus the reputation and progress of the institution mainly depended on Dr. McCulloch. He might be said to be the atlas on whose shoulders the whole concern rested. But besides the difficulty from his enfeebled health, there were others of a formidable character. The institution had neither library nor apparatus. The Professor of Natural Philosophy obtained the use of some philosophical apparatus belonging to the Mechanic Institute, which had long had the use of the west wing of the building for a lecture room, and of the east for a museum, but there was nothing of the kind belonging to the institution.

Then there was still strong personal hostility to himself. The controversies in which he had been engaged had been carried on with great bitterness. Those who had opposed his work in Pictou had even more keenly opposed his elevation to the presidency of Dalhousie, and looked with no favourable eye upon his work. The Board of Governors were not very warm, some of them indeed were cold enough in their support of the effort. The Secretary was a Baptist, the intimate associate of Dr. Crawley, and fully sympathized with him in his views and plans, while the agitation, in consequence of the manner in which the other Chairs had been filled up, drew away sympathy from the institution or excited prejudice against it in the minds of many. Thus he had to contend not only against enfeebled health, but with the difficulties of inadequate appliances, inefficient colleagues, personal prejudice, half-hearted support, and hostile public opinion.

How many students attended I am unable to say. There was a book kept, in which the names of all in attendance were duly entered, but I am informed it cannot now be found. I append a list of those whom I remember, but as I was there only two out of five terms, there must have been a number unknown to me.

Considering the state of the Grammar Schools, as the schools of a higher grade were then called, the nearest then existing to our present academies—considering also that from

the state of our collegiate institutions for some time previous, the Pictou Academy being about down and Dalhousie hitherto idle, young men had had so little encouragement to prepare for college, the attendance at the commencement was as large as could have been expected. There is indeed enough to show that the time was favourable for setting such an institution on foot. If it had been conducted as to give general satisfaction the attendance would soon have been large.

One circumstance we know injured the attendance after the first year. That was the plan of having only one term of seven or perhaps six and a half months in the year. This was the Scottish system. But people here were unaccustomed to it. The English colleges spread their work more over the year. Windsor followed the same course. The Pictou Academy had two terms of four months with vacations of two months between. The students from the country would not have objected to the one term system, as they would have found employment during the vacation, which would have helped to support them during the following term, but parents in Halifax who sent their sons to the institution felt it intolerable to have their sons idle, as they deemed it, during nearly half the year. From this cause I know that a number, after attending one term, went to other institutions. Just at that time St. Mary's College received as its teachers two highly popular priests—Fathers O'Brien and Deas; and their classes were opened with great *eclat*. In Halifax Protestant parents, finding Dalhousie closed during the summer, sent their sons to its Catholic neighbour, sometimes after they had attended the former during the winter.

As to the diligence in study and general conduct of the students, there was every variety. Some were diligent and faithful in their work and blameless in their whole deportment, but an unusual number were the reverse. The latter were principally boys from Halifax. Those who came from the country generally came to study, but a number of those from town seemed bent on amusement. There was also a spirit of insubordination among them, and neither Mr. Romans nor Mr. McIntosh could maintain proper authority over them. Sometimes they were rebellious when a number would be brought before the whole faculty with threats of expulsion. With Dr. McCulloch they could take no liberties. His appearance and manner commanded respect, indeed generally excited awe in the minds of young men, but where students really desired to make progress he showed such interest in all that concerned them and such an

anxiety for their welfare, that their veneration became mingled with the warmest affection. Even the most unruly were generally calmed to submission before him, a word or even a look from him producing a deeper impression than any amount of petty scolding from his colleagues. Only once that ever I heard of did a student dare to rebel before him. He bowed his head, if I mistake not to let fall a tear, at all events said in tones in which the expression of pain overcame anger: "This is the first time that I have been insulted (or perhaps it was so insulted) in a class-room in my life." And we venture to say it was the last. I trust the lad felt and remembered for good the reproof. All the others present did.

But the effort came abruptly to an end by the death of Dr. McCulloch on the 9 day of *Sept* 1843, just when the work of the institution for that season had commenced. Teaching was continued by the other professors during that term and then the institution was closed.

Looking back now at the effort made at this time we can see in the after lives of a number who attended its classes at this time that it was not altogether in vain. But the more we examine the whole circumstances the more reason we will see to condemn and mourn over the short-sighted and narrow-minded policy of those having the management of it, through which so fine an opportunity of building up the collegiate education of the country upon a broad and liberal basis was lost, we fear forever.

Students who completed a full Arts Course at Dalhousie College when under the presidency of Thomas McCulloch, D.D. :—

JAMES R. FORMAN, became a civil engineer and has been long employed as such in Great Britain where his career has been successful. Resides in Scotland.

JOSEPH HOFFMAN.—His father a doctor in Halifax, entered the British navy as a midshipman, and passed up successfully to obtain his commission, but soon after died of fever in the West Indies.

HOWARD D. STEELE, became a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and as such laboured at Bridgewater and Cornwallis, in this Province, and in various parts of Ontario. Has since joined the Church of England.

ISAAC MORROW.—Entered mercantile life with the late John Duffus, who was his uncle. Was some time in Australia. Died a few months ago at where he was engaged in business.

GEORGE C. CROWE, son of the Rev. T. S. Crowe, of Maitland, went to the United States where he became a Presbyterian minister.

Students who having commenced their course under Dr. McCulloch at Pictou Academy finished it at Dalhousie College :—

ALEX. SUTHERLAND, Presbyterian minister at Earltown and Scotsburn in this Province, and at New London, P. E. Island, now stationed at Ripley, Ontario.

A. C. McDONALD, Esq., barrister at Pictou, M. P. for the County of Pictou, 1859-1863, and Speaker of the House of Assembly.

SAMUEL McCULLY, for a time Presbyterian minister, now an insurance agent.

ROD. SUTHERLAND.—Studied medicine. On obtaining his diploma, settled in Pennsylvania, believed to be still living.

GEORGE PATTERSON.—A Presbyterian clergyman, author of several works.

Students who took part of their course at Dalhousie College at this time :—

JAMES THOMSON.—Now barrister at Halifax.

GEORGE THOMSON.

CATHCART THOMSON.

WM. ARCHIBALD, son of the Master of the Rolls, died young.

WM. BAZALGETTE and JAMES BAZALGETTE.—Sons of Col. Bazalgette, then holding the office of They both entered the army. One of them distinguished himself at the battle of Alma, carrying the colours of his regiment (I believe the 42nd), and though wounded grasping the staff in his arms still pressed forward.

W. H. ROACH.—His father flour inspector at Halifax. Became a minister of the Church of England.

MAURICE MOORE.—His father Quarter-Master of the 23rd. Was in Halifax in 1809 with the regiment and the only man in it then who came back with it in 1839. The son I believe entered the army.

EMOS BOYD.—Entered a merchant's office in Halifax, but died young.

CHARES (?) HILL.—A native of Halifax. Went to Java.

H. R. MCKENZIE.—A surveyor in Cape Breton. Author of a map of Cape Breton. Resides in Sydney, C. B.

WILLIAM ALLAN.—Son of Wm. M. Allan, Halifax, believed died early.

SAMUEL HEAD.

ROBERT LIDDELL.—Went away in a whaling vessel and died on the Pacific Ocean.

CHILDE.—Believe became an Episcopal clergyman in the United States.

MENAB.

As I only attended two years out of the four there were doubtless quite a number more that I did not meet.

ARE WE ON THE RIGHT TRACK?

A writer has said that there is "a profound popular distrust of the courage and sagacity of the educated man;" "he is thought to be an idler or a drone, a superfluity, if not a burden upon the great body politic." Dynamite outrages fill the world with horror, blatant anarchists strive to adjust the relations of capital and trade by unlawful and forcible means; but the educated man, instead of practically going to work to reform, contents himself with theories of no utility, and, leaving the work to fiery demagogues, "lift a panic cry of communism and sinks paralyzed with horror." Strong drink slays its tens of thousands, debauchery drags into its mire the votaries of pleasure; but the educated class leaves the work of reclaim to

Salvation Armies and ignorant enthusiasts as the "English establishment left the preaching of regeneration to Methodists in fields and barns." They sit idle aloft, as do Carlyle's "Landed," "like living statues, in pampered isolation from the glorious fateful battle-field of this God's-World."

There seems to be something in intellectual advancement incompatible with practical, everyday talent.

"Men strive to know too much, too little do."

Those who have shown great ability in their sayings and writings have proved incapable of acting upon their own conclusions. Their views are broad and they reason deeply on human affairs, but they feel themselves lost in every actual emergency, and

"the native hue of resolution,

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Lord Bacon, who was at once the "wisest" and "the meanest of men," was a striking example of this. Though he had a marvellous insight into human nature and was one of the most sagacious of men in his study, yet he stooped to actions whose impropriety no one could have more clearly shown. Adam Smith taught the nations economy, yet could not manage that of his own house. Johnson said of Goldsmith that no man was wiser when he had a pen in his hand; or more foolish when he had not. Says a French writer, in a free translation: "Neither Bacon, nor Shakespeare, nor Molière, nor Pascal, nor Tasso, nor Dante, would have made a great figure in a revolution. They would have seen too much, comprehended too much, doubted too much, feared too much, suffered too much, foreseen too much, and disdained too much."

Does this order of things still prevail? Are we, the educated class, striving for the educational reform demanded by the exigencies of the times, the rapid strides in invention and discovery and the outgoing in the line of social and industrial progress? Should we carry our intellectual culture to such a degree that we become good for nothing but preservation in "cotton-wool and cologne" as specimens of what the most approved system of education can do? Is not the end of life to be and do rather than to

brood over what others have been and done? Is it not better for us to theorize less and work more, to hold less aloof from the world notwithstanding Wordsworth says:—

“The world is too much with us?”

The experience gained from books, however valuable, is knowledge; but the experience gained from actual life is wisdom; and

“Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one, Have oft times no connection. Knowledge dwells In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge a rude, unprofitable mass; The mere materials with which wisdom builds. Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.”

That command of old, “Know thyself,” cannot be too often repeated. Is not the true education that which teaches men and women such a practical understanding of the good of others that they will without the restraint of law limit their actions in behalf of self by a high regard for the benefit of others? This means the brotherhood of man, “the federation of the world,” which means the “fatherhood of God.”

“Not to know at large of things remote From use, obscure and subtle, but to know That which before us lies in daily life, Is the prime wisdom.”

I do not mean to decry scholarly attainments; but I mean that these attainments are not everything. All who can ought to receive intellectual training, but they ought also to secure that practical knowledge which makes the training available. Emerson tells us that England is filled with “a great, silent crowd of thoroughbred Grecians,” who prime the orations and point the pens of its orators and writers, but who, “unless of impulsive nature are indisposed from writing or speaking by the fulness of their minds and the severity of their tastes.” Is this the culture that we want? “How,” says Carlyle, “can an inanimate, mechanical Gerund-grinder foster the growth of anything; much more of mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of spirit; thought kindling itself at the fire of living thought?” And again it says, “Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till communi-

ties and individuals discover, not without surprise, that fashioning the souls of a generation by knowledge can rank on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by gunpowder.”

The world wants both “men of thought and men of action.” It wants the talent that knows what to do and the tact that knows how to do it. It wants, not “the knowledge that puffeth up,” but “the charity that buildeth up;” not the culture that teaches its possessor to look down upon the rock whence he was hewn, but that which fosters “a sense of oneness with all humanity,” however remote that humanity may be in learning and refinement; not the over-educated, “silent Grecians,” but those who know “how to take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet.” It has had its kings and its queens, its Latimers and its Luthers, its Shakespeares and its Newtons, its Arkwrights and its Stephensons, but its work is not yet completed. Let us not then be content with the things that be. The best fun in the world is activity. “It is with us as with things in nature, which, by *motion*, are preserved in their purity and perfection; if the water runneth it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh, but what is more noisome than a stagnant pool!” Pythagoras says that in this theatre of man’s life it is reserved only for God and angels to look on. But, according to Swift, even angels are not to be passive. The royal arms of Lilliput, he says, are an angel lifting a lame beggar from the earth. In conclusion then let me say with Carlyle: “It is to you, ye workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, wide-spread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some work of God’s Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little easier, manfuler, happier,—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God. Sooty hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can by man’s energy be made a kind of heaven; cleared

of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of heaven’s azure overspanning it too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeple, as a birth of heaven; God and all men looking on it well pleased.”—*Langsyde.*

REMARKS TO, FOR, AND ABOUT THE FRESHMEN AND OTHERS.

READ BY H. C. SHAW AT THE XMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

Some time ago it was suggested to me that a few remarks regarding the Freshmen might not be amiss. In the course of these remarks you may notice that in some passages I become very eloquent. This is necessary to enable those for whose benefit this paper is intended, to understand more fully its meaning, such being their ordinary literary style. In making these few observations I wish it to be distinctly understood that I speak in love, and where censure may be necessary I censure in love; for I hold all the Freshmen dear, and their images are all imprinted on the tablets of my memory.

We owe a duty—a sacred duty—to our Freshmen. They are the men who must fill our places when we have left Dalhousie for ever; they too, are the men who must fill our places in the hearts of those dear ones who for a time may regret our departure. Is it not then incumbent on us to train our Freshmen well?

Should we not also love our Freshmen; for were we not once as they? But a few years ago, and the oldest of us here this evening, came to Dalhousie filled with the buoyant hopes of youth, thinking college life a path of roses and lilies, full of fragrance and beauty. Alas! how soon our bright visions faded. We found that our mothers’ tender care must be exchanged for, as we foolishly thought, harsher treatment.

O had we but been wise enough to know it, this, to us harsh treatment was necessary to enable us to fight more boldly, with greater strength, with more success against the evils, trials, and temptations of a stern, cold wicked world, to walk more firmly in the rugged pathway of life! Enough of this!

Now to my appointed task, viz., to show the unsophisticated Freshmen their duty to them-

selves and others, and to show the Sophs, Juniors, and Seniors theirs to the Freshmen. And here let me express my regret—my deep regret—that no Senior when I was fresh and plastic advised me and my fellow-freshmen. Had this been done I trust I, at least, (for I have my doubts about most of the others) should have been wise enough to follow such advice and thus have escaped many heart-aches, many headaches, many twinges of conscience, many errors, and appeared less frequently and been punished less severely in the Freshman’s Tartarus—the GAZETTE. (Please notice this splendid classical metaphor.)

Now to business. No doubt you all have some idea what a Freshman is, but I may be able to make him somewhat clearer to you and possibly to himself. You doubtless associate him in your mind with everything that is ridiculous; you consider him a something that stands and gazes in open-mouthed wonder at everything he sees; one who is very fresh and very green, and to a certain extent you are right, but you don’t go far enough. Let us then endeavour clearly to understand what he is. He is a many-sided “somewhat.” Webster’s Dictionary, unabridged, revised and enlarged, page 543, defines him as “a novice: one in the rudiments of knowledge.” A novice! This is not a good definition. Any one who has studied this subject carefully will agree with me that in many things he is no novice. One illustration is sufficient to demonstrate this. Watch him light a T. D. pipe and then tell me whether he is a novice or not. I saw one a few days ago attempting this difficult feat, and he accomplished it more successfully and in better style than I could have done. This may seem incredible, but it is strictly true. The second definition is better—“one in the rudiments of knowledge.” This is so evident as to require no demonstration. I shall add my own definition. A Freshman is one who is fresh. This is a good definition and it is etymologically correct. I said the common opinion regarding Freshmen was defective inasmuch as it does not go far enough. In fact it only shows the ridiculous side of his character. Beneath this strange exterior lie hidden many wise and noble

thoughts; but they are so well hidden that I fear the owner never finds them. You may ask how I know they are there. Because I was once a Freshman and felt them rumbling round in my head in inextricable confusion. Many Freshmen are very serious, but this is an abnormal condition and is probably due to some serious cordial affection.

Much pleasure and benefit may be derived from a careful study of their habits. From this study I, recently, in one of my philosophical lectures, proved very conclusively the truth of Darwin's theory, arguing from analogy. This I may here repeat for the benefit of those who unfortunately had not the pleasure of listening to me. This is it:—It is easier and less wonderful for monkeys to develop into men in the course of ages, than for Seniors to evolve from Freshmen in the short space of four years; but this latter takes place, therefore the former also has taken place Q. E. D.

All Freshmen have a high opinion of their own knowledge, wisdom, and ability. This opinion must be eradicated. In this matter I speak from experience, and I was no worse than the average Freshman—in fact not so bad, for the other members of my class, who were worse than I, were average Freshmen. We thought we were very clever and wise but we think so no longer and the world agrees with us. There is therefore hope for our successors.

Let the Freshmen watch carefully, and imitate some of the actions of the Juniors, Seniors, and Professors. It may be wondered that I don't mention the Sophs., and I suppose I had better explain. The Sophs. are generally known as the *wicked Sophs.*, and they are "desperately wicked." Dear Freshman, don't imitate them in any of their actions. This advice may seem strange since to the Sophs. belongs in great measure the duty of training the Freshman; but it is well that the true reason should be made manifest—our present Sophs. have been so poorly trained themselves that they are totally unfit to train others. It is not for me to say at whose door the fault lies but the fact itself is evident. Witness their conduct in the halls, hear their blood-curdling yells

before they go in to Logic. Listen to the noise they make when they get in. I am pleased, however, to learn that they have improved somewhat in this respect, and I trust the improvement may be permanent; but I doubt it. Can the Ethiopian change his skin?

I must also advise you against following the Juniors too closely. Remember that they have but recently assumed their new dignity which doesn't fit very well, and are led by their vanity to do many foolish things. They have not yet acquired the calm dignity and high wisdom characteristic of the Seniors.

It has therefore narrowed down to this:—Follow the example of the Seniors. I would I could leave this advice unqualified; but I must tell the truth and advise well, Alas! how often do we see "iniquity in high places," how often do the wisest err! Man is imperfect. I thought, however, that the Senior class of '86-'87 was as nearly perfect as a class could be, and might safely be imitated by the Freshmen. Such is not the case. Some of them, I am sorry to say, have set the Freshmen a bad example. They have actually appeared at a fancy bazaar, not, as I fondly hoped, to take the unwitting Freshman away, but for pleasure. Are they not aware that they who listen to the Siren's music will be charmed? The wise Ulysses was affected by it and how can they then hope to escape? Can they play with fire and not be burnt? Not, however, so much for them as for the Freshmen do I speak. Let them think of the effect of their example. Not satisfied with this, they have even gone further. How shall I tell it? I won't tell it. I can't. Suffice it to say they didn't go home alone, and some have caused Freshmen to do likewise. Is it any marvel then that certain Freshmen seeing this, should rush headlong to dissipation and become so intoxicated with pleasure as to pay seventy-five cents for a spool of thread and a pair of scissors that won't cut, and untold heaps of treasure for pin-cushions? Some of the Freshmen, I am pleased to know, persevered in the path of duty according to the light they had, and though they sometimes, owing to the very feeble flicker thereof, fell over the stones on the side of the

road and ran into the fences, they did it unwittingly and should be praised for their endeavours. I blame none of *them*, but the Seniors who thus maliciously led them astray.

Dear Freshmen, be good little boys; attend to your work; before doing anything always think of the consequences and never engage in any undertaking that may cause you remorse or bring disgrace on me. Don't suffer your youthful affections to be tampered with. Don't sport moustaches, be above these little vanities even as I am. Keep out of quarrels. Think how bad I should feel if any of you should be pounced on by these ominous night birds—the police. Do your duty, and even if you have "spoiled good mechanics and labourers," make some other good thing out of the same material. Do not as your libeller, who has evidently but this one merit, that being intended for nothing good he has spoiled nothing good.

I am sorry to observe a disposition to levity in some members of the class. They indulge in scrimages in the halls to an unprecedented extent. When I was a Freshman we acted in such affairs with great moderation. Now the matter has become so serious that a few days ago I was obliged to confer with one of our respected Professors as to the best way of stopping this. Finally we concluded it would be necessary to expel some of the "newcomers." I should be very sorry to resort to this and trust it may not be necessary. Perhaps if the Professors were consulted, they would grant money to purchase tops, or invent some little games to amuse their little boys and keep them out of mischief. How would dolls do? I understand some of the Seniors have taken to nursing dolls, and if this be proper for Seniors why not for Freshman? Think how nice it would look to see a row of good little fellows sitting on the college floor, each gracefully rocking his doll to sleep.

In closing I must endeavour to say something good of the Freshmen. There is grand material in them if it were properly worked up. They are very anxious to learn if we will only teach them. Only a few days ago one of them in his zeal for knowledge asked me who taught Classics

in Dalhousie. I told him. He may find out for himself (if he neglects his work) before he leaves Dalhousie, especially about the middle of April.

Some time ago the *Chronicle* made the statement that the Freshmen of '86-'87 were intellectually and physically superior to any class that ever entered Dalhousie. This may be a piece of clear blarney—a deep-laid plot; but I shall argue neither for nor against it. Without going so far as the *Chronicle* I may say that the Freshman of '86-'87 are a remarkably handsome and intelligent looking class, for a few days ago one of our sharp Professors mistook *me* for one of them. This is a compliment paid to them for which they should feel very grateful. Of course there is another side from which this may be regarded; but, if you will excuse me, I would rather not look at it from the other point of view.

If any of the Professors seem anxious to get acquainted with them, I ask our Freshmen not to stand too much on their dignity. In fact they might encourage the Professors who seem rather shy in such matters. I would have the Freshmen and indeed all the students show the Professors that they are not ashamed to take dinner with them if necessary. Much more might be said on this subject but time forbids. I trust, however, that soon a teacher of this important subject may be appointed.

It is customary to finish a literary work like this with a grand peroration. It might be better to give it in Latin as being a more impressive and expressive tongue, but somehow English comes more natural to me. In English then be it. I ask the Freshmen to imitate the Seniors; learn diligently of them this winter and when they—the Seniors—have left Dalhousie forever, they—the Freshman—will feel thankful for the now stern treatment they receive. Let them not imitate those Seniors who for four years have been steeped in such wickedness as I have mentioned, but which I will again enumerate:—going to fancy bazaars, playing the escort to young ladies, attending skating rinks, smoking and chewing tobacco, and many others. I ask the Freshmen to show proper respect to all, even to one another, and to await patiently the coming of that blissful time when the fetters of Freshmanhood shall be struck from their limbs, and first as Sophs., next as Juniors, then as Seniors, and finally as B.A.'s, they shall step forth into the world of action radiantly clothed with knowledge, wisdom, morality, gown and hood.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

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We respectfully ask the Students to patronize our advertizers.

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TO no class is the holiday season so acceptable as to the student, his purse may be so empty that he can give no presents, his friends so few that he receives none; but it is a break in a weary round of work and for a time, to-morrow takes thought for the things of itself. There is an indescribable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student, but preparation for class lectures and the examinations take some part of the pleasure away, as we sit night after night and "blear our eyes with books." The holiday is the oasis in the term. This is the time tradesmen take stock, and nearly every man, from one circumstance or another, is forced to have some silent communings with himself. He thinks of the many hours he has dwindled away in idleness, of the things that he ought to have done that are left undone, and resolves to force good resolutions into habits, and ingraft

the habit into character. Our thoughts and conduct are our own.

For the New Year the prospects of the College are good, the Alumni are making an effort to secure a voice in the government, this shows an increasing interest in our welfare. The GAZETTE, on behalf of the students, wishes our Professors and Lecturers that the success they wish the students to attain in their studies, may attend their efforts. To fellow-collegians, exchanges, and well-wishers of the University we extend to one and all the hope that 1887 may be to them

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE comparatively few graduates who take an interest in the College is a matter of regret to every well wisher of our *alma mater*. Year after year the executive of the Alumni, in submitting their annual report, have recommended plans for making the association an important factor in the college, but the unvarying result has been, that however carefully the schemes were planned, and whatever might have been their merits, no one felt interested enough to devote the necessary time and energy to put them into working order. It is not difficult to give reasons for this seeming indifference. We have no halls of residence, no student clubs, and, except on the football field or while changing for lectures, have the members of the classes any opportunity for becoming intimately acquainted with one another. But the reason is, that the graduates really feel that they have no object for which they should form themselves into an association. In no college in America have the Alumni so small a voice in the government of their University as has that of Dalhousie. We have but one representative on the board.

The want of influence of the association was never seen in so patent a light as in the past summer. That body was unanimous in its opposition of the site selected by the Governors, and sent a strong memorial to the board embodying its views in unmistakable language. A conference was arranged and a representative body of the Alumni, among them rising barristers, clergymen, journalists and teachers, stated their

case with an earnestness that left no doubt as to the sincerity of their views. It is a mistake to suppose that the Alumni had set its heart on the Millar property. The members suggested other available sites, among them the polo grounds, and Nordbeck property. Now what consideration did the Governors give to the representations of the speakers on behalf of the members? They seemed to be more cognizant of the weakness of the association than it was. For on that very day, at the same session, they passed a resolution refusing the reasonable request of the delegation, to satisfy themselves that some site, other than that near the poor house, could not be secured on easy terms. They took no time to consider the views presented, never inquired whether the locations suggested were available, but switched the matter to a siding by passing a resolution: "under all the circumstances and particularly in reference to the delay and uncertainties which would attend the procuring of another site, it is in the interest of the University to adhere to the resolution come to at a previous meeting." No member of the Alumni can feel very sore over this treatment, for all recognize that whatever interest they have in the College, they are yet but young men, with no wealth among them except their professions and their brains; and heretofore they have been the embodiment of meekness and have passively acquiesced in every thing done by the Governors. "This will never do." The association must become more assertive if it thinks the carrying out of its views would be conducive to the advancement of the University, and take immediate steps to make itself an important factor on the Board.

The fields are already white unto harvest; the officers have taken more interest than usual, an *esprit de corps* has arisen during the past summer, new members have been brought in, who only want the executive to take the initiative, to give them an unanimous support.

A meeting is called for Wednesday, the 5th Jan., to consider: (1.) A change of the proposed site. (2.) To take steps to secure a larger representation on the Board of Governors. Whether the first proposition can with profit be discussed will be decided then. The second is a

move that is, if successful, full of promise both for the Alumni and the College. Let there be a full meeting to encourage the hands of the present executive to continue in their efforts to make the Alumni a body recognized in the government of our loved University.

WE are certain that the article "Dalhousie under the Presidency of Dr. McCulloch," will prove most interesting reading to the friends of the University. It is not often that we can invite our readers to peruse an article on so interesting a subject, and the style and finish of which indicate a master hand. It is a matter of regret to us that we cannot fill in the blanks, but if any of the students who attended at this time can furnish the information, we will be pleased to publish it. "A Christmas Rondel" is contributed by a member of the staff of the *Varsity*, and for such a gem our readers, we know, will join with us in welcoming a contribution of such excellence to our columns. "Laclade" is an editor of the *Argosy*, and the article shows not only that he is widely read but has given much thought to our present social conditions. We know that the pains taken to have an article for the lady students will be appreciated, and if any of them wish to answer "Lillie" our columns are open.

VERY often changes of the greatest moment in a system are effected so quietly that co-temporaries do not recognize them, and, only when the present is compared with the past is the progress so noticeable as to call for comment. This is true of the evolution at present going on in our common schools. Ten years ago no association of teachers worthy of the name assembled, industrial drawing was not taught even in the centres, while a systematic outline of oral lessons on common things was not even thought of. Now all this has been gradually changed. The association is counted now by hundreds instead of tens, and by its influence, many reforms have been welded to our system that will do much to increase the value of a common school education. The most important of these is the Common School Course of Study. Previous to its adoption, classification was in a most primitive state, pupils were often reading in the most advanced reader, who were innocent

of all but the elementary rules of arithmetic, while a practical knowledge of English composition was never attempted to be taught to even those who were about leaving. It will take some time for the teachers to adapt themselves to all the requirements of the course, but with the sympathetic encouragement of the inspectors, and the consciousness that one must make an honest effort to follow its directions, in a very short time very few teachers will shirk the duty of following its lines with fidelity.

Admittedly, the hardest part of the new work is to teach the natural science oral lessons. All good teachers know that giving definitions is not teaching and that learning by rote passages of a text book was not the object sought to be attained; but, rather, to break the monotony of routine work, and above all to cultivate the pupils' powers of observation. Very few teachers could give a satisfactory oral lesson on a common rock, say granite or sandstone. They had never been taught, never had the means of acquiring the knowledge. Calkin's Primary Object Lessons, the book recommended by the C. P. I., is totally inadequate, and in fact useless.

For the purpose of being able to teach, the teachers become scholars; they have agreed to meet together in their summer holidays and take lessons from competent instructors in various departments of science. The earnest, conscientious teachers will attend, and from the sympathy of numbers, will become more enthusiastic in their work, and good things are in store for the rising generation.

Another outcome of this activity is the projected exhibition in Dartmouth during the summer of '87. We cannot give any outline of it just now, as we think the scheme is still in embryo, but we understand that the work done by schools in preparing and classifying specimens in natural history will be exhibited, while industrial drawing, designs and models will be given a large space. By this means the laggard will be urged to greater exertions, and the best will be encouraged to make renewed efforts to attain first place. The GAZETTE will be willing to give Principal Congdon and his coadjutors any assistance in its power, and the Dalhousie students will exert their influence to make it a success. As in the days of Paul, so at the present, people are in search of some new thing. Dartmouth has hit on it this time, and will not be a loser. It is pleasing to note the gradual but sure progress of the common schools; as education spreads from the top downwards, this is an index of a better and more practical system of higher education.

A CRY, and certainly not a senseless cry, has been raised by a correspondent of *The Mail* about the overcrowding of the professions. We have pointed more than once to one source of it—the one-horse university system, which, by lowering the standard of graduation, as it inevitably does, tempts into learned professions a number of youths whose proper calling is agriculture or trade. The remedy is a high standard, which can be maintained only by a national university. The number of those who graduate at present is too large for the intellectual labour market, and the result is a glut, which will be aggravated if women enter the professions. Convocation orators talk as if it ought to be the great object of our aspirations to extend university education to every farmer and mechanic in the land, and unthinking audiences applaud the noble sentiment. Experience proves that youths who have been at college, even at an agricultural college, never go back to farm work or to the store. A showy and pretentious system of public education has also a good deal to answer for, though rather in the way of overcrowding the cities than the professions. It is the reputed custom of the Jews to teach every boy, no matter what may be the condition of his family, some handicraft on which he can fall back in the last resort, as the means of making his bread. The custom is not unworthy of imitation: it might save graduates for whose intellectual labour there is no market from helpless destitution or worse.

The above from *The Week* of a recent date contains more than a grain of truth. The remedy which it gives to cure this overcrowding of the professions will be only partially effectual. Even if the matriculation standard were made as difficult, say as the London University, there would be very few matriculants for a decade, but the high schools would soon be able to overtake the work, and our boys have the ability and application necessary to pass that examination. This would only decrease the number for a few years. Young men in this Province often do not go into the professions from choice but of necessity. It is scarcely blameworthy in the youth of any country to be ambitious to better their condition, and be leaders in society. Many of them have no opportunity to enter business and not money enough to buy a farm, so are forced along the line of least resistance to enter a profession. It is patent to many of our cleverest graduates that law and medicine have more than their quota, so they seek "to keep their mutton twirling at the fire" by securing positions in factories, and do not shirk manual labour. If we had the

means of giving only the elements of a technical education it would do much to restore the equilibrium. But if it be a fact, that in Ontario graduates of the agricultural college do not go back to the farm, the matter is made more serious.

But it is the old story of doctors differing, for the *New York Tribune* endorsed editorially a plan to use the American surplus to establish technical schools in various parts of the country as the best means of increasing the trade of the nation, and opening the channel for a means of livelihood to the unemployed.

STUDENT LIFE IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

The first impression made on one's mind by the opening Convocation a few weeks ago, and confirmed by daily experience since, was that after all there is much less difference than resemblance between University life in the old country and the new. The particular feature which made one feel at home immediately on entering the hall, was one which, somewhat strange as it may seem, appears to be inseparable from a college gathering, and appeals to every one who has been a student—viz, the noise. A strange element it is indeed, and strangely inconsistent, one would say, with the dignity of an academic occasion. The outer world wonders, and calls it puerile or worse; but to the student-world it has a meaning all its own, it is its peculiar speech, and its incoherence to the unacademic mind is one of its special recommendations to the academic. It is a language, moreover, which, while it may vary in its details in different latitudes, is yet substantially the same in all. Take, for example, the following sentence from a newspaper report of a meeting of the students of the University of Edinburgh at the beginning of the present session for the nomination of candidates for the Lord Rectorship, and compare it with the aspect of things at our own Convocation. "The proceedings . . . were marked by the customary demonstrations on the part of the students—pea-throwing, cheering, shouting, singing, whistling, rapping of sticks, and noise-making generally." This last expression, I may observe, though it is tolerably comprehensive, does not include "chestnut-bells" and one or two other instruments of noise which I heard at Dalhousie for the first time. On the other hand, it includes certain other features of which Dalhousie is innocent. The present variety, however, is probably sufficient for all purposes, and it is to be hoped that this enumeration of the noises customary in an old country college

gathering will not lead to the importation of the hitherto unknown species into our University. It ought also to be said, whether in joy or sorrow, that these noises are on the decrease in Scotland, as they are said to be in Dalhousie. It was indeed high time, in the former case at all events, that the tide should turn. Things had reached such a height that it frequently happened of late years, that when the Lord Rector—generally one of the most eminent men in the country, chosen by the students themselves once in three years, and expected, in recognition of the honour, to deliver an address to his constituents—came to face the students, his reception was of such a vehement description that it was with great difficulty he could make himself heard, and in one case at least had to give up the attempt, and hand his speech, unread, to the reporters. The students have, accordingly, found it necessary to restrain their own exuberance. They now elect annually from their own number a Representative Council, which acts as a kind of police at all academic gatherings, and the result of whose surveillance has been a marked increase of that "decency and order" which is not inconsistent with high spirits and generous enthusiasm.

But the formation of these Students' Representative Councils in the Scottish Universities is indicative of much more than the growth of a spirit of self-restraint among the students. Their great purpose is the promotion of the academic spirit, which has been sadly wanting in the past. I should think, for instance, that there has been, till quite recently, at all events, much less *esprit de corps* in Edinburgh than in Dalhousie. For one thing the Edinburgh students have no GAZETTE as a bond of union. Then the dimensions of the University (between three and four thousand students) are such as to be almost unwieldy, and non-residence is a great bar to social intercourse. As a matter of fact, the great majority, owing partly to the want of opportunities of meeting together, partly to innate Scottish shyness, have passed through University without knowing more than one or two of their fellow-students, and these, it may be, only slightly; going up to lecture from their solitary lodgings and returning thither again. The only agency for the fostering of collegiate life has been the Debating Society, and this has certainly done as much as it could be expected to do. In the other Scottish Universities the *esprit de corps*, so wanting in Edinburgh, has been fostered to a certain extent by the academic costume which the students are compelled to wear. The flaring red gown marks out the Glasgow or Aberdeen student from the

ordinary Glasgowian or Aberdonian, and leads occasionally to such conflict between "town and gown" as tends to weld the gownsmen more closely together. These conflicts have taken place in Edinburgh, it is true, even in the absence of the actual gown. There have been historic snow-fights between the University and the city. But these are a thing of the past, the only relic of them being the appearance, on the University walls, of the inevitable notice against snow-balls on the occasion of the slightest snow. (Snow is a less usual occurrence in the old country than here, and hence perhaps the dangerous consequences apt to follow its appearance.)

It is indeed a matter of wonder that the Scottish Universities, in spite of the absence of the advantages of residence and beautiful academic buildings, have taken such a hold upon the affections of their students as they have. It must be attributed, not only to their inherent worth as educational institutions, but also, in large measure, to their great traditions and associations. The memory of the great teachers who have taught in them, and of the great men who in their youth have sat on their benches, has gone far even in the absence of the greater present advantages of the English Universities, to attach to them each generation of students in turn. A University which was able the other year to celebrate its Tercentenary, and which, in the course of its three centuries of ever increasing prosperity, has numbered among its professors men like Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton and Thomas Chalmers, and among its students celebrated men too numerous to mention, of whom the last and perhaps the greatest was Thomas Carlyle, has about it an atmosphere which is an education in itself. And if in some respects the Universities of Scotland cannot vie with their English rivals, they have advantages which the latter have not. They are, like the American Universities, the Universities of the people. Their glory is that they bring the highest education within the reach of the poor equally with the rich. "The English Universities," as Sir Lyon Playfair said the other day, "teach their graduates to spend £1000 a year with dignity and intelligence, while the Scottish Universities teach them to make £1000 a year with dignity and intelligence." There is a large class at the English Universities who go there not to study, but simply because it is the right thing for a gentleman to do, and because the English College is, as the House of Commons has been called, "the best club in the country." At the Scottish Universities there is no such class. There may be a few such individuals, but they are not

numerous enough to form a class or to give a tone to the life of the University. The Scottish student is a student in reality, and not merely in name. You can read earnestness and steadiness of purpose in his very countenance and bearing. He has in him, it may be, potentiality of infinite fun, but also, and in the first place, of infinite work. The cases are innumerable of students who have come up from the country with a minimum of previous education, who have perhaps been engaged for years at some trade, but who in the course of the few years' attendance at the University, make incredible advance, graduating at the close with distinction, passing into the various walks of intellectual life with every prospect of a fine career. The Scottish Universities have been to Scotland what the German Universities have been to Germany, homes of culture and scholarship, and training-schools of all that is good in the character of the people. And from what I have already seen of Dalhousie, I should hope that the same earnestness and concentration of purpose which have been the strength of the Scottish and German Universities in the past and have made them what they are to-day, will be the strength and the hope of the more recent institutions of this country.

It is possible, of course, to have too much work and too little play. And such is certainly the case in Scotland. At Edinburgh, the session in Arts is only five months, and the work to be compressed within that short time is very great. Only a small minority of the students go in for athletics or for outdoor relaxation of any kind. The results of such over-pressure are necessarily evil. If all the cases were related of promising lives cut short or crippled, their freshness and buoyancy taken out of them, by over-work and want of relaxation, I fear it would be a long sad tale. Dalhousie labours, to a certain extent, under the same disadvantages. The session is short and the work correspondingly hard, and the opportunities of relaxation are not what they might be. One obvious remedy for the present state of matters in both cases is the lengthening of the session. This, it is to be hoped, will not be long delayed in Dalhousie; and, in the case of the Scottish Universities, it will almost certainly be one of the results of the inquiry of the Commission to be appointed so soon as the English Government has time to devote to anything else than Ireland. Another remedy is the cultivation among the students of gymnastic and athletic exercises, in which, to judge from their recent doings in the foot-ball field, the Dalhousians seem to take considerably more interest than the undergraduates of the old country, and

the facilities for which will, no doubt, be greatly increased after our removal to the new building.

I have spoke of the resemblance between college life in the old and the new Scotia. I may refer, in closing, to two important points of difference. In the first place, though Dalhousie is modelled, as regards her general constitution, after the University of Edinburgh, one is struck at once by the much greater flexibility of the curriculum here. In Edinburgh there is only one uniform course for the degree of M.A. (corresponding to our B.A.), embracing the departments of Classics, Mathematics and Philosophy; while in Honours there are only four alternative courses—Classics, Mathematics, Philosophy and Natural Science. Changes in the direction of a greater elasticity will, no doubt, be introduced before long; but in the old country changes are effected more slowly and with much greater difficulty than in the new.

The other point of difference, which is also, in my judgment, one of superiority, is the presence at Dalhousie of "the sweet girl undergraduate," who is as yet absolutely excluded from the Scottish Universities. This is one of those changes to which it takes a very long time for the more conservative mind of Scotland to adapt itself. The British mind has a strong prejudice against the higher education of women, or at all events is only beginning slowly to take in the idea. It thinks of the lady student as a very terrible, not to say disagreeable person, who "perpetually introduces Greek or Latin quotations or mathematical formulæ into her conversation," and thus not only "bores" her masculine listener—which is bad enough, but very likely makes him painfully conscious of his own ignorance—which is unpardonable. Of late years, however, there have been various movements for the admission of ladies to the benefits of a University education. Some of the Edinburgh professors actually give lectures to ladies; but these are held apart—outside the sacred precincts of the University, within which no lady dare enter. The rigidity with which ladies are excluded from the University itself received a curious illustration a few years ago. The daughters of a distinguished writer, who is not in the habit of appearing in public, but who had been asked to lecture to the students, being anxious to hear their father lecture, application was made in the proper quarter, but it was found absolutely impossible to procure their admission. In throwing their doors wide open to lady students, the Canadian Universities have certainly made a great advance upon those at home; and whether the atmosphere of the college

is dimmed or brightened by their presence, whether the ladies themselves who honour our halls are the better or the worse for the education they receive, let the Dalhousie students say.

"SHOULD PHYSICAL EDUCATION BE MADE
COMPULSORY IN OUR COLLEGE."

(CONTRIBUTED.)

My attention was directed to this subject in an editorial in the last issue of the GAZETTE, in which the writer expresses the hope of seeing attendance at the gymnasium made compulsory for the future first and second year men of our University. The subject is of vast importance, and only fear of breaking the ice prevented me from bringing the subject, long ere this, before the notice of the readers of the GAZETTE.

So often does it happen that young men, after having completed their College course with honours, and launched themselves into the professional world, masters of their subject,—so often does it happen that these young men, I say, either occupy positions low down in their profession—positions not an index of their ability—or entirely fall victims to their diseased minds, and more diseased frames, is a sufficient reason why we should pause and ask ourselves, What are the causes of these sad occurrences? At present I will merely confine myself to two questions.

1. Is one of the causes to be found in the working of their Alma Mater?
2. If so. How can it be remedied?

In answer to the first question, I believe one of the causes to be found in the workings of their Alma Mater, but not to such a great extent as is generally supposed. It is a very common thing to attribute the premature death of students to their hard work while at College. As the politic coroner or physician, who must ascribe some cause, reports the heart as the trouble, and thus silences all future inquiry and investigation, and comforts friends, by saying, it was an inevitable result, so we, I think, are only too apt to cover our ignorance, by giving credit to the hard work at College, as being the primary cause. Hard work hurts no student, if he lives regularly, temperately and takes plenty of exercise. Some of the longest lived have been the hardest students. It is the student who works hard, and neglects the open air, who endangers his life,—and in our own College there is little wonder at the students developing into such confirmed pluggers as our play grounds have never been very attractive, and by all appearances are not going to be.

The Senate in its wisdom (so says the GAZETTE) lately abolished class prizes, to discourage the plugging system, but the Senate in its wisdom did not abolish the competition for Munro Exhibitions and Bursaries, which shatters, ye murders more minds, and causes more plugging than all the class prizes ever awarded in our institution. By abolishing the competition I mean to have the names of the successful candidates arranged alphabetically. But granting that there is an evil to a certain extent, how can it be remedied? I've admitted that many young men leave College with a broken down casket, due to stumbling over this stony and thorny path to honors.

Will a compulsory physical education remedy the evil? To our minds it is just displacing one evil and putting a worse one in its place. There is no doubt but it would be of incalculable benefit to many of the students, and for these let us by all means have a gymnasium, but to sedentary persons, not accustomed to such violent exercise, it must be injurious.

We are told that soldiers die early; to-day they are doing nothing, to-morrow the sudden change of a forced march or terrible battle overtaxes their dormant energies and causes disease. So I do not think it would be advisable to have the gymnasium compulsory. It would be too great a change for some. It would be disagreeable and therefore tyrannical to others.

If there is one person more than another whose exercise should be regular and gentle, it is the student, and if there is one thing more than another which the Governors of our University can do towards building up the health of the student, it is to see that our new College is built in a place where there is plenty room for all kinds of recreation and amusement—a place where we can have foot-ball, cricket, and base-ball grounds fitted up; it is in short, to see that our new College is taken away from the Poor House site, where land is scanty and scenery more so, to the Park where we have plenty room to assert ourselves, and where one hour's joyous walk by the sad sea waves, in the street, or field or woodland, will be productive of more unmixed good to many a student than in the most scientifically conducted gymnasium in the world. Thus can the Governors by making the attractions so great around our new College that even the plugger would find it next to impossible to miss the enjoyment which other students are taking advantage of in the afternoons. Thus again I say, can the Governors help their College launch into life men, as Solomon says, "whose glory is their strength," and not men whose brains are warped, whose bodies are diseased and whose aspirations are smothered.

A LETTER TO GIRLS.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—Not a direct word from any one of you this session, so I am going to take the orthodox means of getting a letter by writing one. Indirectly I got some very meagre intelligence after the college team was in Pictou, at the football matches. My fair correspondent says that some were bemoaning the fact of soiling their "pretty white suits," and adds that all the players looked like mud pies at the end of the game.

One of those who didn't go, was to her, in particular, a "missing delight;" but he sent huge supplies of love which helped to mitigate the pain of his absence. But by the way, which one of the team was it of whom she could quote "whom to look at, was to love?" Could it have been one of last year's students? However, my friend was haply saved from reaching altogether the point of dissolution by reflecting on that saying, wise or otherwise, "Nature never endowed the same man with both beauty and brains;" and she prefers the latter. I wonder if the author used "man" in the generic sense there?

Although I have not seen a number of the GAZETTE this session, I presume it is still living, since I got a note a short time ago, asking for a contribution to its columns. At first, I thought I would make an attempt, but the next morning while thinking how I would word the article, I almost forgot to salt the porridge; so at once I concluded that I would not run the risk of causing a discord in the family harmony for all the College boys in Halifax. Now if the Editors had asked me to make a batch of doughnuts for your Christmas entertainment I would have done it at once—that being more in my present line of business. Besides, it would have been a pleasure, for all the while they were frying I could fancy seeing those boys eat, and I do love to see hungry boys eat. However, if they didn't turn out as well as their mothers' make, I hope they would save the remark for the mince-pies and plum-puddings of their respective future wives.

But, at this particular season of the year, how could they with any show of reason, expect a girl to leave off making key-boards and embroidering suspenders to bother her brains with writing anything that College students would take time to read? Unreasonableness, thy name is man.

What do you girls think about the site for the new college? I do not presume to have an opinion, but you are on the spot and no doubt have good means of judging. The idea of McNab's Island struck me as Utopian. I couldn't

help fancying our ladyships getting down to the wharf of the steam-ferry one-half minute late, on several mornings in the winter.

Personally, I suppose we girls are most concerned about the appointments of the new structure.

If the building is to be of brick, I fancy there will not be the low steps of the stone stairway, that, had it not been for the omnipresent row of boys at the foot, would have tempted us to mount by twos instead of ones. And then, the old basement steps will be missing which invariably caused me to moralize on the fitness of life insurance.

We may reasonably expect a new mirror, I presume—one that will not suggest premature wrinkles so forcibly as the one that hung in the so-called "lady's dressing room" last winter. We do not hold any grudge against whoever bought the mirror, for it certainly did us this much good, that it rendered impossible all conceit of face and figure. Who knows that it was not premeditated wisdom?

But it would almost seem as if the furnishing committees of institutions of learning in these parts, are in league, to provide poor reflecting-mediums for the girls. The whole time I was at boarding school I never saw myself straight unless I had the good fortune to be invited out and that was twice. At another notable seat of learning, I observed the only mirror was a pocket-shaving-glass three inches in diameter, that, I fancy, was stolen from the cloakroom near by, probably the property of a youth who had invested before the number of downy hairs of his moustache-prospective had reached the teens.

But don't you all think it would be better to have this new one a little longer so we could approximately adjust our skirt-improvers? Those seats in the old class rooms are so straight and narrow that all things being considered, surely we were not altogether to blame, if before the term was half done our aforesaid improvers relapsed into a chronic state of crookedness. Just fancy, girls, if the Senate had approved of the higher education of women when crinolines were in vogue in those old class rooms, it would simply have been a case of "can't."

But speaking of seats and desks, reminds me of something else. I wonder if there will be any limitation to the boys' practicing writing and carving on the desks in the new establishment. I must say, I cannot see any pressing necessity for the indulgence. Now if we should take to writing their names they would quickly guess a reason, and would perhaps, wisely suggest that we desist until we could legally call them our own; but there is, surely no reason

for their indulging in scribbling ours. Perhaps it's fancy. They forget that—

"There's a chiel among them takin' notes
And faith she'll print it."

But girls, I have talked nonsense quite long enough; so wishing you all a very happy Xmas and a bright New Year,

I remain, yours sincerely,

LILLIE AMAZONA PUTIAN.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

ON Christmas eve, Mr. McKinnon, on behalf of the law students, presented Mr. Hughes, the popular librarian of the school, with a Christmas box. Mr. Hughes always is a gentleman in the library, and treats those who frequent it with the utmost courtesy, and they appreciate it.

MOOT COURT.—The last Moot Court before Xmas vacation was held on Friday, Dec. 17th. B. H. Eaton, Q. C., presiding. The case up for hearing was Levy vs. Declaire.

Levy, on the eve of his departure for Europe, endorsed and delivered a note for \$1200 to one Doucette as security during his absence for a debt of \$300. Soon after the note became due Doucette died, and the note not having been paid or protested, came among other papers into the hands of the defendant, as administrator for deceased, who collected it and applied the amount to the settlement of the estate, after which he was duly discharged by the Court from liability as administrator. The plaintiff returned and demanded the balance due after deducting the amount of his indebtedness to the intestate. The defendant disclaiming all liability, the action is brought.

T. S. Rogers and A. Morrison for plaintiff; E. A. Magee and W. Roy Campbell for defendant.

Morrison and Rogers contended that the note formed no part of the intestate's assets. The note passed to the administrator clothed with an implied trust, and that the defendant as administrator was personally liable.

Campbell and Magee argued that the defendant, being a discharged administrator and ignorant of the said trust, etc., was free from all liability.

Mr. Eaton gave judgment for the plaintiff. Mr. Weidman and Prof. Ensell were present during the argument.

On Saturday, the 11th, the debate on the repeal resolutions was resumed. On the vote being taken, only one voted for repeal.

On the 12th the matter under discussion was a paragraph in the Recorder where the College

was spoken of as a "loafing-shop," and that this or similar institutions had never been of any benefit to any community. An unanimous expression of dissent was called forth, and a strong resolution condemnatory of the article was passed. A committee was appointed to make arrangements to show in a public way the sentiments of the students. This, however, came to the ears of one of the lecturers, who asked as a personal favor that the matter drop. His advice was taken.

COLLEGE NEWS.

COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.—The Devotional Committee has prepared the following list of themes for Saturday evening meetings:

Date.	Topic.	References.
Jan. 8.	God's invitations to come.	Isa. i. 18; lv. 1; Luke xiv. 17; Matt. xi. 28
" 15.	Price of our R-demption.	I Peter i. 18, 19.
" 22.	Are we too busy to be saved?	Luke xiv. 16-24.
" 29.	From Bondage to Liberty.	Luke xiii. 11-17.
Feb. 5.	Faith tried and triumphant.	Gen. xxii. 1-18.
" 12.	If ye believe not, ye shall die in your sins.	John viii. 21-30.

All our students are most cordially invited to attend these meetings, held in Class Room No. 3, every Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock. DON'T FORGET TO COME.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY.

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 20th, 1886.

Dear Sir,—A Special Meeting of the Alumni Association will be held in the Physics Class Room, Dalhousie College, in this city, on the evening of Wednesday, the 5th day of January next, at eight o'clock, for the purpose of considering the following subjects:—

- (1) What steps shall be taken to induce the Governors of the University to secure a proper site?
- (2) How shall we proceed to secure a larger representation of the Alumni on the Board of Governors, and thereby bring the government of the University more into sympathy with our Association?

The meeting is called by direction of the President, and in compliance with a requisition signed by a number of the members of the Association.

A large attendance of members is particularly requested.

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. C. BOAK,

Secretary the Alumni Association Dalhousie College and University.

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT EVER HELD.

Since '78 it has been customary to have an entertainment before the vacation, and the organization of the Glee Club, and the presence of a large number of old students, gave promise that this year it would be the most successful ever held. These hopes were not disappointed. When Mr. Creighton took the Chair on Monday the Library was crowded and there was scarcely a student from either faculty absent. The following programme was presented to a sympathetic audience:—

- Opening Address.....Chairman.
- Song "Upidee".....Glee Club.
- Speech.....D. MacLennan.
- Song "My Bonnie".....Glee Club.
- Original Paper.....J. C. Shaw.
- Song.....J. A. Sedgewick.
- Original Poem.....T. J. Carter.
- Song "Michael Roy".....Glee Club.
- Original Paper.....H. C. Shaw.
- Speech.....D. A. Murray.
- Selections (Piano).....D. Soloan.
- Song.....M. J. McLeod.
- Original Paper.....A. M. Morrison.
- Song "Solomon Levi".....Glee Club.

The Glee Club was encored at every appearance. McLellan's speech and Shaw's paper, "Advice to Freshmen," kept the delighted audience in roars of laughter. Afterwards, the customary procession was formed, and visits were paid Girton House where cheers were given for Principal Sumichrast who responded in a neat speech; Professors Forrest, Alexander and Seth were also serenaded and severally wished the boys the compliments of the season. Mr. Sedgewick, the popular lecturer on Equity in the Law School, made a rousing speech and regretted that though his heart was big, his house was not large enough to entertain such a large gathering. Mr. Graham was met on the street, and they would not let him go unless he blessed them. The *Herald* and *Chronicle* offices were also serenaded, and after a weary tramp of an hour and a half the Law and Arts students separated with mutual regrets. The Law Students retired to Mr. Teas, where, after a hearty luncheon, the Chairman, Mr. Hanright, proclaimed order and the following toast-list occupied their attention until early morning:—

The Queen—"God bless her.".....Chairman
Chorus: God save the Queen.

Our Country and its Governors.....McInnes, Rogers

Chorus: Our Country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land of Canadian pride,
Land where our father's died,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

Our Alma Mater—"Semper floreat"....Lyons, Sedgewick.
Chorus: "Then here's to Alma Mater,
A bumper let us pour;
Rejoiced within her ancient walls
To find ourselves once more."

The Learned Professions...McDongall, Morrison, Armstrong,
McKinnon.

Our Professor and Lecturers.....Allison, Cluney
Chorus: For they are jolly good fellows.

Our Future Clients—"Charge, Chester, Charge."
McCready, Carter.

The Freshmen—"May they grow less verdant."
Whitford, Cummings.

Chorus: For we think it is no sin, sir,
To take a Freshman in, sir,
And make him spend his tin, sir,
To drive dull care away.

Our Boarding Houses—"From cross Landlandies and rank
Butter may we be delivered.".....McDonald, Soloan.

Our Masters—"Learned in the Law"....McKay, McKinnon.

Song: "When he was a lad he served a term
As office boy in an attorney's firm;
He cleaned the windows and he swept the floor,
And polished up the handle of the big front door.
He polished up the handle so carefully,
That now he's an arrogant, learned Q. C."

Love—"It rules the Camp, the Court, the Grove."
McNeil, Murray.

Scotch-Song: "The Laird of Cockpen".....Sedgewick.

The W. & A. and I. C. R.'ys—"May they fare well."
Nicholson, Campbell.

The Ladies—"Sweet rulers of the world."
Chairman, Patterson.

Chorus: "And its rock me, Julia,
As you used to,—
Rock me as you used to long ago."

The Press.....Dennison, Cahan.

Our Host.....Vice-Chairman.

Our next merry meeting.....Chairman.
Chorus: "Auld Lang Syne."

The presence of Mr. J. A. Sedgewick, of the graduating class of '85 added much to the success of the entertainment. Prof. Penny, who made a capital speech in response to the volunteer toast "The Fine Arts," was unanimously voted the best of good fellows. He was a student among students. Want of space compels us to omit all special mention of speeches, but one and all say it was the best time they were ever at.

DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who are alone expected to understand its contents.

"Go down stairs, Sir."

SHAKESPERIAN Senior dissecting Christmas turkey:
"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt."

ON the last day of lectures previous to vacation, the Sophs. headed by a valiant Prof. won a glorious victory over the Freshmen. It is said that the Prof., feeling the warlike spirit rise within him, like his namesake of old, sighed for more barbarians to conquer, but the Juniors and Seniors wisely kept out of the way.

FRESHY at social: "Miss ——, pray accept an ice-cream." Young lady: "Thank you, you are very kind, but I fear a *fray sir*, should you pay me further attention." He did, however.

WHEN the young lady next door pays a visit to the boarding house in Dresden Row, the big Senior, hearing her voice below, suddenly become thirsty, and acting as his own *steward*, descends to replenish the water-pitcher.

THE Classic Senior, (remarkable as a punster,) who escorted a fair lady to church a few Sundays ago, was heard to exclaim, as another fellow escorted her home: "Oh, how *Shawrt-sighted* I was, not to have foreseen this inevitable result."

A LITTLE Soph., looking wistfully amongst the crowd as it poured out of Chalmer's Church, pitifully exclaimed: "Ah, poor *me can't see her!*" Later on, he discovered the object, or objects of his search, and was seen to pass triumphantly along with a young lady on each arm!

WE have been consulted by anxious friends as to the advisability of *making known* through this column the strange disappearance of a certain Freshman (*homo recessus*) who was last seen at a Ladies' Fancy Sale,—but just at the moment of going to press, we are delighted to hear of his safe return. Thanks, dear young ladies, thanks, we heartily forgive you this time, but don't do the like again.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO EDITORS "GAZETTE."

(From our own Correspondent.)

TRURO, N. S., 10 A.M., Dec. 23rd, 1886.

A merry crowd of Seniors, Juniors, and Sophs. accompanied by a troupe of "innocents" passed here this morning, *en route* for the eastern and western parts of the Province. All were in first class cheer, and ever and anon gave expression to their feelings in the words of the old Scotch hymn:—

"Nous ne somme pas rempli,
Nous ne somme pas rempli,
Mais qu'un petit goutte
Dans notre yeux!"

SOME of our Freshmen think themselves badly treated by reason of the censures passed upon them in this column, but considering their deserts, we think that we have always tempered judgment with mercy. Let them read the following paragraph descriptive of the manner in which Freshmen were wont to be qualified at English Colleges, no long time ago:—

"On this important occasion the freshmen were obliged to doff their gowns and bands, and look as much like scoundrels as possible; after which they mounted a form that was placed upon a table, and declaimed to the grinning and shouting students below. In the meantime a huge brazen pot of caudle was bubbling on the fire before them, to refresh such of the orators as had recited their speeches gracefully; but those who had acquitted themselves indifferently, had their caudle qualified with salt; while those who

declaimed very ill were drenched with salted beer, and subjected to sharp admonishment by pinches on the chin from the thumb-nails of the seniors."—*Knight, History of England.*

JOTTINGS FROM PARIS.

(From our special Paris correspondent.)

The war-cloud is very black just now, and rumors of coming horrible strife are plentiful; but everything is guessing upon slight foundations. So I shall confine my jottings to social events.

One of the funniest sights of the capital is a man, as big as a camel, nursing a doll.

Tout le monde is excited over the simultaneous absence of a prominent classical scholar and a young lady, also noted for her literary finish. Many stories are afloat, but all agree that it is a suspicious circumstance that, some time ago, the lady was heard to exclaim with reference to the gentleman, "Coops is lovely!"

The leading Professor of the University of Paris, a great ladies' man, recently gave to the world his opinion that "Mdle. H——d is very nice, indeed, but Mdle. J——s is very much nicer." I am afraid there are some of his students who will not concur in his opinion.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIÆ.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As down the city street there passed
A youth, who muttered as he strode,
And all his mien a sadness showed;
"I cannot Ad."

An hour before, I saw him pass,
He smiled and chatted with a lass;
But now his happy days are o'er,
And he goes muttering evermore,
"I cannot Ad."

Oh whence the secret of this change
From mirth to gloom! 'Tis passing strange!
He asked her would she be his bride,
And she in accents firm replied,
"I cannot Ad."

JUNIOR Dan is tall and slender
Weighing just two hundred lb.,
And his heart is large and tender,
As an ancient burial ground.

* * * *

Daniel loves to chew the weed, Sir,
And I speak of what I wist,
When I say I will not answer
For his borrowed "Pictou Twist."

Did I say that I would answer
For its value, share for share,
I must be a great financier,
Or a noted millionaire.

PERSONALS.

J. P. FALCONER, a Freshman of '84-'85 is studying at Queens College, Kingston.

MR. F. H. LARKIN, who took two years of his Arts Course at this University, is at present a student at McGill College, Montreal.

MCLEOD HARVEY, a Sophomore of last year, is teaching in the Collegiate Institute at Windsor. We hope Mr. Harvey will resume his studies ere long.

SINCE our last issue, one of the most popular of the law students, J. Watson Fraser, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. A few days after his marriage he and his young bride, *nee* Caldwell, left for New York, where our friend has a good situation. The boys, one and all, join with the editors in wishing our boon companion uninterrupted prosperity.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. J. Trueman, \$2.00; F. J. McLeod, Dugald Stewart, G. B. Penny, Sir Wm. Young, G. Millar, W. Forbes, Gertrude MacIntosh, C. Munro, \$1.00 each.

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FALL, 1886.

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