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RETURNED.

Long ago, when in the years of childhood,
Flowers of hope were budding fresh and fair,
I roam'd these verdant hills and wildwood
From morning's dawn till blushing eve drew near.
Since then I've mingled with strange faces,
And known of grief my bosom's fill,
And I have learned in far and foreign places
That golden moments come not at the will.

Now, now when years have stolen o'er me,
I view each fond familiar scene,
And as I gaze, the dreams that childhood bore me,
Steal back again all in their golden sheen.
Yes, I may gaze on grand Parisian fountains,
And feast my eyes on many a fairer sight,
But sweeter 'tis to view Acadia's mountains
When evening shadows fade into the night.

J. A. L.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

THE public mind has, for a considerable length of time, been feasting on the overflowing dish of Dominion politics until nothing now remains but the bare bones, over which opposite factions engage in mutual party abuse, while a new course is being prepared. It is a principle in Natural Philosophy that action and reaction are equal. For this reason we are not surprised at the calm that has set in after the violent political storms of the past few months, but rather look upon it as a natural effect, and welcome it with a sigh of relief. While storms have been agitating the ocean of politics, the sea of education has scarcely been disturbed by a passing breeze, sufficient to remind those entrusted with the management of the crafts sailing upon its surface, that they should prepare for rough weather, or adverse winds, in order to prevent being cast upon the rocks around them, or driven backwards in their course. We wish to make an attempt to pierce the walls surrounding the abode of Æolus, draw his attention thitherwards, and direct his breathing apparatus over the educational waters of our Province. Would that we had the power! We shall try, however, and if we cannot succeed in facing the old god about, we shall have the satisfaction of reminding him that he *ought* to keep the water stirring, so that the salt may not cease to exercise its preserving power over the whole.

To discharge our minds of a few plain facts and ideas in connection with common education in Nova Scotia is our present object. We do not expect, or intend, to bring up anything new, but to set prominently forward two or three points which seem to be worthy of immediate consideration. Our school system, which came into operation in 1864, has been attended with greater success, and better results than even its warmest supporters anticipated. Many new and commodious schoolhouses have been built; the increase of pupils enrolled, and of teachers employed, has been large. The standard of examinations has been raised, and many men and women have risen in the profession and proved themselves well calculated for the important duty of moulding

the minds of the rising generation. It is a self-evident fact that *good* teachers are better than *bad* ones. While no one will deny this, we find some who say that teachers of a high rank are not better than those of a lower grade. There are, perhaps, exceptional cases when we must admit that a person of inferior attainments may be a superior teacher, and *vice versa*, but we cannot, by any means, take this as a rule. It is indisputable, however, that men and women who have had long experience are preferable to tyros in the profession. To secure the services, and especially the continued services of such persons, it is necessary to give ample remuneration. While experienced teachers of a high grade are better adapted to train the youthful minds of the country, we too often find trustees accepting or rejecting applicants for their school, almost solely on account of the amount of the salary asked, without considering the ability and experience of the candidate. Persons who will degrade the profession by making it a mere marketable commodity are unworthy of the honor and dignity properly attached to the more than respectable name of "teacher."

Now to the principle points. It has frequently been said, and even written, that the number of pupils enrolled in Nova Scotia is decreasing; that the proportion of superior teachers is becoming less, while that of inferior ones is growing. We believe these facts to be, not only true, but also natural results; because,

First. With very few exceptions the remuneration offered to teachers in Nova Scotia is not sufficient to lead them to make teaching a business for life.

Second. Other provinces offer superior inducements, which draw away the men and women who are recognized as our best trained and most experienced teachers, and leave those who are inferior, and contented with the pittance doled out to them under the name of salaries.

These two reasons will be found to underlie, and in nearly every instance to be the cause, either direct or indirect, of any decrease in the number of pupils enrolled, or of superior teachers engaged in the Province. To counteract these influences, both Government and people must move. The former should jealously guard our system of education, and do all in its power to increase its usefulness; the latter must join with it, and supplement its efforts. It may be said that both have done much. Granted, but let them do *much more*, for there is *much more* to be done. If we understand the last amendment to the school law aright, it operates against, rather than in favor of, both the people and teachers; our reasons can be given, but we leave this point at present, believing, however, that the change is not a step in the right direction. In regard to the part to be performed by the people, though we must exercise patience until they learn their folly by experience, yet we cannot refrain from making a few remarks concerning our County Academies. With very few exceptions, the people of our county towns do not fully appreciate what the Government has done for them. They do not seem to rightly understand that they receive a

grant of \$600 per annum on the simple condition that they provide proper buildings and apparatus. In most cases our head masters get no more than \$600 a year, and still in some of those towns are found persons who will, with considerable dignity, tell you that they "pay their teacher \$600 a year—Oh yes! and even \$650," forgetting all the time that such teacher costs them nothing, but actually assists them in paying the salaries of their subordinates. This is not as it should be. The people of our county towns should do all in their power to provide the best possible accommodation, and secure the services of the most experienced teachers. Let them pay a good salary to a good man. Why, they should not object to give him from \$200 to \$400 in addition to the Academy grant. Only two or three towns have come forward in this matter. We refer to Yarmouth and Pictou. Let others follow their example and we will soon find our Academies flourishing, and the communities immeasurably benefited by the sound literary and practical education of the rising generation. It must not be forgotten by teachers that they too have a great influence in the matter. They should try some means to educate the people, yes, and the Government too, up to this very important point. What is the object of the Association that meets annually, and which will hold its next session in this city during the coming holidays, if it be not to protect and advance the interests of the profession?

The first of the superior inducements offered by other provinces, is, *better remuneration*. The remedy for this is easily seen. We cannot, and it is to be hoped would not if we could, induce them to lower their standard of salaries to a par with ours. Then, as a matter of course we must raise ours, until it equal, or even surpass theirs. In this way we may keep many of our best men and women at home, and their native land shall enjoy the fruits of their labors.

The second is found in New Brunswick. On this point we place considerable importance. In order to obtain an Academy license in Nova Scotia, a high standard of scholarship is necessary. To this we do not object. In New Brunswick the same is necessary. That is also just and right. Here, however, lies the point of difference. In New Brunswick a College graduate gets a grade A license by simply passing a special examination in professional subjects. In Nova Scotia this privilege is not enjoyed; and why? Some are inclined to say that if a man holding a B. A. certificate wishes to obtain an Academy license he has as good a right as another to be subjected to a full examination. With this opinion we cannot agree. We hold that some difference should be made, especially in *Classics*. Here, for example, is a college graduate; he has read, at least, as much Latin and Greek as is required for grade A examinations, and if he has taken the full course in *Classics*, a great deal more. If so, says our opponent, he should have no objection to being examined. But here comes the difficulty. Perhaps in all his reading, he has not read half, or may be, not any of the portions laid down in the Syllabus; *e. g.*, Required for grade A examination, Livy, book I., Homer, books I. II. III., Euripides, *Alcestis*, &c., College graduate has read, Livy, book XXI., Homer, books IX. X. XI., Euripides, *Medea*, &c., &c. He has not only *read* these and other books, but has thoroughly *studied* them. We know of men who have obtained an Academy license before entering college, and have come out much below their fellow-students, who have spent their time in carefully prosecuting college studies, instead of riding through a number of Latin and Greek authors, on "Ponies,"—and yet to get grade A such students must set to work and read a few thousand lines of *Classics*. Is there any justice in such a course? We have mentioned *Classics* because it brings out our point more clearly. The other subjects however, are not open to the same objection, to so great an extent, as any one may plainly understand.

This privilege, granted in New Brunswick, and refused in Nova Scotia, to men holding a B. A. certificate, has induced, and will yet induce teachers of experience and superior qualifications to go over to our sister Province, and expend their energies in training the youth there, while Academies are vacant at home for want of men to take charge of them. This has been the case, and may be so again. This is a matter which lies in the power of the Government to remedy, and it is one that should not be overlooked. The Government, the people, the teachers, all have their parts to perform in carrying out, to good effect, our present educational system.

One more point we will merely notice. We do not, nor does any truly sensible woman, believe in what is popularly known as "woman's rights," yet we believe every person should get a fair share of justice. One question will explain our meaning; Why do not females who hold a grade B license receive the Government grant to which a male teacher of the same rank would be entitled?

In order to prevent our most experienced teachers leaving our Province, and seeking employment elsewhere, we must pay them higher salaries, and grant them privileges enjoyed in other places, provided they will not interfere with the efficient working of our own system. The decrease in the number of superior teachers will, if not checked, soon show its bad effects. To counteract this, and to put forth every effort to secure contrary results, should be the aim of every one who has any feeling of patriotism stirring within his breast, and who would wish to see the sons of his native land occupy respectable, influential and even high positions as citizens, Lawyers, Judges, Clergymen and Legislators, not only in our own Dominion, but also in other parts of the world. Our experienced teachers have a great influence in bringing this about, therefore let those interested see that our *experienced teachers* get a fair share of justice.

MY HICCOUGH.

Of all the ills to which suffering humanity is heir, a determined hiccough is certainly the most aggravating. The only object in Creation to which it is analogous, is a poor relation. Like that malignant being, it fastens on you at the most unseasonable times, and especially at meal hours; is ever more unexpected than welcome, yet claims to be part of your own person and nature, and appears quite at home; exposes you by assiduous demonstrations of intimacy, offends civilized ears, and forces incessant clatter down your very throat; is, in a word, at all times, a public and private nuisance of the most detestable character.

Let me, sympathizing reader, as a faithful and veracious historian, describe my recent experience of the power of this taunting foe.

It was the anniversary of my natal day; in consideration of which gratifying fact, I was making extensive preparations for the celebration of the evening in fitting style, having summoned together for the happy occasion a chosen band of old schoolmates and friends. Shortly before the appointed time of meeting, I was considering in my mind the usual resources for entertaining company, when it suddenly struck me that a little Ventriloquism might prove an agreeable diversion. Though by no means an adept in the art, I had taken a few initiatory lessons into its mysteries, and thought I might now turn my skill to good account. Accordingly, I fell at once to practising, and by the time the company arrived, could imitate tolerably the various vocal accomplishment of the brute creation, as well as divers other simple sounds. Entering the drawing room, I found my friends assembled. For two hours the evening passed even more delightfully than I had anticipated. At length a slight

flagging of interest was evident in some of the amusements, so, desirous of parading my accomplishment, I acted the Ventriloquist. My attempts were perfectly successful, producing roars of applause. At length, as luck would have it, I imitated the sound of hiccupping, and well-feigned "hics" resounded through the room. But the oddest thing was, that before long they seemed to come of themselves, and, without intentionally putting forth the slightest effort, I hiccupped with genuine emphasis, until the fun became monotonous—to me at least. Then I tried to stop. But, like the horse unable to shake off the rider whom himself had invited, I could not get rid of my self-imposed burden, and, (dropping simile), it soon became appallingly clear that I was "in for" a regular hiccupping spell. Like corks flying from champagne bottles, sonorous singultations burst forth with sweetly sad cadence, apparently from the very depths of my troubled heart. I say "apparently," sympathizing reader, for really only by circumstantial evidence can one feel sure where this disorder has its seat. A hiccup, mark you, is a practical lie: it loudly proclaims "hic!" "hic!" which, as every Latin scholar knows, means "here!" "here!" and yet it is impossible to find it: when you try to locate it, it plays "hide and go seek" from head to stomach, taking mighty good care not to leave you till it has finished its little game. Well, 'twas getting decidedly perplexing. Some persons are followed by a sort of fatality. I am one of them. Hiccoughs always seize me, either in bed or at meal times, or when I am otherwise pleasantly engaged. Courting a young lady some time before, when just about to press matrimonial considerations before her, I was seized with this malady; to pop the question in hiccupping accents would be an insult to human nature; consequence—lost the chance and never got another one. So from past experience I knew pretty well that misery in some form or other was at hand. Thinking the best thing for me under the circumstances would be a little excitement, I made a hasty apology to my friends, left the room and rushed into the backyard, wildly dashing about—result: heart and hiccup working together in perfect harmony. In the yard there was one very dark corner; I plunged madly into it, and floundered promiscuously among barrels, boxes, baskets, &c. I turned to regain the house; unknown to me, an infernal machine was in my way. Reader, did you ever run into a wheelbarrow? Almost as well jump down Vesuvius, or risk your head in a lion's mouth. First, you trip over one handle, which leaves a deep impression on your susceptible frame; you involuntarily perform a Highland fling, and resign yourself to the tender mercies of the other one; with it you lead off in a Scotch reel, tingling with sensations unfelt before; ah! you are now the plaything of contending elements; you receive a cutting remark, and with your blood protest against the insult; rudely awakened from your rapturous dream, you dance round bewildered on the body of the infernal vehicle; one side jumps up and hits you, like a good Christian you stoop down and kiss the other; then for about ten minutes you struggle, pant, jump, roll and run, yet you are still on the complicated contrivance, making as much progress as a man in a treadmill; and just as you think yourself clear, your light fantastic toes are caught somewhere about the wheel, and you experience the tortures of the Inquisition.

Such was the way I surmounted a wheelbarrow; and if it left me in pain, I certainly left it in pieces. And alas! the famed cork leg and redoubtable steam arm did not keep going with more assiduity than my hiccup. I returned to the company, and explained to them the circumstances in which I was placed. It was hard work though, as I had to pop in words under peculiar disadvantages. It was like trying to avoid getting wet in a shower by dodging the drops of rain. Add to this, that until now my friends had all looked upon my hiccupping as a Ventriloquistic trick, and few will envy my situation. At length one rejoined, "Come, cheer up: I know a remedy which I am persuaded will effectually cure you. What you need is a hearty scare to frighten the vexing demon out of you." Though it struck me that I had been sufficiently scared in my late deadly encounter, I caught at

his words like a drowning man clutching a straw. "Oh scare me," cried I eagerly, "do anything you like; hit me, kick me, knock me down—anything at all so long as you cure me." I had scarcely uttered these words, when he sprang at my throat, shook me as a cur would a rat, ending off by an emphatic blow on the stomach. Which of us—the hiccup or myself—was more affected by this treatment, I can't say. It excited us both; but the scaring intended for it fell to the lot of my poor nerves. It rattled away more imperiously than ever. I took a seat, and resigned myself to the calmness of despair. Every few moments, my friend—for a friend in need is a friend indeed—poked me in the ribs, rammed his elbow in my face, pulled my chair away, tripped me up, knocked me down, and for a long time kept up a series of like facetious tricks. It is not a very pleasant thing for a host thus to be treated before company by one of his own guests, but if it had cured me, I would have been heartily grateful for such behaviour. But it was all to no purpose; so I suddenly jumped up and abruptly left the room. I seized my hat, gloves and cane, and went out. Where was I going? Answered Hiccup "Here!" Diogenes searching for an honest man, is paralleled by France rushing to war for an idea; but to look for a cure for a hiccup is the climax of absurdity. For, lay it down as an axiom, that you can't drive away a hiccup. It must go as it comes, unbidden. Therefore 'tis most philosophical to bear it coolly. For suffering friends, I append an invaluable receipt; when afflicted in this way, lock yourself up, lie on the floor at full length, and read Johnson's Dictionary through. You will find it a very clever book, though characterized by too decided a want of unity to make it a popular story. Or, count from 1 to 1,000,000. When you're done, if the hiccup is not away, or yourself not asleep, go over the same computation backwards; if you are not cured then, give it up for a bad job. Man can do nothing for you.

To resume: with eager eyes I scanned, by the aid of the bright gas, the various placards scattered through the town; but though I read everywhere of veritable panaceas and universal curatives, for my case I could find no remedy! O would that I had the dyspepsia! or Bright's disease! or erysipelas! or anything and everything but what I have! For what a pleasure it must be to be able to buy for a mere nothing, an infallible cure in the shape of pills, powders, painkillers, &c., &c. But for me, Medicine, Science and Art are alike useless! Ruminating thus, and chewing the bitter cud of reflection, as I thought of what I had once been and what I now was, I passed a large well-lit lecture room, in which a distinguished Professor of Electro-Biology was holding forth. A thought struck me—bless the inspiration—I would get mesmerised! I procured admittance, marched up to the platform, stated my case to the lecturer, and was promised an immediate cure by the subjection of my will to his. I sat down, telling him that as long as the cure was effected, I wouldn't quarrel with the conditions. He mesmerised me completely; I was perfectly under his control. Glaring at me with eyes that seemed to burn into my very soul, he held up his finger and bade me hiccup no more. I sat there for a quarter of an hour, and didn't hiccup once. Then exultantly he cried out "All Right!" The effect was startling, and made me doubt if things were "all right." The more you dam up a flowing stream, with the greater impetus will it burst forth when once its barriers are removed. So it was with me. For the next ten minutes I did nothing but hiccup with such astonishing velocity that it sounded like one continuous h-h-h &c., i-i-i &c., c-c-c &c. And naturally enough, after all: for while under the Professor's influence, these sounds were being manufactured as before—he had no power to control that; but he sealed up my lips so that the hiccoughs couldn't find their way out for the time being, but were stored up together ready to pop forth the moment that the cork, so to speak, was removed. In fact, looking at it scientifically, I consider that if I had remained mesmerised much longer, the accumulating hiccoughs, like new wines fermenting in old bottles, would have been apt to have forced a way out for themselves. What a spectacle it would have been! though from personal considerations—remember, I had my best clothes on—I am just as pleased that things happened as they did. Well, the Professor was disgusted, and declared me incurable, but finally, surmising that my "animal magnetism" was out of working order, recommended a galvanic shock. So, kicked about by these Professors like a football near the goals, I rushed out and sped to a scientist, an expert in everything connected with electricity. I explained to him the circumstances in which I was placed; though he assured me there was no need, he didn't doubt me for an instant. No wonder—I must have carried conviction with me. Asked if a galvanic shock would cure my hiccup, by restoring my system, he smiled a superior smile, which might stand for either "yes" or "no," and requested me to hold two small iron cylinders for him. I did so—heavens, it is a shock—when I came to, I was sprawling on the floor more dead than alive—hiccup, a trifle less violent than before. The Professor encouraged me to try a second application, promising to "lay it on milder." So I again seized the cylinders, and for a few moments, during which not a single "hic" escaped me, experienced a very pleasing sensation. "Now then," said he, of the Battery, "You feel no inclination to hiccup, do you?" I returned him a most decided answer—rather abrupt, perhaps, but more terse and expressive than words could furnish. And then I was as bad as ever. So I left.

(To be continued.)

subject for the next evening is: "Is Nova Scotia prepared to adopt a Prohibitory Liquor Bill?" or, as a member, remarkable for his laconic brevity, expressed it, "Rum or no rum."

THE Senior Students of Yale College have been debating the "Annexation of Canada." They have decided not to annex it—not this year at least.

Don't you think, dear Gaz., that our seniors should discuss the "Annexation of the United States"? If they do, no doubt they will conclude to have it united to the Dominion immediately. At all events a better subject than the one they have chosen for the next evening of their debate would be "Are the Governors of Dalhousie College justified in renting a part of their College building for a brewery office?"

ON LEARNING.

"Initium Sapientiae timor Domini."—PSALMS.
Interdum vulgus rectum videt.—HOR. l. ep. ii. 63.

What is learning? In this age when the wisdom of the world is at its noon, and the Springs of science and of wonders break forth over the whole earth, this would seem a superfluous question; but, were we to request an answer of every person we meet, but one alone of many would be correct. What is learning? the question seems in itself quite simple, the answer not less so; now, let us see. Hesiod, in his celebrated distribution of mankind, divides them into three orders of intellect. "The first place," says he, "belongs to him that can, by his own powers, discern what is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter motives of action. The second is claimed by him who is willing to hear instruction, and can perceive right and wrong when they are shown him by another; but he that has neither acuteness nor docility, who can neither find the way by himself, nor will be led by others, is a wretch without use or value." Now, we might, too, make the same distinction of his abilities; learning is threefold: wisdom, knowledge, and education. Firstly, the diamond as it exists in the earth (wisdom), secondly, as when discovered (knowledge), and lastly, as when polished (education).

We have many, however, who, mistaking the one for the other, are heard to exclaim in admiration of some subject of gossip, "Oh, he is very learned," "I wish I had his knowledge," &c. &c., when, perhaps, he may only have an ill-studied college education; and, on the other hand, one who is naturally smart or even *learned*, suffers the praise of an *ignoramus* because he has never been to any higher place of education than a common school. This is an error, and one that is prevalent with the bulk of mankind.

Man's talents and his knowledge are *not* the effects of education; the former (if he have them), are born with him, the latter oftener is the effect of chance than any study; this may be proven by facts, for it is to the most trifling incidents that the most illustrious of our statesmen have often owed their learning. Therefore, by this we see, that not always in that place where the greater number of schools exist can the most learned men be found; for, events grow with time, and events with wisdom are the great source of knowledge.

Somewhere we read that "virtue and talents are the products of education,"—now, universal experience will teach us just the contrary; for, in lands the most remote, where schools were scarce as olive trees in Greenland, there have been found men, learned in science and lore as the hoary old *sagas* of Norway or the seven wise men of Greece. Even Periander of Corinth, one of those seven sages, was said to have obtained most of his learning from hearing others converse; and what matter whether we pluck the flower from the garden or the wastes of the wilderness, if the beauty and the odor be the same.

When comprehensively considered, education consists of precept, accident, and social intercourse. By all these branches, the human character is wholly modified, and it will be found that accidental circumstances form the greatest part of our knowledge. There is no need of research to discover this; learning is not confined to schools; these only serve to gather, as a bee does his honey, all the knowledge and wisdom that may be floating in the minds of the untutored sages of the land.

It is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum and total of their education consisted in teaching the youth *to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth*. Two of these, the former, our modern schools take pains very often to teach, but the latter, the *truthful* art, seems to be entirely forgotten; perhaps this is owing to the *inventive* character of these latter days of ours.

It is inconceivable how many mistake school education for learning. We often hear persons boast of the diffusion of education throughout the land, of learning placed in the mouth of the most ignorant, of the vast extent of science, and the wonderful growth of literature, and with glowing pride they build up this mountain of honor, and refer with contempt to the dark ages, when science was curbed by the reign of bigotry and intolerance, and knowledge was held alone by the sacred few. Here, again, they fall into error. The dark ages, so-called, are too often misrepresented by a vast number of "modern-loving" pedagogues who believe General Grant, or some such modern *hero* (?) to be superior to the Cæsars or the Agamemmons. They speak of those times as dark, whence came the most brilliant lights of the Christian era, they regard that age as ignorant, when eloquence breathed in the cry of the new-born babe. Now, this is wrong, totally wrong, to misrepresent others in order to prove our own greatness, and the great cause of this is, that we mistake education for learning; those of the so-called dark ages were *not* ignorant though they were untutored.

That education proceeds from wisdom we will not deny, but that wisdom or knowledge is the product of education we are ever ready to disbelieve.

Now-a-days we have an abundance of education with little or no learning; all can read, write, and tell the population of their county, but few or none know why the days are shorter in winter than in summer, or the relation of the sun, moon, and earth at the different periods of the month, or the history of the world. And still we will hear of the continual progress of science, the great advancement in learning, the wonderful flights of modern genius, and the additions to the wonders of the world, that one would imagine each child a philosopher, when, on the contrary, it seems the great ambition of the age is to read and write; and these additional wonders of the world are, like a patch on a garment, more a defect than a perfection.

Let it then not be the case that we mistake education for learning; for it would be as bad as taking the part for the whole; let us remember that *un a nuius definitio est*, "of one thing there is but one definition," and that is, of learning, a perfect knowledge.

OUR AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

BY J. M. O.

CHAPTER I.

In the pronoun *our*, three persons are represented—Mac, R. B. N., and the historian. The first and second were 'ancient mariners' at the business, and had graduated many years ago; the third and last was one, proximity to whom in moments of excitement was highly dangerous, his having the

thoughtfulness to extract the ramrod on loading his gun being quite an exceptional occurrence.

My ignorance—for it is perhaps best to be candid at the outset, and confess my identity with the person so disparagingly mentioned—was in a large measure due to maternal influence in the past, and an inherent dread of injury in the present. Gunpowder in every guise had been sternly prohibited throughout the period of Knickerbockers, and even after the writer had sloughed off this peculiar fashion of continuations, and stepped into the dignity of long trousers. It was now some time since I had assumed the “*verilis toga*,” *Anglice*, “tail-coat,” and rising superior to all cautionary promptings, whether external or internal, I determined to assert my manhood by joining with two friends in an expedition against the feathered inhabitants of Cole Harbor. The long expected day, fraught with unutterable woe and inevitable destruction to all birds whose star of Destiny might send across my path, arose bright and glorious. Not without some anxious tremors and shadowy forebodings of damaged noses and ruined beauty, I hired from Eagan one of his superior double-barreled guns, warranted to burst only under extreme provocation. I chose the double-barrel because, to my critical eye, it seemed a more sportsman-like article than the plain single, and, moreover, as both barrels generally go off at once, I thought my chances of killing would be doubled.

We were to walk to our happy hunting-grounds, carrying provisions, rugs, ammunition, &c., on our backs—an arrangement I did not particularly fall in love with. Hard work has always been my pet abhorrence, and to the unprejudiced observer this must have looked suspiciously like it. Mac and R. B. N. encouraged me by saying that they enjoyed a walk all the more for having a knapsack. You walked more steadily and *ergo*, advantageously, was their theory. Accordingly I plucked up courage and tried to persuade myself that they were correct, but the delusion was a very fleeting one. The theory, like many others I wot of, would only hold good within certain limits, and in this instance I found the limit to be about two miles, beyond which all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Concerning one circumstance, however, there was no uncertainty, no delusion. Six and a half miles of Nova Scotia soil intervened between us and our destination. Mac and R. B. N. only allowed an hour and a half to accomplish the distance, having, according to their own statements, which I did not believe, found this scanty portion of time sufficient on previous occasions; and they were full of determination not to disgrace their past efforts, displaying an honest purpose in length of stride, and lack of speech. This came rather hard upon me, for I am an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, and when we gained the summit of Break-Heart Hill (grade one in three, and four miles out), the view spread beneath us was so magnificent, that involuntarily I sat down on a way-side stone to feast my eyes upon it. Scarcely had one glowing paragraph descriptive of the scene escaped from my surcharged bosom, when my panegyric was rudely interrupted by the sound of departing foot-steps, and I turned to remonstrate. No entreaties could prevail upon them to rest one moment, and give me an opportunity to quote Wordsworth. The insensate wretches laughed me to scorn, insinuating something to the effect of my being tired—tired?—my blood fairly boiled. I could not stand that, and henceforth the beauties of Nature awakened no responsive chord in the historian’s breast.

The ancient mariners are chop-fallen at having been so long. I, exceedingly weary, although I do not say so—in fact what I do remark is, “Never enjoyed a walk so much, will run down here soon again.” And, truly, the prospect is well calculated to infuse fresh vigor into aching frames.

To those acquainted with the locality one word will suffice to explain matters. The tide was out. There lay the boat all ready for us, and there lay the mud equally prepared for our reception, about twenty or thirty feet of it gazing up at us placidly between our punt and the water. *Phew!* was the simultaneous exclamation of the bold voyagers, as they approached the shore, for the mud was a most fragrant mixture. My experience of Cologne with its nine and eighty distinct odors, the reverse of sweet, grew faint when viewed in comparison. I proposed to wait until the tide should cover the mud, a consummation devoutly to be wished for; they overruled my motion by plunging forthwith into the unctuous muck, so I, not to be outdone, jumped into the boat to direct them. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together did the business, and once afloat we pulled direct for our camping-ground at Flying Point.

On our way thither several flocks of plover called upon us. Unfortunately they were very distant in their greetings, and one only would consent to come and take tea with us. I did my best in the shape of a cordial invitation from both barrels (they went off contemporaneously), but my shot must have been too light, for I received no answer. Mac and R. B. N. were of the same opinion, and kindly gave me their assistance in digging my ramrod out of a neighboring sand-heap.

At the Point we cast anchor, and whilst I carried the impedimenta up to the camp, my companions brought their architectural ability to bear upon the erection of a brush wigwam. Then, like Mark Twain on the shores of Lake Tahoe, I sat down and superintended while Mac gathered in wood and R. B. N. built a fire. Other men would have wanted a rest. Thanks to my super-human exertions, our Gothic edifice was soon complete. I call it Gothic advisedly, although it is true that one of us had to remain and watch it when the others were away, lest if we all turned our backs, we should never find it again, for had it not all that delicate tracing and lace-like intricacy, which are the especial features of German cathedrals? How soothing and benign is the influence of a cheerily glowing fire and a hot cup of tea, when the shades of evening are closing in, and you far away from the haunts of men, buried in the heart of the primeval forest! even upon Mac, a man of most taciturn temperament, it became apparent, insomuch that he actually started a song, and would have sung it through conscientiously to the end of its thirteenth verse, had I not, moved with compassion for the tender feelings of the Dryads, passed him a sandwich. As the pannikin went round and the sardines departed this earth, all care and trouble were wiped off our countenances and a general appearance of comfortable happiness replaced them. Gradually impressions of outward things were becoming blurred and indistinct. Evidently it was bed-time. We felt no inclination to discuss the point. They rolled up snugly, converted their knapsacks into pillows, and before I could softly murmur “Jack Robinson,” slept away to join the spirits. Accustomed to sleeping under a canopy of spruce, the operation was attended with no disturbing novelty. Far different in my case. The night was a splendid one, warmer than usual at that time of year, calm, clear and quiet, nothing broke in upon the stillness save the “quack, quack” of nocturnal wanderers high above our heads. Yet sleep would not be wooed. I tried every ruse fancy or experience could suggest, still Morpheus held aloof. Then the fire burnt low, necessitating a ten minutes job of chopping and piling on of wood, until the blaze again rose up, and illuminated the “long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults” of fir and hemlock. At length in very weariness of the flesh I succumbed to the drowsy incantations of a philanthropic mosquito and was lulled into unconsciousness.

(To be Continued.)

Personals.

HUGH M. SCOTT, B.A., '70, has returned home from Germany. He was in the city lately.

R. G. SINCLAIR, a Junior of last year, and who ought to be a Senior of this year, is in P. E. Island at present. We hear that he found a fair specimen of Coal this summer.

W. K. BEARISTO, a Sophomore of last year, is studying law at St. John, N. B. Thus do our best students leave us.

J. ANCIENT MEEK, a Medical of last year, is pursuing a course of Medicine at McGill College, Montreal.

R. B. BLANCHARD, also, last winter, one of Dalhousie's Medicals, is studying Medicine in Edinburgh University.

B. F. PEARSON, a Freshman of last year, spends the winter in Truro.

J. A. SUTHERLAND, last winter a Freshie, is teaching at Roger's Hill, Pictou Co.

E. SCOTT, B.A., '72, is attending the Presbyterian Theological Hall of this city.

"The boy STORRS," a Medical of last winter, is studying Medicine in McGill College, Montreal.

JOSEPH MURRAY, also a last year Med., is now a student of Medicine in Harvard College.

GEORGE BALCOM, Med. of last winter, is at present a student in ——— We don't know where. Who can inform us?

Dalhousiensia.

THE two scholarship men this year are, John A. Waddell, Pictou, and Jas. A. McLean, P. E. I. Thus for five successive years one scholarship at least has been won by a Pupil of Pictou Academy;—though last year, doubtless through false information, the Halifax press publicly announced to the contrary. Mr. McLean, also, we believe, though set down as winning his honours by "Private Study," received much of his Education in Pictou.

In the pavement in front of the College is a large hole—depth unknown—in a convenient position to entrap the passer-by. The Medicals are in high spirits, and ready at a moment's notice to hold a Coroner's Inquest. We fear they won't have to wait long.

WHEN the Professor of Chemistry was recently making some experiments with Oxygen, the following scientific discussion was carried on by two Sophies: Student No. 1, to left hand neighbor: "Wouldn't that be a capital thing to put on the ends of matches instead of phosphorus?" Student No. 2, (as a light flashes into his mind): "Would'nt it just! really now, do you think it would stay on, though?"

THE Students were treated to a rare piece of fun the other day. In electing a committee for one of the societies, the following names were read out:—Campbell, Cox, Gunn. Up starts a Junior: "Isn't it about time to pull the trigger now?" At the last word, as if in response, the report of the half-past eight Citadel gun boomed forth. Nothing could have been better timed. The dust arose.

Our Freshies are too critical. Before they presume to correct notices put up on the blackboard, they should consult Webster, rather than follow their own not too-refined pronunciation.

THE smells issuing from the Chemistry Room are said to be more unearthly than ever, this winter. One luckless student lately opened a jar of Chlorine, thinking it to be Oxygen. He has given a wide berth to that bottle ever since.

On account of the noises from the street below the College, the Class in Logic has been transferred from the Library to another room. Too bad that the Classes should thus be hindered in their work.

THE Seniors have been having some free-and-easy conversaciones lately in the Ethics Class. Topic of discussion: The Freedom of the Will. Sometimes this class gets up conversations on its own account.

ONE of our bright general students was lately heard inquiring of a Medical if the Asthma were contagious? because he was sleeping with a comrade thus afflicted. Exit Med. with countenance of profound astonishment.

A NEGRO lately fell from a building in this city. The Halifax Reporter recorded his death; but our Medicals were disappointed of their prey, for, owing to thickness of skull, he recovered. He is still partly unconscious, the only question to which he has returned an intelligible answer, being, "Would you like some Whisky?" His answer was, "Is it Scotch or Irish?" That negro deserves a better fate than the dissecting-knife.

SOME men are born for great things. That student certainly was, who began to commit to memory the logarithmic tables. He got through the first page, and then asked if that would do for one day. Tutor thought it would.

EXCHANGES.

THE following exchanges have been received since last issue:—

College exchanges.

Oxford's Undergraduates' Journal, Oxford, G.B.; Queen's College Journal, Kingston, Ont.; Packer Quarterly, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.; Yale Literary Magazine, Yale College, New Haven; The Targum, Rutgers, N. J.

Non-College Papers, &c.

The Vox Humana, Cambridgeport, Mass. and Chicago, Ill.; Presbyterian Advocate, St. John, N. B.; Church Chronicle, Halifax; Provincial Wesleyan, Halifax; Presbyterian Witness, Halifax; Abstainer, Halifax; Home and Foreign Record, Halifax; Monthly Record, Church of Scotland, Halifax; Nova Scotia Journal of Agriculture, Halifax; Eastern Chronicle, New Glasgow; The Casket, Antigonishe; Colonial Standard, Pictou; The Sun, Truro; The National Protestant, Philadelphia; Pen and Plough, New York; The Favorite, Montreal; Western Chronicle, Kentville, Kings Co.; Journal of Education for Quebec; News Paper Reporter and Printers' Gazette, New York; The Evangelist, San Francisco, California; Canada Gazette, Ottawa; European Mail, London.

LETTERS have been received from A. J. Trueman, B.A., James A. McKeen, B.A., W. E. Roscoe, A. J. Patterson, B. F. Pearson, Wm. Cameron, B.A., A. H. McKay, B.A.

WE direct the attention of our students to a late number of the *Glasgow News*, to be found in our Reading Room, containing an admirable address by Principal Caird. It was kindly given by Prof. Johnson.

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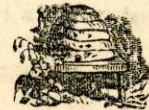
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Differential Calculus, Algebra, Conic Sections and Spherical Trigonometry; Pujol's French Grammar; Otto's French & German Grammar; Spier's and Sunenne's French Dictionary; Marsh's Students' English Language; Marsh's Anglo Saxon Reader; Lewi's History of Philosophy; Greek and Latin Classics in Oxford's and Weale's Series.

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