

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

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NO. 11.

## WANTED

A BIOGRAPHER TO WRITE THE LIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA'S ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

IN this prolific age of book-making, it is a just matter of surprise to all observant persons, that no such work has yet been written, especially when we consider the attraction of the subject, and the wide and inviting field opened up for the range of thought and fancy. We have every reason to be proud of our past history, for in the different departments of military, political, and literary activity, we have men who have reflected the highest credit on themselves and their country. The narrative of our rise and advancement, if written, would be full of noble and self-denying examples, in the cause of Science, Civilization, and Progress. Many of its pages would read like the chapters of a romance, so full would they be, of adventure by "flood and field," deeds of individual heroism, acts of charity and self-sacrifice, patriotic exploits in favor of Law, Church, and Government.

Nova Scotia has many excellencies, and deserves a much higher reputation than it has commonly enjoyed, outside the province. Its people, as a rule, are hardy, industrious, honest, sociable and intelligent. They are fond of information, and judicious in selecting books and literary material, and diligent in reading it; but are too reserved, unpatriotic, and unostentatious about their country and its distinguished men. They talk about and admire the deeds and character of the good and great of other countries, but seldom speak of their own, and the consequence is, that outside of the Province, very few are aware of the surprising number of individuals born within

it who have rendered themselves eminent and useful by remarkable talents or distinguished achievements, and whose reputation affords just ground for pride to their fellow-countrymen. It is probably true, for instance, that innumerable persons have heard of the eminent literary abilities of T. C. Haliburton, of the chivalrous bravery of Sir W. F. Williams, of the business enterprise of Sir Samuel Cunard, without the remotest conception that they are sons of Nova Scotia. Yet, if these men had been born in England or America, their countrymen would immediately, and with pride, seek to make the world familiar with their birth-place and history. There is not a profession or calling of an honorable character, in which we have not men who have distinguished themselves. The history of the noble defence made by Williams at Kars, the glorious achievements of Inglis at Lucknow, of Parker and Welsford in the Crimea, would add lustre to the fame of any country. In the legal and political arena we have Howe, the distinguished journalist and politician—and the then Poet-Laureate of Nova Scotia; Johnston and S. G. W. Archibald, powerful and eloquent speakers, Bell, McCully, Huntingdon, Blanchard, Garvie, and many others.

In Science we have every reason to be proud of Dr. Dawson, who has lately been pronounced by so distinguished an authority as President McCosh of Princeton, to be one of the leading scientific authorities of the day, of Professor Newcome, who has a world-wide reputation as an astronomer and economist, Dr. Gesner, the first discoverer of kerosene oil, and Dr. J. J. Mackenzie. In Literature we have Haliburton, author of a valuable history of the Province, and of the unrivalled productions of "Sam Slick,"

DeMille, though dying at the early age of forty-three, has, nevertheless, from his noble qualities as a man, his broad scholarship, and meritorious contributions to literature, left a name second to that of no contemporary Canadian, Murdoch and Tuttle, historians, Judge Marshall and G. M. Grant, noted magazine writers, Dr. Thomas McCulloch and Dr. Forrester, author of "Teacher's Text Book," pioneers in educational reform, and a long list of miscellaneous writers, who deserve mention here—names which require no eulogy of mine to add to the greatness of their achievements, and that in the every department of life; but we think we have presented a galaxy of native talent sufficient to speak for itself.

Now, is it not strange or singular, that having produced such great men, who gained so much distinction for our country, as yet, no worthy and concise biography of these men has been written in one volume, that no honorable endeavour has been made to preserve from oblivion the memories of men who have wrought for the common weal of the Province, and who have acquired for themselves and their country a reputation and a name, either in the naval or military service, or in the quieter walks of literature, science, and art? Is it because we have no man with sufficient business enterprise to prosecute the work, or ability to do justice to their characters, and for that reason leave their names uninscribed, and their memories in oblivion until other times and other men can do justice to them? Or is it because we are careless and indifferent as to their memory and fame? We cannot believe so! At all events, such should not be the case. We think the man who is not proud of being a fellow-countryman of the above-mentioned men, and of others left unnoticed, perhaps as equally worthy of being mentioned, is moved by no patriotic love, and ought to have been born in Constantinople, and that three hundred years ago.

Who then shall undertake the noble and pleasant task? What an interesting book to put in the hands of the youth of our country, for we believe that biography is one of the most useful studies to which we can apply; that the best teachers of mankind are the lives of great men,

for they teach us how "they have made their lives sublime," and how we can, by following in their "foot-prints," do the same, for "what man has done, man may do." J. P.

### SUCCESS.

THE hopes of young men are various; some look forward to the day when they shall be great preachers, the whole ambition of others is centered on the time when they shall be called "the leaders of the bar," others, again, in imagination, think of the wealth they will acquire and the social position they will attain by this means. In fact every young man aims at the moon so that his arrow may fly upward. The whole course of our life is infected with acknowledged selfishness which points no higher than to think of the acquisitions which confer on the successful, a personal dignity. To be the brilliant, the famous, or the rich man, is the end sought by all aspiring youth.

The first great struggle is to obtain worldly means enough to ensure comfort or the possibility of living by one's own exertions. Unless this can be done a man must be the creature of circumstances. If he cannot realise by his own energies enough "to keep his mutton twirling at the fire," whatever is manly and noble in his character will go to waste and be like the gift of eyesight to one who is imprisoned in perpetual darkness. It is very plain that the majority of men rest satisfied with wealth, and the power of the purse then can raise a man to the top of the ladder. But a "born genius" is certain to succeed.

Now and then we hear a great deal about "the coming man," and some brilliant young fellow in college, church or state is pointed out as the one who is to be "the man of the century." But after a few years we hear the same person spoken of as "a young man with a brilliant career—behind him." We cannot tell the reason why he becomes:—

"An unregarded bulrush on the stream  
To rot itself with motion."

Biographies of famous men tell us that their greatness was foretold from their cradle up, that the knowing ones nodded their heads and said "that

boy will come to something"; but we must lament that this power of prognostication is used retrospectively. What if the boy is already among us and we do not know it, but all on a sudden some great revolution, some social whirlwind or other marvellous circumstance will toss him to the surface. A deed done, a word spoken, or a book published in the nick of time, makes us stand aside and acknowledge his superiority.

What if some fellow whom we now call Tom will soon be at the head of affairs, and we petty men be walking under his legs. This century has not been deficient in great men, and we can never bring ourselves to believe that nature has taken to creating pigmies. There are numbers of men who have in them all the elements of greatness, but these cannot be developed, for social customs frown down originality more potently than any tyrant. Men make fun of and laugh down any eccentricity, and generally the poor fellow who has wandered from the established precincts, becomes disgusted with the success that he met with on his first departure from the usual groove of thinking, so he never publicly airs any of his hobbies again. It may be remarked here that men have always risen to deal with difficulties, and that they are men of sufficient moral courage to beard public opinion.

Circumstances change with times. Mohammed was at one time able to persuade nations that he went up to the seventh heaven every night on horseback. Now a short paragraph in the morning papers would make people feel sorry for the man who would assert this in order to make himself a ruler, and a lunatic asylum would open its door to receive him. Thousands of men can be got for a shilling a day to face a storm of bullets, but he who would coolly mount the "deadly breach" cowers under the paper pellets of some unknown paragrapher. Newspapers make this world like a gossiping village, and a notoriety is dreaded by the majority of men unless they be in business, and then it is their fortune.

According to a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, to a young man anxious for success in social life, a sage would say "young man be a puppy." Men and women have some sort of fear or respect

for the fellow who disregards their feelings, and he is never nearer the summit of social success than when other young men speaking about him say that they "would like to kick him."

But for success in any other sphere of life if you cannot submit to be called a fool or a designer, to have every action ascribed to base motives, if you have not the constitution of a rhinoceros, the suavity of a courtier, the taciturnity of Napoleon III., and the coolness of an iceberg, there is no chance of your being the "coming man," and you may at once become the president of some temperance society, or the superintendent of a mission school.

Lord Beaconsfield may be said to have reached the height of worldly ambition, and in reading his novels any one who intends making politics a profession will get scraps of worldly wisdom that are worth storing up. Though these precepts have served him well, yet, judged by a strict standard of morality, they are found sadly wanting.

A great deal depends upon what the individual person deems success. It is an old truth, yet sometimes forgotten, that contentment depends not on the multitude of possessions, or height of worldly power, but in a well-ordered mind. But if the success you wish is that your own conscience may approve your actions, you need not look for praise from the world, for

"It is Success that colours all in life;  
Success makes Fools admired, makes Villians honest:  
All the proud Virtue of this vaunting world  
Frowns on Success and Power, howe'er acquired."

SNODGRASS.

### THE BOOK SALE.

"WRITE us something for the next GAZETTE," says the editor. And the addressed is silent.

"Offer me for this book," says the auctioneer. And the audience stands dumb. At length, however, a small offer is made; and now, as the bidding proceeds, I go on writing.

"Voltaire's History of Charles the Twelfth, IN FRENCH," continues the auctioneer, putting the the last two words in such bold faced capitals that his hearers must be impressed with the magnitude of the wonder he wishes to sell.

"Twenty-five cents," from a man away back in the crowd, who could not see the book, and could not read it if he possessed it.

"Fifty cents I'm only offered for this book, Voltaire IN FRENCH," cries the auctioneer, ignoring the real bid of twenty-five cents, and regardless of the truth that no one had offered fifty. "I assure you, gentlemen, that this work cannot be bought in the bookstores. This is the only copy of this great work now on sale in the city—IN FRENCH; and fifty I'm offered. Who says seventy-five?"

"Seventy-five."

"Seventy-five, five . . . five. Seventy-five. Who says a dollar?"

"Dollar."

"One dollar. Thank you, sir; you show some appreciation of the value of this great work by Voltaire,—IN FRENCH. One dollar . . . one dollar. Who says ten. One ten, one ten; one twenty, one twenty; one thirty, one thirty, one thirty. Going at one thirty—"

"Five," from the crowd; and the auctioneer looks relieved; for he had put on three *imaginary* bids of ten cents each, and now this *bona fide* "five" has helped him out of the scrape; and he "dwells" no longer.

"One thirty-five. Going at one thirty-five. Are you done? Going, going, gone. Who's it?"

"Nathaniel Wallage."

And so, Mr. Wallage, for one dollar and thirty-five cents has an old, shabby copy of a book which could readily be obtained new and neatly bound for seventy-five cents at any book store in Halifax. But then, what matter? Was it not Voltaire, IN FRENCH! *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*.

At the risk of being tedious I will give another specimen of book buying at auction.

My friend, Wyse, and I were looking over a lot of books then "on inspection." He found one, and one only, that he wanted to read just then; and, hence, that he would buy if he could conveniently do so; but no other. In the evening we called at the auction room, in time to hear a soiled copy of "Burns," worth two dollars new, knocked down for two seventy-five, to see the auctioneer turn to the title page of "Paradise

Lost" in order to answer the question "Who is it by"? and to witness an English clergyman bear off a bundle of Smollet's novels, and a busy, working man, with but little time for reading, possess himself of a backload of "Clarissa Harlowe," for a few cents. Poor Clarissa never was held cheaper either by suitor or by parent; but yet my friend felt sympathy for this working man. He was somewhat comforted, however, upon examining the purchase, to find that two volumes of the work were missing! "Only two gone," I heard him sigh to himself, "What a pity! Only two!"

In about half an hour my friend's choice was put up.

"Bacon's Advancement of Learning, by W. Aldis Wright," said the auctioneer, and then added with a wonderful depth of feeling, "The advancement of learning is a fine thing."

A small volume, without gilt binding, without pictorial illustrations, almost without a peg for an ignorant commendation, Wyse knew that the first bid would be a small one; so he waited.

"Ten cents."

Wyse still waited as long as was safe, then quietly bid "Fifteen." Beyond Twenty, he broke the bidding by offering twenty-two, and finally after very slow bidding, the volume being knocked down to him for twenty-seven cents, paid his money, and went home to read his book. He had got a work that he wanted to study *then*, which was good; and what made it no worse he had bought it for about one-fifth the ordinary price.

I merely wish what I have written as illustrations of what I am about to write.

It not unfrequently happens that students, as well as less sensible persons, go to book-sales without having made up their minds what books they want. This is, as a rule, the first wrong step. Books should be carefully examined while "on inspection"; and the mind of the intending purchaser made up. If one go to a book-sale undecided, one is almost sure to buy books for no better reasons than Mrs. Toodles, in the farce, bought the door-plate with the name "Thompson" on it,—"You know, my dear Toodles, it was so cheap, and we have two daughters, and

one of them *might* marry, and her husband's name *might* be Thompson, and so it *might* come in handy after all you see." True, the books may be bought cheap, though that is not always the case; but they are probably not needed *then*: this is evil and an evil continually. Students are generally of itinerant habits; and, through such indiscrete buying, the accumulation of almost useless books, they often feel to be a burden greater than they can bear. Every journey, even from one boarding-house to another, becomes double trouble and expense—the cabman levieth blackmail, the railway agent collecteth the freight, the porter groaneth under the weight and looketh for his "tip," while the unfortunate owner also "doth the like;" till at length after several years struggling with such a white elephant, in very anguish, he seeks out another auction-room, and through the medium of one of those most learned and honest men who preside there, the burden is transferred to another doomed soul. Of the wisdom of this last step I have no better opinion than of the first; for by it all the trouble and expense of many transportations are lost, and the objects now representative of so much probably frittered away "just when they might come in handy you see." These remarks are principally applicable to students; but they are by no means the only ones who buy books they do not need.

During one's college course, too, I may remark in closing, it is far better to concentrate one's attention on a few good works than to scatter—I might say squander—it on many. On a student's introduction to a study, he cannot advantageously pursue the subject in several books,—the differences in the modes of presentation would to the beginner be productive of confusion. The learner will find the value of a thorough acquaintance with *one book* on a subject, even though it may not be the *best* book. By it a vantage ground will be attained, from which observations may be made over the whole field of study, and all subsequent efforts will become doubly profitable.

Many points more or less connected with this I would gladly touch upon, but I have already given you too thin a covering for too large a

space. Briefly in the words of Seneca, "Non refert quam multos, sed quam bonos habeas libros; multitudo librorum onerat non instruit, et satius est paucis authoribus te tradere, quam errare per multos."

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

THROUGH some irregularity we have received since last issue only two exchanges, *The Portfolio* and *The College Courier*. The former is fully up to its usual standard of excellence. This "Canada of ours" need never be ashamed of her daughters if they are such as the fair editresses of the *Portfolio*. The paper has been distinguished throughout the winter for its clever and carefully written editorials. We may safely say that with the exception of two or at most three, the *Portfolio* is the best of our exchanges. The present number contains an interesting article on "The Literature of Fiction." The exchange editress knows full well how to manage that department of the paper. This is the way in which a "poem" appearing in an exchange is criticized:—

"Through the exchange column of the *College Journal*, Milton, Wis., we are treated with what the *Journal* is pleased to call an "unique little poem." It is "A Subscriber's Soliloquy," and begins "To pay, or not to pay—." We need quote no further—you know the rest. "Unique,"—well, perhaps it is; but as this is about the hundredth "poem" of the kind we have read since we have been connected with college journalism, it fails to strike us in that light. It seems to us that if the "subscriber" had gone to the editor at once with his "purse plerotic," and paid him "the sum which was his due," instead of soliloquizing at all, it would have saved much precious time, and been a good deal more satisfactory—to the editor."

The *College Courier* has one great fault, viz., the filling up at of least three-fourths of its columns with matter that *may* be of interest to its students, but assuredly to no others. It devotes two columns to such stuff as "*Class Mottos and Memorials*," and "*The Centennial Class*"; it fills up two more with "*The Home Contest in Oratory*"; a column and a-half with the "*Philo-Eccretian Contest*"; and the remainder with inanities called "*Courierosities*," which from their silliness damn it effectually. We believe that the *Courier* is managed by a joint stock company. Let us hope that the dividends may be exceeding small until such time as the editors see fit to fill the columns with at least a modicum of good sense.

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 9, 1881.

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**A** WORD to our subscribers:—*PAY UP.*

**S**OME matter sent us for insertion is unavoidably held over.

**W**ITH the next number of the GAZETTE, the present editors will be placed on the retired list, and as that number will be filled chiefly by an account of the closing ceremonies, we wish to offer a few suggestions which we hope will receive the attention that our age and experience demand. About the way we have done our duty we will say nothing: "concerning their own merits modest men are dumb."

It is hardly necessary to advise the students to keep on publishing the GAZETTE, for since it has been so long established, and so far very successful, no one would think about letting it go down. But we would recommend the students to contribute more to its columns. Journalism is now an excellent profession, and a good practical training can be obtained by writing for a college paper. Any of the graduates who were contributors will say that nothing in the college course was of more real benefit than writing for the GAZETTE. Besides it is unfair to make the editors contribute the major

part of the twenty-four columns every fortnight, especially during the examinations, since these are no respecters of persons. To those who do not write anything, for the sake of the feelings of our successors, we must ask you not to be too sweeping in your condemnation of every number as soon as it appears. Do not say every fortnight that there is nothing in it except what is stolen from other college papers. If the funny man cannot invent stories about his comrades to keep you laughing until the next Dallusiensia appears; or if the exchange man does not say that every other college paper is edited by fools; and if the articles are not the most intellectual reading in the world, just remember that editors have to study as well as the other students.

We think that any one by reading the "other member of the Faculty," as the college paper is sometimes called, can judge the characters of the students, and estimate the work done better than in any other way. By means of the paper information concerning the college is conveyed to outsiders who would otherwise know nothing about it, and the old students like to know all about the doings of their *alma mater*, and the sort of men who take their places. By means of the exchanges the reading-room is furnished with all the leading papers and magazines, and from the other college journals the students can gather useful information about similar institutions. So we hope that next session the students will aid the editors more than they are accustomed to.

We would advise those who will be here to make an effort to get the part of the building now used as an express office fitted up as a gymnasium. Students should have some means of taking regular exercise. Something more than "taking a walk" is needed to keep the body in a healthy condition. In a gymnasium attention must be paid to the exercises, and all thought of studies is dismissed; every student who has even irregularly attended McKay's Gymnasium can bear testimony to the benefit he has received. If the students agitate this matter properly we have no doubt that before the end of the term the governors will fit up a much-needed gymnasium.

The Debating Society will of course be started at the beginning of the session, and we see no reason why it should not be kept up until the end of February. Some think that debating societies do more harm than good because they are productive of a careless style, of self importance, and foster the habit of saying meaningless nothings. No one who has attended our debates can fail to notice the improvement in the matter and manner of those who are accustomed to speak, from the time when they stammered out, "I agree with the last speaker," until they were able to make a fluent and sensible speech. Very interesting questions were discussed this winter. We do not believe in having disputed points in history debated, for a person cannot exercise much originality, but is compelled to give a synopsis of Hume or Macaulay.

We hope the students will not forget to organise the Foot-ball Club. Although the exercise is almost too violent, since there is no gymnasium something must be done to keep away weak limbs and pale cheeks.

Those of us who leave home to attend college get some good advice from the "old folks" when we are starting; we propose to offer a few words of counsel to those who will be going home. We hope that none of the students who are compelled to work during the summer in order to get money to pay their expenses during the ensuing winter will be foolish enough to ruin their future usefulness by studying and working at the same time. And to all we say, take plenty exercise so that you may be healthy and robust, and fit to stand the next session's work. So wishing all the students safely through the examinations we lay down our pen and again renew the "cram."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE:

With your permission I should like to lay before your readers a few remarks upon the "College Question." I formed my opinions on the subject seven years ago, and though I have read nearly everything that has been published

since on any side of the question, my views have remained unaltered, if they have not been strengthened. No subject is of more real interest to students, and, I think, no place better fitted for its discussion than the columns of a college paper. Anything like a full treatment would require a rather bulky pamphlet, and I must not take up too much of your space.

Eighteen years ago there existed in Nova Scotia about half-a-dozen colleges owned and controlled by various religious denominations, and one owned by the Government. The latter (Dalhousie College) consisted at that time of a building and certain funds lying idle. During the winter of 1863 this college was brought to life and made an university by Act of Parliament. By the same act it was declared that any person or body of persons who should thereafter endow the university to the extent of twelve hundred dollars a year, might have the privilege of nominating a governor and a professor for the college. This offer was open to all. The Presbyterian Church alone accepted it. They had then a college of their own, giving instruction in arts and theology. These two branches they separated, joining the arts department to Dalhousie College by paying \$3600 a year to that institution, and nominating three governors and three professors. Their Theological School they have ever since continued to support without aid from the Government. None of the other religious bodies followed their example. They preferred to keep the education of their students in their own hands; and had they refrained from begging the Government for public money to help them in their denominational work, their conduct would have been honest enough, though not too wise. But they did beg for help, and that under the pretence of advancing higher education; and they got it. They knew the pretence to be nothing more. They knew that if they had done as the Presbyterians did, they would have built up an efficient university large enough for all the wants of this small Province in the matter of higher education. They might have endowed chairs in Dalhousie College as Mr. Munro has lately done, and have exercised votes at the governing board.

This would have been at least wise and upright. But they chose their own course. They partly bullied and partly persuaded the government of that day to give them the public money they wanted; and from that time to this they have bitterly denounced the connection of the Presbyterians with Dalhousie, and have done all in their power to injure that College. To attain this end they have on the platform and in the press, especially in the so-called religious press, indulged in persistent misrepresentation, and not infrequently even in what a layman would call downright and deliberate falsehood. The simple truth is, and every one who has taken the trouble to look into the matter knows, that from 1863 to 1876 of all the colleges in Nova Scotia, the one belonging to the Province received the least public aid, and that the Presbyterian College has never asked or received any public aid at all.

In 1876 a step was made in the right direction by increasing the grant to Dalhousie College to \$3000. At the same time a very mistaken effort was made to stimulate the different colleges and get them to work more in unison by means of a degree-conferring examining board, called the University of Halifax. No good could be expected to come of such an attempt. The new institution was merely added to the others. Had all the colleges resigned their power of conferring degrees into its hands, the only result would have been a sameness in our higher education, a result in itself not of much importance either for good or evil. The University of Halifax could never have raised its standard of examination above the standard of instruction existing in the Province. It could not supply our colleges with more professors, with better libraries and apparatus, with larger numbers of students, creating keener competition and wider culture, or with any one of the many things we require before our standard of education can be materially elevated. I will do our colleges the justice to say that I believe they do as well as possible with the material and appliances at their command; and that their professors know whether their work is well or ill done. What they want is more material and better

appliances. Until these are secured, and they can be secured only by a concentration of resources, an examining board is merely a mockery and a delusion. What our young men need is not degrees but education. I think, therefore that the death of the University of Halifax is not an event to be wept over.

This year, for the third time, the Government had an opportunity to prove its regard for higher education, and to show an enlightened patriotism. It threw the opportunity away, and yielded without the appearance of resistance to the rising storm of ecclesiastical bigotry. It might have said to the various religious denominations,—"We cannot afford to give a large grant in aid of higher education. The little we can give, in order to do good, must be concentrated. We have a college of our own where all your young men can get a good education. Join us in supporting it, and you will have the benefit of our grant. An efficient college, far better in every respect than you can possibly make your own, would then be within their reach, and you would have a share in its control and management. If you refuse to do this, you are, of course, at liberty to do so; but you have had fair warning, and we have too much regard for the public funds and for higher education to waste our resources by dividing them." Such language would have been true and manly. It might have had a good effect. But the Government had not sufficient courage. It threw honour to the winds and consulted expediency. It showed the white feather before it was attacked. It is true, though improbable, that it might have been defeated. Religious intolerance is not dead in Nova Scotia. The ugly skeleton moves its dry bones whenever the college question is discussed. Yet governments and political parties have often profited as much by knowing when to fall, as by knowing how to keep standing. There is no doubt that many intelligent and unprejudiced friends of education and of the Government have much less confidence than before either in its wisdom or its uprightness. It is refreshing to find its leader declaring that Dalhousie is Provincial and will be supported by Government; but it is matter for unmingled

regret that he did not feel himself strong enough to stand firmly by the right.

No political feeling, of course, enters into what I have written. A great deal is said now-a-days by would-be philosophers about the evils of party politics. Few public men, indeed, have ever stooped for the good of their party to means so base as have been habitually used by clerical enemies of Dalhousie. The higher the interests at stake, the more unscrupulous always have been the advocates of the wrong cause; and in no department of human affairs has moral blindness been so common or so conspicuous as in ecclesiastical matters. The truth of this every reader of history knows, and all mankind have reason to deplore. But for the bitter unscrupulousness of interested divines we should have in Nova Scotia to-day a well equipped and thoroughly efficient university. Such an institution, it may be hoped, will be in the possession of some more fortunate generation. In the meantime, knowingly or in ignorance, the worst enemies of higher education in the Province are the supporters of the denominational colleges.

M.

DEAR GAZETTE:

In your last issue I notice a letter from a "Student" concerning the policy of giving class prizes to General Students. Now, though I do not fear that the Senate will take his advice and abrogate the law, yet, for the sake of fair play, I venture to attempt a few lines in answer.

"Student" seems to set a very low value on the manliness of his fellows, when he says that "this system has a tendency to lessen the number of undergraduates, and in the same proportion, increase the ranks of the Generals." Surely he does not really believe that men take a general course simply for the sake of possible prizes. The real reason why so many students take a General Course, seems to me to be the scarcity of optional subjects in the regular course.

Then "Student" goes on to say, "a result very injurious in every respect." This statement, apparently so satisfactory to your correspondent, may appear a little doubtful to others. I think an attempt at proof would not be amiss. No

one thinks that, in the present state of things a college degree is of any practical value; so we leave it out of the question. Then it may be asked, whether is it not better to know a few subjects and study them up well, than to take the whole list embraced in the regular course and know a "little of everything." It is clearly impossible for any man to learn so much of every branch taught in college as to derive any practical benefit from it. The most that any student can do at any of our colleges is to get a groundwork. I will venture to say that not one man out of twenty could pass a creditable examination on all the subjects of his course, five years after graduation; so that "Student's" assertion is not without at least a shadow of of uncertainty.

The "unfairness of competition" about which he complains, is, at first sight, a serious matter; and, for some time, I was of the same opinion as "Student" with regard to the system of giving prizes to General Students. A few considerations, however, removed that opinion, and I hope they may do the same for my friend.

1. All regular students do not compete on equal terms. One man comes to college well prepared, while his classmate who has not had such opportunities for study, comes so unprepared that he barely matriculates. One man is blessed with an iron constitution, while his "less fortunate rival" is forced to go to bed every night at eleven in order to keep any health he may have left. Or, again, one student can afford to "loaf" all summer, or spend his vacation preparing for the next session, while his opponent, after a painful "school-hunt" through the spring months, has to spend his vacation and strength in trying to emulate Job in patience, and instruct the rising generation in their "elementa." Therefore, to follow out the question of "fairness," when the Senate award prizes, they should give a complete list of the opportunities enjoyed by each competitor.

2. Class prizes are supposed to be given for proficiency in particular branches, not for general knowledge; and if a prize should be withheld from a general because he is not proficient in all other subjects, why give it to a regular when

he may be far behind his classmates in every other branch?

"Student" says further, "I think it is evident the competition *cannot* be on a fair basis." He probably meant to say, "is not *always* on a fair basis." His statement as it stands is wide of the mark.

My remarks have, I fear, spent out rather far. In conclusion I may say that I write simply from a desire to do justice to generals who have taken class prizes in the past, and not from any personal interest in the matter.

Yours truly,

SIGMA.

### UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

#### CLASSICS.—HONORS.

I. Who was the wife of Apollo? Who was his mother-in-law?

II. What do you know of the Homeric question? What don't you know? Why?

III. Describe the Chimera; also a Centaur. Show clearly wherein the "beauty" of your descriptions consists.

IV. Give in detail Gladstone's criticism of Brown's views with respect to the color of Homer's hat. Had he a hat?

V. Estimate the value of the works of Ovid and Horace as a means of moral culture.

#### MATHEMATICS.

I. Given  $x=0$ ; it is required to find how much money and *aqua vite* it takes to run the elections in the College Literary Society.

II. Trisect any given angle, especially the angle at the vertex of an isoscles triangle of Residence apple-pie.

III. A student A, enters the Rossin House at 9 P.M. At 11.30 P.M. an object is seen moving in an irregular line up Yonge street. What is the probability that  $A=B$ ?

IV. A certain college has an endowment of  $x$  to the  $n$ th dollars, and sends up  $y$  students for matriculation; an ordinary high school receives no endowment, and sends up  $z$  students. Prove that the efficiency of educational institutions varies inversely as the square of the endowment.

V. Two bodies, the one infinitely large, the other infinitely small, coming from opposite directions, are approaching each other with a tremendous velocity along a given line. Let the larger body,  $m$ , represent public opinion; and the smaller,  $n$ , a college council; and let the given line represent the "higher education of woman" question. Determine approximately the point in interstellar space to which  $n$  will be projected on coming in collision with  $m$ . (Given  $\log. 10=1$ .)

#### ENGLISH AND HISTORY.

I. Sketch carefully the lives and writings of Smith, Jones and Robinson.

II. Tell what you know of the coming New Zealander and his cogitations on London Bridge.

III. Quote a passage from a college song containing either rhyme, rhythm or reason.

IV. Write a critique on the articles from the *Sporting Times* which have appeared in late numbers of the *Varsity*.

V. Compose a prize poem on the King of Kalamazoo. (*Vide* Wordsworth's Eulogy of an Ass.)

#### LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS.—HONORS.

I. What do you understand by the infinite and attainable? How much of it would purchase a ton of coal for a college student?

II. Give Socrates' idea of goodness. Give the freshman's idea of the same, as shown in his opinion of what constitutes a "good time."

III. If everything is nothing and something is everything, how much better is an Honor man than a Pass man?

IV. Explain clearly the difference between the opinions of ancient mental philosophers, and those of modern idiots.

V. Discuss fully whether Plato or Aristotle has the superior claim to the discovery of the profound physical truths that "water runs down hill" and that "fire produces heat." Give Spilkin's views on this question.

#### NATURAL SCIENCE.—HONORS.

I. What is the commercial value of city water as a fertilizer? Characterize its principal fauna and flora.

II. Trace the development of the kidney of a cellar slug. Describe the bicuspid of the oyster. (*Bradyopus tridactylus*.)

III. Determine the temperature, centigrade, of Residence butter, and the motive-power of the cheese. To what extent would it be safe to employ the former in the manufacture of saponaceous compounds?

IV. If the Darwinian principle of "the survival of the fittest" be valid, how do you account for the survival of the college gown (*Thingum antediluvianum*), which nobody supposes to be fit for anything? (*Vide* Schleirmacher on Barbaric Remains.)—"Varsity," Toronto.

#### PERSONALS.

A. DICKIE, B. A., '79, is in business with his father, at Upper Stewiacke.

H. H. MAGEE, general of '77-'78, is teaching at his home, Town Plot, Cornwallis.

E. L. NEWCOMBE, B. A., '78, is studying law in the office of J. L. Chipman, Kentville.

H. H. HAMILTON, B. A., '74, is engrossed in business and matrimonial cares at Pictou.

J. L. GEORGE, B. A., '78, and J. H. CAIRNS, B. A., '78, have received the degree of M. A. at Princeton College, New Jersey. We congratulate these gentlemen upon their success, and hope that they may long continue to prosper.

THE following are among the number of those of our old students that can be found at the School of the Prophets, Pine Hill:—A. Rogers, B. A., '78, James McKenzie, B. A., '78, J. H. Cameron, B. A., '78, C. D. McLaren, A. W. Mahon, and O. S. Lord.

A. I. TRUEMAN, M. A., '78, has been admitted to a junior partnership in the law firm of Rugsley, Crawford & Rugsley, of St. John, N. B. Mr. Trueman's career has been very successful since leaving his *alma mater*, and we can only hope that it may still continue to be so.

HARRISON and DAY, freshmen of '77-'78, and who, tired of hard work, deserted us to attend the University of New Brunswick, can now write "B. A." to their names; while their less fortunate compeers have yet to pass through fire

and tribulation before they receive that long-looked-for parchment.

WE clip the following from an American paper of a late date:—

"Rev. H. M. Scott, of Leipzig, who has accepted his appointment as Instructor in Church History in Chicago Theological Seminary, we are assured, brings rare qualifications to his position. He is a graduate of Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia, and of Edinburgh University; he has served successfully as a pastor, is very highly esteemed as a preacher among the English and Americans in Leipzig, and has spent several years in studying the sources of ecclesiastical history in Germany. His expected accession to the faculty, next September, is regarded with great satisfaction by the professors and the executive board."

It is our sad duty to record in this issue the untimely death of W. R. GRANT, B. A., '77, at his home, Millstream, Pictou Co. For some time past he had been afflicted with consumption, which finally caused his death. Of late he had devoted himself to the study of medicine, but he was unable to complete his course on account of his failing strength. Of him it might well be said,—to know was to love. Of the large number who graduated in '77 none was better known or more highly esteemed than he. To his parents and friends we extend our heartfelt sympathy for the loss of one so justly admired and respected by all who knew him.

#### 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 alone are expected to understand its contents.

WE have received the usual poem on "The Return of Spring." Very gushing. With Spring comes another institution not so gushing, viz., *Examinations!* Great is the power of association: *ergo* we decline to publish the poem.

"CO-OPERATION is necessary," remarked the Principal to his class in Political Economy. "Absolutely necessary," echoed the seniors, "in view of the fact that *one pony is all we have.*"

A FRESHMAN has been promoted to the rank of a *full private* by one Railton, as a reward for being struck on the back of the neck with a rotten egg.

It is said that recently a freshman declined to partake of goose at dinner as it might increase the chances of his being — don't mention it!

THAT "the smoothness of flattery will not save us in this rugged and awful crisis," needs no demonstration.

*Si fato conciderem, justus mihi dolor etiam adversus deos esset*, a junior translates:—"If I am plucked I will raise a rumpus with the powers that be."

OUR poet sends us the following:—

"There was a young man of Dalhousie  
Whose sweet-heart was known as Miss Susie:  
But when he found out  
She was troubled with gout  
He went down the street and got boosie."

ITEMS.

"YOUR visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing on William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica.

"Why so?" inquired William Henry.

"Well, they commenced as a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

"Yes," said William Henry, bracing up, "and after we are married, we will issue an extra—"

"Sh-h," said Angelica; and then they went out for a stroll.—*Ex.*

PROFESSOR (to Senior in electricity)—"Are sparks of long duration?" Senior (with a knowing look)—"It depends on whether the old folks have gone to bed or not."—*Bates Student.*

A NUMBER of valuable letters written by George Eliot at the age of 20, have just been brought to light in Sheffield. They are in possession of a grandson of "Dinah Bede," now resident in that town, and were written to Mrs. Elizabeth Evans and Mr. Samuel Evans, uncle and aunt of the novelist, and the "Dinah Morris" and "Seth Bede" of her novel "Adam Bede." They are pervaded by deep religious sentiment, and betray a keen anxiety about her spiritual condition.—*Folio.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

REV. S. McNAUGHTON, M.A., \$2.00; A. I. Trueman, M.A., \$2.00; Rev. Dr. Pollok, Wm. Campbell, Prof. Honeyman, James L. Ross, James Mitchell, Howard Murray, Rev. Richmond Logan, M.A., A. McKinnon, G. J. Hamilton, H. H. Hamilton, John Ross, T. S. McGregor, H. J. Furneaux,—\$1.00 each.

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