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SONNET.

DALHOUSIE, *Alma Mater*, low to thee
I bow in reverence of thy thrifty age ;
Thou opener of erudition's page,
Whose memory ever dear shall be to me,
Tho', as a waif upon the stormy sea
Struggles despairingly against its rage,
So have I onward pressed towards the gage
Of my endeavours—a hard earned degree.
'Tis true indeed that faultless thou art not,
Such is the lot of everything mundane ;
But a fair name for learning thou hast got
From many sojourners within thy fane,
Dalhousie, with all thy faults I love thee yet,
And long may 't be before thy sun shall set.

SILENUS.

SWEEPINGS FROM A NOVA SCOTIAN STUDY.

"It is noble to seek truth, and it is beautiful to find it."—
REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

THE absurdity of the position taken by those philosophers, who maintain the superiority of the quest of truth to its possession, has been clearly shewn in a recent issue of the Dalhousie College GAZETTE. There are questions, in the solution of which the humblest individual, as well as the most cultured savant, may be allowed to participate. I may not be able, with Mansel, to speculate upon the "Infinite," nor to handle the ponderous technicalities of Sir W. Hamilton, yet my own consciousness may give me the result at which I desire to arrive, as accurately as if I were well versed in the valuable tomes of these well-known philosophers. Upon this plea, and this alone, I desire to give expression to my views on a question of human experience—the grandest that can be propounded.

"Experience is the great test of truth ; and it is perpetually contradicting the theories of men." We are well aware that scientific men in the past, have not unfrequently advanced theories, and endeavoured to make facts suit their as-

sumptions. The failure of one individual in this attempt, and his chagrin thereat have given rise to the famous saying, "so much the worse for the facts." Let us bring the theory of the above-mentioned philosophers to the light, and see whether it will fare better than any of its companions. Scripture says, "Prove (*test* is the better reading) all things." Let us ever comply with this precept, for it is the only sure method of enabling us to come to right conclusions. Does the History of Philosophy tell us of men content with grasping at spectral ideas? Do the mournful utterances of Xenophanes, of Colophon (who arrived at the truth of the oneness of the universe) seem to imply, that in dubiety he found rest for his "unquiet brain"?

As we, in imagination, listen to the wisdom that flowed from the lips of the great thinkers of early times, who, by the light of Nature sought to gain a knowledge of the mysteries of the universe, there are borne in upon us with magic power the words of one of England's sweetest minstrels,

"Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off a crystal draught,
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and Delirium wild."

It would then seem that the testimony of these speculators is in favor of the possession of truth. Were we to descend to the ranks of ordinary mortals, we would obtain a confirmation of the generally accepted opinion.

Classic story tells how Jupiter wished to abolish the race of mortals, and create a new generation. We are further informed of the way in which Prometheus saved mankind from destruction. They were deprived of knowledge of futurity, but *hope* was granted them instead. How significant are these tales of the ancients ! A probability of the elevation of the species was not taken from under their feet ; but an incentive to higher things was given. The momentum of the fall was lessened, and a glimmer of hope peered through what seemed the darkness

of despair. In my Debating Society experience (which has not been short, nor of the village kind) no question has ever been entered into with more joyous zest than "Anticipation or Realization"? It takes a wonderful hold of the minds of young men, to whom the world seems as a carpet of flowers, studded at intervals with the worthiest objects of quest, and the grandest spectacles, that allure young ambition. The Poet of Hope dilates upon this in a way that makes us think of the dewdrops sparkling in the morning sun, and the young mists that take their departure at the earliest appearing of the orb of day.

"Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power
How bright! how strong! in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand."

But my greatest objection to this style of theorizing is, that it would virtually do away with one of the holiest and purest of poetical aspirations; and one which has a singularly practical basis. We all know how language is frequently abused to suit the utilitarian ends of that most unreasonable of men—the canvassing agent. Hence the unwarrantable connection of the idea, which we are about to mention, with paper-collars and mowing-machines. The much parodied "Excelsior" contains in it the intense longing of humanity for something more exalted than "shin-plasters" and treasures "which moth and rust do corrupt."

W. M. Rossetti, in his introduction to an edition of Longfellow's poems, looks upon "Excelsior" in the light of a mere jingle. The validity of this position of Mr. Rossetti I content myself with modestly, but peremptorily and irrevocably denying. We side rather with Rev. G. Gilfillan, whose estimate may be summed up in the famous line:

"What oft was thought before, but ne'er so well expressed."

Philosophy is indeed "majestic in its own simplicity, and 'musical as is Apollo's lute.'" See how well Shelly expresses the idea on which we have been remarking, when he says:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

Of-times there come into my recollection the lines of our greatest dramatist:

"Surely He that made us with large discourses,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and Godlike reason
To 'rust in us unused.'"

We are not on the eve of pronouncing a homily on "Mental Culture," or anything of the

sort, but ask the question, how far do we allow ourselves to be influenced by the principle of keeping our intellectual faculties like the surface of a mirror, ever receptive of light from whatever source. Some one will perhaps say, "it is very well for students to talk; but put that theory into practice in business life." I am aware of the helplessness and hopelessness of the case before me. Some one has written on the "Dignity of Labour," but he would no doubt have gained a far larger share of popularity, had he described its "Difficulty." The increase of books, the wearisomeness of study, and the almost gigantic proportions of many fields of truth, are anything but inviting. A difficult and dangerous ascent is the only one by which we can rise to the top of "Fame's dread mountain." Climbing is exceedingly tiresome, but in itself there is a reward, which throws all petty considerations into the shade. A mind wearied with unremitting toil is a far more desirable possession than one dozing in the misery of intellectual stagnation. If our "knowledge-box" be of the character which we have last described, we occupy in the field of brain-workers the unenviable position accorded to the inactive North American Indian among the races of more civilized character. The creed of this strange specimen is summed up in the following definition: "It is better to walk than to run, it is better to stand than to walk, it is better to sit than to stand, it is better to lie than to sit."

Of poets, as a class, pre-eminently it cannot be said that,

"Truth proposed to reasoners such as they
Is a pearl cast—completely cast away."

Rather they seem to us, as they have been well described

"The consecrated heralds
Through whom the voices of their time speak out."

Their agency is most noticeable in the sympathy and active support they have ever given to suffering humanity. Does man's frame waste away under the falling yoke of bondage? The notes, that defy the tyrant, swell from the lyre of the poet. Who, so loud in the praises of Freedom? These men are not what some would have us suppose. The popular conception of a man of poetic genius is, one who affects a vast superiority to his fellows, and exhibits the utmost pedantry in all his sayings. We would ask, do Poets realize the Brotherhood of Humanity? and answer most emphatically in the affirmative.

"OUR HOTEL."

SEEING that a hotel has been used, at all times, as merely a place of temporary refuge, it may be considered necessary that we should explain the circumstances which compelled us to seek shelter in one of the above-mentioned establishments. It happened thus:

There existed a necessity, first, that we should reach a certain village, which, for the sake of brevity, we will call S—; and secondly, that we should arrive at that particular village on a certain day, and at a certain hour of that day, in order to meet the train which was to convey us to Halifax, on our return from our Christmas holidays.

Now, in order to reach the locality mentioned, about sixteen miles of a bleak road, through a bleak country must be passed over. Moreover, on the day in question, the said road was covered with snow to an average depth of about two and a-half feet; a great part of which had fallen during the preceding night. The difficulties of the case were, no doubt, formidable, yet they were increased to an almost infinite extent by the fact that the snow did not persevere in maintaining a uniform depth, but permitted itself to be driven into heaps of unknown height by the wind. The consequence of this was, that the depth ranged from zero to somewhere on the borders of infinity. Nevertheless, by means of locomotion almost as varied as that by which the Arch-fiend made his way through chaos, as described by Milton,

"With head, hands, wings, or feet pursued his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,"

we arrived at the village of S—. The train had passed about ten minutes before our coming. Our difficulties had not been *absolutely* insurmountable, but the time granted had been too short. These were the circumstances under which we found it imperative to put up at "our hotel."

There was nothing particularly striking in the appearance of the building, save that it possessed not the customary appendage, called *the sign*. We knew not the name of the proprietor. So far as we were concerned, the house was *run* by "our landlady," whose longitude was mediocre; but whose latitude was immense. She was evidently a female of very considerable ferocity, and one with whom it would be dangerous to trifle.

"Her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool."

They gladly descend from the pinnacle of their genius, and earnestly strive to enunciate the highest possible truths.

Men have ever been hungering and thirsting after moral truth. This yearning must really lie at the bottom of every other, which would tend to raise us in the social scale. "On Nebo's lonely mountain," some thousands of years ago, there passed from Earth to Heaven, without the pomp of burial rite, one whose influence has been felt by the heaving, throbbing heart of humanity. Born in humble circumstances, bred in the regal palace, the page of knowledge had been placed within his reach, and of him Sacred Writ records that "he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." But to him was granted a higher than mere human wisdom. To him were dictated those sublime pages, compared with which all other literatures are "but a little point, too trivial for account." For

"Never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men."

Who can reckon the influence of the youthful citizen of Tarsus, who afterwards became the great Apostle Paul. The truth, which it was his privilege to herald, was part and parcel of himself. It was no hazy opinion, but the knowledge whereof he affirmed, that enabled him to undergo the many persecutions that befell him.

Failure in the attainment of truth—disastrous as it may seem—has often led the way to success. We may avoid the rocks on which our brethren have made shipwreck. We all know how the alchemists failed to find the gold they sought. From their unsuccessful efforts has arisen that most valuable of modern sciences—Chemistry. Astrology was the stepping-stone to Astronomy. Many ill-founded hypotheses were the means of finding the true. "Truth," says Max Müller, "is not found by addition or subtraction only. The torch of imagination is as necessary as the lamp of study."

We have endeavoured to bring some flowers from the Garden of Literature, and strew them at the feet of the goddess of Truth.

The expression with which we have headed our little paper comes back to us, and we can only say, "It is *noble* to seek truth, and it is *beautiful* to find it." The wonders of Philosophy, the secrets of Natural Science, the genius of Literature, seem to proclaim the worthiness of the attainment of truth.

HAREBRAINED.

Nothing of consequence happened during the evening. We spent part of it in a friend's house, and the remainder in the sitting-room of "our hotel." Before retiring, we inquired of "our landlady," in a meek, submissive tone, at what time we could have breakfast. "About eight," was the reply. We then simply stated the fact, that the train would be due at two minutes past eight, that we wished to go on that train, and would like to have our breakfast before we started. To this statement we received no very distinct reply, and retired with anxious thoughts of the morrow. Our room and bed were quite comfortable, and we slept soundly until about seven, when we arose and commenced our toilet. During the process of laving our countenance, we had no forebodings of the dilemma to come. But when we had completed the operation, and had applied a portion of the moistening element to our hair, we turned, first to the left hand, and then to the right, in search of a towel. Our explorations were in vain. Evidently the room was not seized of any such article. There we stood, the very personification of misery. We thought of remedies, but, for a time, could find none that would be suitable. The thermometer indicated about zero (F.) At that temperature, drying by evaporation was out of the question. To go down stairs, in our present condition, would be decidedly improper. There we were. We had heard of a fish out of water, and of a hen in water, and other unpleasant situations, but a parallel to our state at that moment we could not conceive. However, relief we were bound to have, and relief we did have. The dampness of our countenance was quickly transferred to a portion of that which Burns addresses thus,

"When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort."

Then we were happy. By this time the flexible commodity on our cranium was becoming stiff, and we hastened to the mirror and comb; but the latter was nowhere to be found within our apartment. Sighing deeply, we mused for a moment, and became decided. We knew that it was customary in some such houses, not to provide such conveniences for the travelling public; but we had made no preparation for such a case. There was no rake present, no harrow, not even a "three-legged stool," wherewith to smooth our locks. We determined to go and ask meekly, yet firmly, for a comb. We did so, making our request to one of the servants.

She informed her mistress, and a torrent followed. She was tired of that kind of thing. The number of combs she had lost by travellers was incalculable. She always carried her comb with her, and expected others to do the same. Thus far we listened in silence; then meekly inquired whether she carried a towel with her when travelling. Guessing our meaning, she became calmer for a moment, and ordered the servant to find a comb and towel; then she became fiercer than ever, and raved against those travellers who robbed her of combs, towels, and what ever was moveable. Upon the arrival of the comb, plus a towel not now needed by us, we ascended to our room, meditating upon the character of those who pocket towels, and attempting to calculate the probable time in the future, when the traveller will be required to "carry his bed."

Having completed our toilet, we again descended and enquired how long it would be until breakfast would be ready. "About ten minutes." According to this announcement, we would only have five minutes in which to satiate our appetite and reach the railway-station. We were possessed of a sort of dogged determination of having our grub at all risks, and, accordingly, fearing to enter the sitting-room, which "our landlady" had occupied as a sleeping apartment, we paced the cold hall until the ten minutes had passed, and we were summoned to breakfast. We went immediately. Tea, oh, how bitter! Bread that tasted rather strongly of the "midnight oil." Cake, evidently the relics of a Christmas feast, cut and dried for the preceding week. "Only this and nothing more." During the space of two minutes, the tea, spite its bitterness, the bread, spite its baptism of paraffine, and the cake, spite its crust, were removed with amazing rapidity from the table, and became mingled with the gastric juices.

Finishing our repast, we paid our fare and set out, accompanied by the train, for the railway-station. At first her speed was greater than ours, and we were left some distance behind. But she afforded an example of retarded motion, we of accelerated, and such acceleration as is seldom witnessed. It would have done credit to a falling meteor. The result was that we (ourselves and the train) arrived at the platform at the same moment. Making a final effort, we got aboard the car, and the train departed. As we moved off another of the brotherhood arrived at almost electric speed, grasped the railing of the moving

car, dangled therefrom for a few moments, and was then sworn at and pulled aboard by the brakesman. This was the climax. "Quietum in de iter." Ever since that eventful morning it has been our earnest petition to the fates, that they would spare us the torture of passing another night at S—, and at "our hotel."

K.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Boston University Beacon* contains an article on the "New System," i. e., the system of admitting ladies to equal College privileges with the other bipeds. It says, "most people have got over the foolish idea that women are not entitled to equal advantages with men." We are sorry to say that our experience and observation teach us that only a very small percentage of mankind have got over that idea. Too many yet believe that a woman is sufficiently educated if, in addition to a knowledge of the common branches, she can sing, play and bake cake, the latter not always being a necessary accomplishment. All our student readers will perceive that there is a good deal of truth in the following extract:—

"The slightest acquaintance with College life in our American Institutions will show to even a careless observer that an element of rudeness, bordering almost on barbarism, is largely manifested among students. Excluded in a sense from society, and meeting only men in their usual routine of duties, they gradually and naturally drift into an austerity and roughness of manner. The finer and gentler parts of their nature are overlooked."

The writer believes, and reasonably too, that female influence would be most effectual in correcting this tendency. Ladies are admitted at the "University," and therefore the writer of the above ought to know.

THE *Packer Quarterly* is one of the most readable of our exchanges,—we might say the most readable. No. 2 is particularly interesting. We like everything in it. The contributions, both poetry and prose, have such an air of sprightly cheerfulness about them, that for a fit of "blues" we could not imagine any better antidote than a perusal of them. The editorial department is exceedingly well filled; the criticism on exchanges pleasantly written. The character of the *Quarterly* reflects great credit on the ladies of *Packer*. It indicates none of that affectation, that masculines are apt to consider inseparable in women, from advanced education.

THE *College Olio* asks the question, "Do they ever smile at Halifax?" We do smile occasionally, when we get the *Olio*, but on the side of our face most remote from Marietta.

Quoth the *Index*:—"The crimes complained of, (swearing, drinking, &c.) enumerated above, are unknown among the Catholic collegians. They have about them the influence of the true religion, and besides, they are, by proper discipline, kept far away from dangerous occasions."

We would advise the *Index* man in future to supplement his pater-noster with the invocation,

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Verily it might free him from many a sad blunder.

Personals.

JOHN A. LOGAN, who completed his theological training in this city last spring, is settled in the pastorate of Acadia Mines, Colchester Co.

FRED. G. SMITH, a general student in the Sophomore class of last session, is at his home in Truro, having been detained from attending College by sickness. We sympathize deeply with Mr. Smith in the sore loss which he has lately sustained in the removal by death of his beloved and respected father.

JOHN MUNRO, B.A., '76, is studying Theology at the Presbyterian Seminary of Montreal, P. Q.

J. K. MCLURE, a Freshman of last session, is supposed to exist in Truro. His employment there is unknown to us.

CHARLES A. MCCULLY, the Freshman of last year who possessed the *cote mhor*, has assumed the responsibilities of a pedagogue at Folliegh.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. PURVES, \$1.00; H. Primrose, \$1.00; C. Primrose, \$1.00; S. Keith, \$1.00; H. G. Creelman, \$1.00; F. W. Fraser, \$1.00; E. Newcombe, \$2.00; E. Crowell, \$1.00; Rev. W. T. Bruce, B.A., M.D., \$1.00; A. Letson, \$1.00; A. Costley, \$1.00; A. W. Herdman, B.A., \$1.00; A. H. McKay, B.A., \$1.00; — Grant, \$1.00; Rev. A. B. Dickie, \$1.00; Miss Lawson, \$0.60; Rev. Dr. Lyall, \$1.00; Rev. J. C. Herdman, B.A., B.D., (addl.) \$4.00; C. Robson, Esq., \$1.00; W. D. Dimock, \$1.00; Rev. T. Sedgewick, \$1.00; Isaac Simpson, \$1.00; J. C. Burgess, \$1.00; Rev. E. Scott, B.D., \$1.00; W. D. Moore, \$1.00; J. McKenzie, (1st year) \$1.00; A. Rogers, \$1.00; J. Carruthers, \$1.00; Rev. P. M. Morrison, \$1.00.

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DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 25, 1878.

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CONTENTS.

Poetry.....	61
Sweepings from a Nova Scotian Study.....	61
"Our Hotel".....	63
Our Exchanges.....	65
Personals.....	65
Acknowledgments.....	65
Editorial.....	66
Prof. Macdonald on "Order of Studies".....	68
What is to be the future of Dalhousie?.....	71
Our Societies.....	72
Dallusiensia.....	72

THE thanks of those who are interested in the cause of Education in Nova Scotia are due to Mr. Calkin of the Provincial Normal School for the valuable educational works with which he has favoured the public. "A History and Geography of Nova Scotia" is his latest production. This little book will recommend itself to teachers by the systematic arrangement of matter that characterizes it throughout; to children by its simplicity of style and conciseness. Parents also will be glad to know that its price is only 25 cents. Mechanically the "get up" of the book is all that could be desired. It is strongly bound and neatly printed. A handsome map of the three Maritime Provinces accompanies the work. The book, as the author tells us, aims "to tell its story clearly and simply, to suit the wants of school children." To write in a style "to suit the wants of school children" is no easy matter. The writer, when he gets interested in his subject, is too apt to forget who his readers are to be, and become high-flown, although he may have started out with the resolve to use very simple language. Mr. Calkin overcomes this difficulty by always expressing himself in plain Anglo-Saxon. Another thing to be avoided in writing for children is verbosity. A great deal of a book such as this under consid-

eration, must be committed to memory. To this end the ideas should be given in the fewest possible words. Mr. Calkin combines comprehensiveness with terseness and perspicuity. A few sentences from his account of D'Anville's luckless expedition, taken as a random selection, will verify our statement.

"It was the grandest force that had ever been sent to America. Never was expedition more fruitless or ill-fated. Not a single victory did it gain; disaster followed disaster, until there were left only scattered fragments of the once proud fleet. Two of D'Anville's ships were taken by the English while yet on the coast of France; some were cast away on Sable Island; others were driven far off their course, and never reached the place for which they sailed. After a three months' voyage D'Anville arrived at Chebucto Harbour, with a helpless remnant of the great force with which he had left France. Disease had broken out during the voyage carrying off many of his men; others were ill and dying. Such misfortunes weighed heavily on his spirits, and he died suddenly, some say of apoplexy, others say of poison."

The author devotes a chapter to that much-talked-of event,—the expulsion of the Acadians. His attempt to vindicate that indefensible action of the British is the only thing we met with that we particularly disliked. The only provocations that he attributes to the Acadians are that they refused to promise thorough loyalty to the British Crown; had persisted in sending their produce to Louisburg markets, rather than sell to the British; and that *some of them* had given direct aid to the enemy. These facts are a palliation, but far enough from a justification of the arbitrary proceeding.

A most interesting part of the book is the record of the stirring times which preceded the establishment of Responsible Government, when the Reformers, with Howe at their head, were fighting the cause of Liberalism and popular rights. Nowhere better than in that contest was the intrepid perseverance of our Nova

Scotian Hampden displayed.—We come later down when the enchantment of distance no longer lends its aid, still the history loses none of its freshness. Even the promoters and opponents of Confederation appear to have some element of the heroic in their character. As in Mr. Campbell's history, brief biographical sketches are dispersed through the book, forming by no means its least pleasant feature. A full chronological table of noted events is appended; also a pronouncing vocabulary.

Our notice of the "History" having become somewhat more extended than we anticipated, space will not permit us to notice the Geographical department at any length. As far as we have examined it, however, its excellencies are on a par with those of the Historical. We have no doubt that this book will soon become popular with our teachers; and being, as we believe, for school purposes, the best work on the subject that has yet appeared, we consider it well worthy of general favour.

PROFESSOR MACDONALD'S paper, which will be found on another page, contains many useful suggestions. We notice with special pleasure his remark that the indications are that in higher education Greek will soon be "relegated to the class of dispensable or supernumerary subjects." We do not say this in a carping spirit, or from any antipathy to the study of Greek as such; but we look at the matter in the following light, and we think common sense is on our side. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," and as Prof. Macdonald remarked, "Latin is as well worth doing as anything that is done at school, if you do it well." The same remark applies *a fortiori* to the study of it at College. Now, in our Dalhousie it is impossible for us to "do" Latin well, without neglecting other subjects. A great deal of stress is laid on the idea that Classics are read principally for the sake of the mental exercise afforded. But as there is no material difference in the

training provided by the study of Greek and Latin, if the time spent on both of these were devoted to Latin alone, the amount of training would remain the same, and the student who now graduates with a transparent, useless smattering of two languages, would then leave his Alma Mater, carrying with him an appreciable and practical knowledge of one. He thus might begin life with a respectable capital of knowledge at his command, and at the same time have his intellectual powers developed as highly as those of the student whose studies had been more "sporadic." Under the present regime, a very small ratio of our B. A.'s can read Latin fluently; those who can read Greek we may almost define as "position, but not magnitude." It is the old fable over and over again, of the boy who tried to grasp too large a fistful of nuts and lost all. The beauties of Latin composition of which we hear such praise, is wasted sweetness to many of us, our knowledge of the language being too meagre to allow us to appreciate it. If we cannot have a thorough knowledge of a language, let us have a thorough ignorance of it. By the former alternative the time is well spent, by the latter it is well saved.

ON the evening of the 19th inst., Dr. MacKenzie delivered a lecture in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on the "Conservation of Energy." There was a fair attendance. The lecture was instructive and, to those who could fully comprehend it, interesting. The abstruseness of the subject, and the necessity of explaining the complicated theories of scientific men in popular language, were difficulties which would easily have terrified a less courageous man than the lecturer. But he undertook the explanation with a will, and we believe succeeded in making the majority of his audience clearly understand the meaning of "Conservation of Energy." The lecture was interspersed with music and interesting experiments. *Inter alia*, telephonic conversation was engaged in for some time with persons in a lower room of the building.

It may surprise some to hear of such a thing as a student using his influence in college. It is said we come to study, not to benefit others. Doubtless this is true; but the painful fact that has been repeated a hundred times, and as often forgotten, is that we influence our associates whether we wish to do so or not. Young men especially forget this, as results show. Students are together but a short time when reserve is thrown off, the coating of hypocrisy, if assumed, becomes threadbare, and the real nature is seen.

It is a poor remembrance of a man to say, "I saw him only once, and he was acting the fool." It is worse to have a recollection of one, as he that gave the first cigar or glass of wine. There is not a student who touches either, but at times curses it from the innermost depths of his nature, and wishes himself free. No class of men are so open to conviction as students, says Todd; and he was well fitted to judge. But conviction is not enough. Men in the jaws of death frequently feel that. To the man who follows a wrong course it only adds misery. If real, a fence of T. D. pipes will hardly be an insuperable barrier. If we have no regard for others, let us remember that "the character which the student now forms and sustains will cling to him through life." It would afford little comfort to a man bent with age and honours to meet a moral wreck, and hear that which would send everlasting reverberations through his soul—"you were the cause of it."

WE would direct attention to the change in our advertisement sheet caused by the insertion of the card of Mr. James McLean of Pictou, who claims to "run" the best Stationer's Warehouse East of Halifax.

It is said (we will not vouch for the truth of it) that our Senior, who is reading Honor Classics, is extremely obliged to the Classical Prof. for saving him some trouble by the addition of a good sized "pile" to his already heaped-up work. Peile's "Introduction to Greek and Latin Etymology" is among the new books in the Library, and is required at B. A. Honor Examinations.

PROF. MACDONALD ON "ORDER OF STUDIES."

WE have secured for publication the following portion of Prof. Macdonald's paper, read before the N. S. Teachers' Convention. In the first part of his address he discussed Common School Education. His views on High School and College Studies as given below we commend to the attention of our readers:

From the average age of 10 or 11 years, the courses of instruction at the Common School and the High School ought to diverge. When you have but three or four years to instruct your pupil, you will not do well to teach him during these exactly as you would if you were to have him twice as long. The Common School is not the half of the High School; though much, especially in the earlier years, is common to both. The culture of a corn field is not like that of a vegetable garden, and the treatment of a young orchard is different from both. So too in education. It will vary in its methods and subjects according to the destination of the pupil.

The High School boy takes up Latin, and for two or three years this is his principal study; of very fruitful application, if it has been considerable in amount and accurate in quality; but useless, perhaps injurious, if it has only been smattered in. If Latin is attempted at a Common School, there is time only for smattering; and it is pretty certain that an English education of fair, though not first quality, can be given without the severe discipline of Latin. I am so far with the Anti-classical men, that I believe much valuable time to be wasted over that stern old speech.

I assume the important position of the Latin language in middle class education. In the case of a pupil's conspicuous inability, some other subject must be tried, but such cases are few. Latin is, in all civilized countries I know anything of, the companion language to the vernacular. I shall not stop to give reasons for this educational preference; but I may say that I have never met with any decriers of the Latin training whose knowledge of the subject of education seemed to entitle them to serious refutation. That Latin is often so taught as to be of very little use is admitted. But I say, *Give a good deal of it and give it accurate. Spend*

much more time over the grammatical elements than it is customary at present in this Province to bestow upon them. To render so much Latin into an equivalent of scarcely intelligible English, or to know that the latter is in some occult way the representative of the former, is a very sad result of years of Latin schooling; and many of our lads appear to have got no other. Again, to plunge a boy that has a very fallible knowledge of declensions and conjugations and construction-rules into the brilliant rhetoric of Virgil, or even the rigid and often involved sentences of Cæsar, ought to be held a criminal act, and punished accordingly. Such treatment of a little lad is virtually a case of intellectual assault and battery. Hasten, then, slowly. Latin is as well worth doing as anything that is done at school, if you do it well. Keep in view always its bearings upon English. Many persons will tell you that they never understood English grammar till they began to *feel* it through the medium of Latin. Its advantages are immense when you approach any of the other languages which it is common for the English people to dip into. To the good Latinist—one who is perhaps advanced beyond the High School stage—a reading knowledge of French, Spanish or Italian is only a matter of a few assiduous weeks.

Greek, at the present time, is struggling to maintain its hold as an integral part of higher education; but there is reason to think that it will fail and be relegated to the class of dispensable or supernumerary subjects. Besides that, it gives no discipline essentially new; it is so amazingly difficult that, short of the study of half a lifetime, nothing like the mastery of it is to be attained. It is about as difficult as all the languages of Western Europe put together and multiplied by 3 or 4, and even then there may be something of difficulty to spare. The ordinary college student does not get beyond the elements; and if he learn to spell his slow way with dictionary in hand, through the pages of an easy author, he generally rests and is thankful. A lady, remarkable for the vigor of her expressed opinions, once signified to me her wonder that while her boys toiled away at Greek for years without seeming to know much about it, her girls, who had given far less time to French, could read it very well. "Of course," said she, "these languages are much the same; the reason is, I suppose, that boys are so stupid." This lady, of however brilliant accomplishments, had evidently not studied Greek.

Considering the difficulty of Greek and the meagre results usually attained and attainable in the study of it, I am disposed to reduce it from the position of an imperative subject in a high school curriculum to that of an optional one. I say this with reluctance, for without claiming much acquaintance with that marvellous language and its literature, I have never taken up any branch of study that I have derived so much aid and comfort from, and I am humane enough to desire that such blessings may descend upon others also. But it is useless trying to force it on the reluctant.

Greek has hitherto been a compulsory subject in the B. A. course of Dalhousie College; but as it has reasonably grown to be unpopular, I am not without the hope that we may see our way to accept some choice group of the natural sciences, or an extended course of chemistry and physics, as the equivalent of Greek in our ordinary course. Such studies, though not to be compared with Greek as a means of the highest training, would be preferred by a people who, with more or less reason, pride themselves on their practical character, and by whom the possibilities of the highest literary culture are not generally held indispensable for their children.

It is generally believed that a modern language would be most readily acquired by one who was thrown among the modern people that spoke it, and was compelled in the struggle for life to speak it too. But when it has to be learned from daily or occasional lessons, it is best acquired by following a strict grammatical method. Take, for example, French, the first modern language usually studied after our own. I have known French very successfully taught in the same way as Latin, by a drill in grammatical forms and inflexions extending to months, before a reading book was put into the pupils' hands. By commencing to read, with no stock of grammar at all—as is often done—I do not say that grammar is forbidden, but I do say that a slipshod acquaintance with it is encouraged which is neither honest ignorance nor real knowledge. The intelligent pupil feels that the thing is unsatisfactory. He soon, however, learns to make shots at the meaning of his author, not very wide in the main, but too often, through ignorance of some all-important little matter of grammar, he misses the precise thought of his author. Stupid people read French thus blunderingly all their lives, without ever finding out that they know nothing about the language. The

evil I here speak of is especially crying in the education of girls. I suspect that German is too often treated like French; but I have had fewer means of judging, and less ability to judge here. Let it be remembered that the first, second and third things in learning a language are summed up in this—Grammar. I beg to add that I am not acquainted with the results of French teaching in this Province, and am, in these remarks, drawing from the experience of a long past.

Perhaps, however, the most important remark to be made here is this: that French in a High School should not be begun till the difficulties of Latin are over, *i. e.*, till after a few years' thorough study of Latin. If undertaken without previous Latin, French presents hardships of its own: with Latin, of which it is to a large extent a dialect, it is easy. We are reminded here of the story of "the pilgrims and the peas." Starting at once you may hobble along with the hard peas in your shoes; but it is wiser to pause and boil them. Latin boils the French peas. And, universally, I think it is well to conquer the difficulties of one language before taking on a fresh one. If there are any little boys who are yet to learn two or three languages at once—say French, Latin, German—besides carrying on the study of their own English tongue, they have in this polyglot much reason to lament their condition. The logical outcome of such treatment would be a mutiny, to which I for one would heartily wish success.

It is very desirable, were it possible, to acquire the power of conversing in some of these modern languages; but I do not believe such acquirement is often made at school. The power of reading and writing in such languages is overwhelmingly more valuable; nevertheless the exercise of trying to converse is excellent. Let the fullest scope be allowed those who wish to excel in modern language. But we should not mis-estimate those acquirements. In the case of those who were pursuing the time-honored curriculum of Latin, Greek and Mathematics, I should not think it necessary to distract them with modern languages at all. These can be picked up afterwards without much effort. But this matter is not important.

In Mathematics it is my experience that for the average lad, it is useless to undertake Geometry before the age of 13 or 14. I have taught three books of Euclid to a class of boys none of whom was over 11 years of age. This was an experiment undertaken at the request of a dis-

tinguished Scotch educationist. But (1) it proved excessively laborious; (2) like the case of autumn and spring wheat, the boys put to Geometry so early were no better mathematicians at the end of 5 years than those who had begun between 2 and 3 years later; (3) these last were the better linguists. We considered the experiment conclusive, and it was not repeated. Passing from this, I think that in 3 years a fair course of Elementary Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry could be overtaken in a High School, such as might be roughly described as the simpler part of the present two years' course at Dalhousie College. In such a High School as for a long time this city or Province will care to maintain, the *higher mathematics* need not be mentioned; though I believe the expression has been employed—I presume for rhetorical purposes—to denote some species of instruction desired for our Halifax High School. The urgency of this want may be judged of when I state that of the undergraduates of Dalhousie College, only two or three per cent care to adventure into such abstruse studies.

There is another branch of study which ought to be taken up in a High School in the later years of the course. I refer to the natural sciences and the easier portions of physics. In Germany these have long formed part of the course of instruction in the superior schools. Much valuable information can be given in the elements of all these subjects to boys under 16 years of age, and the teaching can be made strictly scientific so far as it goes, though scientific nomenclature ought to be sparingly used. I need hardly explain that scientific nomenclature does not so much contain knowledge as register it, when attained, in a compendious way. Scientific instruction is of the highest utility and interest to the young, and subtle, even profound ideas, are comprehensible by them if you have sufficient command of your subject to enable you to speak in clear simple words; but here, as indeed in all teaching, the instructor ought to know vastly more of the subject he is dealing with than he tries to teach.

There are many who object to the teaching of elementary physics until the pupil is furnished with some considerable mathematical knowledge. I allow that a vast deal of what the experimentalist teaches his boys, will seem to the student of mathematical physics very milk-and-water knowledge indeed, and if you were quite sure your school lads would in the future become

mathematicians first, and students of physics afterwards, you might defer this group of subjects to the good time coming. But failing this certainty, let us make sure of what is within our reach, and what, while it will be most valuable to the mass of your pupils, can never be disadvantageous to the mathematician.

I say then that courses of lectures on these subjects with accompanying examinations, at stated intervals—not perhaps daily—ought to form a part of our High School education.

WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF DALHOUSIE?

To many this question seems answered by the College Act passed in Legislature in 1876. They interpret it after this fashion: five years to prepare for it and then—death. Before assigning to our *Alma Mater* so gloomy a fate, let us briefly consider her position.

Dalhousie College was founded, and is partially supported, by a sum of money known as the Castine Fund. The balance of her revenue is derived from the Presbyterians, under an Act of Parliament passed 1863, and from the Provincial Treasury. The Castine Fund and a valuable property in the city of Halifax are vested in the College and cannot be converted to any other use or benefit. Now if the worst comes, and the Presbyterians withdraw their support, and the Province refuses its grant, and the public becomes indifferent, the revenue arising from this inalienable property must be banked until such time as the interest and rents will have swelled the sum sufficiently to warrant a recommencement of academic operations. In the past history of our College there has been more than one such page; it is hard to conceive that there will ever be another. There are some very good reasons for this conclusion.

(1.) The Presbyterians will not withdraw their support. They have in a most emphatic manner, through their Assembly and Synod proclaimed the intention of continuing their present connection with Dalhousie. In this they display wisdom. In connection with a Church establishment nothing is more necessary than an arts college; and they enjoy this advantage under existing circumstances as fully as if they set up an institution of their own which would require a much greater investment of capital than is now necessary.

(2.) It is probable that before many years some of the smaller religious denominations will, like the Presbyterians, avail themselves of the second section of the Act of '63 already referred to. It would not be surprising to hear that the Universalists, Free Baptists, or Reformed Episcopalians had adopted such a course.

(3.) The Province cannot refuse the annual grant. Dalhousie is the Provincial University, its governing board is appointed, just as school commissioners or sheriffs are, by the Governor in Council. The members of that board are responsible for their actions to the Provincial authorities. The Government of this Province, long ago, undertook the burden of the support of this College, and has from time to time acknowledged the rightfulness of its course. It cannot now in honor throw off the self-imposed burden, provision must be made for carrying it, and we would injure our legislators by insinuating that they would for a moment entertain the thought of abandoning their College.

(4.) Supposing the three foregoing paragraphs were incorrect, there would still be a strong reason for supposing that Dalhousie is not doomed. It is that the public is not and will not become indifferent. Nova Scotians have become famed for their educational system. To cripple our College is but to bruise the head of that system. Without a College free to every variety of creed, it is incomplete. It is the duty of the Government to provide a complete education for its subjects. The people of Nova Scotia know this, and will not permit their rulers to stint their mental rations.

In adversity we find friends. For some time Dalhousie has been pursuing an even path, and has had sufficient means for present wants. True, the governors have had to practise strictest economy, and could find profitable use for much more than has been entrusted to them; but they never have been compelled to reduce the efficiency of the Institution under their care. On the contrary, under their fostering hand, its affairs seem to increase in prosperity. With such an order of things it would perhaps be unreasonable to expect any great show of liberality on the part of the public; but let it be announced that, owing to a serious curtailment of revenue, the governors have been obliged to cut down the teaching staff of the University by dismissing two or three professors or lecturers, then would be our adversity, and then would we find our friends. We should hear of

the endowment of the West History Chair, the Young Professorship of Modern Languages, the Jack series of Scholarships and Exhibitions, and the Halifax and Nova Scotia permanent endowment funds.

To keep alive this public interest is especially the work of the Alumni. They are not few, and are yearly increasing. Many are in positions of influence. We look to them for contributions both of money and the good they may do us by impressing upon those about them the importance of preventing any hiatus in Dalhousie's career of usefulness.

So long as we merit the sympathy of the public, there will be no lack of interest in our College. It must be apparent that it is impossible to obliterate Dalhousie, and that her immediate future is not likely to be any darker than may make the latter glory in contrast still more bright.

In conclusion I may say that it seems right that we should strive to range under the imposing title "Dalhousie College and University," such names as the Halifax Medical School, the Nova Scotia Law School, the Halifax School of Science and Technology. C. S. C.

Our Societies.

THE Kritosophian held its first meeting of the new year on the 4th. The subject was, "Is history or poetry the more profitable reading." The greater part of the evening was devoted to the reading of papers by Messrs. George, Chambers, and Munroe. The speaking that followed was not, on the whole, up to the average, though the opportunity of bringing stanzas of all kinds to the front, was not lost.

The K.'s (all that were there of them) discussed on the 11th. inst., "The future of Dalhousie College." "The beggarly account of empty benches" was imposing, but the speakers hunted for inspiration in vain. F. B. Chambers was opener, and J. H. Cameron followed. C. S. Cameron arrived opportunely, and read a concise paper which our readers will see elsewhere. As the night wore on the discussion became very animated, and the air was lashed by "impassioned logic." (?) As this was a discussion and not a debate, no vote was taken.

THE Senior who felt the power of clinging affection so recently has changed his *locus standi*.

Dallusienſia.

THE Senior who gathered up the "Scraps on Language" may be said to have a very trenchant style. *Vide* Trench "On the Study of Words."

ONE observing the frequency with which the Fourth Year men pull out their watches during History Class hour, would suppose that they were deeply interested in the flight of time.

"Innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum"

IF, as the grammars say, nouns have sex, why may not people have gender? So thought the gentleman who told us on the authority of Tacitus that the daughter of Segestes gave birth to a child of the male gender.

ONE of the "Upper forms" soliloquizing lately "de Sophomoribus" was heard to exclaim, "Professor — will have to be very careful of the *Second Year* to get them through intact. They have position without magnitude.

THE Freshmen of this year are wonderful fellows. That one yclept "Demosthenes" was adjacent to a Junior lately. The Junior beginneth to spout French,—"Parlez vous français, mon ami?" Demosthenes appropriated the remark, and ignorant of French, demanded indignantly of the Junior,—"Who are you swearing at?" The Junior went on with,—"Me parlez-vous français, monsieur?" The Freshman flamed up and exclaimed,—"I want no more of you fooling. You'll come to an untimely end if you don't stop. D'you hear?" The Junior was astounded and abashed, and eventually he subsided.

SCENE.—Door of a church named after one of the saints.

TIME.—Close of the Sunday evening service. One of our gallant Seniors was standing near the door, when a "lovely fair" linked her little arm to his and looked confidently into his face. He stepped aside quietly, which movement only seemed to show the wisdom of the popular riddle, "Why is woman like ivy?" It was one of those cases of mistaken identity which *will* occur in the best regulated minds. Self-possession deserted the "grave and reverend," but she departed with a little feminine scream, and an "Oh! I beg your pardon." Something between a golden giggle and a silver snicker could be heard breaking the stillness of the calm evening air.

Moral for young ladies.—Always view your escort in the light of the nearest lamp-post, and remember that polite society requires an introduction before it is admissible for any gentleman (let alone a *Senior*) to enjoy the pleasure of social intercourse. *Dux femina facti.*

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