

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

Vol. VI.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

No. 6.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

(From the German of Julius Sturm.)

The heaven so blue,
And the aether so clear,
And the meadow so bright,
In the sunshine appear.

And so quick my blood,
My sack I ignore,
And so joyful my mood!
What could I wish more.

And high on the rock
Where the path runs along,
There I sing as I walk
A jolly old song.

UEBERSETZER.

Halifax, N. S., Jany. 23rd, 1874.

CLAIMS OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

ANOTHER great political contest is past. Members have been elected to represent the people in the Dominion Parliament. The Reform Government is firmly established. The political press is again deprived of a prolific topic. Election kites have fallen. The people of Halifax have once more returned to their places of business to accumulate wealth; to forget that their city has no High School, and that the only Provincial University—Dalhousie College—is in need of many things which money only can procure. Before many weeks will pass, our Local Members will again be seen wending their way to and from our Legislative Halls. Within the walls of the Old Province Building will be heard the voices of our Representatives arguing rhetorically, eloquently, and logically, concerning what is best adapted to meet the requirements of the country. Their *Country's* good will undoubtedly throw *self* into the background. While many questions, of more or less importance, will be discussed by that learned assembly, that which ought to hold a very prominent place in its deliberations, will be almost, if not entirely, overlooked. We refer to the question of Higher Education.

Though our influence may be little, yet we feel that perhaps we may be able to strike the key note of a song we would wish to hear sung; of a tune we would desire to hear piped in the ears of our people and rulers until they would be compelled to listen, and having listened, be willing to act. The theme of our song would be: Nova Scotia needs a Provincial University. Dalhousie College is patiently waiting for the money necessary to enable it to develop into such an Institution as this country requires; and Dalhousie is the only College that can justly claim the support of the Province. We are conscious that this subject will not meet with the approval of all parties. Many of our people have

the scales of prejudice drawn closely over their mental vision. Some will say that our Government has not the means to support a Provincial University. Others will be ready to raise many objections, all of which will be found to arise from a desire to shield some pet Institution; not because what we advocate would be in any way injurious to our Province. There are but few who will not now admit that a good University, well equipped, and situated in the City of Halifax, would be a source of great good to our country. Whatever objections may be raised, the plain fact that Nova Scotia would reap results highly beneficial, cannot be reasonably denied.

In the face of these facts, should we not expect the *proper authorities* to give all the assistance they can, by influence, and especially by money, to establish a University requisite to the requirements of our country? Presuming that all who are unprejudiced can only reply in the affirmative, we proceed to put in the lawful claims of our Institution. Dalhousie is the only College that can justly claim support from the Province. It is the only non-sectarian College in Nova Scotia. This assertion will, no doubt, even at this late date, be denied by some. Let such persons examine the list of our Governors, and there find men who represent nearly every religious denomination in the Province. The same remark applies to the list of Professors. Theology is not taught in Dalhousie. The Presbyterian Theological Hall in this city is nearly a mile distant from Dalhousie, and with it has no connection. True, the Presbyterians support three Professors out of their funds; but that does not give the Institution a denominational character. They, in the interests of Higher Education, gave up their College, and set the example we wish others to follow. They gave their money to maintain Professors in a non-sectarian College. They do not wish to support these Professors any longer than is absolutely necessary. They require more Professors in their Theological School, and as soon as they are relieved from maintaining those in Dalhousie, they will have what they require to support additional Professors in Theology. The Province should come forward and free the Presbyterians from this burden. They are patiently awaiting this step. We repeat the assertion, that Dalhousie is the only *non-sectarian College* in Nova Scotia.

The position of Dalhousie gives it an additional superiority. Situated in the City of Halifax, it has many advantages over those in villages or small towns. It is not necessary to multiply arguments in proof of this statement. When those who contradict it give their reasons, we may be tempted to vindicate its truth, if the city papers will not perform that part of their duty. In the meantime let all parties remember that Dalhousie has the best right to receive Provincial aid.

Mount Allison College, at Sackville, New Brunswick, with its thirty-four students in Arts, receives \$1400 per annum from our Government; Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S., with its thirty-seven students in Arts, gets \$1400 a

year from the same source: Kings College, Windsor, N. S., with its six students in Arts, also gets \$1400; St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonishe, N. S., gets \$1400. We do not know the number of students attending this Institution. So far as known to us it does not publish any Calendar. St. Mary's, Halifax, draws \$1400. This College does not enjoy the privilege of conferring degrees. Each of these five Denominational Colleges receives \$1400 yearly from the public treasury of Nova Scotia, while Dalhousie, with seventy-six students in Arts, and twenty-nine in Medicine, gets only \$1000. Why is this injustice allowed to remain? Why continue to give \$7000 per annum to Sectarian Institutions, and give only \$1000 to Dalhousie—a Provincial University, with more than twice the number of Students in any other College in the Province? New Brunswick has withdrawn its grant from Mount Allison College. Why should Nova Scotia not do likewise? And why not extend the same policy to her own four Denominational Institutions? These Sectarian Colleges are not necessary to the welfare of the country. One good University could do the work of all, and do it more thoroughly, and at a smaller outlay in men and money. The Denominational Colleges could then become Theological Schools. Their Academies could continue to prepare men for the University. Just think! Nova Scotia has as many Colleges for its 387,800 inhabitants, as Scotland has for its population of nearly three and a-half millions.

Give Dalhousie suitable buildings—she needs them badly enough; good apparatus: a sufficiently large staff of Professors, and all of our young men who desire to have a collegiate course in Arts, Medicine, Law, or Engineering, can receive it without leaving their native land. Nova Scotia would soon learn to appreciate the value of such a state of affairs.

Nova Scotia would be greatly benefitted by the existence of a Provincial University in its Capital. Five Colleges are more than Nova Scotia requires. One good University is sufficient. Dalhousie claims to be the beginning of that one. To attain to that dignity, Dalhousie wants new buildings; more apparatus; more Professors,—in a word, it wants more money. Dalhousie has a just claim for public support. The Secular press should ventilate these facts. As the question of Higher Education is one of the most important topics of the day, it should be thoroughly discussed by the Government. Some practical results should follow the discussion. We must have a Provincial University before many years, and the sooner we get it the better. These facts we submit to the consideration of the public and our Representatives. Shall they be forgotten?

A DAY'S FISHING.

AMONG the many harbors to be found along the shores of this Province is one of which we know something. The country surrounding it, when seen during summer months, presents to the observer varied and beautiful landscapes. The scenery is not possessed of much grandeur and magnificence, but is to be admired for its mild and simple beauty, so tastefully laid out by the hand of Nature's mighty Architect. Of this place it may be appropriately said "man came not here to beautify the land." Between gently sloping hills lie the tranquil waters of a harbor, capable of affording safe anchorage to a fleet of large vessels. The tide performs its daily courses with a gentleness and modesty well becoming the tenderness of the surrounding scenery, which cannot fail to excite admiration, when viewed on a fine summer evening as the bright sun descending the western heavens, reflecting its softening rays from the clear water, penetrates the thick foliage amidst which the observer is

calmly seated, enjoying himself with gazing upon the beauties thus cradled in the lap of Nature. But it is foreign to our present object to stay longer dilating upon the landscapes there spread before us.

In the little town situated on the western side of this fair sheet of water, on one Friday evening, something less than a century ago, you might have seen the two leading pedagogues of the place making all the necessary preparations pending a small fishing excursion for the Saturday following. Sometime after the blazing sun had gone down to "hatch out a new day," the work began. The town had to be searched for utensils generally employed in trout fishing. No small difficulty was experienced in accomplishing this task. It was desirable to have *fancy* rods and *fly-hooks*. We succeeded in getting one rod, the others being either out of repair, or about to be made use of on the following day. How provoking that people must go on a fishing just when we wanted to go! But as it was, Fly-hooks were not to be had. We at first thought of manufacturing some, and set off in search of the material necessary for the purpose; but after making sundry enquiries regarding the situation of barnyards where a "gay rooster" might be found, we thought that perhaps it would not in any great degree "become our dignity" to be caught robbing a hen-roost, even if it were for the innocent purpose of plucking a feather from the gayest of its inhabitants. Consequently we gave up the project as impracticable.

In due time, however, we had the following requisites at hand. One "Yankee" rod; two long lines; one and a-half dozen of bait hooks; one basket to hold our fish—when caught, of course; a *big* lunch; breakfast spread, to be taken before daylight; and last but by no means of least importance, one blacking-box full of worms. All things were ready, except an additional rod, but we concluded to appeal to the forest for that article.

Awakened by the first dawn, we made ready to start, and soon found ourselves directing our steps towards the place where the trout are fabled to reside in abundance, and to be possessed of great corporal dignity. A *revised* edition of a few lines of Woodsworth on "Nutting"—we have all due respect for Woodsworth's abilities—will serve to describe our appearance, as we went "marching along,"

It was a day,

(I speak of one, a Saturday it was)

One of those heavenly days, which cannot die;

When forth we sallied from our cottage door,

With a large basket on our fingers slung,

A fishing rod in hand, we turned our steps

Towards the distant brooks, two figures quaint,

Decked out in proud disdain of cast-off weeds

Which for that service had been husbanded,

By exhortation of our frugal selves,

Motley accoutrement—of power to smile

At thorns, and brakes, and brambles—and in truth

More ragged than need was.

On our way we came to the top of a hill. Yes, it's a fact; and from it we looked eastwards, and lo! the sun,—a sight as *novel* to us as it was beautiful,—just rising from the bosom of the sleeping Atlantic in all his morning glory. Our rejoicing was, however, soon turned to mourning, for we remembered that a clear day is not good for angling; but still we pressed onward. We have not yet received our bill for the wood carried away when we cut our second rod, and hope we won't; we don't wish to become insolvents. When we caught our first trout, measuring some three and a half inches in diameter—we mean from head to tail—a new difficulty had to be encountered. Our lunch was in the basket, and it would never do to put the trout in with it,

and it was too soon to eat our dinner. "Ye stars and little fishes!" what were we to do? Well, we concluded to dispose of the lunch, and accordingly did so. Thus this point was settled. We then went up a stream which led us into the woods, where the mosquitoes existed in greater abundance than trout; but still

Among the woods
And o'er the pathless rocks we forced our way,
Until at length we came to one dear spot
Unvisited; where no beheaded trout
Laid with shrivelled tail, ungracious sign
Of devastation; but the eddies rose
Curved and circling, with white-milk edges tinged,
A splendid scene. A little while we stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet.

Becoming weary of our company, as they appeared rather free, and took more liberties than was agreeable on such short acquaintance, though we gave decidedly plain hints that their absence was preferable, we started for home. Counting the number of our finny victims, we found that we had enough to make a creditable show for our labor. If we had had two more we might have enjoyed a *jubilee*. Off we started with weary steps, and

Even then, when from the brook we turned away
Exulting rich beyond the wealth of kings,
We felt a sense of *pain* when we beheld
The uncooked trout, and dinner three miles off,
Then, hungry lads, we moved along the roads
In eagerness for food,—with *agile* step
Walked—for there was *dinner* up at home,

And we did it ample justice. The mosquitoes gave us several large *souvenirs* which we were obliged to carry about with us for some time. They were exceedingly liberal, but their liberality we failed to appreciate. So much indeed did one of us repel the idea of having such gifts thrust upon him against his will, that he solemnly declared he would never go a fishing again in a region where the numerous inhabitants *pained* him so much with their kindness. Having disposed of our apparatus at "greatly reduced prices," we resolved to abandon the fishing business, and devote our energies to other pursuits more in unison with our natural temperaments. Still it was really enjoyable, and we would advise any of our readers who wish to have a real good day's sport to go where we went, and we will guarantee that they will not soon forget the expedition.

THOUSAND GREETINGS.

When thou'rt kissed on hand or cheek
By a roving zephyr,
It with greetings, thee doth seek
Which I'm sending ever.
Thousands I send forth to roam,
Whispering round the cottage home
While of thee, I'm thinking.

Comes a birdling, light of wing,
To thy cottage flying,
My heart's longing she doth sing
And my soul's out sighing.
List unto her song. "Be kind
Keep the far one in thy mind
Who of thee is thinking."

UEBERSETZER.

HAVING called into Temperance Hall on Wednesday night, a certain gentleman was addressing the intelligent and independent voters of Halifax on politics in general, and nothing in particular, except the faults and follies of his opponents. Referring to England, he gave a history of the Corn law, its origin, result, and repeal. He dilated with fluency on the superiority of Nova Scotia's coal, iron, and manufactures, its intelligence and morality; and capped the climax by lauding its educational system to the skies, in terms which drew peals of applause from the attentive and intelligent listeners. Farmers' sons, he said, held positions of honor and responsibility both in Nova Scotia and in England. When he thus praised the educational system of the country, I could not help asking, "If Nova Scotia has such splendid schools in the rural districts as to be able to send out young men capable of filling with credit offices of the greatest responsibility and honour, why is it that the good and honourable men who have the moulding of the education of the whole Province at their command, do not look with pity on the city of Halifax, where hundreds of ignoramus infest the streets, and confer upon it some of those educational blessings with which, they say, the country overflows?" The city schools are under no system. The poor either cannot or will not educate their children; the rich, if they wish their children to get respectable school training, are compelled to hire private teachers, and pay school taxes besides; and the children of the middle class attend the schools, because their parents cannot afford to pay for private tuition, while anxious that their sons should receive some knowledge of the common branches of education. But almost as soon as they can read, write, and do a little arithmetic, which is supposed to be all the knowledge necessary for a shoe maker, a clerk, or a road maker, they are taken away from school, and set to work at their life-business, or allowed to squander their time at the street corners. The consequence is, that when a merchant wants a clerk, or a book-keeper, he prefers going to the country for one, unless he has a son to whom he wishes to give no higher education than what is necessary for a "counter hopper." Hence it is that farmers' sons fill so many of the positions of responsibility in Halifax. Give the country boys all credit for aiming at positions of emolument; they bring new blood and vigour into the city daily.

But, is it just that the children of citizens should be thus displaced, and compelled to obtain their livelihood in any way misfortune or necessity may suggest? When we look at the numberless street Arabs, we are forced to think that some person or persons must be immeasurably cruel for allowing so many human beings to be neglected. If the citizens of Halifax are not responsible for this state of things, it must rest on the shoulders of the countrymen.

It may be, the want of a proper system arises from the fact that rustics get the control of all state matters, and, jealous of their own reputation and interests, they pursue a course of policy from which they gain immediate benefit; they know that if they educate the Halifax boys their own country lads will be deprived of many advantages and opportunities which the city affords to them in its present state of disregard to learning; they therefore persuade the citizens that Halifax has the best school system in the world, and give their own sons the advantage of the iniquitous imposition.

D. M. L.

Students of Comparative Philology may rest in peace concerning the dispute about the primitive language, as it has lately been stated that in the Garden of Eden no less than three languages were spoken, *Persian*, by Adam and Eve; *Turkish*, by Gabriel, while Satan gives vent to his feelings in the *Arabic* tongue.

Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

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THE art of studying is not acquired in a day. It takes years of close attention and practice to form the real student. "How to study" is a thing to be learned, and not taught. A young man may come to College charged with a thousand admonitions and directions, all well-intended, but which, as a general rule, can do him little good for the present. He must enter the lists and grapple with his work, and measure his strength with his fellows, before he can be profited by any one's experience. By this time, however, we presume that three months of college work have given every student of Dalhousie some insight into study, and therefore a few general hints may not be amiss.

The great object of education is to train the mind, and fit it for future acquisitions of knowledge. Therefore to every student we would say: *Do not shirk work because it is difficult or unpleasant.* In college many opportunities offer of getting off from disagreeable tasks. Many are tempted to lighten their labour by using translations for the Classics, or keys for Mathematical problems. By giving way to this temptation, be assured in the end you are only doing yourself an injury.

Keep your work constantly reviewed. The importance of reviewing can hardly be over-estimated. Until our memory is trained to a giant strength, it is well not to repose too much confidence in it. Memory will not however deceive, if properly treated. It requires a certain amount of study to impress knowledge firmly on the mind. A few readings will not do it. It requires persistent effort, and constant revision. And not only is memory helped thereby: the relations of the different points to be studied, the connection of each part with the whole, is presented more intelligibly before the mind. Above all, it will preclude the necessity of *cramping* before examinations.

Have a determinate system for your studies. Habits of

order and method are indispensable in every walk of life, and particularly in the case of the student. We would therefore recommend that every night a plan of study for the next day be made out, and rigorously adhered to. Let any one try this, and we will answer for the result. The amount of time and attention which each task requires will thus be ascertained, and hence the student will know how most profitably to apportion out his hours.

Economise time as much as possible. We feel sure every son of Dalhousie sees the importance of this rule. It should be the aim of every one to get a maximum of results from a minimum expenditure of time. Some tasks can be learned more easily in the morning, some in the evening: and a judicious variation of work may save many a precious hour. Let each then be his own Economist, and learn to turn to good account every golden moment.

In concluding these general hints, we must remind our students how much depends on the health of the body. There is a limit to every one's powers of endurance. In your zeal for study, do not overtax the brain: nor consider the hours which your frame demands for the purposes of sleep, an unnecessary waste of time to be more and more curtailed as work increases. We need not repeat the necessity for regular daily vigorous exercise.

THE EMPIRE OF CHRISTENDOM.

IN the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries of the Christian Era, was reared a mighty dominion. It was bounded on the North by the Arctic Ocean, on the West by the Atlantic, on the South by the Mediterranean, and included the greater and the fairest portions of Europe. And who was the Emperor of this mighty Empire? It was the Pope. No craven he, nor potentate of servile blood. He wielded a mighty sceptre; before him rulers trembled, and lesser powers melted away; for with a word he could outlaw them all, and with dread edicts shake them to their very souls. Who, then, were the Lieutenants of this great Emperor? They were the rulers of England, France, and the neighbouring lands. And had he well-trained and disciplined soldiers, ready at his call to do his will? Yes, for every monk and priest of the land owed allegiance unto him; and wheresoever his mighty dominions extended, there he placed these faithful subordinates. His, too, were the iron-clad men of Western Europe, the valiant, the chivalrous, who, at his nod, would gird their sword on their thigh, fight the good fight of faith, and go forth conquering and to conquer. And had this great Empire many wars and victories? Ay, many and glorious; for its scouts and its pioneers were missionaries, who undauntedly traversed barbarous and hostile lands, wielding a weapon sharper than even a two edged sword. This weapon, and this dread army, few could withstand; and thus were conquered the rude Scandinavian nations, and various savage tribes; and Russia and other lands became conquests to Christianity. * * * And the people who dwelt in its dominions were called Christians, and the name of this Empire was CHRISTENDOM.

MY VISIT TO MAITLAND.

It was a beautiful morning in autumn. The eastern horizon rich in purple and gold indicated that the sun was just rising. Not a cloud was to be seen. A gentle breeze flitted over the hills and rustled amongst the leaves of the trees, kissing the cheek of the traveller. I had often wished to see the little village of Maitland. I had frequently heard of its beautiful rural scenery. Besides this, a friend of mine, a graduate of Dalhousie College, was there. I had dreams about Professors with sombre faces. I heard that a bashful freshman stood but a small chance for his life. I must, I thought, see whether this be true or not. My home then was in Clifton, a beautiful rural district, the garden of Colchester. Starting at a brisk pace, in an hour I was within sight of the place of my destination. Right in front was the Shubenacadie river: it seemed like a great arm of the Bay of Fundy, one mile broad at its mouth and many miles in length. Ascending a gentle elevation I contemplated the scenery. Rising into view on the other side of the river were two church spires, many snug cottages, and pretty green fields. On my right flowed the waters of the Bay. Here, in days of yore the English and French vessels used to chase each other up and down the channel. Here the Indians in canoes used to skip over the waters on errands of cruelty and blood. Here Captain Kidd is said to have fled when his life was demanded for piracy, and somewhere on these shores his vast treasures lie hid. Here are the ruins of an old French fort now crumbling into dust, around are trenches and dykes, all testifying that here at least was a part of the old battleground of the first settlers. Descending towards the river I soon got a ferryman, and in a rude boat we embarked. Do you remember how you felt the first time that you ever sailed in an open boat? How strange the great expanse of water about you, the receding shore, but more strange perhaps was the commotion within you! So I thought. We however were soon across the river, and I was no longer in Colchester. In every creek was a vessel in some stage of construction. The thumping of mallets, the clangor of hammers reminded me of a great ship-yard.

Having found my friend, the day quickly passed. We enjoyed a sweet lunch of Classics and Mathematics. But delights like these must sometime come to an end. It was getting late in the afternoon; I concluded to start for home, and my companion kindly accompanied me to the river to see me over. After some search we found the ferryman, who greeted us with the unwelcome cry, "just fifteen minutes too late, the last boat has just crossed, you won't get over till after eight o'clock." Imagine my position six miles from home, the road scarcely cheered by a single house, but for the most part lined on both sides by thick forests and crossed by dismal swamps. "Eight o'clock," then it will be pitch dark, and I must be home to-night. My decision was soon made. Before us was the broad surface which in the morning was completely covered with water, now only a little stream flowed through its centre. "Hark!" exclaimed my friend, as a distant rumbling became more distinctly audible. Looking in the direction of the sound we saw the white foamy tide rapidly nearing the mouth of the river. Not a moment was to be lost. The boatman, pointing to a long muddy looking flat on the opposite side consented to land me there, if I would venture to walk to higher ground in advance of the tide. Every school boy knows something about the danger and treacherousness of these waters. The advance wave is between three and four feet in height; quickly followed by another and another, in rapid succession they wind their sinuous way along, until the entire basin is filled to the depth, in some parts, of forty feet. Instantly jumping into the boat we made all possible speed and midway met the tide; by a

dexterous movement the brave boatman prevented an upset. So we sped on with the wave. Suddenly our boat ran aground; hastily leaping into the water the ferryman carried me a little in advance of the tide and directed me to make for higher ground immediately. I could scarcely realize my position: a half mile out on the flats, thirty feet below high water mark, uncertain footing, the greatest and most terrible tide in the world at my very heels. On, on it came, like a monstrous serpent with glaring eyes and distended fangs, ten thousand lions with glittering teeth and deafening howls marching alongside eager for their prey. I felt small. Self, at times so vindictive, was nowhere, so suddenly changed was my point of view. Should sudden fear overcome me, should I tread on quicksands, or in deep mud, in less than ten minutes I would be swallowed up by my enemy. I was preserved, I trust for some purpose, and gained the high land in safety. I got home in good time, and concluded that in the future I would endeavour to do nothing rashly. Was my conclusion right?

SIGMA.

OUR EDINBURGH LETTER.

Dear Gazette:—From the Classrooms of Dalhousie I used to look across the Atlantic to the Universities of Europe with feelings of deepest reverence. I used to imagine that the students in the old Universities must surely be prodigies of intellectual valour, and the Professors as deep as they were numerous. Experience has dispelled some of these opinions. I have found the student in Europe no better than the student in America, while the Professors as a class surpass ours only in their numbers. In numbers, however, the Continental Universities are certainly far ahead of us; and a recent movement in Edinburgh suggests the question: Why are there so many German Universities in which the teachers are as many as are in our *Alma Mater* the taught. It seems to me that there are two great causes. The first is the character of specialty in the German Collegiate Curriculum. Our Universities (*i.e.* those of Britain, Canada, and the United States) occupy a position midway between the Gymnasium and the University of the Fatherland. In the Gymnasium a man (at that period of life perhaps better called boy) studies not only the minor or rather primary branches, such as Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, &c., but does all the drudgery of Latin, Greek, and (if he is to be a theologian) Hebrew; dips to some extent in Natural and Physical Science, and works at Mathematics often as deeply as many of our Bachelors of Arts. The consequence is, that when, now at least a man, he leaves the Gymnasium and enters the University, he goes to a more advanced kind of work than our Freshmen are usually capable of attempting. A Prof. of Greek takes for granted (I speak from information gleaned from conversation with students from different parts of Germany) a knowledge of the Grammar and a certain amount of practical power over the language; and the Hebrew student begins his campaign armed to the teeth with points and pronouns. Beginning with such advantages, the German student is able to make much greater progress and go more deeply into subjects than an average man in our Colleges. This depth, too, becomes a greater depth on account of the character of their degree. Ph. D. corresponds to our M. A.; but while the examinations which it requires are not nearly so extensive as those which our Universities ask, in some special subject they are far more searching. I have seen the eyes and mouths (except in cases in which the latter happened to be full of beer and tobacco) of German students gradually expand to their utmost as I have repeated to them the list of subjects that our *Alma Mater* demands (very unwisely, I think) from her reluctant *alumni*. To the

wisdom of our method I may return at another time. For my present purpose it is enough to indicate that the German system, be it good or bad, has undoubtedly two tendencies. It encourages thorough study of single subjects, and, as a means to that end, increases the number of Professors and narrows the subjects which they profess to teach.

The second cause is found in what is implied in a degree. Whenever a man has become *Philosophiæ Doctor*, he may be licensed by his University to deliver lectures which, so far as graduation is concerned, are reckoned as equivalent to those of the University-Professor. If, therefore, a young Doctor thinks that there exists in him a spark of genius that needs only fanning to be coaxed into a burning flame, he immediately, after graduation, obtains his license, and becomes a *privat docent*. Perhaps before long he finds his mistake. Students do not, as he expected, throng his rooms; his genius evaporates, and he retires to some humbler calling. On the other hand, if he does possess extraordinary powers, disciples crowd around him, and there is presented to the world a treasure, which might otherwise have been hidden under the rubbish of the daily drudgery which attends many other modes of life. This is why the University has, in Germany more than in any other land, discharged its highest function, that of being a centre round which gathers, a home in which is saved and matured, much of the intellectual power which in other lands is squandered in the acquisition of wealth or the excitement of commercial speculation. Oxford and Cambridge, by means of their numerous fellowships, discharge to some extent this duty. But the Universities of Scotland and America are sadly deficient. They are mere Schools of Higher Education, not centres of light and intellectual culture. In Germany, however, it must be allowed, the discharge of this important duty, through the system which has been adopted, is more easily practicable than in our highly favoured land. Among us a Professor must keep up a certain amount of so-called "style," and needs, therefore, a certain amount of income. But in the happy land of *lager beer* and *sauerkraut* no such cruel law exists. Public opinion is much less stringent as to the cut of Professor's coats; and cravats, venerable from the antiquity of their nature, as well as the number of their years, may be worn with impunity.

The University of Edinburgh is now waking up to the thought that the function to which I have been referring is one which ought to be discharged. Several very good fellowships have been founded lately, and more are hoped for. The Senatus, however, have decided that this is not enough, and accordingly a proposal has been made, and through Sir David Baxter's bequest, has been to a certain extent acted upon, namely, that the Professorial system be to a certain extent assimilated to that of the German Universities. The foundations of the Chairs in King James' old *Academia* are as a rule very small, and the salaries low. They vary from *nothing* up to £572, averaging about £230. Some of the Professors would cease to be, or at least to keep body and soul together, if it were not for their fees; but these are so high that those who have the smallest salaries have the largest incomes. A Divinity student pays two guineas for each class; an Arts student, three; a Medical, four, and a Law student (poor unfortunate) five. Thus is food found for the Professors' families, and the milliners' bills are paid. The great difficulty, therefore, of introducing the German system of extramural teaching into the University, is the risk of lowering the incomes to the resignation point. If, however, the salaries were raised so high as to make the Professors independent of fees, this danger would be averted, and the present defective system could be improved. It is for this purpose that the Senatus are using Baxter's £18,000. Their intention is to raise salaries to

£500 or thereabout, and then to license competent extramural lecturers, whose courses of instruction shall have the same privileges as the Professor's. That the effect of such a system would be beneficial has been proved by practical experience in the Medical Faculty. In some of its subjects (those to which the highest incomes are attached) lecturing privileges have been thrown open, and Professors made to compete for fees and fame with other deep students in their Sciences. The consequence is, that in each of the open classes a large staff of competent teachers has arisen, talent that would otherwise have lain dormant has been called into exercise, the Professors have been stimulated to greater zeal, and quite an impetus has been given to the study of special subjects. There is little hope that the system will be perfected or completely introduced for some years, seeing that in Scotland people are almost as cautious about giving money to Universities as they are in Nova Scotia. But we may look forward with confidence to the good time coming, when Edinburgh will be able fully to discharge the highest function of the typical University.

MAC.

Correspondence.

DEAR GAZETTE,—Permit me to say a few words for the benefit of outsiders, with regard to my letter in your last issue. The examination referred to was merely one of the monthly examinations of that class, the results of which have no influence whatever on the standing of students as decided by the Final Examinations. At the latter such tricks are impossible. For then Professors are abroad; they walk up and down the room, and the student who attempts to "cod" loses his year. But at the monthly examinations the honesty of students is confided in, and they are left pretty much to their own devices; because then their dishonesty hurts only themselves. This makes the conduct of the dozen or twenty gentlemen of whom I spoke, still more consistent with their characters than it would seem at first sight to be. It proves them to be consummate fools, as well as cheats. I think this is all the explanation necessary.

McG.

DEAR GAZETTE,—In nearly every number of the GAZETTE, since the first of the present session, I have noticed editorial references of an indirect kind, to the "Brewery." To the credit of the GAZETTE, be it said, those references have always been depreciatory rather than commendatory. Now for the benefit of those living out of Halifax, and readers of your paper, I purpose explaining this allusion, so that all may know, who are interested in the College, why the word *brewery*—so significant of our national disgrace,—occurs in the GAZETTE in any other sense than the words counterfeiting, slavery, piracy, &c.

The basement of Dalhousie College is fitted up for renting. In one apartment there is a dealer in Machinery, in another a Clothier, and in the apartment which is the subject of this article, a large sign over the door proclaims to everybody on Prince Street, "Turtle Grove Brewery." In other words, those having the trusteeship of the College property—the Governors—gave themselves up into the lap of the Delilah of greed for a moneyed consideration, by allowing the basement of the College to be converted into a factor of the crimes and guilt of the liquor traffic. In the second storey we have a Prof. of Ethics and Political Economy, in the basement, the office of a brewery. Truly, the learned Professor will have to work; if he can by precept in the second storey, wipe out

the insult flung, in the basement, at one of the noblest reforms of the age. But some may say the College is "hard run" for money, and considerations of morality should not come between the Governors and a good rent for the basement. Let history answer. During the days of slavery, Antioch College staggered under \$60,000 debt. Said a slave owner to its President, "I will pay one-sixth of the debt if you will promise me no negro shall enter its walls." "Let it perish first," was Horace Maims reply, and had equal heroism, not to say good sense, actuated the Governors or their agent, in the matter of a tenant for the basement, the Judas sup from the liquor traffic would never have defiled the treasury of Dalhousie. Some may think this a trifling question. Well, this is but natural, especially to those residing in the city, where nearly everybody is a liquor dealer, related to one, dependent on one, or controlled by one, but the 106 young men attending this institution think differently, most of whom express their contempt of the act in no measured terms. That any of the names on the catalogue have been marked by the asterisk of death, and owe their untimely end to the use of wine, I do not know; but in a city like Halifax, when three hundred licenses are granted by that broad cloth mat, the City Council, it was just a little too much for Dalhousie to throw its influence against the faltering virtues of its pupils. Acadia College or Mount Allison would just as soon allow bar rooms opened in their basements as breweries, and let us hope that at the end of the present lease, the voice of the turtle will no longer be heard in the "basement."

"Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more," was the prayer the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness which overspread the Grecian camp. Let those who were instrumental in extending the liquor traffic through the property of the College, repeat that prayer daily until their moral vision is restored, and further communication will be spared.

A STUDENT.

Personals.

E. SCOTT, B.A., '72, left Halifax Monday, 26th ult., by steamer. He intends going to Edinburgh, thence to Palestine, where he will spend the summer in travelling. He will probably return to Edinburgh in August next.

A. GREY, formerly of Class '75, is teaching school at Shubenacadie.

S. McNAUGHTON, M.A., will complete his Theological studies in April.

Dalhusiensia.

In the Theological Hall, Gerrish St., on Dec. —, was held an examination in Theology and Greek. Three prizes were offered, valued at \$50, \$40, and \$30. There were four Competitors; all graduates of Dalhousie; Adam Gunn, B.A., E. Scott, B.A., W. P. Archibald, B.A., all of class '72; and D. F. Creelman, B.A., of '73,—Mr. Creelman won the first; Mr. Scott the second; Mr. Archibald the third; and in consequence of Mr. Gunn's papers being so very good, he received an additional prize of \$20. The lowest mark in Theology was 62.7 per cent; the highest, made by Mr. Creelman, was 97.9 per cent. The lowest in Greek was, 56.4 per cent, and the highest, made by Mr. Archibald, was 70.3 per cent. The total percentage was, D. F. Creelman 91.1; E. Scott, 78.4; W. P. Archibald 72.6; and A. Gunn 62.

PROF.—"Mr. ———, when you begin to construe a sentence in Latin, what is the first thing you do?" Freshman —(aside to companion) "Compare it with the translation."

WE are glad to see that our students are discussing the question of athletic exercises. A committee has been formed to ascertain whether admission can be obtained into any of the gymnasia of the city. We hope the time is not far distant, when instead of having to look abroad for rooms, some apartment of the College will be granted for the training of our physical frames.

FOOTBALL is still the favourite game among our "boys." Whenever the weather permits, 20 or 30 zealous players assemble on the common. We would remind those who have not yet paid their fees to the Treasurer of the Club that the ball is still unpaid for.

THE essays of the Seniors on the "Freedom of the Will" were lately reviewed and rigorously criticised. The method of criticism is as follows: Each writer reads his own essay (like a prisoner reading a humiliating confession from the stocks) which the other members of the class make the subject of many free comments. When all have been thus reviewed, the Professor takes them in hand, giving each an impartial consideration.

PROF.—"If you suspect a man of having come to his death by poison, what test would you employ?" Soph—"Give him HYDROGEN SULPHIDE." What did this atrocious Soph. mean? Did he wish to make the man disagreeable even in death?

BEST signs of young life about our University—the Janitor's children.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

REV. P. Goodfellow, C. W. Hiltz, (2nd sub.), Rev. R. Laird, Rev. C. B. Pitblado, Geo. McMahon, J. R. Coffin, John Logan, D. C. Fraser, Wm. Cruickshanks, Rev. J. H. Chase, Hugh McKenzie, Thos. Corbett, J. W. Jackson, J. A. Lippincott, J. R. Noonan.

MEDICAL FACULTY DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

TWO LECTURES BY E. JENKINS, ESQ.

MONDAY, February 16th.

SUBJECT:—British Dramatists, with Readings

TUESDAY, February 17th.

SUBJECT:—British Confederation.

Further particulars in a few days.

H. A. GORDON, Secretary.

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Payments to be made to L. H. Jordan, Financial Secretary, and all communications to be addressed to "EDITORS DALHOUSIE GAZETTE," Halifax, Nova Scotia. Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

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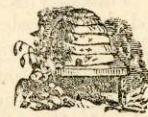
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