

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.
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HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 1, 1876.

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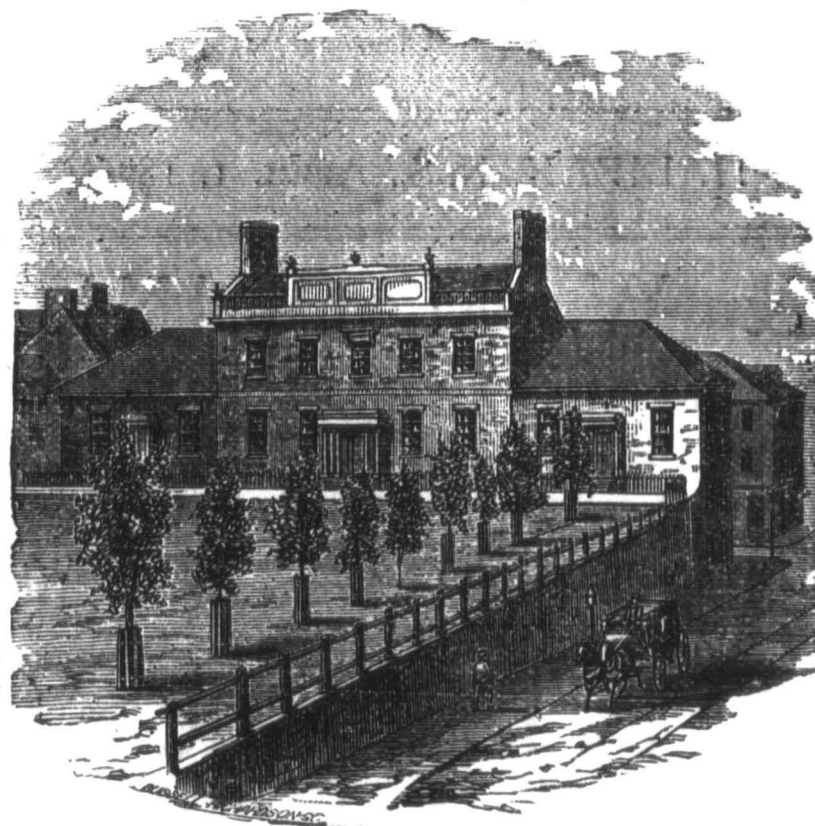
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DALHOUSIE
GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.
OLD SERIES—VOL. VIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 1, 1876.

NEW No. 10
WHOLE No. 80.

SUMMER HOURS.

A FRAGMENT.

In some well-shaded, unfrequented nook
Stretched out at ease beside a rippling brook
How sweet it is to lie and muse, or skim
From page to page, as prompts the transient whim,
Of pleasant tale, or poet's dreamy song,
To which the streamlet—as it rolls along
The rounded pebbles, lending to the strain
Their muffled music—murmurs a refrain!

The rustling canopy above our seat
Wards off the noon-day sun's untempered heat,
Though—aided by the scented summer breeze
Which plays among the verdant topped trees—
Some stealthy rays pierce through the leafy mail,
Which, struggling still the cool retreat to veil
Chequers with fitful gleams the opened page.

MORE AND LESS THAN TRUE.

Few question the correctness of Leigh Hunt's conclusion that there can be no greater mistake than to look on every sort of nonsense as a want of sense. Nonsense may be a very sensible thing, though some think it a sin to afford themselves the luxury of a joke. Their saving in this line is not likely to benefit benevolent institutions. Some never hear a laugh without associating the perpetrator with fools and crackling thorns, let Nestor swear as he may. Truly nature hath made strange fellows in her time; but temperament does not matter much except as it affects enjoyment. For the realities of life, let the humor be what it may, however merry or moody, a man will always find birds of the feather, and plenty of useful work for which the humors match. While this may be partly true as regards usefulness, we have no talent loaned for the purpose of being hid. I gravely doubt the propriety of entirely neglecting to cultivate the Funny Faculty. Pope's rule fits exactly, "To enjoy is to obey." The mind should not be treated as the photographer's victim, crimped into an attitude

of painful gravity and kept sitting there till it becomes incapable of an act which is not awkward. Most of the great mental athletes have delighted to strip off their robes of wisdom and contend in pleasantries often reaching to droll feats of foolery. It is quite possible at times to "prattle shrewdly with such witty folly as almost betters reason."

Simple over-statement has been a fruitful source of amusement to all English Humorists of whom I have any knowledge. It has been said in disparagement of Americans that their humor is largely made up of exaggeration. Without questioning the correctness of the criticism we must be on our guard and not *exaggerate it*. Every one knows the wise nonsense and quirkish reasons of the merry class of writers in Britain, but mention one superior in these respects to the first class names among American joke-venders! Our minds may be warped to do more than justice to the laughing autocrats across "the pond." If we examine, it becomes plain that much of their talent is directed to magnifying, till queer spots, previously invisible or but dimly seen, show prominently. Slender notions are pampered into corpulence. We are waggishly treated to great dishes of falsehood in which we fail to discover a single lie.

If you are not afraid of being surprised off duty so near the close of the term, let us take a turn among those fellows of jest, and gather a few specimens liable to be classed by precise Quakers as going somewhat beyond the orthodox Yea and Nay. Of course we must begin with Falstaff, as he alone has reached the "infinite." He loved jokes as stout as himself. Witness his men in Buckram. He calls Bardolph's nose a perpetual trumpet, an everlasting bon-fire, and says it has saved him a thousand marks in torches, going in the night between tavern and tavern. The further he follows a description the higher he builds, till the whole Babel tumbles over in merry confusion. See the account of his recruits. "You would think I had a hundred and fifty

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tattered prodigals. A mad-fellow met me and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies; no eye hath seen such scare-crows. There is but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a heralds coat without sleeves." So Sheridan's Fag—"I believe she owns half the stocks. She could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washer woman. She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold. She feeds her parrot with small pearls, and all her thread-papers are made of bank notes."

The "King of Fashions in Milman's "Fazio" cares nothing about "that poetic treasure, a true heart."

"But, my lord, a fair-ordered head-dress makes me
As love-sick as a dove at mating-time;
A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight;
I doat upon a stomacher to distraction;
The elegant motion of a fan is murder."

Nicholas Rowe in his great play "Jane Shore" makes his heroine speak of Hastings as "thou proxy of all-ruling Providence." George Abbot, who rose to be Archbishop, flatters his King, James I, by calling him—"Most Sapient Monarch, zealous as David, the Solomon of his age, religious as Josias, just as Moses, undefiled in all his ways as Jehosaphet or Hezekiah:" and says he was only spared out of Heaven long enough to enlighten the earth! After this, notice the mildness of the fly-leaf in the first of our Bibles where Elizabeth is an "Occidental Star" compared with this "Sun in his strength." In Massinger's "Maid of Honor" Sylli boasts, "When I warble, the dogs howl as if ravished with my ditties" and states that if Camiola were dead, the joy of a visit from a courtier would raise her from the grave.

Addison in his account of a grinning match, says of the successful competitor "At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance, at the second he became the face of a spout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a brass viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut crackers."

George Colman has a character in his "John Bull" who is "thinner than an old six-pence." Sam Slick met an old school-mate, so thin he "had to look twice to see whether it was she or her shadow." It was another provincial writer whose fatty tourist so nearly collapsed into a "grease spot." But all this is not "exaggeration!"

It is English modesty leading to the opposite of that!

Butler didn't put all his exaggeration into "Hudibras" else it would contain these lines on Holland.

"A country that draws fifty feet of water
In which men live as in the hold of nature."—
"A land that rides at anchor and is moor'd,
In which they do not live but go aboard."

Marvell speaks of the people of the same country as "fishing the land to shore."

"How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new catched miles
And to the stake a struggling country bound."
"Yet still his claim the injured ocean lay'd
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played.
The fish at times the burgher dispossessed
And sat not as a meat but as a guest."
"Who best could know to pump an earth so leak
Him they their lord and country's father speak;
To make a bank was a great plot of state,
Invent a shovel, and be Magistrate."

When Englishmen take such advantage of the physical developement of their Islands to ridicule Holland, is it more than just, is it not at least equally good taste for an American to exclaim?

"This little speck the British Isle
Tis but a freckle—never mind it!"

England is so small and foggy that a Yankee is "afraid to step out of his Hotel after dark, lest he should get into the water." Possibly we are more inclined to excuse the excess of O. Wendell Holmes in

"One half her soil has walked the rest
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages!"

The worthy in the "Ancient Ballad Chevey Chase" who

"When his leggis were hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne"

did not die as the song supposes. He can be recognized in Artemus Ward's unconquerable Unionist whose "little toes" defiantly wiggle after his whole body is cut into mincemeat.

When Burns knew a woman whose face "wad fyle the Logan Water," when an English Novelist has a sailor so much more unwashed that it dirtied the water for him to look in it, no wonder Ward found a man so homely "he couldn't sleep at nights his face pained him so." We

are indebted to Lover for the shower that "crisp'd the umbrellas," and for the opposite extreme when the frost was so keen it shaved beards close, and words were frozen and dropped to the ground till men "stood knee deep in their own eloquence."

Marryat gets up such a gale in the West Indies that those who faced it had their teeth blown down their throats, and the air was full of little negroes.

Josh Billings' monster fiddle that "made a sound so much like thunder that it soured all the milk within fourteen miles" is after the same fashion as the piano on which the Captain's Wife, in "Peter Simple," imitated a thunder storm so perfectly that a similar phenomenon occurred. Though it was an American's telescope that "brought the moon so near he could distinctly hear the miners at work," the Yankee can take no credit for the rural painting which was "so true to nature that the cow in the picture jumped over the fence and ate the cabbage."

The "Spectator" presents a representative woman, who entertains her company a "whole afternoon with the wit of her little boy before he is able to speak." In the "Rivals," we are introduced to the old horse Crop, whose moral sensibilities are so keen that the news of his master being killed in a duel would make him "curse the hour he was born." These fully prepare the way for the quiet remark that "it would have been ten dollars in Jeff Davis' pocket if he had never been born."

The American so strong that his "shadow striking a child killed it instantly," did not cause any trouble until long after Douglas was

"In a proper mood
To chide the thunder if at him it roar'd."

Coleridge made the guillotine "float in blood on the top of the scaffold" before the revolutionary war "drenched all Massachusetts into one red mire."

It is not easy to find a bit of dryer exaggeration than the following from a standard English Critic and Essayist. A new publication being the subject we read that "the book is dry as a chip—a chip's a slice of orange to it. It makes you feel dust in your eyes. Before you have got far in it you get up to look at your tongue in a glass. It absolutely makes you thirsty. If you take it up at breakfast you drink four cups instead of two. At page forty you call for beer. They say it made a reviewer take to drinking. They

have it on tables at inns to make guests drink double. It dries up everything so it has ruined the draining business. The Dutch have subscribed for it to serve instead of dykes."

These examples might be indefinitely multiplied without taxing the professed Humorists at all. Any one acquainted with the most readable productions in our language, whether British or American, must conclude all under like condemnation, however much one star differeth from another star in degree. I feel disposed to correct this judgment and say that all, irrespective of country, are deserving of like praise, for a certain elasticity of statement is most enjoyable, and its antiquity makes it quite respectable, almost aristocratic. How can any one fix a quarrel on such a harmless amusement as this blowing of brain-bubbles? No person supposes them solid, therefore no one is imposed upon. The practice may at times look like going to war with truth, but the strife is not real. It resembles the case of the huntsman who having fired several shots which failed to dislodge a supposed porcupine from a tree, inspected more carefully and discovered that he had been firing at a flea on his own eyebrow.

Metaphoric embellishments, claiming the protection of a license system, open gates in every direction, through which we see men who "bestride the world," butt down stars with their "advanced heads," run like "comets with tails of dust," read "books all stops," weep at a rate to drown out a "world on fire," and look so grave that from their faces Newton might have "deduced his law of gravitation." With such I have had nothing to do. A chat about straight-forward, honest enlargements was the limit of my intention. If you have followed me thus far my object is attained. In return for the tedious ramble I have led I will now take you into my confidence, and show you a simple matter of fact narration designed for a Temperance Paper to be called

THE FATAL GLASS.

The blubbering death struggle will ever haunt those who were stupified by the suddenness with which an imaginative companion was engulfed. War never so belittled its victims in death. Look not in the glass. As you value your goodly trunk and vital spark, be warned. I have seen, therefore I speak,—Listen—

It was a magnifying glass of malicious power. Two lads, trained to investigate and doubt, scoff-

ed at my story of seeing in an apple seed the future tree and fruit, and of my disappointment when, forgetting realities, I reached after one of the falling apples. They said seeing was believing. So we tested. Choosing the smooth of a lady's cheek as our field of operations, the most resolute was directed to put his eye to the tube. In his haste he was about to apply his mouth to the lady's lips, but his error was corrected in time to prevent an explosion. As soon as he glanced through the optic saucer the fashion of his countenance changed. He said all the ridges around Tangier, the familiar crags and barren shubbery, were before him; and he waved his hand as he directed to the different lots and told of shafts whence fortunes had yel-
lowed.

My other friend still professed to disbelieve. He was most eager to try the same scene as his fellow, but wishing to present a view less likely to derange his weaker nerves, I led him to the garden and fixed the glass so that he might examine a dew drop. He looked. A shoreless profound, roaring like Charybdis and moved by unmentionable monsters, stretched before him! A shock of horror convulsed his frame. Another moment he stood the "bloodless image of despair." Then reason reeled, knees knocked, he lost his balance, fell into the abyss and perished! In silence we gathered round and, gently raising the drop on the point of a fine needle, we deposited all that remained of the body and brains, of the limbs and learning, of our missing friend in the tender bosom of an opening rose-bud.

SALUTATIONS.

HOWEVER much we may oppose Darwin's theory, we have to admit that monkeys and men are alike at least in one respect. They delight to imitate, so do we. No better proof of this can be found than the fact that we pick up some hackneyed but fashionable expression such as "How do you do?" "What's the news?" &c., and continue for a whole life time to throw it into the faces of our friends, when we meet them, without ever thinking what we are saying, or waiting for an answer. One can scarcely walk our streets for an hour without seeing two acquaintances meet and simultaneously ask some

meaningless question that has done duty for centuries, and then pass on, neither of them looking the least disappointed at not having received an answer. The barking of a cur, or the bleating of a sheep is intellectual compared with such a conversation. The more civilized we become the more willing are we to bow down and worship the image that custom has set up. It is well known that there are many primitive tribes who have no customary modes of salutation, and those who have are not so strict in the observance of them as their more civilized neighbours. These customs among different nations are as varied as their languages. No doubt, each thinks his own the most becoming. The Turk thinks the Englishman is silly when he takes off his hat, and the Englishman thinks the Turk is rude when he leaves his on.

The inhabitants of New Guinea salute their friends by placing the leaves of trees on their heads.

The Philippine Islander, when he meets an acquaintance, lays hold of his foot and rubs his own face with it. We should be thankful that our forefathers did not bequeath to us such a heritage. No man can wish to have a very extensive acquaintance in a country where such a custom is tolerated.

Perhaps no mode of salutation appears more droll to us than that of several African tribes who manifest their pleasure on meeting a friend by pulling their fingers till they crack. Another African custom is to strip off part of the dress of the person they meet, and wrap it around themselves.

The Laplander is said to rub his nose against the person he would salute, a very disagreeable ceremony we should think for the party saluted. Sir Joseph Banks tells us that the Otaheitans, "wishing to show their humility," divested themselves altogether of clothing when they appeared in his presence. Apparently, they were more anxious to display their humility than their modesty. The Chinese are very exact in this matter. They pay such strict attention to these little civilities that in our eyes they appear somewhat ridiculous. How droll it would seem to us to see a man counting his salutations carefully in order that he might give the exact number, or to see him gravely salute the chair

where a stranger is to be seated. Yet wise Chinamen do this, and consider that they are very impolite if they neglect it. John, when he meets a friend who has been absent for some time, goes through one motion with his right hand, and another with his left, with as much precision as if he were some patent machine. Nor does he think it lost time to spend several days in drilling himself in these forms and nods and twists before he dares to venture into polite society.

The Academy of Compliments issues its proclamations regularly, and there are few Chinamen "who do not listen and observe." Their verbal salutations are quite as unnatural as their actions. When a friend asks John about his health, he replies, "Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." In place of saying "you look well," he says, "Prosperity is painted on your face." When you do him a kindness he says, "My thanks shall be immortal." We might go on, but it is unnecessary to multiply examples.

The study of these customs is amusing as well as instructive. True enough they are handed down by one generation to another and are only observed because they are fashionable, yet they may have a deeper meaning than most people think. For just as the study of the ballads and songs of some primitive tribe is one of the best means of gaining a correct idea of the habits and morals of the people who sung them, so these customs, hackneyed and meaningless as they may seem to us, serve in no small degree as a key to national character. John Chinaman tells us by his slavish observance of those ceremonies that he is accustomed to obey, and is willing to submit to any drudgery rather than rebel.

The Turk, degenerate son of a great father, when he persists in wearing his hat in our presence, gives us a faint clue, if not to his own, to the character of his stubborn and haughty sire. The careless and independent nod of the Englishman indicates at once to the observing foreigner that he feels his own importance, and would have him feel it too. The hearty welcome of the Scotchman when you visit him, brings out a well known phase of Scottish character, namely, he would have no man doubt his hospitality.

The down-east Yankee who deals out his nasal salutation to everybody he meets, acquaintance and stranger alike, is just in appearance, at least, acting up to the boasted principle that

"all men are brothers," a principle which his country claims as hers, though perhaps more in name than in reality.

We think therefore that these customs, strange as some of them may seem, are calculated to teach us some useful lessons illustrative of national character, and we would recommend the reader to follow out this line of thought for himself.

Our Exchanges.

THE *Simpsonian* comes from Simpson Centenary College, Indianola, Iowa. The best article in the March number is one upon "Bacon and his Philosophy." The College has 190 students in attendance, and seems to be prosperous.

We have received the March number of the *University Magazine*, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. It opens with a poem of more length than beauty. The article on "The English and Spanish Colonization in America" is very well written. The editorials might be much better, and some of the witticisms could hardly be worse. The interior of the *Magazine*, however, does not altogether disappoint the expectations founded upon its beautiful exterior.

THE *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal* is as ponderous as its name. It consists of twenty very large pages, seven of which are occupied by advertisements, four by news of sports and pastimes, and nearly three by University Sermons. The remainder of the paper is interesting. The original poetry is exceptionally good; and the correspondence department contains much matter interesting even to readers on this side of the Atlantic. The only fault we have to find with the editorials is that they are rather heavily written. There is no nonsense in the *Journal*, and none of the sickly attempts at wit which make the reading of some of our exchanges a very disagreeable duty. Still the *Journal* is not what we could reasonably expect from the combined undergraduate ability of two such universities as Oxford and Cambridge.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 1, 1876.

EDITORS.

J. MCG. STEWART, '76. J. H. SINCLAIR, '77.
 F. H. BELL, '76. J. MCD. SCOTT, '77.
 ISAAC M. MCDOWALL, *Secretary.*

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The next number of "The Gazette" will be issued on Saturday, the Twenty-Ninth of April. We call the attention of our Subscribers to the fact that our printer's bill is growing much faster than our list of Acknowledgments, and respectfully request them to forward their subscriptions as soon as possible.

If any persons are of opinion that the new university is to be the final result of the present agitation, we believe they are greatly mistaken. The paper university may, and doubtless will, continue in existence, but we are convinced that before many years are over the sense of this Province will see that such an institution cannot of itself meet the wants of the country. Those who argue from the success attained by London University, to a similar success for the University of Halifax, look at the relative educational positions of Nova Scotia and Great Britain very superficially. In the latter country, but particularly in England, there was not so great a need of the appliances for higher education as of some institution to recognize the training given by the various seats of learning, and stamp it with a sovereign and effectual approval. Oxford and Cambridge were there, no doubt; but they were only for the Episcopalians. The great

colleges supported by the various dissenting bodies were without any means of certifying to the world the excellence of the education given by them. The rigid enforcement of the tests at Oxford and Cambridge had led to the establishment of London University in 1839, as a teaching institution. In 1863 it occurred to the liberal-minded men in charge of this University, to throw open its examinations to all that chose to present themselves. The original University was then relegated to its present position as University College; having as such no power of conferring degrees. Such then was the posture of educational affairs in the mother country. Great colleges existed in numbers, and large public schools rivalled, if not surpassed, them in several departments of study—notably in classics and modern language. All that was wanted was one central degree-conferring University; and when this was at length established it entered upon its work with the perfect confidence that, however high a standard it should set up, or with whatever thoroughness its examinations should be conducted, its halls would be crowded with hundreds of well prepared aspirants from a score or more great feeders scattered through the length and breadth of the British Isles.

In Nova Scotia the condition of things is almost the exact opposite. Degrees we have in abundance. But our facilities for furnishing a thorough mental outfit are beggarly. We know that certain persons are disposed to question this assertion. Nevertheless its truth, we think, is apparent to all who dispassionately, and with a full knowledge of the subject, test the collegiate institutions of our Province by the standards of older and wealthier countries. Let any one compare a calendar of Dalhousie with one, we will not say of Oxford or Cambridge, but of Edinburgh, Harvard, or even of Toronto, and he must admit that we are far behind the requirements of the age—far from what we might easily become were the public spirit of the Province fully and intelligently directed to the matter of higher education. And yet Dalhousie is beyond

question the largest and best equipped college in Nova Scotia, and the course of study pursued here is undoubtedly the most extensive and most thorough in the Lower Provinces. If any one doubt this assertion, let him submit one of our Calendars, and examination papers, together with the Calendar of any one of the denominational colleges, which print no examination papers, to some unbiassed and competent judge. We are prepared to abide the result. To sum up then: in England, at the time of establishing London University on its present basis, there were excellent educational facilities, but no power of conferring degrees, outside of Oxford and Cambridge; in Nova Scotia we have most admirable arrangements for conferring degrees, but wretched facilities for imparting a good education.

To remedy this state of things the new Paper University will be almost helpless. It may give a certain degree of unity to the system of study throughout the Province. It may expose shams lurking in the examination-paper-less obscurity of certain of our denominational institutions. It may raise the standard in all the colleges to a very slight extent. And it will, we trust, pave the way for that grand desideratum—a well-equipped teaching university. But more than this it cannot do. It cannot give Mount Allison a decent library, nor a respectable set of scientific apparatus to Acadia. Neither can it give Dalhousie that additional professor of Natural Science she needs so badly. And yet unless these institutions be supplied with the requisites just mentioned, together with as many more as would fill this column with their very names they cannot undertake to prepare students to face such an examination as alone can secure for the new institution any degree of reputation and credit beyond the limits of our own Province. We were looking over a set of London University papers for 1875, the other day, and particularly the examinations for B.A. We could wish no stronger argument than these furnish for the raising of our educational standard. If our denominational contemporaries would but study these in a fair

and impartial spirit we should soon have them on the right side. The present educational position of Nova Scotia requires the careful and candid consideration of every educated man in the Province. And how such a man can argue that, because in England, with half a dozen big colleges, supported by as many dissenting bodies, each surpassing in point of numbers and wealth the entire population of the Maritime Provinces, a Paper University is a decided success, therefore in this Province, with half a dozen starveling colleges, and denominations, averaging 50,000 each, a similar institution will prove a similar success, certainly passes our comprehension.

THE *Reporter*, reinforced with a fresh pull at the dictionary, returns to its task of establishing a false definition of a university. It has taken in another ally this time, and either wittingly or unwittingly has blundered a little nearer the truth. The Encyclopedia Britannica's definition is, as every one at all conversant with the subject knows, in great part obsolete, but it is nevertheless right upon one essential point; *a university is a corporation with degree-conferring powers.* This most important fact was *not* in the *Reporter's* first definition; it is contained in its second. In fact if the *Reporter* had done us the justice of printing our definition side by side with that of the Encyclopedia, any one could have seen for himself that they differed only in the ascription of teaching powers by the latter. As to which is right the *Reporter* is perfectly welcome to chaff us to its heart content. Still if our readers bear in mind that more than thirty years have elapsed since the eighth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica was published, that a new edition has been found necessary to bring that work up to the present standard, and that the cry for university reform, and the discussion of the natures and powers of colleges and universities have been going steadily on up to this day, they will not, we trust, regard it as indicative of an inordinate amount of cheek in us to challenge the infallibility of the Encyclopedia's

definition. Moreover, it is only within the last twenty years that the great London University has brought clearly before the eyes of English speaking people, the fact that a university is not necessarily a teaching body. Observation of the great German Universities, and of the gigantic paper university of France has also done much to develop broader and more definite views upon the whole subject of higher education. Taking all this into consideration it would be as well for the *Reporter* to cease quoting obsolete authorities and acknowledge its error. If it cannot see its way clearly to this, let it at least admit that our views upon this point are *not quite* so "hazy" as it assumed in all the unsuspecting confidence of its half knowledge. The subject, we grant, is a perplexing one, owing chiefly to the inextricable confusion in which colleges and universities are blended on this side of the Atlantic. The relative position of colleges and universities can best be understood by an examination of their history, especially during the Middle Ages. To enter on this now would require time and study far beyond what we can bestow; we purpose doing it in some of those happy days when examiners cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

THE Gymnasium Class is not so well attended of late as it should be. The debates in the House have attracted some, and others seem to think that they have no time to spare from their books. At no time during the session did we need exercise more than at present. Let us take Paul's advice and do ourselves no harm. An ancient philosopher once said that "should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to be a ruinous tenant to its landlord." There may be some truth in this, but we think that in most cases both parties are actionable. The landlord should not expect high rent if he fail to keep his house in repair. If the house be poorly covered, poorly ventilated and in a dilapidated condition, it is a losing concern

on both sides. We never expect to find a healthy tenant in such a habitation. We often hear our students complain that their memory is bad, their brain muddled, and that they cannot think. The best advice we can give them is to get at the brain through the bath room and the gymnasium. Just look at yon pale faced youth for a moment, answering so well to the description of Burns,—

"As feckless as a withered rash
His spindle shanks a guid whip lash
His neive a nit."

He talks of an over-worked brain and midnight oil, and his friends sympathize with the "poor fellow" who is "wearing himself out," when in nine cases out of ten, it is an over-loaded stomach, and the want of exercise and cleanliness, that is injuring him. He goes to a doctor and tells the story of his indigestion and his ills, and gets some physic, when a little wholesome advice is what he most needs. For the most part the student who sickens over his work deserves to be sick. Any young man who is too lazy or too effeminate to take the amount of exercise which his system requires has no right to our sympathy.

THE *Recorder* thinks that College Students should not be allowed to teach in the common schools during the summer. This opinion it bases on the statement that "their appointment in many respects interferes with the regular teacher, and tends to reduce the amount of his salary." We were unable to understand in what this interference consisted, until we read a little further on, that trustees sometimes "refuse to make any permanent engagement with the regular teacher, in order to provide a vacancy for some favorite college student during the interval of his studies." If this statement be correct one of two conclusions follows. It may be that school trustees are usually, through ignorance or carelessness, unfit for their position and incapable of distinguishing a bad from a good teacher.

That this is frequently the case few teachers will feel disposed to deny. On the other hand it may be that the students are the very best teachers which the trustees can engage. It is an undoubted fact that many of the most efficient common schools in the Province are taught during the summer term by students. It is also undeniable that the number of regular teachers in the Province is exceedingly small; and that if they alone were licensed nearly three-fourths of our schools would be vacant. This state of things is very far from being satisfactory; but any steps to change it must be gradual. Occasional teachers are a necessity at present. The curse of our common schools is not the college student; low grade teachers, ignorant trustees, and the want of a compulsory law are far worse evils. They discourage good teachers, foster superficiality, and reduce the benefits of our excellent system to a minimum.

BOOK NOTICE.

GREAT improvement has been made of late years in the preparation of text books for the study of languages, and Mr. Gordon has duly profited from the labors of his predecessors in this difficult field of authorship. His Gaelic Class-Book (of 120 pages) is very much on the same plan as Bryce's First Latin Book, that is, Vocabularies and Exercises in both Gaelic and English are supplied from the beginning, so that as fast as the Inflections are learned they may be put in practice in reading and composition. This we believe is a facility never before offered to the student of this ancient Keltic dialect, and one which will no doubt be highly valued by all who use the book; and, as frequent references to the rules of Syntax are made in the exercises, and full Vocabularies added at the end of work, we do not see what more could be done to remove obstacles from the learners path, and make his labor pleasant and profitable. Besides this,

The Gaelic Class-Book, by George Lawson Gordon, Halifax. Nova Scotia Printing Co., 1876.

there is much that is new in the treatment of the Inflections of the language, especially in the rules for the comparison of adjectives, and the classification of the nouns according to the Genitive Singular. This last will commend itself to the classical student.

An extensive table of Pronunciation is given in Section 6, which will no doubt be very surprising to the uninitiated and not more surprising than useful. But we think it would be better to say that *à* (before *ll, m, nn*) has the sound of *ou* in *thou*, than to tell Nova Scotians that it is pronounced like *au* in German. Again, why represent *ch* by German *ch*? Is not the *ch* in the Scotch word *loch* both more correct and better understood? What mean those blanks after *ao, l, dh gh, and t*? Are there not two ways of pronouncing *ea* in *tear*? And finally how does Mr. Gordon distinguish the *i* in *wig* from the *i* in *this*? But still the table is a valuable one, and no doubt by its direction and the colloquial aid easily obtained in any part of this Province, a degree of correctness in Gaelic pronunciation could be attained, which would be limited only by the guttural powers of the learner. The book is fairly written throughout, though not in so concise a style as we think a text-book should be. That we may not be misunderstood, compare the four rules for the use of the modified form of the article with the following:—All nouns with Labial initials, except feminines in *f*, and also feminine nouns with Palatal initials take the modified form of the article; and in the plural, final *m* is dropped before *f* and *m*. Here we modestly submit is a saving of over one-half, without any loss of clearness.

We have given our own opinion of the plan of this book and consider it excellently adapted for its purpose. We have also the opinion of one of the best Gaelic scholars in the Province commending it, and have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Gordon has been quite successful in this difficult effort, and that any one wishing to study the language of Ossian will find the Gaelic Class-Book better adapted for the purpose than any other Gaelic grammar with which we have any acquaintance. The book, in printing and binding, is very neat.

THE "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

FOOLS are a large and respectable portion of the citizenry of this third in order of the planets; how large, it would perhaps baffle a better statistician than I to determine. Lamb suggests four quarters, but this estimate like some we have seen on the University question is perhaps a little too sweeping. It is to be regretted that they have no distinguishing mark like the "natures label's" of Moore by which they might be known at first sight. In the middle ages they formed a special profession, and wore their uniform of motley. Every nobleman had his clown whose office was to be at once the wit and the butt of the household, to be like Falstaff, not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in other men; and highest in rank was the court clown, a sort of fool-laureate I suppose. Shakspeare has given us some specimens, as in Lear and Twelfth night and above all the fool of Arden Forest, the disquisitionary, the "so deep-contemplative" Touchstone. It has been rather wittily said of this office that "none but he that had wit could fill it, and none but he that wanted wit would fill it." Touchstone fulfils both conditions. He *could* fill it, if ever a wit that lived could, and as for the *would* it were preposterous to moot the question. He had *wit* but he wanted *wits*. There never was a man in whose construction the "little member" bore so prominent a part. He is the paragon of fools. But the motley robe has gone out of fashion, and the cap is only remembered from the circumstance that a cut of it was the watermark of a certain kind of writing paper, hence called foolscap. I cannot then pretend to give the subsequent history of this order. The word and its equivalents in other tongues, German *thor*, Latin, *stultus*, Greek, *mōros*, and Gaelic, *amadan*, seem to set Comparative Philology at defiance. I have surmised from this that there were no fools in the days of the original Aryan speech, but I have never seen such a theory in print, and I broach it with the utmost diffidence.

I sometimes think that all mankind, except to few polite well-bred people too insipid to be worthy the reckoning, may be divided into two classes, the fools and the madmen; the latter including those who are ruled by some passion as the love of learning, power, wealth or fame, and the former, those whose only object is to get through life as merrily and easily as possible.

In which had you rather be counted? I choose the latter.

But I nowise think that fools even in the commoner narrow sense of that term, were made in vain. They are excellent teachers if we will but learn from them. They show us how desirable it is to be able in some degree to "see ourselves as others see us." He that laughs at a clown is but a clown himself if he does not lay the lesson to heart. I am not sure that they were made to be laughed at, but it is certain that serve the purpose as well as if they were; and no one laughs at them more unmercifully than they at each other. It was Touchstone who said "'Tis meet and drink for me to see a clown. By my troth we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold." How many have we not heard expressing like thoughts in like cases with the most innocent sincerity? And indeed my friends it were fitting you remember that folly is comparative, that the wittiest and wariest of you were but a fool in some companies, and as liable to be the receptacle of all the odd remnants of quippery and fun as he whom you mock at now.

This much-abused class may however be considered in a light different from either of these. Charles Lamb, "in sober verity" confesses this truth; "I love a Fool—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. * * * I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. * * * And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

When so many days are set apart to the glorification of various brotherhoods it seems but reasonable that one in the year should be kept sacred to this honorable fraternity. "Dulce est desipere in loco" and decidedly April 1st, is the locus locorum. Then a million delightful nonsensicalities are in vogue and genteel fashion which on any other day in the Calendar, would be positive silliness. It is now that some simpering maiden is sent by her heartless companions to hunt the shops for essence of tulips, or a sleepy-headed youth is ordered in great haste to bring from the garret some cooking-utensil previously hid in the cellar. This is the "glorified hour" of the "Small Boy." He tells you that there is a mud splash on your hat, or that your

coat-tail has been torn, or that you dropped your handkerchief just outside the door, and by the time you have discovered his real intent he has gone to look in his other pockets for his jack-knife. All this day are your grave philosophers who can understand anything but a joke, kept upon the rack, or they are compelled to adopt the safe principle of believing nothing of what they hear and but half of what they see.

We divide days into sacred and secular, but this one is scarcely even secular, so thoroughly is it jocular. Could any one with less of philosophy in his make-up than had our paragon Touchstone, get married on All Fools' Day? Not that he would care, but he would find it upon consideration more convenient to postpone it for a day or two. Could anyone look the world fairly in the face if it were generally known that this was his birth-day? It can be proved mathematically that there are more than one thousand such in Nova Scotia, but does anybody know one of them? It would be a curious problem to determine whether the consciousness of such a fact would have a damaging effect upon one's psychical constitution.

The origin of this yearly celebration and its peculiar rites seems to be utterly unknown. It is noteworthy how in the observance of days' the mock, the merely ludicrous appendages of the ceremonies have outlived the portions that are really commemorative. Christmas has lost nearly all its sacred significance, and is honored only as a season of jollity and giving of presents. Many who consider it absurd and papistical to abstain from meats during Lent, hold it nevertheless a sacred duty to devour upon Easter Sunday as many eggs as their peptic organism can with safety accommodate. Halloween is forgotten. Burns tells us that in his age and country Hallowe'en was a favourite season with youth for the practice of certain oracular games in order to obtain information respecting their matrimonial prospects. In our country it is called Cabbage Night, from the fact that it is specially consecrated to the abduction of that vegetable from gardens whose owners have forgotten what day it is, and neglected to store their crop. It has been conjectured that All Fools' Day is such a degeneration from some long forgotten custom of our ancestors.

The Hindoos have in their feast of Huli at the close of their New Year festivities, *i. e.*, about March 29th, an observance exactly similar to our April-fooling. It is a part of their religion and

all engage in it. Surajah Dowlah the celebrated nabob of Oude took especial delight in making Huli-fools. Chambers' Book of Days, from which most of my information has been obtained, remarks that so near a co-incidence of dates in peoples so remote from each other, would seem to indicate that the custom is of very high antiquity.

The earliest notices of it in our literature are in Addison and Swift, but it can be traced to an earlier period in France. A French Duke and his wife, who had been imprisoned at Nantes, escaped upon the First of April. A woman saw them and recognized them and immediately ran to tell the guards. They with one accord cried out "April fool," but after a time suspicion was aroused and too late they discovered that the woman was in earnest. Perhaps the best recorded of the deeds that have made this day famous is the following: A number of people in England once received copies of this note:—"Tower of London; admit the bearer and friend to view the annual ceremony of washing the White Lions on Sunday, April 1st, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or Assistants." Stamped with an inverted sixpence the thing looked official, and the vanity of the recipient was hugely nourished thereby. And that Sunday morning the air round the Tower was filled with the rattling of cabs, the scolding of passengers and coachmen's curses responsive, as they wildly and vainly searched for the White Gate!

WE learn, with much pleasure, that a proposal has been made to raise \$200,000 during the next five years to endow Dalhousie College, and especially to enable her to give young Nova Scotians an efficient training in scientific subjects. The proposal was first made public by Peter Jack, Esq., in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. That paper thinks the plan quite feasible; and there can be no doubt that it would be highly beneficial to our Province. A gentleman, writing in the *Chronicle* of Thursday, offers to be one of fifty to give \$1000 each. Many men in this city are very well able to give that sum; many more could give \$100 a year for five years; and there are hundreds throughout the

country who will be glad to give sums varying from \$5 to \$100, for an object so permanently valuable and so certain to be profitable. The chief wealth of Nova Scotia lies in her mineral resources, and to develop these, knowledge and skill are as necessary as money. No college in the Lower Provinces has facilities for giving a scientific education, and, however much it may be lamented, it can hardly be denied that when young men are obliged to go to other countries to study, they are generally lost to their native province. Hence the necessity for such a scheme as Mr. Jack proposes. We, editors, agree to raise \$1000 among ourselves within five years. We do this not merely from love for our Alma Mater, but because we know that we could not invest our money to better material advantage. Committees should at once be formed to devise means of carrying out the scheme.

Dallusiensia.

A STUDENT, on hearing the sentence "et cum venali Cyane succincta lagena" translated "and Cyane in a *bustle* with a bottle for sale," was heard to exclaim, "Truly, there is nothing new under the sun."

Lo the poor student, who with tutored mind,
Yet "scant of cash," in dread of being fined
Wears an old gown that hangs in tags behind.
If Science were as proud as poets say
She'd stamp her foot and order him away.

It is said that one of our students is extremely anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of a certain young lady in the city. He attends religious meetings much more regularly than usual, and may be seen any Sabbath evening standing before one of the city churches with outstretched neck, and anxious eye surveying the people as they come out. One of his chums accounts for the phenomenon by saying that "he is in the nascent state."

A JUNIOR translated "sidera testes intendunt oculos" "the stars strain their eyes looking at him."

College Notes.

"Mr. Whitaker whose almanack is so widely known is about to publish in London a weekly penny journal for popular reading. By providing a really interesting magazine, in which high classfiction will form a considerable portion and by making the work thoroughly attractive, he hopes in some measure to counteract the influence now unhappily exercised by criminal and unwholesome literature, especially for young readers."—*Eclectic.*

THE following story of University life, clipped from the *Tribune* is too good to be omitted:—

President Eliot of Harvard, says, that contrary to the usual course of nature, he is growing younger instead of older, as years advance. About 20 years ago when he was a tutor and proctor, he was disturbed one night by a noise in the yard and going out to see what was the matter, overheard a voice exclaim "here comes old Eliot." But last winter, walking into town one evening, he met two under-graduates, and heard one say to the other when he passed by, "I wonder where Charlie is going at this hour of night."

THE University of Wisconsin has petitioned that in place of the usual appropriation made by the Legislature a tax of one tenth of a mill on the dollar be imposed for its support on the taxable property of the state. This, it is calculated will yield about \$42,000 annually, and together with other sources of revenue will make the income of the University about \$80,000 a year in other words a yearly revenue of nearly the same amount as the whole property of Acadia.

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