

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 30, 1877.

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WHOLE No. 96.

THE WAYFARER'S LAMENT.

When this bosom is still, and this weary breast
From all sorrow and pain is free ;
When this body is laid in its grave to rest,
Will no friend lament for me ?

When the warrior dies and his silent mould
Is consigned to an honoured tomb,
By ten thousand lips is his name extolled,
And a nation is shrouded in gloom.

When the hoary sire to his final rest
Lays him down crown'd with honoured years,
Then will filial affection over his breast
Drop its mournful tribute of tears.

When envious death sends his cruel dart,
And the youthful lover dies,
His memory still in some maidenly heart
Is cherished with sorrowing sighs.

They grieve to abandon a world they enjoy ;
The pleasures they valued so dear ;
The circle of friendship ; the glance of love's eye ;
And all that delighted them here.

I weary of wand'ring mid mis'ry and woe
In my grave would furl gladly be,
Though, alas, not a tear o'er my dust shall flow,
Though no friend shall lament for me.

Oh ! 'tis hard thus to perish, and vanish away
Remembered, regarded by none,
As in some lonely spot on an April day,
A snowflake dissolves in the sun.

Yet pine not, faint heart, for weak earthly friends
To cheer thee in death's alarms,
On a mightier Power my soul depends,
The strong "everlasting arms."

A TRIP TO CAPE BRETON.

To one wishing to take a short trip in the Summer season, and between three or four proposed routes is in doubt which to select, I most unhesitatingly recommend the *Island of Cape Breton*. I had often heard of this beautiful Island, and had been made to believe that there could

be nothing like it in all the Dominion. Its scenery had been described as most picturesque, its lakes most beautiful, its mountains most grand. I had been told of its rich and varied mineral resources, of its romantic landscapes, of its favourite streams and rivers, where professional anglers often try their skill. All this I had heard and much more too, till, at last, as may be expected, I had a great desire to visit the Island.

Leaving *Pictou* on Monday morning, July 10th, 1876, I stepped on board the *St. Lawrence* for *Port Hawkesbury*, on the *Strait of Canso*. This boat is one of two which, during the Summer season, ply between *Pictou*, *Charlottetown* and the *Strait*. Safe, swift, and with comfortable accommodation for 100 passengers, the *St. Lawrence* is as well fitted for the waters over which she sails as any steamboat we know. As we leave the Landing by 2 p. m., (the *Halifax Express* is an hour behind time), standing on the stern of the boat we get a fine view of the town. There is the Roman Catholic chapel on our right, a brick edifice situated on a rising eminence which commands the harbour. That handsome square building close to the water's edge is the Custom House. It is also brick, has lately been built, and for external beauty and elegance is one of the finest edifices in *Pictou*. But we are nearing the Lighthouse, and in a few moments are in open water. The day is fine, not a cloud is seen, yet a breeze is blowing which makes us even already rock considerably. There seem to be about 20 gentlemen on board, many of whom, as their dress would indicate, are tourists. The ladies, if indeed there are any, have apparently all withdrawn to the inner saloon, so there is no way of estimating their number. The rocking continues, and as we get farther and farther away, is especially disagreeable ; for I am obliged to dispense with dinner, which has just been announced. Feeling that it would be worse than useless to try to eat anything, I pace the deck, and as the wind increases, spend the time in

watching the different expressions of the passengers who have remained in the saloon, and at intervals the promontory of *Cape George*, which, tho' miles ahead, can be seen stretching out like a faint blue ridge into the water. The gale, however, if it was such, is soon over, and by 5 o'clock we are opposite the Cape, which is nothing more than a rugged piece of land about 300 feet in height. There is no verdure to be seen near; the base is a mass of rocks over which the waves every now and then are dashing their spray. Altogether it is a bleak prospect, and as we look upon it feel inclined to pity the Lighthouse keeper, who, on that part of the Cape generally known as *Cape Jack*, reigns supreme. But we are now fairly past the Cape, and in an hour can distinctly see the coast of *Cape Breton*, lying in a north-easterly direction. As we approach, fields and patches of country, with houses studded here and there, pleasantly greet the eye, while at intervals a greater number of houses with a church or chapel in the midst, clearly indicate a thriving settlement or village. The Strait into which we are just entering is fifteen miles long, and in its widest part about one mile in breadth. The passengers are all gathered at the bow and seem to be pleased with the prospect of being on shore in a short time. But Port Hawkesbury is 8 miles from the entrance, and as it will be a little while before we reach it, we may as well notice some of the places we are passing. First, here as I look to either shore, a large board is seen with the following words, "Take care of the Telegraph." I am informed by a gentleman who seems to know all about it, that just at these places the Submarine Cable is laid, and hence the necessity of warning ships about to anchor in the neighbourhood. *Port Hastings* now comes in view, and as it appears in the evening light, seems a very small village of some 50 or 60 buildings, situated mainly on a hill. The water here makes quite an indentation into the shore, forming a pleasant little cove from which *Plaster Cove*, the former name of the place, received its appellation. Directly opposite, on the *Nova Scotia* side is *Cape Porcupine*, a rough, rugged headland some 625 feet high. But we are now at the wharf, and must leave *Cape Porcupine* until there is time and light to ascend it and describe it more fully. It is 8 o'clock when I land at Port Hawkesbury, and as going any further that night is out of the question unless I am to take the coach, which I will not until absolutely obliged, as it is my intention to make

as much as possible a walking-tour of the Island, I therefore set out for the nearest hotel, not without first watching the coaches, as they severally receive their complement of occupants, and drive off to *West Bay* and *Port Hood*. We do not feel inclined to envy these passengers, particularly those for *West Bay*, for they have the prospect of a four hours' drive over (as the drivers say) the worst road in the Island, even though the coaches used are steel-sprunged and on that account are supposed to ride more easily. In a few minutes the wharf is cleared and we are making for the "Cape Breton House" with all possible haste. On entering, "mine host" receives us graciously, (the number of travellers remaining here over night is comparatively small), and after a hasty supper, we retire. Rising early next morning I set out at 6 A. M., valise in hand, on the road for Port Hood. It is a lovely morning though, with promise of being exceedingly warm ere long. After walking 4 or 5 hours I came to *Craignish*, a pretty little settlement of about 1000 inhabitants. Five miles further I pass *Fudique*, a Catholic settlement near the sea. From this all the way to Port Hood the road runs parallel to the water, and this makes it much pleasanter for one travelling. I did not think much of Port Hood. It has a pretty situation,—that is about all I can say of it. As it was eight when I arrived, I was obliged to remain over night, and the next morning took the road again. In about 3 hours I reached *Mabou*, a small country settlement, and after a short rest pushed on for *Whykokomah*. The road here is very lonesome, and you may go many miles without seeing a single person or a couple of houses. It is nearly all woods, and is anything but attractive. However, I was prepared for these unpleasantnesses, and striding rapidly ahead, made such progress that by 6, coming to a rising ground, I found myself within a mile of the town. Of all the places in Cape Breton, *Whykokomah* is, in my opinion, decidedly the prettiest. Imagine, if you can, a beautiful low valley enclosed on three sides by mountains, which rise to a considerable height, and on the fourth a lovely expanse of water which can be traced as far as the eye can reach. *Whykokomah*, quietly reposing in a valley between high mountains, and at the base the beautiful *Bras d'Or*, is, for picturesque beauty and romantic scenery, unsurpassed by any town or village in Nova Scotia. If any one is inclined to disbelieve this statement, I should just like to ask him what town or village

in the Province proper is more prettily situated? In *Whykokomah* I was very kindly received by an elderly gentleman of my acquaintance and I was made welcome at his house. From this place I intended to go to *Sydney*, and therefore must take the boat which leaves on Friday. Arriving on a Saturday, I was thus obliged to remain nearly a week, which I spent very agreeably, and when the Friday came round had almost resolved to remain another week. On second thought, however, I determined to push on, and soon after daybreak left the wharf, on board the *Neptune*, which is quite a small boat but very comfortable, and traverses the waves in a manner worthy of her name. We now get a better view of the beauties of the *Bras d'Or* than when on shore. From *Whykokomah* to *Baddeck* the Lake is narrow and curving like a river, and, as we shoot past each bend, distinctly see the mountains opposite. The morning is delightfully calm, the surface of the water is unruffled, and gently we glide along. By 11 *Baddeck* is reached, and here the boat remains half-an-hour. I am cautioned about going on shore, but nevertheless go, as I have determined to see everything. *Baddeck* is a straggling little town and did not take my fancy particularly. It slowly struggles on, however, and bids fair to be an important place some day. After leaving *Baddeck* the coast becomes more rugged, the waves stronger, and when *Boulardavis Island* is passed it is quite rough. Very soon we are in the open sea, and the *Neptune* is rocking from bow to stem. This does not last very long, however, for we are nearing *Sydney Bar*, where we are to be landed. Already the *Sydney Mines* can be seen, and in half-an-hour we are at the wharf. The town as it appears to us is built on the side of a hill, facing the harbour. It is small and looks particularly dirty, but this is not to be wondered at, since it is so intimately connected with the Mines. In its situation it resembles *Pictou* somewhat. True, it is much smaller and more scattered, but it is built on a hill and bears the same relation to *Sydney* that *Pictou*, as far as position is concerned, bears to *New Glasgow*. In this place I enjoyed myself very much; swimming, boating, walking, driving, filled up the time most agreeably. Of course, I did not neglect the Mines; they are the principal sights for a stranger to see. The Mines are four miles from the Bar and can be easily reached by coal engines, waggons and trolleys, which are continually traversing the distance between the two

places. If you do not mind the means of locomotion, the coal dust and dirt, all you have to do is to take one of these conveyances, and in a short time you are landed at the scene of action, for action it is and busy action too, you will say on your arrival. Every one has descended a shaft some way or other, and it will be quite unnecessary for me to describe these pits, means of descent, how worked, &c. Suffice it to say I had frequently the pleasure of seeing them, of going down in the 'cage' 1000 feet, which is done in the incredibly short time of about 30 seconds, of walking up the slope when tired of remaining below, and (in common with all visitors to those subterranean regions), I experienced that peculiar sensation at the first descent, and also got nicely smeared and blackened. Still it is worth the labour, and everywhere you meet with kindness and attention. Miners are proverbially careful of the wishes of strangers: I have always found them most kind and obliging, as they seem to vie with each other in shewing and explaining the wonders of the world which is their home. If I remember rightly, the *Queen's Mines* are the oldest in Cape Breton. It was my custom to rise quite early, leave my boarding-house, and descend this Mine, all before 7 o'clock. After a few mornings I found ascending by the slope to be comparatively easy; and that the exercise is as conducive to health as any other, I inferred from the very visible increase of my appetite. Thus I spent the time at the Bar, and one fine morning prepared to run up to see the Capital, *Sydney*. The distance is 8 miles, and the sail seemed to me to be very much like going up the *East River* to *New Glasgow*.

Sydney is a very old town, about as large as *Pictou*, though perhaps not so important. Among the principal public buildings, the Court House stands conspicuous. It is built on a hill which commands the harbour. On the whole, *Sydney* is a very enjoyable little place, and I did not count the time which I spent in it as thrown away. I then walked to *Cox Bay*, a distance of 30 miles. This is at the extreme East of the Island, bordering upon the Atlantic. Often here, in rough weather, the sea dashes completely over the road, and makes the people fear for their wharves and boats. But now I leave this part of the Island entirely, and again on board the good boat *Neptune* am on my way to *West Bay*. This is a thriving little village about 15 miles from the Strait. Near the village the lately discovered marble is to be found. The people here were extremely kind, and I think I could have remained weeks without paying a cent. Indeed, everywhere I went I was received without exception most gratuitously. The Islanders are noted for their hospitality, and they do their best to make one feel quite at home. Their means are not great, but they are placed entirely at your disposal, and during your stay they shew in an unobtrusive, delicate way, that the Apostolic injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," in this age of general inconsiderateness and disregard to the feelings and necessities of others, has not been by them forgotten. When you visit any of the schools in Cape Breton, as I had the opportunity of doing, you find that with a few exceptions they are generally in a backward condition. That there are many obstacles to overcome there is no doubt, obstacles that we know nothing of; the distance of the school from the pupils' houses, a rough country road which is almost impassable, inability in some poor sections to purchase suf-

ficient and suitable books, by far too inadequate a furnishing of blackboard surface, maps, &c. But the fact that the Gaelic Language and not the English is in many places the native tongue, is perhaps the greatest difficulty, and cannot be understood by us in its full force. A peculiar intonation is given to the words and syllables which is often very marked, and in many cases causes the emphasis to be wrongly placed. Now enter with me this school house that is standing at a little distance from the road. The day is very warm, and we had better rest a short time. As we approach the door, which is wide open, the stentorian tones of the master are heard as he listens to and directs the recitations, or administers the rod of correction to a mischief-loving pupil. As we enter all seem to know instinctively that some one is near, for the teacher's voice is more subdued, and a dozen heads are quickly lowered over as many books, while little twinkling eyes are with childish curiosity eagerly scanning our appearance, which, after a dusty walk of 10 miles, is far from prepossessing. You can take in the whole scene at a glance. A small barn shaped building, partially roofed, over which at pleasure some rats are making their way; 5 or 6 forms, capable of seating 25 or 30 pupils; a chair and table for the teacher's use; while a map, a couple of books and a number of copy books neatly arranged, complete the prospect. "Only this and nothing more?" Yes,—in a corner not easily observable to the eye, and yet well-known no doubt to many within these walls, is seen hanging in terror the one remaining element which reminds us of our own bygone school days,—a pair of faws! Reading classes are quickly marched out upon the floor for our especial benefit, and as quickly dismissed. It seems to be the teacher's ambition to exhibit all the different classes of which the school can boast, of which there are not a few, and having begun with the A, B, C, we see, without being able to prevent it, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd successively and progressively coming up before us; yet believing in the truth of the trite remark, "There may be too much of a good thing," after a little say, "This will do nicely for Reading, Sir; could we hear a little Geography?" Useless attempt! 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th are gone through with as solemnly as the others, and we sit down in our chair from which we had risen in our eagerness, quite convinced by the expression of satisfaction on the teacher's face that he evidently considers Reading to be the scholars' strong point, or, that he has performed a customary duty, an interruption or infringement of which he can by no means allow. The advanced class read pretty well with the exception of a few mispronunciations, but in common with country scholars generally are too shy, and hardly speak above a whisper. In Arithmetic, we are pleased to see the majority of the school evidently able to solve Fractions, complex and compound, to work exercises in Practice, and that they have partially penetrated into the intricacies of Interest and Proportion. This is all very interesting and calls forth on our part a proportionate portion of praise. In Geography some acquitted themselves creditably, while others were lamentably deficient in the most elementary facts.

But we observe it is recess time, for desks and seats are cleared in a twinkling, and the pupils are eagerly preparing to disperse. Before they do so we have hidden farewell in our teacher, expressed our pleasure at what we have seen and heard, and are walking briskly away. Refreshed by this rest, I prepare for a walk to Port Hawkesbury. It is a distance of 13 miles,—a level, narrow road through continuous woods. I arrived at the Strait about 4 o'clock, (it was on a Friday), and remaining but a very short time, made my way to Port Hastings, 3 miles further. It was in this neighbourhood that I enjoyed myself the most during my stay in Cape Breton: for one thing, the scenery here is most charming. A lovely view of the entrance of Capes Jack and Porcupine is seen; so charming that while it does not surpass that of Whykokomah, it certainly comes next to it. Rise about 5 A. M. and look upon the Strait while its waters sparkle and glisten in the rays of the morning sun. Hundreds of vessels can be seen, some laden with flour from Montreal for Pictou, many others bound for Boston and other United States ports. I have heard it said

that 500 sail have been distinguished, and need I ask, "To what other place can you point where such a sight can be enjoyed?"

One fine morning after enjoying a row, for which the waters of the Strait are most admirably adapted, I crossed to the Nova Scotia side with a view to ascending Capé Porcupine. With the assistance of a young man who kindly accompanied me, I succeeded in finding the best track to follow, and in about 20 minutes had arrived at the top, or at least the only top that is accessible. From this point the prospect is the best that can be imagined. Far off to the East lie Arichat, Little Arichat, Isle Madame and Lennox Passage, while North of these can be seen the blue waters of the Bras d'Or. Then the whole course of the Strait can be distinctly traced, from the entrance uninterruptedly to the outlet into the Atlantic. I am informed this is the general resort on picnicing occasions, and I must say I do not believe a better place for the purpose could be found anywhere. I visited a few other places, such as Kempt Road, River Inhabitants, and Broad Cove, which I must however leave out of consideration for the present. Arichat, Louisbourg, and Margaree were omitted altogether, not from lack of interest, but having remained already a fortnight, the time I had intended to devote to the trip had expired.

I left Port Hawkesbury, Friday, July 28th, at 3 A. M., on board the Princess of Wales for Pictou. Nothing worthy of mention happened during the voyage homeward. After a pleasant sail of six hours, I arrived safely in Pictou, having been away only 18 days. I am of the opinion that whenever the name of Cape Breton is mentioned, it is generally inferred that the person or article in question, is necessarily lamentably inferior because coming from such a place! There are those, if I mistake not, who, glorying in their own more advanced country, say deridingly, with respect to this Island: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Because Cape Breton is somewhat more backward in its Educational and Religious Privileges than the Province Proper; because it has a few more obstacles to overcome; because it has not made the progress that perhaps Nova Scotia has made, is one therefore justified in believing that she can boast of nothing, shew nothing, do nothing? If her commerce is limited, is it so very little in proportion to the size of the island? If she has no manufactures, what of her oil and salt springs, marble quarries, and coal mines? If these are not manufactures, they are natural resources, which have made, and will yet, we believe, make this island famous. Has she not too, with Nova Scotia, figured in the British and French Wars, and through the renowned fortress of Louisbourg has she not had a name equally glorious in the history of the past? We predict a glorious future for this Island, and may we not believe that in course of time Cape Breton may rise to renewed effort, and by putting forth every exertion, prove that she is able to take her place and hold her own among the countries of the Dominion.

A. W. HERDMAN.

Halifax, April 7th, 1877.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

"Is a College Education of any utility to one not in the learned professions; to one who is not a lawyer, a minister, or a doctor?" Such, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, is the question I have rashly attempted to solve, to exhaust in a brief essay a subject which would afford material for a good sized book, and, peradventure, to exhaust myself in the attempt.

That a College training is a necessity to a lawyer, or minister, no one will attempt to deny; but many undoubtedly would dispense with it as

a superfluity in the case of those outside of these professions. In these degenerate days money is the sole object and aim of existence; and in pursuing this phantom, the majority of mankind regard the three or four years of College life as so much time irrevocably lost, and content themselves with only the most intensely practical part of a scanty education.

Let us for a moment examine the real meaning of the term, "College Education." Taking our own *Alma Mater* as furnishing a fair example of one, it means that for four years or more, from the time of his matriculation until he proudly leaves College with the hard-earned hood of a Bachelor of Arts on his shoulder, a student is the victim almost continually of a chronic state of mental irritation and bodily quiescence; that he must make perpetual and frantic efforts to get into his cranium the thousand and one accomplishments of a classical scholar; that he must surmount that "Hill of Difficulty," Mathematics; that he must struggle—at times despairingly—with the language of our forefathers, the Anglo Saxons; that he must from time to time turn Chemist, Physicist, Astronomer, Philosopher, and ought—in the ordinary course of events—to emerge from his *Alma Mater* replete with learning; a walking epitome of every variety of information. Large as is the course of study; superfluous as some of it may seem to be; it could not be cut down compatibly with the interests of this "Sublunary Sphere." In passing through this course, a young man, if he has any claims to simplicity at all, cannot help being influenced. It will show itself in his mind, habits, conversation, yea, even in his very looks. To borrow a simile from Physics, as a body dilates when exposed to heat, so does the human mind expand when exposed to the genial influences of a thorough education.

Even in a worldly and money-making point of view, a man with an honestly earned B. A. after his name has the advantage of the less educated part of the community. His mental acumen—if he ever had any—has been developed; his brain has been, as it were, whetted upon the grindstone of study, he has constructed habits of "mathematical precision," and in short he has been unconsciously making progress in everything by which the famous men of modern times have made themselves a name. Such a man will enter the battle of life armed to the teeth, and ready to fight fearlessly with the toils and cares of business.

But if a College Education is advantageous in forming the business character of a man, it is pre-eminently so in fitting him to take his place in social life. However rugged a man's character may be, however "rudis bonarum artium" as the Roman graphically said, however uncultured and unrefined in his address and manners, yet as water by constant wearing smoothes rough stones, so the distinguishing and crude points in a man's nature are, by passing through such a course as we have in our College, either worn away altogether, or so far dissipated as to grate less harshly upon the sense. As he roams through the vast field of literature presented to him in the Classics; as he reads of the primitive and wholesome state of morals amongst the Greeks and Romans; as he studies the characters of such noble men as Cincinnatus, Camillus, Solon, Lycurgus, and numberless others, in all their self-denying patriotism, their purity and chastity of manners, their subjection of all family and worldly ties to the one love of country, his mind becomes in part imbued with their noble sentiments, he strives to emulate them in their own peculiar virtues, whilst at the same time his mental powers are called into action and strengthened in the process of transposing the ideas of one language into another.

In the same way it might be shown that each of the other subjects in our curriculum exercises its own peculiar influence; how Mathematics lead to method and exactitude in all things; how Logic informs us what a wonderful mental power is conferred upon mankind; how Metaphysics teaches us the nature of our existence on this terrestrial globe, and that a Divine Ruler, omniscient and omnipotent, is over all things; how Physics expands our ideas by giving us a knowledge of the laws and phenomena of nature, and in one word how a College Education is indisputably of service to any one, no matter what may be his aim and station in life.—*Read before the Kritosophian Society by Robert R. F. Emerson.*

THE title "Our Reading Room" is evidently no longer to be a misnomer. Weeklies, Magazines and College Exchanges may now be seen neatly arranged on its shelves. This is as it should be. Let us endeavour to make the place attractive, by securing as many periodicals as possible for use in it. We would also suggest that a committee be appointed to look after students who are in the habit of grabbing papers that don't belong to them. Mr. R. Emerson furnishes permanently Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 30, 1877.

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Of late years a very large quantity of ink and paper, and no small share of lung power has been devoted to the discussion of Higher Education. One party is satisfied with sectarian colleges, a second would have a "paper university," a third rests content with nothing short of a "Provincial University." All this commotion has been for the purpose of providing a competent mental gymnasium for the training of our young men. Now that the heat of the discussion is over, a word in favour of increased educational advantages for our young ladies might not be amiss. We are informed that the authorities of Harvard have agreed to admit women this year, (1877) for the first time, to the full privileges of that famous Institution. The seventeen Universities of Italy admit ladies; and that of Sarbonne in France. Those also of Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden, purpose doing the same. Besides Harvard, a number of smaller American Colleges are mixed, *i. e.*, admit students of both sexes. It has more than once been whispered (through the columns of the GAZETTE) to the "powers that be" of our Institution, that Dalhousie should throw open its doors to the weaker sex. Now again—angels and ministers of grace defend us the while—we repeat the whisper.

And why should they be admitted? First, we are persuaded that they ought to receive, and are capable of acquiring, a good solid education such as our College can give; and secondly, we believe that the training afforded our young ladies by boarding schools and similar institutions is superficial, and almost useless. Under the present *regime* they must *imprimis* be musicians. Music is the *sine qua non* of perfection, without which every other accomplishment were nothing. "With nature, or against nature" they must learn to play. This were all right if every woman were born into the world with a taste for music; but, as such is not the case, it is simply cruelty to make them the victims of an absurd fashion, and that altogether to please the vanity of foolish or undiscerning parents. Then they must be able to speak French, and draw, and and dance. A young lady, when she has become proficient in these, is considered "accomplished," makes her *debut* in fashionable life, practises her accomplishments for a few years, marries, and then forgets them forever. To quote from Sydney Smith,—“The system of female education as it now stands, aims only at embellishing a few years of life, which are in themselves so full of grace and happiness that they hardly need it; and then leaves the rest of existence a miserable prey to idle insignificance.” Certainly since the time of the writing of the above the system has been improved; its main features, however, still remain the same. We do not say that women should neglect accomplishments, but that they should make them of secondary importance, and seek first to acquire such useful knowledge as would add grace to their life and conversation, and comfort to their old age.

Besides believing that the present system of female education should be improved, we hold that young ladies and young men should be educated together. Those who are destined to spend the future in each other's society, can more effectively meet and master real-life problems, after they have together overcome the

ordinary difficulties of college life. Men and women should have as many objects of common interest as possible. When you make both follow the same studies, you increase the number of those objects, increasing, at the same time, the chances of future happiness in each other's company. We do not believe in separate school-rooms for boys and girls, nor separate teaching institutions for gentlemen and ladies. If we had different Mathematics for boys and girls, Classics masculine and feminine, one Logic for the husband and another for the wife, then such a division as exists would be necessary; but as such things are not, we see no just reason why a boy should be educated under one set of teachers, and a girl under another. But the cautious will argue that the presence of the fair ones would be inimical to close habits of study on the part of our boys. We do not fear any such result. We never heard the young men at our Normal School, nor the boys at our County Academies charged with neglect of work, although at these places no distinction of sex is made; nor are we aware that the students of mixed Colleges are less attentive to their duties than others.

Nor would all the advantages flowing from the proposed innovation be on the side of the ladies. We of the brute sex would be benefitted in more ways than one. Those of us who have taught school have noticed that girls are fully as apt as boys, and at the same age, often ahead of them in attainments. Given equal privileges, we have no doubt of their ability to maintain that same equality at College. Would not this cause some of our lazy lads to bestir themselves; for what young fellow with any gumption in him would like to see himself outstripped in the race for honors by a girl? A reduction in the pluck list is one of the good results we would prognosticate. In the next place observe what a refining influence the presence of ladies would have on our "wild fellows." No more narcotic fumes, creeping from below like "the vapor of a dungeon," would poison the classic atmosphere of

hall and classrooms. No longer would the professorial ear be assaulted by those shouts fit to rend "hell's conclave," nor tortured by the unharmonious tones of stentorian voices, bellowing forth uproarious doggerels at their room doors. Female influence would help to make the student less a creature of eccentricities and ursine manners, and more of a polished gentleman, "*in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus*," self-confident, ready, without confusion of face, to step into any society. These are our sentiments on this important question. Let our views not be considered too radical. We are no advocate of "Women's Rights" in the current sense of the term. We hate the very phrase. But we hate equally educational exclusiveness. We should not desire to retain a masculine monopoly of college education. We wish to see it done away with at once, and the young ladies of Nova Scotia admitted into our classrooms on an equal footing with our young men. We have the very highest respect for the sound judgment of University dignitaries, but in our opinion they have been too conservative everywhere on this point. We read that in Spain, in the 15th century, ladies lectured from University chairs, on Classical Literature and kindred subjects. This was during the dark ages; yet such a phenomenon in this enlightened 19th century, would, we have no doubt, make the eyes of our modern literati "like stars, start from their spheres," and cause

"Each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

A phenomenon of that kind, however, we do not wish to behold within Dalhousie's walls as long as the chairs are so well occupied as they are at present; but we do wish to see something done in regard to the matter which we have been considering, and, if it is to be done,

"Then 'twere well if it were done quickly."

In our last issue appeared a short correspondence on Reading Rooms. The fact that the subject has been broached so early in the session shows how keenly students feel the loss of the Y. M. C. A. Rooms. Among the members of

the Association we always have had friends; some of them are our friends still. To these we have been deeply indebted in the past,—this we do not forget. If they do not choose to offer us the same privileges as heretofore, we must fall back on our own resources, and utilize "the empty shelving," as suggested by Q.

When the Association Reading Room was thrown open, we went *en masse*; there was also access to the library, and we availed ourselves of it. Some patronised the parlor, some the bath-room. But when the hour of prayer had come, scarcely a student appeared. The Bible-class seemed forgotten. Our only explanation is that we have a prayer-meeting of our own, where nearly all students who have any love for God's Word meet; and thus praising a common Redeemer, learn to love each other more.

Five years ago this meeting for students was started by Freshmen. With them it has undergone changes. They are scattered, but it remains,—a permanent organization. It has done good in the past; we trust still brighter days are in store. We would earnestly invite those of our students who are beginning their course to attend. The college-hall or class-room is not the place to find out all that is noblest in a man.

In other College papers we often read obituaries of those who have fallen like shocks of corn fully ripe. Our own death list is growing rapidly, but filled by the names of the young. In last winter's GAZETTE, notices of this kind followed each other with mournful rapidity. Some finished their short race of "earth life" at home, with tenderest friends about them. Others were buried by strangers in a strange land. And shortly after the Sessional Examinations of last spring, another student passed away; we refer to John Stewart of Scotsburn, Pictou.

He entered Dalhousie with the present 4th year class, and won a scholarship. In manner he was unassuming, yet genial, and was liked especially by those who knew him best. His

earnestness and manliness gave promise of a life of much usefulness. On finishing his first year at College he returned home, but on the way caught a severe cold which developed into aphony. His voice he never recovered. Consumption did its work; and on May 21st, at the age of 23 years he passed into the great unknown. That knowledge which is life eternal was gained by him, and as a result he had peace "calm as a river."

With his parents, brothers and sisters we sympathize; few, indeed, but students, can understand how closely classmates are bound together. The listening can hear a warning voice,—

"Behold I say unto you Watch,
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
For it may be in the morning
I will come."

STUDENTS.

It is evident that the term *student* is applicable to any and every one who is in the habit of studying, and is therefore an exceedingly broad term, including probably, all human beings, male and female, of whatever color or nationality; for even those who appear to us the dullest and most inattentive of mankind, no doubt at times apply their minds to some species of study or reflection, however much their inclination leads them to inactivity and listlessness. The expression *student*, however, as applied in the following lines, has a much narrower signification; and includes only those persons who are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge at our ordinary colleges of arts, such as Dalhousie. Let no one for a moment imagine that all students, even in this much smaller class, are alike. For as there are not two trees of the forest, leaves of a tree, blades of grass in the fields, or faces of human beings exact counterparts of each other; in like manner among students, a similar variety is always found, and a search for even *two* exactly alike in every respect, is hopelessly vain. Yet, notwithstanding this diversity with regard to particulars, there are some general characteristics in which those attending our colleges resemble each other; and which separate them, to a certain extent, from the genus *man*.

The popular opinion with regard to our brotherhood greatly differs under different circumstances and in different places. In the country parts of our Province, they are generally looked upon as completely crammed with knowledge, and prepared to give explicit information on any and every subject which can possibly be brought to their notice. It is generally supposed amongst the people of those districts that the goal towards which a college course tends is invariably the pulpit; and students, therefore, as aspirants to such an exalted and sacred office, are expected to conduct themselves with the utmost gravity and circumspection, in whatever circumstances they may chance to be placed. Accordingly, if they are observed acting with the same levity and thoughtlessness as ordinary mortals, dark prophecies are uttered as to the character of a clergyman manufactured from material so vain and worthless.

The opinion of the inhabitants of our cities, especially of those in which the colleges are situated, with regard to students, is somewhat different from that of our country friends; not quite so flattering, perhaps, yet in all probability nearer the truth. By such, college boys are considered the personification of mischief, fun, frolic and boisterous conduct, if not of absolute wickedness. This idea has gone so far, especially among the youth, that they are sometimes designated by the not very flattering epithet, "flying devils." Whence such a title could have arisen is not very clear; for I am not of opinion that, although fond of fun and noise, students give any better allegiance to the ruler of darkness than do their fellow mortals in other conditions of life. The participle "flying" no doubt arose from the appearance of the gowns, which flap in the wind not very unlike the ordinary implements by which the difficulty of navigating the atmosphere is usually overcome.

So much for the prevailing *opinions* regarding students. Now for their true characteristics. In the first place they are neither the staid, sober, grave specimens of humanity that the country-folk imagine them to be; nor yet the malicious, rude characters that towns-people suppose; but in these respects, very much like men in other circumstances. That the student is more inclined to fun and frolic than those who are engaged in physical labour we will not deny. This, however, is quite natural, and arises from the fact that the greater part of his time is of necessity spent in close application to books, and

such books as are not at all calculated to excite his mirth, and call forth that amount of hilarity and laughter necessary to keep the mind in a state of equilibrium. Accordingly, when an opportunity is afforded, such as the short interval before or between class lectures, such freaks of sport are engaged in as would appear to any one not similarly situated, to be excessive outbursts of a reckless desire for any species of frolic, however noisy and boisterous.

In point of honour and manliness, students, as a class, rank high. It is hard to find one that is mean-spirited, small-souled, or dishonest. They are seldom tainted with that sneaking, low-lived, time-serving principle, which is not uncommon among almost all other classes of human beings.

As to their habits, they are not generally superior to others. Nor is this to be wondered at. A great many of them, coming from rural districts, and not having their principles thoroughly established, are at once subjected to the temptations necessarily connected with life in town, and not seldom led into many distasteful and pernicious habits. In a student's life there are peculiar temptations to habits of intemperance in its various forms, not only from outward circumstances, to which they are not more exposed than are others; but also from the very nature of their labour. The daily toil of mental exertion which often extends far into the night, and not seldom reaches the "wee sma' hours," frequently creates the feeling that something stimulating is needed to preserve the force and activity of mind and body, and enable both to endure the strain of intellectual effort, and hold up despite the loss of sleep and rest. Under these circumstances, it is not at all surprising that they sometimes give way to their desire for a stimulant, and resort to the pipe or quid, and even to the wine-glass and its baneful associates.

Nevertheless, I think I am safe in stating that there is not a larger proportion of students addicted to habits of intemperance, than there is of other men generally; notwithstanding their greater temptations to go astray in that direction.

With regard to social qualities, I am convinced that young men at college are rather above the average. Not that their training cultivates such a disposition, but because education in itself has a great effect towards developing those qualities. It enables the possessor to have a proper command of language, which is one of the most important requirements in social

life. Another important agent in this work is their contact with one another and with their instructors. By such means, diffidence, the great barrier to an entrance into society, is to a great extent overcome, if not entirely subdued.

It must not be supposed that the characteristics mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs arise from any *natural* difference between students and others. They assemble, one from one part of the country, and another from another, and are no more than representative human beings. The peculiarities which they afterwards possess arise entirely from the nature of the life they lead, and of the training which they undergo. That such training is beneficial to them, whatever their station in life, cannot be denied by any one who is in the smallest degree acquainted with its nature and effects. K.

"PUBLIC ROADS IN NOVA SCOTIA.—On what System can their Construction and Maintenance be best provided for in the Public Interest?"

This little pamphlet has already received considerable notice in the newspapers. It is the Laurie Prize Essay of last year, which, our readers will remember, was won by Mr. Richmond Logan. The notices have been highly commendatory, but not more so than it deserved. It is in truth admirable. The great main features of the system he proposes may be thus briefly stated:—

First, That a Highways Board be appointed annually by the Court of Sessions over Districts similar to the Polling Districts, who shall have charge of the maintenance of the roads within the said Districts, and, second, that the work be sold at the lowest tender to contractors. These are its distinctive features. The advantages of the system, according to Mr. Logan are:—

"First, The existing system of the Statute Labor, with its attendant evils, would be removed.

Second, It would be the means of educating a class of men who, giving much of their time to road-making or repairing, would soon become proficient in that department of science.

Third, By making these contractors responsible to the Highways Board, the people could make complaints of bad roads with some hope of a hearing and a removal of the grievance.

Lastly, It would prevent the granting of Commissions to secure political ends."

Each of these is discussed separately. The

second and third of these are advantages so simple and so manifest, that scarcely anything requires to be, or can be, said upon them by way of argument. Under the second, however, Mr. Logan sets forth the wastefulness of employing unskilled labor—as in the present régime—with considerable skill. Indeed, the evils of the present régime are a fruitful theme, and in discussing the first and fourth of the above theses, Mr. Logan enters into it pretty fully. This may be said to be the keynote of his Essay, not unhappily indicated in the motto, "Delenda est Carthago." Every thinking man will agree with him in this. We know of nothing more competent to awaken satire. Sam Slick seems to have thought that a sort of improvident, easy-going, penny-wise and pound-foolish selfishness was an important factor in the constitution of a Bluenose, and if anything could induce us to forget our patriotism long enough to think such a thought, it would be our present road system, and especially the system of granting Commissions. The Essay is written in a clear, sprightly and taking style, and is calculated to do good. We hope it may be read by many of our people. It may be had from Mr. Wilson, at the College, from Mr. Logan, 10 Hurd's Lane, and at Mr. Gossip's.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

"We must speak like the common people, we must think like wise men." The intellectual and moral influence possessed by a man who can intelligently address his fellows on some question relating to interests closely connected with their well-being can hardly be estimated. The great ends of Rhetoric, to inform, to persuade and please, are so fraught with vast importance to mankind, that the destiny of an Empire has been moulded by the trumpet-tones of some high-souled orator. Often have the slumbering energies of millions been aroused and latent power been developed, where it had hardly been supposed to exist. A chord struck in the heart of the eager listener has impelled to the severance of the dearest ties of nature, and voluntary abnegation of temporal advantage.

The regard in which the talent of oratory is held, produces in the minds of young and old a longing after the acquirement of that God-given power, which has swayed the democracies of the Old World, and, in a wonderful degree, contributed to make the New what it is.

Verily, "The trophies of Miltiades drive away sleep." The truth that "great offices will have great talents," has on it the stamp of the memories of a glorious past.

The public speaker must have *definiteness of purpose*. He must not be a mere *mercenary*, content with winning gold and fame. Europe, during the Dark Ages, when might was the only right, employed *hired* soldiers to fight her battles. We cannot compare the man imbued with sordid lust of pelf to anything better than Icarus striving with artificial wing to "soar untrodden heights," and falling headlong into the sea of contending passions. The man who has not eloquence in his soul can hardly expect to persuade or please any one. "Have something to say and say it!"

"Be thine to seek the honest gain,
No shallow-sounding fool;
Sound sense finds utterance for itself,
Without the critic's rule;
If to your heart your tongue be true,
Why hunt for words with much ado?"

We would like to send a shot or two at hyper-criticism. Some men can quibble about small verbal distinctions, and straining at a gnat, swallow a camel. We believe in Julius Cæsar's golden rule, "to shun an unusual word as a rock."

What human quality is as much to be admired as *enthusiasm*? The man who throws himself into the accomplishment of an object with an irresistible energy generally achieves his purpose. Difficulties melt before him as the snow before the rays of the sun.

We do not know how to explain psychologically why the hearer is moved by the appeal of the glowing speaker. Perhaps he

"Puts so much of his heart into his act,
That his example has a magnetic force,
And all are swift to follow whom he loves."

Like the torrent of a river swollen with Winter's rain, he rushes along impetuously. The kindling eye, the quivering frame, draw the breathless attention of the assembled multitude.

"Song is but the eloquence of truth." What else is Oratory? Truth, undying, eternal, must be the foundation for all the superstructure of language and feeling. He who is truly eloquent will never fear to uphold the cause of truth. "All truth is from the sempiternal source of Light Divine." Let us picture to our minds a man whose sole desire is to see truth prevail. Affectation, with her train of deadly evils, does not follow in the wake of such a one, nor does the breath of popular applause lead him to act

contrary to the dictates of his sober judgment. He is the man whom Horace would call, "justus et tenax propositi," just and firm to his purpose. Lord Jeffrey said of Dr. Chalmers, "He buried his adversaries under fragments of burning mountains." The ambassador of God in the pulpit proclaims, "The truth in sunny vest arrayed." The simple story of the love of God to fallen man comes from his lips with a freshness and power which belongs not to the finest charms of imagination. He enters into the everyday life of his hearers, and evolves from their joys and sorrows matter for reflection. His observation has not remained idle. With glowing similes, drawn from the book of Nature, he illustrates those higher truths in the domain of the spiritual, of which the seen and temporal are but faint and misty types.

Witness the man who occupies a seat in the councils of his country, and by the value of his deliberative skill, wisely directs the helm of the ship of state. Some abuse has too long sapped the vitality of the nation. A slave trade calling for suppression is prominently in the eye of the public. No thanks to him who will receive all the hate of wealthy men, whose prosperity is bound up in the barter of man for money. Sweet are the uses of Adversity, which is always a test of what is in the individual. Here is the eloquence of truth arrayed against the raging forces of error. On the decision of the question hang momentous issues. *Veritas omnia vincit*.

The mechanical aids in helping one to become a good speaker are not to be overlooked. Voice, gesture, position, should be carefully attended to. In the English and Scottish Universities Debating Societies are institutions of long standing, and have ever been well patronized. Some of our remarks may seem to be sprengled with eagles or bombast; but it is our opinion that a great majority of mankind have a far too low ideal in matters of taste. We can afford to rise, "higher still, and higher." The most distinguished men have owed much to Societies, where they could meet and discuss literary, scientific and philosophic subjects. On the floors of the Union, at Cambridge University, T. B. Macaulay shewed the grand ideas, and brilliant language, which afterwards placed him in the front rank of English Historians. In a biographical sketch of the life of Sir James MacIntosh, the well-known writer on the progress of Ethical Philosophy, he is said as a boy "to have been accustomed to assemble the bigger boys in

the school room for debate upon the political events of the day. They denominated the assembly, 'The House of Commons,' and the master's pulpit 'The Tribune.' MacIntosh was the principal debater in this school-boy parliament; and, in fact, after personating Fox or Burke, when no member of the opposition ventured to reply to his arguments, he had but to change sides and make a reply to his own arguments."

The Canadian Literary Institute, which lately held its Sessions at Ottawa, resolved upon the establishment of Literary Societies in all the principal towns of Canada. We call upon the Students of Dalhousie College to do their duty to the Kritosophian and Excelsior Societies. We have time to do work properly and attend those Societies as well.

It is worth our time to lay the foundation of public usefulness while an opportunity of cultivating our talent is afforded us. J. L. G.

Personals.

JOHN H. SINCLAIR, a Junior of Session '75-'76, has charge of the Mathematical Department of the New Glasgow High School.

GEORGE H. FULTON, B. A., '76, is engaged as Principal of Winter Street School, St. John, N. B.

HOWARD MURRAY, a Freshman of last Session, has succeeded William Browrigg, who has returned to Dalhousie, as Head Teacher of the graded school at Stellarton, Pictou County.

JOHN W. MCLEOD, B. A., '76, is prosecuting his Theological studies at the Seminary of Princeton, N. J.

GEORGE E. LOWDEN, a Freshman of '76-'77, has deserted Dalhousie and resumed his studies at Bates College.

ISAAC McDOWALL, B. A., '75, has left St. John, where he was employed during the last year, and has engaged to perform the duties of Head Master of the St. Stephen's Grammar School.

MURDOCH MCGREGOR, a general student of last Session, is attending the Theological Seminary in this city.

Our Societies.

THE EXCELSIOR was organized on the 16th. Officers: R. D. Ross, *President*; H. McIntosh, *Vice-Pres.*; J. Davidson, *Sec. and Treas.*; *General Committee*: J. Dustan, F. Kiusman, G. Creelman.

The subject for debate was taken up—"Whether is War or Intemperance the greater evil." H. Munroe was opener, and earnestly advocated the view that Intemperance is the greater evil. J. Dustan responded. The subject though old, has fresh developments, and both sides took all legitimate advantage. Imaginative ones saw gory battlefields, desolated cottages, broken hearts, nations bathed in tears and blood.

Those differently inclined, looked out on the world darkened by the army of drunkards, greater numerically than all the forces between the Balkans and St. Petersburg; its ranks constantly being thinned, yet the loss compensated by the addition of recruits.

After a most animated discussion, the vote was taken, and Intemperance gained the day by a small majority.

C. McLaren was the critic for the evening.

THE KRITOSOPHIAN at its second meeting discussed the question, "Would a College education be beneficial to those engaged in agricultural and mercantile pursuits." The opener took the negative side. R. Emerson, respondent, read a paper which appears elsewhere. There were few side issues introduced by the speakers, though the camels and gnats were plentiful as usual. The evening was spent most agreeably, and not without profit to those present. The decision was in favour of a College training.

Dallusiensia.

A STUDENT boarding in a private family was very sweet on the daughter of the house. One night he met what he supposed was she in the dark hallway. Taking it as a response to his long-cherished wish, with a "My darling Julia, are you going to the party to-night?" he clasps her in his arms and smack comes the echo from the astonished walls. But imagine the unspeakable disgust of our moustached Senior when, with a thick African accent from between a pair of ebon lips, he gets the response, "I'se not 'gwine to de party, sah; I'se come for de washing, sah." *Excunt omnes.*

Prof.—"Mr. M.—Do the most important judgments we have to form in life depend on absolute certainty, or do they depend more on such evidence as we may have some reasons to doubt?"

Mr. M.—(confidently), "Yes Sir."

ANY man may seem for dignity composed till he comes on our football ground, when the dignity melts and vanishes into—thin mud, not air.

"TRULY this is the age of enlightenment," said one of our Freshies the other day as he was about to kick the football. "Public morality is on the rise." But his Ethics failed him here, and in his endeavours to "raise it," he missed the ball and gracefully subsided into the mud. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

WE'RE sorry we have nothing to say about the Sophs, but we never heard of their saying anything—out of the way.

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