

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 22, 1879.

{ NEW No. 9.
{ WHOLE No. 115.

PRO TEM.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As thro' the college hall there passed,
A youth, whose direful looks betrayed
A genius by the Profs, dismayed,

Pro tem.

His brow was sad, his eye beneath
Flashed forth defiance in the teeth,
Of all he met, or great, or small,
For he was deaf to reason's call,

Pro tem.

"Oh stay!" his maiden said, "and rest
Your giant mind from learning's zest."
A smile disdainful lit his face;
That maiden had forgot her place,

Pro tem.

"Try not to pass," the "old man" said;
"Dark lowers the black list overhead,
Then rest awhile since once you've tried,"
Loudly, defiantly, he cried—

Pro tem.

"Beware the sessional exam;
Beware the awful final cram."
Such was the *pater's* last good night,
The son replied, the sturdy wight,

Pro tem.

SILENUS.

NAMELESS.

WE hear a great deal in these days about the divine selection of men for the ministry, and while feeling that this is well, we think that more might be said, respecting a similar choice, for other professions in life. There are many who rush at any work which offers, without considering whether their talents and tastes run in that direction. It is a serious consideration, and one which too few deem worthy of notice, that we have only one life to go through, and if that proves a failure, no future can redeem it. There is a place in this world for every man, just on the same principle as the pieces of those block pic-

ture puzzles, which children play with, a place in which each must stand to fill some blank, in the panorama of life. The question is: Can every one find his proper position? In solving this problem there are certain general principles to be kept in view. For instance, when a man finds that he is possessed of an incurable stammer, and is so constituted that every idea vanishes the moment he rises to address a small meeting, very little argument need be applied to convince him that his proper sphere of action is the platform or pulpit. If for a moment he seems to hesitate on the road to this decision, we would recommend a glance at any accredited biography of Demosthenes. Another man discovers that he always faints at the sight of blood, and completely loses his presence of mind when any accident occurs. Further that he has a chronic palsy in both his hands. No long course of reasoning is surely needed to lead him to see that medicine is his calling. Should a doubt insinuate itself into his mind that he is fitted for the skilful performance of delicate surgical operations, he too must be referred to the early life of Demosthenes. The above examples will explain what we mean by saying that in solving the problem of getting into the proper niche in the puzzle of life, certain principles must be kept in view. In our opinion, one great cause of the present troubles is, that many places are occupied by those who could have never been divinely selected to fill them. We will not write the thought which just now crossed our mind as to the probable origin of their selection.

The current error of to-day is the belief that any man is competent to go into business. So far from this is the fact that the talent which makes a successful merchant is as rare a commodity as that which fits its possessor to shine as an orator or poet. We do not mean to state, be it observed, that as high an order of mind is required in the two cases. Far from such is our opinion, but even granting that a rather low order of intellect very frequently characterizes the

prominent commercial man; then we claim that the depravity of all minds does not bend in this direction.

In spite of a stormy opposition, we hold that farming is a calling which better than any other, can be filled to advantage by men of almost every degree of intelligence. We like to hear it spoken of as the noblest profession in life, and in a sense we believe it is. We like to read about the newest inventions in agricultural implements, &c., and yet while believing that the highest education and talent are not wasted by being devoted to farming, we believe that men who would fail in any of the learned professions, in politics, or in business, might with advantage to themselves and benefit to society, devote their powers to tilling the soil. It is a fact undisputed that in some way the number of consumers should be decreased, and the percentage of producers raised. The ever increasing flock of those who deem their talents (?) fitted for law, medicine, and business, is truly alarming, while we find only a small minority of the educated turning their attention to farming. Justly it may be said, the land truly is plentiful, but the laborers are shy! Now to tear the mask clean away, and confess that people do not consider farming to be the noblest of all professions, is the only way we see of getting at the root of this evil. We fully realize the enormity of what we have said, and tremble accordingly, and yet, Curtius-like, we must sacrifice ourselves to the public good. For this state of affairs we see a remedy. Eradicate from the minds of young men, at college, the idea that it is better to run the gauntlet of starvation through a profession, than to have a certainty of at least enough to eat at farming. Thus by elevating the individual operators raise the vocation. If this can be accomplished, in a few years the evil, (for we must ever have something to growl about), will be turned the other way, and some future essayist will be entreating the youth of this country, not all to rush to the plow.

J. F. D.

RURAL

RIPE fruit in its season is admitted by all to be conducive to health, and as far as health is concerned we think ripe fruit is never out of season. But some fruit is more excellent than other in stimulating the healthy action of the stomach, and blueberries among such will occur

py a prominent place. They are at once agreeable to the taste and very easily digested,—two of the most important qualities that any fruit can possess. We do not claim that they are very nourishing, but the ease with which they are digested atones for their lack in this particular. One of the great evils of the day is that too much solid food, difficult of digestion, is eaten. If one-third less strong, substantial food were consumed at our tables and—pantries, the number of dyspeptics and doctors would be proportionally diminished and thirty per cent. more mental and physical labour would be performed in the state. This would be a clear gain, to say nothing of the item the bread and beef saved would be in-feeding the poor.

But our object is rather to give a brief reminiscence of an excursion to a blueberry barren than to write an eulogy on food which tends to relieve more than load the stomach. Our party consisted of two,—a number established from time immemorial as the best calculated for enjoyment, discussion or quarrel. Although the distance to be travelled was somewhat less than four miles, we took the trouble of providing ourselves with a good pair of saddle-horses, for a pleasant mode of travelling with the power of regulating the pace to suit the fancy is no mean auxiliary to the enjoyment of scenery; and that forethought which is the distinguishing characteristic of man's superiority to all other animals suggested the idea of providing against weariness on the home-stretch. These considerations coupled with the recollection of what Confucius said, that the gods exempt from the allotted number of man's days those spent in the saddle, accounted for the presence of our equine companions. A ride of nearly a mile over a level interval and across a shallow river, and our path brought us to the foot of a long and steep hill. Up this hill we climbed and found ourselves on something more than a miniature plateau, from which the view of the surrounding country was simply grand. The farmhouses with their complements of other buildings extending for miles along the river, the cluster of cottages where a bridge joined the highways on either side and the numbers of men and teams at work in the fields or travelling with more of a business than a pleasure pace along the road, seemed to present a perfect picture of rural life and felicity. And away in the distance an opening in the forest and the slowly curling smoke bespoke some hardy settler battling with the trees and

roots to gain a competency for himself and those for whom he loved to provide. Verily, man is a citizen of the world!

We now entered the forest,—for two miles of green woods lay between us and our destination. We had a well-levell'd road smoothed by the hauling into civilized society of many a forest monarch that has since stood proudly erect on another element, holding the canvas to the breeze, and of its younger sylvan relatives that now quietly "sleep" under the rails of the flying car.

Have you ever travelled through a wood on a fine summer morning? Have you heard the gentle rustling of the leaves and seen their exquisite colouring in the morning sun as the light breeze turned to you their shaded side and whispered, "hush, 'tis sacred?" Have you felt the majestic stillness and realized that you were face to face with nature in one of her favourite haunts, where man, always transforming to suit his own convenience or the limited capacity of his appreciation, has not yet destroyed sublimity or obliterated original grandeur? If not, there is still reserved for you the possibility of experiencing sensations which will exceed your expectation as much as they will baffle your description. Nature lovely at any season is more so when

"Every clod feels a stir of might,—
An instinct within that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Nothing animate was to be seen except an occasional squirrel, rabbit or partridge, which gazed at us for an instant with wondering eyes and then hurried off to relate to its less fortunate neighbours the adventure of the morning.

We reach the wilderness! Before us lay a broad expanse of barren,—the white rock here and there rising above the thin soil which it underlaid. There were no trees and but very few bushes except those which yielded the delicious fruit that was the immediate object of our excursion;—which excursion, by the way, of itself afforded us more than enough enjoyment to repay us for our trouble. We now noticed for the first time the serene beauty of the cloudless sky which hung over us, perhaps an illustration of the great truth that when scenes below are least interesting and attractive we are most apt to have our minds directed heavenward. Having dismounted we set about the real business of the day, and like most real business when heartily engaged in, we found it very pleasant. But the

dreary-looking aspect of the place impressed us and led us to reflect on the possible or probable designs of Providence in leaving hundreds of thousands of acres of land in this Province and elsewhere which can never become either arable pasture or woodland. Still we think it is a great truth that in every country, and we might almost say in every locality, the blessings and treasures of Providence are pretty equally distributed,—at least more so than is generally supposed. Of course this remark must be qualified by saying that time and the advances of science—by utilizing to meet the requirements of future ages, resources which are now unappreciated because their value is unknown—are necessary to exhibit its truth. But our ignorance of a fact does not destroy its validity. It is just possible that in the eye of the Dispenser of blessings every locality is alike favoured.

In gathering the berries we could not fail to notice that the large bushes with a great profusion of leaves which looked so promising at a distance always disappointed us; while those small and comparatively leafless ones that never courted observation were generally found laden with fruit. How analogous to what we see in every day life! We roamed over the barren gratifying at least one of the senses until my friend declared that he had "filled a jar six feet long." Just then a neigh from one of our horses reminded us that they "dined but spare on sic a place," and forthwith we started for the settlement. We again enjoyed passing through the woods

"Transfigured by the mysteries of colour daily laid
By the sun in light and shade."

K.

SCOTTISH MUSIC.

SCOTLAND is distinguished as the only country of civilised Europe which possess an independent and ancient national music. Other peoples may now possess national tunes or tunes similar to those of Scotland. Many of the Irish melodies, the national air of the Manx (Mollacharane,) and some Welsh and Breton songs are largely composed after the Scottish type. But this shows only that this type was one the common possession of all Celts, and, while the others have discarded their ancient music, the Scot has retained his as the basis of all that he recognises as musical.

Two great peculiarities exist in the very framework of Scottish music, viz: the scale which forms its basis and the peculiar manner in which harmony is made to exist in melody.

The ancient Celtic scale consisted of but five notes, *i. e.*; it had not the fourth and seventh of our present gamut. To give more variety, however, another note was introduced a whole tone below our eighth, but the semitone between this and our sixth was never used. The scale also instead of beginning on our present first or *Do*, began on our second or *Re*, and when completed by the octave, consisted of three pairs of notes, each pair separated by an interval of a tone and a half (minor third.) While discussing these peculiarities, Dr. McCulloch, one of Scotland's few apostate sons, gravely remarks: "It is well and truly said that the cat which gallops over the black keys of the pianoforte plays a Scotch tone." There is a want of moderation in his statements.

Dr. Franklin pointed out, a long while ago, the manner in which harmony is developed in melody in Scottish music. This is effected by having, almost invariably, every emphatic note on the third, fifth or octave of its last emphatic predecessor. The mind finds as pleasant a harmony between a sound past but still retained by the memory and another present, as it can find between two notes sounded at the same time.

The general idea expressed by Scottish music arises more from the temper of the people, than, as Dr. McCulloch avers, from the peculiarities of the scale. The Scottish are an earnest, sensible and sociable people. The picture of Punch sawing off a Highlander's crown in order to drop a joke into his brains, may or may not be just; but certainly Tom Hood, Mark Twain, and all the joking tribe, would be set down as a foolish, good-for-nothing, "ne'er-dae-weel set" if they passed much of their time in Scotland. When you have a Scotsman you have somebody; not an oath, nor a joke, nor a sentiment, but a man who has tenderness and sensibilities, but who is also possessed of an eternal contempt for foppery and sentimentalism. The music of his country bears the same stamp. It is not dreamy, and does not demand from you an effort to discover what it wishes to express, or what feeling it is intended to rouse. In the short, rapid measure of the *Brosnachadh-catha* or martial music, we have all that is necessary to stir the spirit to warlike deeds. With it, Ossian, passing through the

regiments of Fingal as they fought, cheered the soldiers amid the dead and dying, and roused that prowess which subdued the Irish usurper, Caibre, defeated the Scandinavians on their own soil, and drove the Romans back beyond their walls of stone and mud. Even in our own day the good old tune, "Sud mar chaidh an cal a dholaidh aig na bodaich Ghallda," (that's the way the cabbage was spoiled on the stupid Southerners,) though played against orders, performed an honorable part in the taking of the heights of Alma.

When a battle had been won and the victors had opportunity to gather up their slain, the *coronach* or lament was played or sung. The body of the deceased hero was buried in a cave. In front of this cave a large fire was kindled, and by it the bards sat and sung their songs, both to cheer the living and please the dead.

Then followed the song of victory sung to the chief on the day after the battle. What a peal of harp and violin and pipe and human voice, (sounding all the more joyful after the low wailing of the *coronach*) must have risen from the plains and echoed through the glens on the day after the battle of Mons Grampus, when Galgacus and his host beheld the humbled Romans beat a speedy retreat.

Thus did the music of Scotland occupy itself with themes of chivalry and honour. But while civilized races, like the Romans, Normans and Saxons, recognised but one path to laurels and glory, and that the war path, the "wild and barbarous" Highlandmen recognised two; war and love, and emphasised each in their songs. A man who was false to his sweetheart was detested as we detest vulgarity, or its organ the *Mayflower*. And still the Scottish harp delights to praise the laddie who is "aye true to his lover." In reading Ossian we are delighted with this above all things: that none of his heroes are guilty of breaches of promise, or unfaithfulness, or disrespect for the fair sex. Fingal, Ossian's father, was one day, with a few of his heroes, engaged in some work by the seaside. A fugitive maiden from Sora lands upon the beach and appeals to Fingal for defence against the enemy, Myro, who is in pursuit.

A gheng na maise fo dhrithchd bròin
'S e labhair gu foil an Rìgh
Ma 's urrainn gorm-lannan do dhion
Bidh ar cridhe nach tìom d'an rèir.

S glacam do chomraich a bhean,
Roimh aon fhear a th'air do thé;
'Sa dh'aindeoin a Mhaighre Bhuirb,
Bi'dh tu am bruth Fhinn aig sìth.

In soothing voice the monarch said,
O beauteous branch in sorrow's blight,
If hardy swords can give thee aid,
Our dauntless hearts shall prove aright.

Thy cause fair wand'rer I'll defend,
Who'er be he would thee allure;
And in despite of Myro's might,
In Fingal's hall thou'lt rest secure.

The ancient bard was not a priest, but he made the religion of the people, and kept purity and intellect alive. Nor has this power yet ceased. Laws may be enacted against him, his ears may be "nailed to the trone, or some other tree, or cut off and banished the country" by James the Second, or they may be punctured with a red-hot iron by James the Sixth, yet his influence lives, and gives Scotland its liberty and reformation. Those dear old Psalm-tunes of the Covenant never grow old to us—they are like one's wife.

Dr. John McCulloch tells us that, during a residence of eleven years in the Highlands, he did not hear five songs sung. He must have left his ears in the Lowlands with his "dear Scott." It is good that he has shown us his lack of observation in this matter, otherwise we might be misled by him where his error is not so obvious. The Scottish delight in singing, whether in a sad or cheerful frame of mind. They use appropriate songs in all their labours. In *luadhadh*, or fulling of cloth, a number of women sit down on each side of a long table upon which they beat the cloth, while one of their number leads off in one of the many songs which have been composed expressly to accompany this work. During the singing of the chorus the leader stops to take breath, while the others join in with such vigour that frequently they lash soap-suds into each other's eyes. Again, on summer evenings, when the young maidens go out to the ewe-bughts to milk the ewes, or "when the kye comes hame," the voice of singing is heard in the land. I do not know that there is more real happiness on earth than that enjoyed "when the kye comes hame." The young girl milks and sings her plaintive love song, to which her lover and the cow listen with equally calm attention. The reply of his heart is "O tell me how to woo thee," for "true-hearted is he," though "women's minds like winter's winds may shift an' turn an' a' that."

When "the last rose o' Simmer lies bloomin' alane," and "the flowers o' the forest are a' wede awa'," when "gane is the day an' mirk's the nicht," although "as cauld a wind as ever blew" opposes him, the young man "gangs doon the long glen" to woo his dearie or meet his cronies at the *ceilidh*. Now, if he goes to woo his choice of the fair maidens of "bonnie Scotland," the probability is that there will be little music but that of two hearts beating in unison. But if he goes to a *ceilidh*, that is to a neighbor's house into which young and old gather, then all kinds of intellectual amusements are introduced. A large semi-circle is formed around the fire, and each person in his or her turn is supposed to sing a song or tell a story, or at least repeat a proverb. There the girls come, with their knitting and sewing of course; but they leave at ten—the men at eleven or twelve. No cards, no dancing, no strong drink is allowed at a Highland *ceilidh*.

Thus is their music interwoven with the whole existence of the Scottish people. No wonder, then, that they have carried it with them to every clime of earth. In this far off land our hearts wish is still the burden of the song:

O sing to me the auld Scots sangs,
I' the braid Scottish tongue,
The sangs my father wished to hear,
The songs my mither sung,
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee,
An' I wadna sleep she sang sae sweet
The auld Scots sangs to me.

* * * * *
Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell,
O' joy or sorrow i' the past
Where mem'ry loes to dwell,
Though hair grow gray an' limbs grow auld,
Until the day I dee,
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
The auld Scots sangs to me.

G. L. G.

THE attendance of the Sophomores at Mathematics on Wednesday was *very* small.

A JUNIOR walking across the Parade is thus accosted by an uninitiated friend. Do you board there? (pointing to the college.)

Junior: (testily) No; we get *bored* there.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 22, 1879.

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WITH the Summer of 1879, begins a new era in Dalhousie, new at least to the present undergraduates,—the establishment of a Summer Session. Hitherto it has existed in the Calendar, and with one exception in the Calendar only. At the time we speak of there was such a poor attendance that no inducement was offered to keep it up, and consequently up to the present time that has been the first and last attempt. Various reasons have been given, but the real one perhaps, was the lack of interest manifested by the students, and consequently to a certain extent by the Senate; but whatever the cause or causes, the effect has been the same. This year, however, sees a change in affairs. The Governors have said: "There shall be this year a Summer Session." The responsibility now devolves upon the students. In their hands it rests whether the scheme is to be a success, or merely a repetition of the former *fiasco*. We sincerely believe that they will be directed to make it a success, even if solely guided by a consideration of their own interests.

Up to the present our course has consisted of four terms of six months each, the whole embracing a period of four years. By the present arrangement, a degree may be obtained at the end of three years, without lessening the actual time at College. By taking two Summer Sessions of three months each, at the end of the first and second Winter terms respectively, the undergraduate is enabled to obtain his degree at the end of the third of the latter, thus avoiding the necessity of taking a fourth. This, we think, will suit the views of the greater part of our students, who think that while at College all their time should be given up to the prosecution of their studies, and that by so doing they will come out in good trim to battle with the world. It is a bad plan to try and do College work and outside work at the same time, and as far as possible ought to be avoided. And in the majority of cases we think that it can be avoided. In any case six months is too long an interval between the different terms, and for the most part cannot be profitably employed.

Besides benefitting the students individually, the Summer Session will be advantageous to the College as a whole, by offering another advantage to matriculants. And in this we refer especially to Halifax. At present in Dalhousie only about 10 per cent. of the undergraduates are Halifaxians, although the College is at their own doors, and with the exception of their time, for our fees are almost nominal, no sacrifice is required of them. We could better understand this, did the Halifax young men prefer some other College. But with but few exceptions this is not the case; they simply do not go to College, deeming the mental training obtained at schools as sufficient for all *practical* purposes—four years is too much to waste at College. Speaking seriously, we think that many more will be induced to come as undergraduates in a three years course than at present.

We must now leave this subject, and though unable to give it the attention it demands, we hope that we have in some measure shown its

importance to our fellow-students. As far as we can understand, it has been received by them favourably on the whole, and some at least have determined to benefit by the opportunities presented by the Governors. May their name be Legion!

HON. MR. TILLEY has brought down the budget. The explanation of the vexing phrase "National Policy" has been obtained. The intentions of the Liberal-Conservative party have found a plain declaration, and their opponents have now no longer any need to quarrel about whether Sir John A. Macdonald favors a general increase in the tariff or a judicious readjustment. The vapors evolved in the heat of electoral contest have been dissipated and the political air is now clear.

The ministry are evidently willing to redeem the pledges which they gave to the people in September, and the chief promises of that time have their fulfilment in the proposed tariff. Sugar has not been forgotten. The duty on coal is less than Conservatives in Nova Scotia hoped to gain, and we are inclined to think will do us no great good. In portions of this Province the duty on flour will be decidedly unpopular. But no more so than the coal tax in Ontario. The diversity of interests to be regarded is such that only a giant politician can hope to develop a scheme which shall give universal satisfaction. This however should not be the prime object. People do not always know what is good for them. Our country is sick, and we hope the physicians in consultation at Ottawa will forget petty jealousies and seek the best means of effecting a thorough cure, rather than some combination of local salves that may for a time quiet the pain without eradicating the disease. Let us have a real National Policy, one which shall increase the prosperity of the whole country. We are quite sure our legislators are able to propose such a policy. We hope they may have more regard for the welfare of the land than their own

pockets—that knowing their duty they may have the courage to do it. We are convinced that lack of courage to act as his convictions would lead him, has proved the wreck of many a politician. Expediency is too often substituted for right, which we are assured is an equally certain though perhaps longer road to success in public life.

CONCERNING SELF ASSERTION.

ERE long another session will be numbered with the past; the college wheel will have taken another turn; another year will be sent out to fight its way in the world; others will push up into its place, and thus the world wags on. Community of labour and often of peril (?) have cemented our hearts in friendship whole; many happy hours have been spent within these unprepossessing looking walls, and very few of us regret the years that have past. As for me,

Lament who will in fruitless tears,
 The speed with which our moments fly,
 I sigh not over vanished years,
 But watch the years that hasten by.

We all have a future before us, and in it and to it let all our thoughts tend. Repining at past follies or negligence, are, to say the least, useless. Whether the present shall become a like past, depends on ourselves as we now are, but were we deprived of that which is to come, with all its fond hopes and fancies, we should be careless of the present, and have no aspirations or aims in life. In fact we would sink into the condition of mere brutes who live only in the now.

But away with such moralizing. Such was not our intention at starting, and we will return to our subject. We have all during the past winter experienced much kindness from the various churches, societies, and associations of Halifax, in the shape of invitations to "tea worries," wars of words, and scientific holding-forths. Such pleasures have we, as well as all other preceding generations of students, partaken of and duly appreciated, but methinks we have never heard of all these favours on the part of our friends being repaid in the same coin. 'Tis said that like begets like, but in our case this adage seems to have failed in truthfulness. Now herein lies the rub of the remissness. We are possessed of a fund of talent among us which can hardly be supposed to exist so largely in any one institution

or community in the city. Why cannot we some night, say the evening of convocation, rise up and expend some of our superfluous genius in catering to the amusement of our hitherto hosts. We don't see why not. We have a *flourishing* Society, in which are readers, reciters, elocutionists and vocalists of no mean ability; we have no doubt that the Governors would willingly lend us a room; and then we could get up a programme, send out our invitations, and let the city world know that there is such a place as Dalhousie College, and that it can repay as well as receive favours. Even to the ladies; for though we are all bashful except "Chawles," yet we could surely screw up courage enough to meet for one night the admiring glances of the fair. Come gentlemen! *Allons messieurs*, let us take the world by storm or die bravely in the attempt.

SILENUS.

PROFESSOR MACDONALD'S LECTURE

ON Tuesday evening 11th inst., Association Hall was completely filled by an audience which had come through a most disagreeable rain, and on very unpleasant streets, expecting to be well repaid by hearing a lecture by our popular Professor of Mathematics. It is not too much to say that all were disappointed—that none were sorry. The subject announced was rather enigmatical. "The Unknown World,"—that might signify a variety of ideas, and many were the conjectures as to the probable theme of the discourse. Very few, we think, guessed correctly. Discussing the probability of his subject, Professor Macdonald alluded humorously to Spiritism, or Spiritism, so much talked of just now. He will allow it no place in "the respectable company of the sciences," and deems it beneath "the humble but honourable condition of ghostlore."

The world which is indeed unknown to us is that with which we are apt to think our acquaintance is best; ourselves and the phenomena which surround us. After such an introduction the lecturer proceeded to give a clear outline of the philosophy of sensation and the relations of mind and matter. It is exceedingly difficult to present such a subject to a mixed audience; but Professor Macdonald was completely successful. He gave an easily intelligible account of the operations of the several senses, and that in such a way as to compel attention. The

humorous nature of the illustrations employed caused no little amusement. The conclusion was a defence of the orthodox belief from the attacks of materialism.

As a full report of the lecture has already been published in the daily press, it is needless for us to repeat it here. It is sufficient to say that we were exceedingly pleased to have an opportunity to hear the Professor speak on a subject different from those which haunt the mathematical classroom. We appreciate such treats the more from the fact that they come seldom. A much more frequent indulgence would not spoil our appetite. In the course of four years we have had the opportunity of hearing but two of our Professors deliver public lectures. We expect a short address by Dr. McGregor, and a lecture by Professor De Mill. True, Dr. Lawson has frequently spoken outside of the College, but always on what might be called professional subjects. The Very Rev. the Principal and Dr. Lyall have occasionally occupied the pulpit in this city as well as in Dartmouth. We shall not easily forget the beautiful paper which our Professor of Mental Philosophy read last winter before the students. While we remember with pleasure these appearances of the members of the Faculty, we cannot help suggesting that were they more frequent and addressed more directly to the general public, the character of our *Alma Mater* would be more widely and more thoroughly appreciated than it is at present.

On behalf of the students of the College we thank the Committee of the Y. M. C. A. for fifty tickets, which were kindly handed to Mr. Crowell for gratuitous distribution.

THE GYMNASIUM.

THE Halifax Athletic Club, under the direction of their Instructor, Mr. James S. McKay, gave a public exhibition in the Freemason's Hall on Thursday the 13th inst. Every available seat was occupied, and a large number of the spectators were compelled to stand. The programme was extensive and varied, embracing exercises upon the horizontal and parallel bars, poles, ropes, rings and trapeze,—besides fencing, boxing, stick and sword exercise, &c., &c. The performers were the most proficient of Mr. McKay's class, and gave unmistakable evidence of his ability as an instructor in gymnastics. Mr. A. M. Doull, a student here in '77-'78,

received a gold medal for fencing, in which he exhibited much skill. Mr. Keith of the College class showed the power of his muscle by some trapeze and ring feats. Mr. Robson of the Freshman class had a place among the performers on the horizontal bar. His Worship the Mayor presented the prizes, and in a neat ten-minute speech strongly urged the necessity of introducing gymnastics in all schools and seminaries. His remarks, though specially directed to the City School Commissioners, should have been extended to our Governors. Physical training is needed for College students as well as for boys at the High School. The GAZETTE has more than once suggested that we ought to have the use of a part of the 'lower regions' for a gymnasium.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

GENTLEMEN,—The report of the Supt. of Education contains among other important matters, an especial reference to the County Academies, allowing them, in general, but faint praise for the manner in which they are accomplishing the end for which they were designed.

From my own observation of them I think that no part of our Educational system, not even that of licensing teachers or of the Normal School itself, is more deserving of particular attention just now. It is not to be presumed that Dr. Allison's idea of making a change in the relations of these institutions is based only on the statistics in the returns of the various Academic departments, or that he is unaware of the real reasons which make those statistics so unsatisfactory and which frustrate the very purpose of the special grant. The cause of inefficiency is not an incapable staff of teachers, but the nature of the situation of the Academies, and the competition of other schools which make intermediate education a specialty. Parents who wish to give their children all the attainable advantages, in most cases send their children to anything but a County Academy if home facilities do not suit them. But this has been sufficiently established; the facts speak for themselves.

To any one standing in the midst of all this machinery, having an idea of the power applied to make it effective, and yet seeing little or no

work accomplished, the questions naturally suggest themselves: How can a proper change be made? Where should there be readjustment? Without doubt, as a matter of justice to the country sections, these grants amounting to \$6000 should be stopped. The plan suggested at head-quarters, of giving Academic functions to a greater number of schools in order to reduce to a minimum the inconvenience of attendance, seems to me, however, to be open to this objection, that distribution according to the size of the district or the number of the population, is simply giving to the people of those districts conveniences that they do not particularly ask for, and may not appreciate; the consequence will be that undeserving sections may receive special grants and make no effort to secure a corresponding advance in teaching ability. Take Halifax County for instance. How could there be an equitable disposition of three or four of the proposed schools in the rural districts? Such a disposition, I mean, as would do away with the disadvantages of the present system. This objection obtains the greater force from the fact that the proposed system is but an enlargement of that now in vogue and already condemned.

A solution of the difficulty seems quite clear to me, and I propose it with the more confidence because I saw some suggestion of a similar nature in one of the city papers last summer. It is, that the special grant be taken away and that additional Provincial aid be given to grade A teachers irrespective of their situations, *i. e.*, that the gradation of grant which is pursued with the other classes obtain with this as well. It might be more pertinent to ask the question, Why is there an anomaly of this kind? As it is, I think my plan would be a saving of expense, would elevate the profession, and effect the purpose of intermediate education most effectually.

In the first place, the funds needed for the extra allowance would be more than supplied by the withdrawal of the Academic grants. There were twenty-nine (29) A teachers employed last summer, a larger number than at any other time during the last two years. Ten (10) of these came under the Academic allowance. The \$120 that such of them would have received otherwise, in all \$1200, was included in the \$6000 paid to Academies, which leaves a balance of \$4800 still undisposed of; while the ten (10) teachers have fallen into grade B. Supposing the ranks of A to be recruited from those of B, as would evidently be the case; the additional grant would

amount only to the *addition* made in each case, multiplied by the number of A teachers employed. Thus an addition of \$60 would admit 80 teachers in this department alone. No supply like this can be expected, nor in fact is it needed; but one-half that number scattered about our Province would carry their influence into public-spirited sections and mutual benefit would result.

Secondly, increased efficiency of the profession would certainly be effected. The tendency would be to bring into actual service more teachers of the highest grade; so that, unless our Educational system is radically wrong, and classification a humbug, our position is self-evident. Neither of these objections can be tolerated for a moment.

Thirdly. Let it be granted that the highest grade is the best, and that teachers in advance of the B requirements are needed in many of the common schools, which is the case; then, surely, every effort ought to be made to encourage those ambitious of preferment. *Now*, the inducements to seek a higher license than B, are very small. Advancement procures no other advantage than the bare possibility of getting an Academy. Allow the change; new incentives are given, the additional work involved in gaining the license gives a stimulus to healthy educational sentiment, and at the same time a strong sympathy with the youth who, anxious to learn, place great confidence in one who has been through the mill himself. I hold that this matter of encouragement for pupils, infusion of zeal into their plans, and direction of their energies, is one of the most important that comes within the province of the teacher.

Thus I think the scheme I have propounded has many advantages, as economy, efficiency of teachers, inducements to retain the better class in the profession, and avoidance of the present irregularity and subsidy to wealthy sections. The natural law of demand and supply will have free course, and public-spirited sections will feel the aid given to advance teachers as a premium on their own liberality.

But the objection to the articles in the GAZETTE is said to be their length. Let me take no more of your space, only to say that I am not a teacher of grade A, and am not personally interested; but the evil is a crying one; let my plan and its argument go for what they are worth.

E. C.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—For those in whose care it is important to exercise economy in all relations of life, the idea of a College Education seems a costly and perhaps dangerous experiment. The opinion that a liberal education has a tendency to make a man unpractical seems to have strong hold on the minds of many. A college-bred man may happen to be eccentric. Of course, much learning has had something to do with it. If there is an eclipse during a war, the latter must have been caused by the former. *Cum hoc, ergo propter hoc*, you know. This style of argument is often used. The virtue of a college education is called in question, to answer for a man's natural character. Enough of this. Why should not a collegian have a wider range of view, than one who has not had his advantages? Is he not really more practical than the ordinary political leader? "Knowing the causes of things" from his mental discipline he has become so accustomed to investigate matters, that it seems like a second nature. Tracing the vicissitudes of men, as he comes down the stream of time, he gets an insight into the vast experience of past ages. Often does history repeat itself. "We learn the future from the past of man." The ambitions and motives, that have impelled men, are the same now as they were then. Knowledge, with its advancing car, has made changes, no doubt, but allowance must be made for such. A man who understands the past course of human events will be likely to appreciate the present, and to take an intelligent interest in affairs. The very principle of desiring to compare the present with the past, ought to have enough force to stir up a desire for practical work and lead to action. No doubt, as the great Epic has it, "To know that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom." Any philosophical system, that would put that out of right, ignores a principle that lies deep in human experience. A poetical dreaminess will not avail in a work-a-day world. Yet, how much better is utilitarianism, unless it be of the kind which really gives the "greatest happiness to the greatest number?" That which, as in the case of the ancient king, makes us desirous of turning everything we touch into gold, is miserably short-sighted. It little thinks of what it does. Still, I am not averse to any measure that would spread through the land the principles of a sound political economy. We hail with gladness the day, in prospect, when men shall think little of mere impulse, and govern with the highest ends in

view. My friend "B. A., '77," (jokingly or seriously, which of the two I will not pretend to say,) has misunderstood a communication of mine. I did not intend to say that words were the great power among men. His gratuitous advice to me comes well from a member of a class, which (in the matter of the *unit* audience) has shown a wonderfully practical persuasive power. His idea about the "Common Sense" Professorship may have been suggested by the Boston Monday Lectureship of the great Joseph Cook, who has handled in so masterly a manner topics of religious, moral, and social interest. If that be his idea, I am with him. Whether or no, the opinions given above are firmly held by

Your correspondent,

PAULUS.

EXCHANGES.

WE naturally first open upon the *Niagara Index*, at the Exchange column, for unique criticisms, and we are not disappointed. They are a second edition of those in the previous issue. A worthy Elisha has taken up the mantle of the translated Elijah! In the article on "Hazing," we need scarcely say that there is no new light thrown upon a subject which has already been thoroughly exhausted. "Evening Shadows" is one more specimen of the *Index* poetry. These unfortunate shadows are ignominiously referred to all through the poem (?) by singular verbs, and addressed as "thou" and "thee." What shall we say to the line "To the Cotter *wiled* and weary," and again, "Gladden them in their *meekeley* repose!" The best features in the *Index* are the "Budget," "Personals," and "Index Rerum."

THE chief attraction in the *College Olio* for March is a contributed article on "Higher Education," in which the writer compares the average American scholar to the English or German, and shows the various reasons why the American is inferior. He goes on to say that one of the reasons for the low state of higher education in America, is the common school system; first, because schools receive a great deal of money which ought to endow Academies and Colleges; secondly, by their teaching branches which properly belong to colleges. He adds—"Therefore our higher institutions are forced to compete with the State in *some* of the facilities, for higher culture which they offer to the public, and consequently they do not receive their just amount

of patronage." This article is well worth reading, and some at least of the remarks are applicable to Nova Scotia.

WE see from our contemporary of Queen's College that the contracts for the new buildings have already been given. We also see that there is still required about \$15,000 to complete them. From our knowledge of Dr. Grant, we may safely say that this will not long be a want. As usual, "Notes from the 'Far West,'" are interesting, and the editors are fortunate in having such a correspondent. We scarcely think "Autograph Albums" up to the usual standard of the *Journal*.

THE *Brunonian* keeps up all through the interest with which we read the opening poem, "In Madgeburg." The *Brunonian* succeeds in having light articles while avoiding "gush." In "The Students Lamp" we notice a continuous vein of humour; but we see none of that straining after effect which too often disfigures contributions of this kind.

WE always look forward with pleasure to opening the *Argosy*, and in the present instance we were not disappointed. We think that our Canadian exchanges compare very favourably with those coming "across the border." The poem "Lethe" in the *Argosy* is of a quality we seldom see in a college paper, and we only wish there were more. Had we space we would reproduce it. The literary department is also particularly fortunate in the present issue; we cheerfully enjoyed "A voice from the past," and "Slang," though the latter we think "*comes it too strong*." We confess that we could not appreciate "The total depravity of Matter."

PERSONALS.

REV. J. K. BEARISTO who, since his return from Bermuda, has been filling the place of Rev. E. Scott, M. A., at Merigo-mish, has gone to Mabou, C. B.

J. MILLEN ROBINSON, B. A. '73, has been admitted to the Nova Scotia Bar, and has opened a law office in Hollis Street.

H. H. HAMILTON, B. A. '79, paid us a flying visit the other day. He was in town on business, which in his line, is reported flourishing.

D. R. THOMPSON of the first year class was unwell for several days this week. He is again enjoying his wonted health.

C. A. ROBSON of the same class has been compelled to relinquish his studies for the remainder of the term. His eyesight has failed, and he is now under the treatment of Dr. Dodge.

WE have had the McGill Calendar at hand for some time, but it has hitherto escaped our notice. Foremost in the graduating class stands W. S. STEWART, who three years ago was a member of the Sophomore class at this College. He carried off the Chapman Gold Medal and First Rank Honors in Classics. We congratulate Mr Stewart on his success, and apologise for our long neglect. A. D. WEBSTER, at one time a general student here, graduated M. D., C. M., and won a prize for Practical Chemistry. MURDOCH CHISHOLM, another Dalhousian, passed the Primary Examinations of the Medical Faculty. Among the names of the students in law, we notice that Mr. J. G. A. CREIGHTON, of Halifax. Is he the gentleman of that name who graduated here in '68?

WE have lately received the Calendar of the University of Halifax, which several of our students have entered. JAMES MCLEAN has taken the degree of LL. B. C. W. HILTZ, M.D., C.M., '72, has been admitted M.D. *ad eundem*. A. H. MCKAY, B.A. '73, has passed the first B. Sc. Examination, and has been placed in the first division. JAMES M. OXLEY, B. A. '74, JOHN H. SINCLAIR and W. E. MCLELLAN, have passed the first LL. B. examination, and have been placed in the first division. NORMAN E. MCKAY has passed the first M. B. examination with honors. Messrs. CAMPBELL, FRAME and ROSS, have matriculated.

WE clip the following from the *Presbyterian Witness* :—

REV. WM. P. ARCHIBALD, pastor of Cavendish and New Glasgow, P. E. I., acknowledges the receipt of the following timely and valuable gifts from the people of his charge, viz: A sleigh and buffalo robes, a coon-skin overcoat, and a variety of articles for household use.

Mr. Archibald was Professor's scholar in '68, B. A. '72, and M. A. last year.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

LENT.

Potatoes and Fishes.

GREEN tea and wet towels.

BUT one short fortnight more and then—

GEORGY, how is the skating "over there?"

ALFRED translated "*oui Monsieur*" the other day, as "*yes, mister.*" Evidently French is a specialty of his.

ONE good—but very transient—effect of the late meeting of Presbytery was that *Ewen* donned a new coat. *Mirabile dictu*!!!

SANDY! Sandy! where wert thou last Friday afternoon? Art courting public notice, mon? Beware of such doings. *Verbum sap, &c.*

IT breaks upon our minds that those contributions which we sometimes receive from the pen of *that transpontine general*, owe their brilliance in no small degree to the fact of his escorting so many *fairs* to scientific lectures. *How much of the world is unknown to us, oh! Johannes.*

QUOTH Chawles, translating, the other day, "*L'aventure est tout à-fait drôle,*" "*the affair is altogether quaint.*" *Quaint being! So it was.*

FANCY the feelings of the Senior who read on his blushing exercise the following *rosy* words. *Trait caractéristique:—La couleur rouge contraste magnifiquement avec la noire.*

THE African missionary, the terror of Nannary, the modern Cicero has fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate. While the Prof. of Ethics was lately lecturing on *moral virtue*, Charles was observed to drop—a hair pin!! Oh, Charles, how our hopes centered in thee, till this!

WE much like the spirit of that soph, who going skating the other day, resolved also to go in for a holiday; and he went in and got it. *Vive les braves!*

HOWE, are the mighty fallen? And did they fall about 12.30, on a dark night and wet sidewalk, *cumque puella?* And did the mighty get wet and the *puella* wetter? Howe, shall we answer this question?

PROF.:—"Some bees build the comb in hexagons, some in circles, and some in their extreme ignorance in ellipses. Now, what bees are these?" Freshie, (triumphantly) "Wasps!"

CAN it be true that the *brief* sophomore applied for a child's ticket to the matinee on Saturday afternoon?

WE find more than one "incorrigible Senior" in our little class. "Chawles" has of late been winning for himself laurels of notoriety. Approaching exams, however may prevent him from indulging so often in those *two hours tête-à-têtes*. To lectures of learned Profs. he is now wont to go, accompanied by no less than *three petites!!* To no son of Dalhousie do we allow so many. The charge is one too great even for a Senior, therefore "Chawles" BEWARE! The lecture that evening must have had a powerful influence on his mind, but we hope he did not imagine that matter is but a figment of mind. We fear so, alas, else why that abrupt, mysterious and premature rush from the sides of the three forms of *fair matter*. *Chawles expliquez vous, s'il vous plait.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

J. R. Noonan, \$1; A. Rogers, \$1; Jas. A. Forbes, \$1; Rev. Jas. Sharp, \$1; Dr. J. G. McGregor, \$2; Rev. Thomas Sedgwick, \$1; Rev. John Murray, \$2; A. H. Sillars, B. A., \$1; Rev. J. C. Herdman, \$1; J. Fraser, Downie, \$1; H. G. Creelman, \$1; J. R. Fitz Patrick, \$1; Robt. McLellan, \$2; Rev. G. Roddick, \$1; H. H. Hamilton, \$1; A. McMillan, \$1; F. W. Archibald, \$1; Adam Gunn, \$1; J. L. George, \$1; J. A. Cairns, \$1; Rev. B. K. McElmon (78), \$1; Rev. D. McKae, \$1; G. J. Hamilton, \$1.—Total, \$26.00.

Twelve numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every Winter Session by the STUDENTS of Dalhousie College and University.

TERMS:

One Collegiate year (IN ADVANCE).....\$ 1.00
Single Copies (each)..... 10

Payments to be made to E. Crowell, Financial Secretary, and all communications to be addressed to "Editors DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, Halifax, Nova Scotia." Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

Printed by the NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, Corner of Sackville and Granville Streets, Halifax, N. S.