

# DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

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NO. 9.

## SUN AND MOON.

(From the German of Herder.)

By the decree of the Eternal one  
Went forth the fiat of Creative power ;  
" Two lights shall shine amid the firmament,  
As kings of earth, rulers of rolling time."  
He spake ; 'twas done ; the Sun at first arose  
As bridegroom from his chamber goes at morn,  
As hero glories in his conquering path,  
So stood he there, arrayed in Heaven's own light.  
A halo bright of every varying hue  
Flowed round his head ; earth shouted with delight ;  
The plants exhaled their fragrance to his beams ;  
The flowers adorned themselves with beauty rare.  
The other light stood envious when she saw  
That she could not outshine the glorious one.  
" Why should there,"—said she, murmuring to herself,  
" Why should there be two princes on one throne ?  
Why must I be the second, not the first ?"  
As thus she spake, her beauty disappeared.  
Her lovely light crushed out by sorrows load,  
Its home deserted ; far away it flew,  
And in the distant ether formed the stars.  
Pale as a corpse stood weeping Luna there,  
Ashamed before the shining, heavenly host,  
And prayed, " O God of Being pity me!"  
Before the darken'd moon God's angel stood.  
And spake these words of Holy Destiny—  
" As you have envied yonder sun his light,  
Henceforth by his light only shall you shine ;  
And when the Earth before you rolls, her orb  
You'll stand half dark, or all enwrapped in gloom.  
Yet weep not,—child of errors ;—for a God  
All merciful has your offence forgiven:  
' Go ' said he ' speak peace to the penitent,  
Let her too in her radiance be Queen ;  
The tears of her repentance shall become  
A balm to quicken what is languishing,  
To renovate with fresh supply of strength  
What is exhausted by the sunbeam's stroke.'"  
Thus comforted, pale Luna went her way,  
When lo! the light in which even now she shines  
Flowed round her, as she entered cheerfully  
Upon the quiet course she still pursues,  
Queen of the night,—conductress of the stars.  
Still grieving o'er her fault, for every tear  
She feels a sympathy ; and seeks to soothe  
The heart that's crush'd with grief ; seeks those  
Whom she may comfort by her cheering beams.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, March 9, 1871.

## MODERN GHOSTS.

" You don't believe it, but I tell you 'tis true. Why when we lived in the North of Scotland, my father had a splendid Ayrshire cow. Some of the neighbours grew jealous, and sent an old woman whom all the country knew was possessed of one ; she came, and looking on the animal, it took sick and in an hour thereafter 'twas dead. You laugh! well you needn't; and I'll tell you more, that she at another time went into a house where there was a fine three months old—" Sheep?" " No not sheep," this with emphasis, " but child; a fine healthy child it was, mind I tell you. Well, before the mother could stay her, she had lifted the quilt from its face and she looked at it, mind you, only with *the one eye*, and the poor child from that moment pined away." " Why man you must be a green fellow, suppose you were deeply in love with some young lady, and when, thinking of her, one with an evil eye looked on you, or even spoke to you, and some disease would attack you so that you wouldn't be able to see her for a long time." " Did an evil eye ever look on you?" " Once only." " You didn't sicken, did you?" " Well no, not exactly sicken, but I felt funny all over, and my bones grew as stiff as I don't know what, twasn't altogether an unpleasant kind of stiffness, but had she looked on me long, it would have gone hard with me I'm sure." " It couldn't have been a slight attack of influenza?" " Influenza! no, I wasn't so green." " Are they always women who possess these dreadful powers?" " Who said they were, you go along, you haven't wit enough to comprehend such things, so there's no use of me trying to convince you." If we didn't coincide with the first half of the sentence, we silently assented to the latter part, and so the conversation closed.

There are, we all know, two kinds of ghosts, one supposed to be seen by the bodily, the other by the mental eye. To the latter class in most instances belong the modern ghosts. By the title given this article, one might suppose that we intended to refer only to ghosts of modern invention, but such is not the case. We apply the term *modern* to all ghosts having a present existence, and to whom even education and civilization have not been able to give their *quietus*. As a whole, we allow that civilization has done a world of good, but in its march it committed one great wrong, which wrong consisted in abolishing all cauldrons. If in Macbeth's days, such were useful in ridding the land of witches, why might they not now be employed to advantage in ridding our own Nova Scotia of those who harbour ghosts? We would not for a moment



advocate the use of this remedy indiscriminately, but only for special cases; for those whom narrow-mindedness, bigotry or superstition make professed ghost worshippers. No doubt all of us see ghosts, but then we have no great faith in them. To those of us who are Confederates, the ghost of Annexation is continually crossing our path, but then as we look, the shadow grows less distinct, and fading away we lower our up-stretched hand. To those who are Anti-confeds the ghost of amazing prosperity under a New Dominion discipline, and a "new broom sweeping clean" regime, floats around our Annexation longings, but by and by it moves further away and is lost, as with intense satisfaction we do not find the country getting a great deal more flourishing than of yore. Governments as well as individuals have their ghosts. What an awful one to the British Cabinet did the Suez canal appear, when the project for its construction was mooted! And is it not said that a certain building in a city which shall be nameless, a building said by some to be built of stone and lime, and no fiction about it, appears to others in the form of a huge living ghost. In what a flurry it puts them! how they rush and button-hole their neighbours and exclaim "did you"—not see but "hear aught of the ghost last night?" and how very anxious they are that you should look at it as such! I return to individuals; what will we say on behalf of poor Dr. Begg? At the beginning of the Union movement in Scotland, a warlock appeared to him and then a witch, and it seems whatever else they left undone they obeyed this command "Be fruitful and multiply," for the Dr. has now a countless number of big and little ghosts dancing about his elbow, or rather frisking between his brain and the top of his tongue. We really sympathise with him, for he seems honestly to be afraid of them, and greatly trembles; and queer isn't it, that the threat to make havoc of them, does not drive them off? Even in New Scotland, don't we hear of several old extra super-orthodox and *outré* bodies to whom a book called the Scottish Hymnal appears as a collection of ghosts ancient and modern? One would suppose that only those whose digestive organs were out of repair, or whose hearts were inclined to the melancholy side were favored with visits from these apparitions, but so far from such being the case, we know of many who ought to be supremely happy, (for who happier than plighted lovers?) seeing ghosts for a considerable time, and though they have prayed for some courageous couple to break the spell which binds the ghost to the locality in which they live, their prayers are still unheard. The locality to which we refer is situated in the County called Colchester, and people call the place a *town*, though to our eyes it appears a remarkably small village. Now suppose a pair have agreed to get married at an *early* date, no sooner is the day fixed on, than up rises the ghost before them, it lifts its bony finger—(excuse the adjective), and pointing to River John, says "there," then to Tatamagouche "or there! not here," as it brings down its fist, you surely know ghosts have fists,— "else your wheat will have the weevil, your potatoes the blight, your turnips be worm-eaten, yourselves get soured with each other, your children be marked far worse than Cain was." And the ghost prevails. A sick man or a man about to be judiciously murdered would perhaps request the ghost to approach, but the pair about to be united fly from it and betake themselves elsewhere. And the minister and no other body is the ghost, and he will remain so until some pair who have just reached their teens, and who have fled from home in hot haste, rush into his presence and allow him to unite them, and take that run of ill luck, which is sure to befall the first couple married by a young minister. How often combined—Wisdom and Superstition!

## NOTES ON THE ART OF WRITING.

Thought, language and writing are intimately connected. The first and second are inseparable. We cannot think without the aid of speech; neither can we use it except in connection with thought. The dependence of the second and third is not so restricted. Language precedes writing and has a temporary existence where the latter is unknown. The province of the art under consideration is to take up language where vocalization fails, to spread it over space or perpetuate it through time.

Language, a vehicle to communicate ideas, is of divine origin; writing, a preserver of thought, a disseminator of opinions, is the work of man. The one is contemporary with the race, the other is of later date. In the primitive stage of society, the legend passed with care from mouth to mouth, as generation succeeded generation, served to hand down to posterity the story of all that was worthy of remembrance; and oral communication was quite sufficient for business transactions, or political intercourse. But in course of progress these became inadequate; fame urged the invention of less limited, and more enduring vehicles of thought; and thus actuated men to an adoption of various expedients to leave marks of their acts, for the instruction or amusement of their successors. The Greek used the Pillars of Hercules—the *ne plus ultra* of the old world, for writing parchment; the Cyclopes left testimonials to their colossal forms and gigantic intellects in huge structures modelled by the true children of nature. The early inhabitants of Italy, Spain, Britain, and Scandinavia, not possessing more convenient modes of preserving records of their deeds, have left *tumuli*, altars, and piles of stone, to tell that, here and there, they lived, acted and passed away. Prompted by similar instincts the wild and mighty man of South America stamped his marks on the hills and in the valleys which he inhabited. Even our own Indians as well as those of the "Great West," have written exponents to their characters and manners in forms which excite the curiosity, and engage the attention of the antiquarian. All these relics of olden times may be regarded as letters written on the tablet of nature, some easily read, others puzzling the astuteness of the linguist, yet all telling the same sad tale of wasted energy. Indeed many of them still remain mysteries. The intention of the Egyptian in the erection of his truly famous Pyramids, has not suggested itself to the explorer. Memorials less remarkable in other countries testify to the curiosity of those who constructed them.

Bare poles standing among some bushes in Patagonia are known to be, *in memoriam*, of the ships of Sir John Harbrough, when first seen by the natives. As a memorial to his departed friend the Norman peasant burned the straw on which he died in front of the cabin of the lamented, which for a time left a black letter among surrounding verdure. For the same end more esthetic relatives transplant a weeping willow, emblematical of mourning, or a cloud aspiring pine, symbolical of high hopes as to future weal.

When it became necessary to interchange thoughts more freely, hieroglyphics came into use. The term hieroglyphics—sacred writings, however, is of a later date, not being employed till they had been resorted to by the priests for religious purposes. What led to their invention is a subject of dispute; but it is supposed that appearances of constellations, tracks of birds, and beasts, veins on the backs of tortoises, &c., were the immediate suggestors; since the forms first used were representations of those objects and marks. This system of writing in its first stage of development was pictorial. The characters were pictures of some specific objects so arranged and constructed as to



give an idea of a series of events. One hand with a bow opposed by another with a shield represented two armies in combat.

An eye and a sceptre meant a monarch—a sword was symbolical of a tyrant—a ship with its pilot conveyed the idea of the world. This stage was metaphysical. It was succeeded by the allegorical, in which an ant designated industry, a fly, impudence, a bat, blindness, &c. Soon there were attached to these characters secret and even sacred meanings, which made them more universal in their application. Nor are such significations wanting in our own times. Thibet has its sacred alphabet; Dacotah its magic letters. Similarly the Christian associates the Alpha and the Omega with feelings of reverence; and the Jew has a characteristic veneration for his, *j*, *h*, and *v*, the radicals of the noun Jehovah, which he held to be too sacred for expression. As many of these characters were not understood by the masses, they were submitted to strange interpretations, and were sources of ambiguity, that was increased when, by reason of rapid execution, and contiguity, their original forms were not strictly preserved. This circumstance made a definitely established, and generally attainable system of writing more and more desirable. At length a phonetic system was adopted. Then mind spoke to mind through the medium of represented sound. The characters were indicative not of figures, but of the words that signified figures. These idiographic letters were signs of ideas. The process of conception was this: the marks symbolised sounds, the mind associated the latter with the idea they were known to represent. After a short time these representations became too numerous for convenience. Repetitions were unavoidable. Then it was that efforts were made to assimilate signs to the elementary sounds of the human voice, which are not above forty in number. Eventually the undertaking succeeded in the construction of an alphabet. As a product of the inventive genius of man, letters have been attributed to Adam, Seth, Memmon, to Mercury, and even to Prometheus. But more authentic sources give the Phœnicians the credit of the triumph. Our term *alphabet* is of Greek origin. It comes from the names of two letters which took precedence in their arrangement—*Alpha*, *Beta*. Similarly we speak of our A. B. C. It has been conjectured that the Latin name *elementa* was formed from the letters, *l*, *m*, *n*, which may have stood at the head of the list.

The invention of letters being of almost pre-historic date, we fail to trace them to their original significance, but it is evident that some of them had a resemblance in form to an object whose sound they symbolized. It appears that the Greek character *Xi*, *X*, was intended to represent the teeth of a saw in form, and the sound of that same instrument when cutting; that *Psi*, *PS*, as its shape indicates that of a drawn bow and arrow, was designed to indicate a sound akin to that of an arrow's whiz. It is more than mere imagination to attribute the form of *Beta*, *B*, to the closed lips, that of *Omikron*, *O*, to that of the open mouth. *Tau*, *T*, has the appearance of a hammer, and represents the clink of a concussion. *S* or *Z*, symbols of a hissing noise, assumed the appearance of a snake.

We name our letters from the sounds they represent. It was different in the primitive alphabets. Each character in the Semitic languages had an appellation derived from the object of which it was a rude approximate representation. In course of time this resemblance was partially lost by reason of modifications for facility in writing and convenience in joining those whose positions were contiguous. But in old inscriptions the characters retain their original shapes, and give evidence to the history of their changes.

The A of the Egyptian was aquiline in its form and was called *achon*—eagle. The general contour of his C, was similar to that of a goat and it received the appellation *Ca*—goat. In like manner the Phœnician modelled his A from the head of an ox, and designated it *Aleph*, ox. B assumed the appearance of a tent and took the name *Beth*—house. C, the Semitic G, derived its form from the Camel's back, and was called *Gimel*, camel. H they constructed of two upright bars with a third on the top placed horizontally, and from its likeness to a door termed it *He*. K from its crescent was called *kaph*, the palm of the hand. S constructed like a double tooth was named *Shin*, tooth. While the Phœnician and Hebrew were living languages the speaker supplied his vowels *viva voce*. To facilitate their reading and acquisition, after they ceased to be spoken, a syntax of vowels was added. However it was different with the Greeks, for when they got their alphabet from the Phœnicians they added vowels to it. Now the significance of the names was lost, yet the names themselves with slight modifications were retained. *Aleph* become Alpha, *Beth*, Beta, &c. The advantage of names for the characters is manifested in the vowels of the Grecian alphabet. These they received from their quantity. Short *e* was designated *Epsilon*—*e* (psilon). Long *E* they called *Eta*. It was formed by doubling the former. So also short *o* was termed *Omikron*—*o* (mikron)—*o* (little). Long *o*, which was merely a reduplication of *Omikron* received the name *Omega*, *o* (mega)—*o* (great). But if I continue this dry article further the ohs! of the readers of the *Gazette* will be greater than those of the Athenian. So here I stop.

BULIS.

#### ITEMS.

— More than fifty American Colleges are now open to students of both sexes.—*College Argus*.

— More than two hundred students of the German universities, it is said, have been killed in the war.—*College Courant*.

— The aggregate national endowments in the cause of education in the United States amount to 79,566,794 acres, or 124,323 square miles—a land surface about equal to the combined areas of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Massachusetts, Vermont, and Connecticut.—*Madisonian*.

— The absorbing topic of the astronomical world of science is the approaching transit of Venus, which will take place on the 8th of December, 1874. By it, owing to the great improvement in optical instruments, and to the greatly improved methods of observation, many of the most important problems relating to the distance, size and density of the sun, and all the "hosts of heaven," will be corrected and ratified.—*Mont. Witness*.

#### BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF A SNOW-FALL.

Softly, softly while we slept,  
Came the snow-flakes quietly down—  
Came, and sorrowfully wove  
A shroud of white for the buried town.  
We rose with feelings eager and intense,  
And hired a middle-aged Anglo-African shovelist,  
To clear our side-walk off for fifty cents



# Dalhousie College Gazette.

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THE family is acknowledged to be the foundation of true society and the model for government. In its experience, wisdom and love rule over youth and waywardness; the gentle are encouraged, the bold checked; the ignorant taught and all prepared for the stern duties of the great world beyond home. The boy is said to be father to the man, and according to the training of youth will be the actions of mature life. The atmosphere of a father's house lingers long about the child for good or evil. The tender pressure of a mother's hand has been felt and obeyed years after that loved one had passed away; her lessons spring up in memory at every crisis of life. Family influences never leave us.

We are led to such thoughts as these from considering our *Alma Mater* in relation to her *Alumni*. The University becomes to the student his literary home; around it cluster associations which can never die; the habits acquired within its walls, and the new nature there assumed cease not till the scroll of existence is rolled up forever. When his course of training has ended the scholar leaves the College and enters the world, to apply and practice what he has learned. He carries his knowledge to the emporium of trade or employs his logic in legal argument; medicine may call him to heal the nations, or he may become a teacher of our holy religion. One here and one there our *alumni* are borne to their diverse spheres of ac-

tion. Yet there is a common ground on which they can all unite—they are of one great family, with one benign foster mother. There is a feeling of brotherhood between all fellow-collegiates which clings to them everywhere. They love to renew their old acquaintance and recall scenes of the past, to sing the old songs of years ago and rehearse stories which can interest none but themselves. In order the better to enjoy such intercourse there is usually in connection with every University or College an Alumni Association which, by meetings and interchange of thought and feeling, preserves fresh the memories of student life; and, in every way, by word and deed endeavours to forward the best interests of the Institution which created its members. Those whom such a society would convene are both scholars and practical men of the world: they know the opinions of the public, they understand the position of education, and are thus fitted to place them on proper relations by showing what the youth of the land should study, and also pointing out the claims which Halls of learning have upon the country's wealth.

We would by its agency assemble the wisdom, business knowledge and, as genius reaped its merited reward, the wealth of our graduates; we would evoke schemes for enlarging our revenues, increasing the number of students and giving every encouragement to the deserving among both Professors and Undergrads; we would more and more connect the interests of the University with the thoughts of *Alumni*; our name would be known more widely, and the field of our labors enlarge with the passing years. Though the importance of such an Association has been felt for some time, the youth of Dalhousie and the consequent paucity of its *Alumni* have deterred us from noticing it hitherto. But we think the time has come when the material may be prepared for erecting such a bulwark to our own loved College. The present roll of graduates bears some twenty-six names, with the prospect of large accessions in the advancing classes; and, if a majority of them could be collected, a commencement might be made, which, though humble, would, we are confident, be soon succeeded by vigorous growth and power. We would not be hasty in this matter, but if practicable, we would like to see some attempt made at the closing of the present term.

Let those interested give the question their consideration, and decide whether or not the time has arrived for action. We would be glad to hear from any of the *Alumni* scattered abroad; and from a comparison of many views reach some ground for safe effort. We have hinted at the subject, and having fulfilled our intention, leave the matter with our intelligent readers.

CHORUS FOR ELOCUTIONISTS.

The pharynx now goes up;  
 The larynx, with a slam,  
     Ejects a note  
 From out the throat,  
 Pushed by the diaphragm.—*Ex.*



## ADVENTURES IN THE NORTH.

(Concluded.)

Having seated herself beside her "brave," she began in her native tongue to talk most fluently and marvellously fast, like one continued succession of syllables without regard to commas, semicolons, or capitals; and the sounds were so different from anything I had ever heard that I thought it would be utterly impossible to represent them by any imaginable formulæ; but still he seemed to understand it all and was evidently pleased at her ability to imitate that virtue attributed to other ladies; for he only listened and bowed assent, but did not slip in a word, nor with all his slyness could he have done so had he tried. I listened most attentively to catch the subject of conversation but all in vain; not a word could I understand, not a gesture could I interpret until a hornet in passing gave her a delicate touching hint, either by accident or through envy, indicating to her that she was not the only one that had a tongue and could use it. Such a countenance expressive of mingled surprise and pain is more easily imagined than described, and though I concealed my mirth by an excessive use of my handkerchief, my hilarity though involuntary was so demonstrative, that the stump on which I sat shook to its centre. "Savage creature that," said I, with a sympathising look, concealing my merriment. "Yes," was the reply, accompanied by some Indian epithet which I cannot begin to spell. I embraced the opportunity of asking some questions about the beasts, both wild and tame, that once inhabited this place, and of the method of capturing them, until I could understand *his* English, by comparing his answers with what I thought were the correct ones. At first my efforts to imitate their English were amusing to them; their idioms and accents I tried to copy but sadly failed, which I could plainly see by their mutual glances and comical grins; but becoming more familiar with their dialect, I could follow him as he related, in promiscuous episodes, the history of his country and the exploits of his countrymen.

He could look back to the time when that settlement was commenced, though at this time it was counted an old one, and could remember distinctly the first white specimen of infant humanity which that country produced. The fields which spread out before us clothed with grass and covered with flocks basking in the sunshine, were often traversed by him, when the tall pines and slender firs pierced the air to an astonishing height; when the timid deer darted away at his stealthy approach to conceal itself in some neighbouring thicket. He remembered when Reynard might search in vain for a domestic feast, and Bruin would prowl about to no purpose in hopes of finding sheep. It was not until later times that these gentlemen could afford to indulge in such luxuries. The bay beside us he had seen covered with the bark clad fleet of the forest tribe, assembled there to take part in aquatic carnivals, or upon the shore to join in their sylvan sports, to enjoy their sumptuous feasts and unite in singing their inspiring war-songs; and though the time has long passed since the horrid whoop brought hundreds of eager savages to attend its summons, ready either to repel a hostile tribe or attack a peaceful friend, yet fresh in his memory were the exploits of his parents in quarrels with other tribes. How his warlike instinct was aroused as he related the part his father took in a battle with the Mohawk, when the hostile savages with painted bodies and poisoned spears confronted each other and then rushed together with hideous yells! The Micmac was of course victorious, defeating the enemy, driving them from their hunting grounds, and chasing them far up into the Canadas. And by his account, so thoroughly were they

expelled, that during his long life and extensive wanderings, he only saw a solitary Indian of the Mohawk tribe. He had been in New Brunswick with some of his kind and they were camping on the Northern shore. He with two more went to hunt and were away about a fortnight, when having separated from the rest "his path got lost," and after some unsuccessful efforts to find it, he determined to take a general direction to their camps. For two days he travelled with very little to eat, and was the second evening about resting for the night, when through the trees he saw a little smoke rising, and approaching very cautiously he saw stretched on the ground before him an Indian in a foreign garb, fast asleep, with a rifle and some hunting apparatus by his side. He knew he was a Mohawk and was very much alarmed, for he thought he was near a company of them on their way to invade his tribe. After considering for some time the circumstances, how the sleeper was equipped as a hunter, not as a warrior, and that, man for man, he was able for any of them, he made known his approach and inquired of their "whereabouts." He seemed confounded for some time and then related how he also had missed his companions and was looking for a starting point to return, at the same time requesting our friend Mic. to remain with him for the night, as both had a common cause. That night they related to each other their adventures and planned their journey for the next day, the stranger agreeing to accompany Mic. to his camp if it could be found; and then they gave themselves up to sweet repose, and slept as only Indians can on their "mother's bosom."

As the day dawned the hunters began to stir, and girding on their armour they travelled for that day without seeing any game, but towards evening Mic. recognised the features of some of the trees, which indicated that they had about a day's travel yet before them, and having prepared an ample couch of amputated boughs, for their wearied limbs they retired with the satisfaction that on the morrow they would reach their place of destination. The "red man" called Mo., questioned Mic. about the country and the game, asking how he liked the "pale faces," telling him in eloquent tones the wrongs of the Indians, and taunting him for submitting to have a "white squaw" for a chief, who allowed the "whites" to rob them of their hunting grounds and destroy their forests with axe and fire. Mic. replied that he "liked people very well," they were "kind," to him "gave Injun much present," and "missus the Queen, not allow white man to hurt him." Mo. surprised, said, "kill no Injun?" "No!" was the reply. This did not satisfy him, for he wished to find some fault or grievance against the whites, and he then accused them of burning the forests and giving them "fire-water," thinking this was sufficient reason to rise against them and expel them. He then "talked big" like many who are not Indians when there is no prospect of danger, telling Mic. in assumed official language that if he heard of an Indian being killed to send word in haste to his tribe, and in one week the forests of Nova Scotia would be teeming with Mohawks ready to have revenge and annihilate the whites. Again Mic. assured him that "white man kind," and "Injun loved Missus the Queen," and soon afterwards they passed off into the "land of dreams." In the morning they resumed their journey and arrived at the camping ground next evening. There was no small stir among the company when they recognised the stranger to be one of their hated foes, but they treated him kindly and made a feast for him, and afterwards every one of them, young and old, male and female, who could hold a pipe, joined in the smoking of the calumet for they had no "fire-water." He then departed, strictly enjoining them to send his people



notice if the whites "were unfriendly," and he would keep his word. It was afterwards conjectured, that his mission was different from what he professed, that he had "come to spy out the land" of the Micmacs, but that their kindness to him gave them favor in the sight of his tribe.

Though things which happened long before were fresh in our hero's memory, yet his frame was still robust, and his strength was not much abated. The index to the secret of his longevity was suspended to his neck by a cord in the shape of a medal. In this the charm was placed, and yet it had been taken from no secret spot, nor was it consecrated by any mystic ceremony. For forty years he had worn it, and would not cease to do so, he said, until he went west to their "hunting grounds beyond the setting sun." It was the seal of his pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors, and to this he attributed his length of days and strength of body; for he had strictly kept his vow and lived to a "good old age," while others with constitutions equally as strong had by degrees extinguished the "vital spark," which for a while had flickered with a sickly exhausted flame and had then gone out in darkness. I could have listened much longer to his anecdotes told in his novel style, but my shadow assuming gigantic proportions warned me to depart. I retraced my steps, feeling that what I had seen and heard was well worth the toil which I had experienced in my journey.

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### Correspondence.

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*Dear Gazette:*—I feel that "Harvard" has made, and is making, such great advancement in its standard of Education that I must, in writing to you, give you some idea of what is transpiring in this respect. The development of the "Elective System" has been the direct cause of these splendid changes. Let me describe it as, at present, in "Harvard." In the Freshman year there is a course of study laid down, which all must follow. Then the student, having got a fine start, is, during the rest of the course, gradually allowed more freedom in choice of studies, until, in the Senior year, no particular course is prescribed, but a certain number of hours must be filled out by electives from the wide range of studies which is offered. Sophomores must study German, Physical Science, History, Themes and Elocution, and, in addition, are allowed to choose four courses from the following subjects: two courses in Greek, two in Latin, one in Philosophy, one in Italian, three in Mathematics, one in Chemistry, and one in Nat. History. In the Junior year the requirements are Philosophy, Physics, Political Economy, Themes, Forensics, and the choice of three courses from three courses in Greek, one in Latin, two in Philosophy, two in History, four in modern languages, three in Mathematics, two in Physics, and two in Natural History. In the Senior year we must elect four courses from three courses in Greek, one in Latin, four in Philosophy, three in History, eleven in Modern Languages, four in Mathematics, three in Physics, and four in Natural History. Within a few years, the student was obliged, throughout his college course, to go through exactly what was given him, with no choice in the matter. There is no doubt but that there was much good in this system, and particularly to a certain class of students. For those who had no independent views on Education in general, or in respect to their own individual wants, a course of study, which had been thought out and framed by men who had made Education their study, was undoubtedly beneficial. But think how unjust it was to require the study of Greek, Latin and Ma-

thematics during more than one or two years of his college course, for one whose mind had been awakened to the study of Physical Science, which is so revolutionizing the intellect of men, whose study makes glorious thinking men, instead of the pedantic book-worms that used to be let loose from college upon society, and which alone makes the difference between the education of a man in the nineteenth century and that of a Christian Roman! On the other hand, if a man feels himself drawn towards either the Classics or Mathematics, he can obey his inclinations and devote at least half of his time to reading the imperishable works of the Greek and Roman authors, or to the limitless field of Mathematics. But the best of it is, that here at Harvard, "the golden mean"—Horace's "*aurea mediocritas*"—is just attained, as it seems to us. For while we have this freedom to follow that in which we are most interested, yet we are obliged to get a start in every department of study, and thus have a chance to be particularly interested in any one of them, and feel that we are not ignorant of any. This, we think, is true education. Another great change has just taken place. Besides the regular examination for admission, another examination has been established, to pass which requires a knowledge not only of the subjects of the regular one, but also of the studies, in the main, of the Freshman year. If a man pass the latter, he is admitted to advanced standing, and pursues a course of study which goes much beyond the regular course. Thus there are two courses, one for the ordinary class of students, and the other for those who aspire to a collegiate education higher and more advanced even than before. In this we most clearly see the gradual elevation of the standard of Education in the Common Schools and in the University.

Harvard is right! She seems to us to have got the start of her sister Universities, both in this and other countries, to have shaken off the lethargy in Education which still prevails in many places, and to be pressing on to the goal, upon which alone the University should fix its eyes, that of sending out into the world men who think deeply on the great problems—men who will raise mankind, and not merely be added to the number of those whose minds are filled with many words and few ideas.

HARVARD, '73.

*Harvard College, Cambridge,*

*March 2nd, 1871.*

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### COLLEGE NEWS.

#### EUROPE.

—BERLIN UNIVERSITY had 1,308 students last year. This year the number is smaller, many of the students being with the army in France.

—THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS. The Inter-University sports are settled to come off on the grounds of the Amateur Athletic Club, West Brompton, where they were held last year. The day will be Friday, March 31. Last year, it may be remembered, the boat race and the sports were held on two successive days in the middle of the week, and as the University term did not conclude until the end of the week, and several examinations likewise were pending, a large number of undergraduates were prevented from seeing either of the two contests. In consequence of the disagreeable nature of the proceedings last year, it is expected that no billiard match will be included in the Inter-University programme.







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