

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.
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HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

NEW No. 6.
WHOLE No. 76.

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DALHOUSIE
GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

NEW No. 6.
WHOLE No. 76

OUR HOLIDAYS IN CAPE BRETON.

(Continued.)

We tighten our belts and once more plunge into the wilderness. There is a pretty good footpath, good enough for a sure-footed horse, all the way. After walking fourteen or fifteen miles we reach the "Half-way House" a lonely hostel in a lonely land, but not dismal, at least not in summer; for, though situated in a somewhat bleak and treeless spot, there are green woods near and a glimpse of the dear old sea. This house was erected by Government as a resting place for travellers in consequence of lives having been lost during snowstorms on the long and dreary road from Ingonish to Cape North. We halted, of course, and had a hearty meal. The only inhabitants were a young man and his wife, and a Newfoundland dog.

Then we pushed on again. Our road lay mostly through barrens, often presenting a most dreary sight from the great numbers of old trees, which, scathed by some forest fire, are now bleached and withered skeletons, ghastly remains of the splendid pine woods that once covered the whole of this region. Interesting, however, as were these relics with their gaunt and weird appearance, our attention was principally directed to blueberries, which were in amazing abundance, and, as we had plenty time, we spared them not.

Late in the afternoon we came in sight of Enfumé, and soon after found ourselves in Ingonish. This is a fishing station. In winter it is no doubt bleak and dull, as there is little communication with the outside world, but in summer few places can compare with it in natural beauty. A noble bay, an island green and gay as a garden, with a whitewalled lighthouse, and with memorials of early settlers in the dim morning of our Nova Scotian History; a distant range of Mountains inland; and in front, towering into the evening sky, the forest-mantled shoulders of magnificent Enfumé. We expect to see Ingonish the Scarborough or the Biarritz of Nova Scotia.

Next day being joined by a clergyman travelling in the same direction we crossed the bay, and climbed the steep sides of "Smoky" as the Cape is popularly called. There is a splendid view from the summit, extending up and down the coast for miles, taking in the entrance to the Great and Little Bras d'Or, and far south the smoke of Sydney Mines, and vessels standing for the harbour.

At the time we crossed Enfumé, the Messrs McKenzie, the well known road engineers, were engaged in carrying a road over it, connecting Ingonish with the North shore and St. Ann's. The new road had just reached the summit, and from this onwards we were in no danger of losing our way. In a short time, we hope, this excellent road may be continued to Cape North. Once past Enfume there is no more difficulty.

We all stayed for the night under the hospitable roof of a farmer on the North Shore, as the settlement is called which stretches for twenty miles along the coast from the entrance of St. Ann's Bay to the base of Enfumé. We hoped next day to be able to march on to Baddeck. But alas! Thursday dawned dark, windy, and raining heavily. What were we to do? Our friend had pressing business in Sydney; we were anxious to get home. We were importuned to remain; but, as we showed a resolution to move on, our worthy host arrayed himself in his great coat, harnessed his strongest horse, and drove us eighteen miles through wind and rain to the ferry at St. Ann's. We crossed in a small boat, and bidding good-bye to our reverend companion and our kind North Shore friend, we trudged on. The rain soon ceased and the wind helped to dry our clothes. Our road lay along St. Ann's Bay, a narrow inlet about 12 miles in length. On the opposite side is a range of steep and rugged hills called Smith's Mountain. The scenery is very fine; but that is to be expected in Cape Breton.

The road was rather heavy on account of the rain, and we did not get along very fast, but a

friend drove us five miles, and we managed to reach Baddeck by day light. We made our way to a friend's house, and, to our dismay, found ourselves all limp, damp, and mud bespattered in the midst of a pleasant tea-party. We composed ourselves however, and we need not say that we enjoyed our meal heartily.

Next morning we proceeded leisurely on our way, our last days march. The morning was bright and breezy; the pretty white houses of Baddeck looked whiter than ever, and the sunshine glanced merrily on the rippling waves of the Bras d'Or. The "Neptune" with steam up was lying at the wharf, and grey dust coats, straw hats, parasols, and ribbons were crowding on board. The distance from Baddeck to Whycomomagh is 25 miles, and for the greater part of the way the road lies along St. Patrick's Channel, one of the numerous *diverticula* of the Bras d'Or.

We cross the mouth of the Baddeck River, stealing silently among weeds and water lilies; far off to the right rise the blue mountain tops where it has its source, and which we had seen on our southern horizon from the Margaree Barren.

Then we cross Middle River and loiter on the bridge to gaze down through its glassy bosom into the underworld of leafy bank and fleecy sky that seems as far below as the reality seems above. The Indians call the river Wagamatcook, and they have a grant of land at its mouth. We pass several of their wigwams. They do not farm, and so the road lies for some distance through thick wood, very hot and stifling to a pedestrian in warm weather. Some miles up the river, however, is one of the finest agricultural districts in the country.

We jog leisurely along, and Salt Mountain, which has been in sight most of the day, appears more distinctly. While trying to explore the profound depths of a plaster hole lately fallen in close to the road we heard the sound of wheels and lo! our worthy Thomas, come to meet us! and as we drove slowly along beside the beach we saw a cloud of dust rising away in front and some one with a grey horse driving towards us. It is Mac, for he driveth furiously. He has come to meet us too. And soon we are at the base of Salt Mountain, and, sweeping through arcades of trees with the afternoon sunlight streaming down through their delicate leaves, we round its rocky sides and are in Whycomomagh.

A more beautiful spot is not easily found. The houses are built along the shore of a fine bay, from which the ground slopes upwards on

all sides to form a perfect amphitheatre of hills. On one side Skye Mountain rises, shaggy with woods and seamed with dark ravines. On the opposite side Salt Mountain with bare green forehead dips down precipitately into the Bay. And in the Bay lies Indian Island, a cone of green. Across the water is the low alluvial land of the Basin of River Denis, and beyond rise the breezy uplands of the North Mountain.

No one should pass through Whycomomagh without climbing the Salt Mountain. The view from the summit is very fine. On one side the village lies at our feet and the bay grows dark under the shadow of Skye Mountain. Far away to the North-West are the Mountains of Cape Mabou, and a wide spread forest. On the other side the whole Bras d'Or Lake with its innumerable winding channels and irregular bays is full in view, towards the west lies the wide low valley of River Denis, and in the distance the faint outline of Cape Porcupine, and the hills on the Nova Scotian side. At sunset on a summer evening on Salt Mountain, it is a glimpse into the land of Faery.

So our excursion ended. And we would advise any Dalhousian who has a few weeks to spare in the summer, to get a knapsack, a pair of stout boots, and an oaken staff, and take a good long walk. Abjure the railway, the steamboat, and the stage waggon, and use your limbs. The ineffable delight of striding along free and easy, unharrassed by thoughts of railway tickets, and steamer fares, and punctual coaches, of feeling your legs grow firmer and more springy from day to day, of stopping when you like to rest, or to enjoy a bit of scenery, or to bathe in some stream or bay; the secret unspeakable luxury of being out in the free fresh air from rosy dawn through golden day to purple twilight; of seeing hills rising blue in the distance before you in the morning and sinking blue in the distance behind you at night; all these things make a walking excursion one of the events to be looked forward to with delight and remembered with pleasure. No doubt there are difficulties, and there are some disagreeable things. Rain may soak you, and weary miles of mud may tire you, dust may blind your eyes, your feet may blister at first, and it may take all your pluck to carry you on in that case. But these things are easily forgotten, and when in memory you walk your old tours over again or recall them to make an article for the GAZETTE, *forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

JOHANNES.

MARTIN LUTHER.

READ BEFORE THE KRITISOPHIAN SOCIETY BY R. L.

As we gaze on the myriads of characters which history presents to us, ranged one above the other in the order of greatness and true nobility, we see far up in the scale, Deutschland's greatest son—Luther. If true greatness of character can be estimated by the impressions made on succeeding generations by deeds or words, or by the admiration and love which they call forth, then Luther is deserving of a place among the highest. Erasmus was a man much admired for genius and learning. He was far seeing and could well predict the effect from the cause. But he lacked courage. He feared to acknowledge the opinions which he knew to be right, and crouched before the superior power of his adversaries.

Luther not only possessed the learning and shrewdness of his contemporary, but he was also courageous. He never feared the face of man. He even did not shrink from a combat with the devil. For we are told that on one occasion, when his body was reduced by close application, and his nervous system somewhat shattered, he imagined he saw the grim ruler of darkness enter his study. Nothing daunted, he picked up his ink bottle—probably the only available weapon—and hurled it at his supposed enemy. Whether he struck him or not I have not been able to ascertain, but judging from the quantity of ink splattered on the wall he must have got slightly baptized with that element.

It is not our intention to treat of Luther as a Reformer or as a Theologian.

Martin Luther was born at Eisleben in Lower Saxony on the 10th November 1483. He was not born with a "silver spoon in his mouth." His father was John Luther, who, after his removal from Eisleben, became a miner at Mansfeld.

Luther was not destined to glide smoothly in at one end of life and out at the other. He found life a stern reality. As we have already hinted his parents were poor. He himself says they were originally indigent, that his father was a poor wood cutter and that his mother carried the firewood in her arms. Through strict honesty and industry their circumstances improved at Mansteld till before the close of John Luther's life we find him occupying the position of Councillor of the town in which he lived.

Of Luther's early days we know very little,

but what we do know is characteristic. His strong will and impulsive nature early showed themselves. We are informed that he was flogged as often as fifteen times in one day, at school. But whether this can be attributed to the waywardness of the boy or to the disposition of the school-master is a question. For if the severity of those times exceeded the severity of 80 years ago, as much as the severity of 80 years ago exceeds that of our time, the master would do little else but flog. Martin was sent to school at a very early age, for we find that a young man named Emilius used to carry him in his arms. Shortly after, when Luther was able to walk to school, feeling the want of something in his arms Emilius married Luther's sister. At home, as well as in school, Luther was severely treated. His father was one of those men who believed that human nature, no matter how constituted, could not improve without the rod. Luther himself says that his mother, although a kind hearted woman, at one time whipped him till the blood came. And this was nothing to the harshness of his father. Poor Luther! His school days were not happy days.

As Martin grew older he showed signs of great aptness and perseverance in his studies. Accordingly his father determined that he should have a better education than the schools of Mansfeld could afford. He was sent to Magdeburg to a Franciscan School.

While at home Luther's chief care was to slip about so as to escape the anger of his father or his teacher. His food and raiment were supplied by his parents. Now at the age of fourteen he was cast upon the sea of life to stem the tide alone. Poverty curbs the ardent spirits and well nigh smothered the tender sympathies of the boy. He was here compelled, in common with many others, to beg from door to door. It was their custom to go about the streets in bands, singing. Who, then, would have thought as he gazed upon the face of that poor barefooted boy, that within those tattered shreds moved the soul and body of him who was destined by his voice and pen to make the greatest potentates of Europe tremble. After spending one year at Magdeburg Luther removed to Eisenach. Here he experienced the same hardships as before, until a kind hearted lady, the wife of Conrad Cotta, struck by the beauty of his voice, and his interesting appearance gave him a home in her own house. It was in view of this act of kindness that Luther wrote those striking words, "There

is nothing on earth sweeter than the heart of a woman in which piety has fixed its abode." Here Luther remained until his 18th year, when he exchanged the school of Eisenach for the University of Erfurt. He now applied himself with his natural energy to the study of classics and of the philosophy of the middle ages. Afterwards he had the greatest aversion to the scholastic system. It is said that he trembled when the name of Aristotle was pronounced in his presence, and even went so far as to say that if Aristotle were not a man "he would not hesitate to take him for the devil." Luther made the most of his time at college, and his spare moments found him in the library, poring over the books, of which there was a large collection for those times. Here as in previous places he attracts attention. He had a retentive memory and a vivid imagination, Melancthon says of him that "all the University admired his genius." Luther possessed a deeply religious soul. He frequently invoked the Divine blessing on all his labours. Every morning he began with prayer, and he used to say that to pray well "is more than half way to studying well." Luther was the leader in his college, but his success did not make him proud nor cause him to forget the Hand that was guiding him in all his actions. He graduated at the age of twenty; after this he began the study of civil law, intending to advance himself by pleading at the bar. But his was not a mind contented to confine itself to one branch of study. He was continually pressing his investigations into all subjects. His mind was ever open to impression. About this time several events occurred which altered his plans for the future. His discovery of the Old Latin Bible in the library at Erfurt, and its perusal, the sudden death by assassination of his fellow student Alexis, and his own narrow escape from death during a thunder storm, wrought on his mind and produced a melancholy which wasted his frame, and brought on illness which almost proved fatal.

Who is that standing by the door of yonder lonely monastery seeking admittance? The flush of youth is still on his cheek, while a calm lofty determination, with perhaps a shade of resignation, sits upon his brow. Can that be Luther? Is that the man who a few months before was ardently pursuing his studies, and whose genius was fast carrying him to the highest pinnacle of fame? Yes, that is Luther. Conscience has spoken, and though strong willed and self willed he dare not resist. Well will it be for

us if, in choosing our professions or occupations, we listen to the voice of an enlightened conscience. Pity the man who shapes out his own course regardless of the leadings of Providence. Luther standing at the gate of the monastery with no earthly companions but Virgil and Plautus is not much to be envied, but Luther giving up all hope of fame and renouncing the society of friends and kindred for conscience sake, is a man whom higher beings than men love to contemplate.

Luther remained in the monastery two years. This period of his history we must discuss in as many minutes. While here the Master of Arts had to perform the most menial service. Although his heart was set on his studies, he found little time to enjoy them. At first his business was to open and shut the gates, wind up the clock, sweep the church, and clean the chambers. As soon as this was done '*cum sacco per civitatem*'—"through the town with the bag" cried the brethren.

The highest aim of his life at this time was to attain to holiness. To this he appeared to make all other purposes subservient. It was to attain this he had entered the monastery. For this he denied himself all social pleasures, and even refused to take that amount of sleep which nature required. His food was of the sorriest kind and often very little of it. His friends have known him go for four days without eating or drinking.

In after years, speaking of his fastings in a letter to Duke George of Saxony, he said, "If ever monk had entered heaven by his monkery, surely I should have so entered it."

The following is a description given of him at this time. "He was a young man of the middle height, worn with study, abstinence and watchings till you might count his bones; his eyes, which at a later period were compared to those of the hawk were sunk and dim, his gait was melancholy and his look betrayed a soul harassed by a thousand conflicts, but strong and resolute to resist."

In the year 1507, at the age of 24, Luther was ordained to the office of the ministry. As a preacher he was eminently successful. His voice was clear and sonorous, his general appearance attractive, and his knowledge of the Bible extensive. Above all his affectionate manner and earnest tones won the attention of his hearers. Crowds flocked to hear the young preacher. It was about the beginning of the year

1509 that Frederick Elector of Saxony founded the university of Wittenberg. Staupitz, Vicar General of the Augustine monks, was instructed to get the ablest men in the land to fill the chairs. Luther was at once recommended to the chair of philosophy. This situation he accepted and held during the remainder of his eventful life. In philosophic teachings he discarded the scholastic doctrines and appealed rather to reason than to authority. During this year he received the degree of B. D. and subsequently the degree D. D. It is from this time that the most eventful part of his life dates. It was during the Reformation that his great genius and force of character shone with such brilliancy.

We have now brought Luther up to manhood. We found him in a poor cottage in Eisleben, and twenty-six years after we see him filling the chair of philosophy in the university of Wittenberg. Eight years ago he was a poor despised beggar on the streets of Erfurt now he is the honoured Dr. Luther.

Straitened by the rules of our society I pass over thirty-seven years of strife and mental warfare. It now remains for us to consider the closing scenes of his life.

His last days were spent in comparative quiet, in the performance of his professional duties and in writing controversial and religious works. About the beginning of the year 1546 his health began to give way. On the 17th February he felt unwell and laid himself down on a couch. He spoke with calmness of his approaching death. Towards evening he grew much worse. It was plain to all that the "silver cord" was soon to be loosed. The soul must "return to God who gave it." His death was such as might be expected from his life. "Rev. Father" said a friend who stood beside him, "Do you die in the faith you have taught?" His last effort was to answer "Yes."

Dr. Luther's literary works both in Latin and German are voluminous. Among these we might mention his "Table Talk"—*Tischreden*—and "Letters." His greatest work was his translation of the Bible. We may quote one passage from his "*Tischreden*" which shows at the same time his style, and his manner of dealing with Princes. Dr. Erasmus, when about to preach in Brandenburg, wished Luther to prescribe a form and manner of preaching before the Prince. This is the Doctor's reply, "Let all your sermons be as simple as possible, and do not consider the Prince but the rough, unlearned people, let the Prince,

be what he may. If I in my sermons were to consider Philip Melancthon and other doctors my preaching would do no good. On the contrary I preach in the simplest manner to the unlearned and it pleases all. If I know Greek and Hebrew and Latin, I reserve it till we scholars meet again; we then make such a mess of it that God himself is quite astonished at it."

Luther has written some excellent poetry. His well known hymn commencing,

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott"

is as well known to the Germans as the Twenty-third Psalm is to Presbyterians.

Time will not allow us to quote further from his works. His character we may sum up in few words. He was sincere, earnest, warm-hearted, kind, and generous, ever zealous for the truth. He spared not his antagonist if he was powerful, but towards the weak he was lenient.

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DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

EDITORS.

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

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DURING the past few years a good deal has been written about our Colleges; and the feeling almost universally expressed has been one of great dissatisfaction with the present state of higher education in this Province. All thinking men, even some of the supporters of sectarianism, confess that a change would be desirable. We need not, therefore, spend time in proving the necessity of reform. The causes of dissatisfaction and the best means of removing them, will form the subject of this article. As we are able to touch but briefly even on the most important points, we crave the close attention of our readers. They will not meet with much originality or with many arguments, because we think that in this case nothing can be so convincing as a simple statement of facts.

The total number of students in Arts in this Province is about two hundred and fifty, of whom nearly one hundred attend Dalhousie. The rest are divided among five denominational colleges, giving an average of about thirty to each college, or eight to each class. Very little competition can exist among so small a number. This lack of healthy rivalry, combined with a practically exclusive sectarianism, tends to create narrow views and sectional feelings, to produce careless and inaccurate thinkers, and, by inspiring successful students with exalted ideas of

their attainments, to weaken or destroy the whole benefit of a college training. That such are the effects of the working of small sectarian colleges, has been frequently attested by careful observers in different countries. They are the natural results of a system in which the educating influence of numbers—an influence which cannot be over estimated—is a thing unknown.

To increase the number of their students some of the colleges are led to relax the strictness of their matriculation examinations. In the fear of losing the few they have, they so lower their standard of instruction, that, by their own confession, no student of theirs has failed at an examination for several years. They make the case still worse by publishing very elaborate and difficult curricula, thus adding deception to inefficiency. We do not, however, blame them very severely for this conduct; it is the inevitable result of a baneful system. This general defection from a high standard is not carried to the same extent in all the colleges, and hence the value of Degrees is necessarily different, and the Government, knowing that some are worth nothing, to avoid an invidious choice, has up to this time refused to recognize any. Many of our best graduates have been thus induced to leave the Province, and give other countries the benefit of their talents. Besides thus emasculating collegiate education, these small colleges divide and distract public attention. When we see so many claimants and so little merit, we cannot wonder that our Universities receive few donations and bequests, that they are little thought of at home and almost unknown abroad.

Such rottenness in the state of our higher education is a very serious matter. Our readers will not look at it more complacently when they learn its cost. It is not too much to say that Nova Scotia pays annually for the present miserable system a sum, nearly double of the amount which would support efficiently a Provincial University, capable of giving four times the number of students attending all our colleges an education worthy of the name and of this Pro-

vince. Six buildings, six Boards of Governors, six Faculties of Professors, six libraries and sets of scientific apparatus, and six janitors are at present required for a work which one University could do much more effectually. Take the single case of the Professors. Giving an average of five to each college, and a salary of \$1,000 to each Professor, we find their annual cost to be \$30,000. This is a very moderate computation, yet it would every year give the new University \$2,000 to increase the library and improve apparatus, a prize fund yielding \$1,000 to each class, ten Professors at a salary of \$2,000 each, and leave \$4,000 for other purposes. We might go through the whole list with similar results, but leave the calculation to our readers. We do not think that enough money is at present expended for college purposes, but we maintain that the funds supplied by the people are squandered in the most extravagant manner, and that this waste is the direct result of a system of small colleges.

Two plans have been proposed to remedy these evils. Some persons think that the establishment of a Board of Examiners for the whole Province would be intrinsically the best measure, and many think it would be the most expedient. The power of conferring degrees would be taken from all the colleges and given to this Board, forming what is usually called a Paper University. This plan would extend the field of competition, would tend to raise the standard of education, and by subjecting all graduates to the same tests, would enable the Government to do its duty by giving degrees some practical value. Our readers, however, will easily perceive that this measure would not remove the most serious disadvantages of the present system. The best results of rivalry among students, the daily contact of mind with mind, and the stimulating influence of numbers, would not be secured. The expense would be largely increased. The scheme, if carried out, would stand in the way of a much more beneficial design—the establishment of a Paper University for the whole Dom-

inion. Finally it would be altogether inefficient, because the small colleges have not the means of giving a proper education, and the standard of examination cannot be raised higher than the standard of instruction. The more carefully we examine the proposed remedy, the greater is the difficulty we have in imagining how any man, really acquainted with the defects in the present system, can advocate so abortive a measure.

The other plan is the founding of a new Provincial University, giving it alone the power of granting degrees in Arts. Dalhousie is such an institution in everything but resources, and these are too small even for its present circumstances. Even if the \$7,000 now wasted in Government grants to the small colleges, were given to Dalhousie in addition to the amount which it now receives, the limited size of the building would render the endowment of little use. The most feasible plan, therefore, it seems to us, is to realize as ample a sum as possible from the buildings and lands now belonging to Dalhousie; to add to this from the Provincial Treasury, as large an amount as the Government should deem it proper to expend; calling, if necessary, upon the friends of education throughout the Province to make up the deficiency; with the funds thus supplied to erect in some convenient situation, a building adequate to the requirements of a Provincial University for several years to come, and in such a manner, that additions could be made to it in future without marring its architectural symmetry. The Provincial grants now received by the small colleges would be given to the new University, together with the small annual produce arising from the invested funds of Dalhousie College. In addition to these a small yearly sum would be required from the Government to keep the Institution in efficient working order. A Board of Governors would be appointed, holding office for life or satisfactory performance of duties. It will at once be seen that the measure thus roughly sketched would do away with every one of the evils which we have mentioned. By

bringing together two or three hundred students every year, it would afford a comparatively wide field for emulation. By putting an end to the ruinous competition for students which now renders our small colleges little better than advanced high schools, it would serve to raise the standard both of matriculation and instruction to a respectable level. It would enable degrees to be conferred, which the Government could have no difficulty in recognizing. In comparison with the results achieved it would cost less than one half of what the present system squanders. It would give this Province a University which could rank among the best on either Continent, by endowing which our men of wealth could do honor to themselves, and of which Nova Scotians in every part of the world could justly be proud.

These are not the only good effects sure to flow from such a University. Not only would it take away all the evils which the small colleges entail upon Higher Education; it would confer a great and immediate benefit upon these small colleges themselves. Removing from their shoulders what they now feel to be an intolerable burden, the necessity of giving their students a secular education, it would enable them to devote all their energies to the teaching of Theology, which is their proper work. Every religious denomination would profit by the change. Churches would no longer have to support, at double the necessary cost, institutions in which their sons receive a very imperfect education.

Our readers will be puzzled to know the cause which has heretofore prevented so reasonable a measure from being carried out. Strange though it may seem, the truth is that the cause lies in the bitter and determined opposition of the very persons on whom the new University would confer the greatest benefit. This opposition can be partly explained. The founders of the sectarian colleges made many sacrifices and endured many disappointments in placing them even upon their present footing of active imbecility. It is quite natural that their successors

should feel indignant at the idea of having the hardly earned grants and powers of their darling institutions taken away and given to a new University, fed and guided by the Government, which left these institutions in their infancy to struggle, almost unaided, with their difficulties. But the men who now cry down change, and uphold a wasteful and inefficient system, should reflect that they are opposing a measure certain to bring these colleges into a state which their founders would have rejoiced to see. They ought to take good heed lest the conduct which they think honourable and loyal to their church, may have its origin in no better feeling than an unpatriotic, and unreasonable prejudice.

PERHAPS the sin which most easily besets the diligent student is cramming. There are many inducements to indulge in this vice. Some students are pre-disposed to it naturally; others are lured on by ambition; and some, we fear, are sordid enough to be enticed by the hope of gain. The average student in these days cares not to think. He does not object to con over and learn by rote an idea advanced by another, but cannot bear to spend the same time in thinking out one of his own. He is eager enough to fill himself with the bread that another has procured for him, but has no desire to be independent and provide his own food. He has too much faith, and not enough scepticism. A scientific dogma is laid before him, he does not question its truth, but opens his mouth and swallows it, exhibiting as much confidence as the little fledgeling when a worm is brought it by the parent bird. Such a character, providing he has a fair share of perseverance, and a good memory, may be able to pass creditable examinations, and even carry off prizes. It is true that testing questions are often given, which bring the man of thought to the front; yet there are many cases in which the "crammer" has an advantage over the thinker.

We are every day forming habits that all through life will tend either to elevate us or

Correspondence.

DEAR GAZETTE,—

Fearing that the article on "College Morals," in last number, may be misunderstood, and wrong impressions relating to the working of our college be consequently received, I beg room for a few remarks.

Let me first say, that the opening sentence is altogether without foundation. Read it: "Probably there are those who think that the *depravity* of an *ordinary* student approaches, as near as can be, the orthodox standard of *totality*." (The italics are ours.) I deny the allegation and defy the "*alligator*" to prove it. It is not probable that there are those who think "the ordinary student" "totally depraved" in the ordinary sense of the words. Those really good old ladies who would call a person giving vent to the bubblings of an ordinarily lively spirit "totally depraved," might apply that epithet to an ordinary student; but to affirm the same in other instances, is to come near the borders separating fact from the fears of a morose disposition. Such affirmations should be suppressed on account of the undesirable impressions likely to be made on the minds of those who know nothing of college life, except what they gather from papers and college novels.

Again, unintentionally I am sure, the tendency of the article is to impress upon the minds of your friends and foes, the idea, that, Dalhousie students have special need of being warned against cribbing and *ponies*, or why speak of drawing "attention to one or two instances of defection from strict integrity and honesty which have come under the observation of the writer, ('A') and which are to some extent common among students?"

"A" speaks of Anthon's notes, and Harpers translations, of these being brought into the class room, of *books* "surreptitiously introduced into the Examination Hall." *Mirabile dictu!* How our eyes open! "*Books* surreptitiously introduced into the Examination Hall." Shades of Dalhousie, rise from your silent vaults, and avenge the insult! Any one may, indeed, take a small book in his pocket any place, without fear of discovery, but to peep at it without detection, aye there's the trouble. I was once at an examination to which a student had carelessly taken a slip of paper with a few notes, but was detected and lost the examination, but, until reading "A's" article. I never imagined that

pull us down. To some extent at least we can be just what we wish.

"Use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil or throw him out,
With wondrous potency."

Effort is good only when put forth in the right direction, and the young man who spends four years in college without in some measure training himself to habits of thought is guilty of a foolish waste of time and money. The advantages of a college course, if rightly used, help in no small degree to prepare the student for a life of usefulness; but if, instead of training himself to think, he develops into a literary or scientific parrot, he is injured rather than benefited by the instruction. We have seen students who could repeat whole pages of a text-book, and at the same time had no well defined idea of what they contained. They were very accurate, but their accuracy was not unlike that of O. W. Holmes' counting machine, "too stupid to make a blunder."

Most of our ideas must necessarily be second hand. We cannot expect much original thought from students while attending college, but there is a plain distinction between the man, who, having taken an idea from a book or professor, investigates it, understands all about it, and makes it his own, and him who merely labours to gain command of the language in which the idea is clothed for the purpose of making high marks at an examination. The former is the soldier who feels that he is engaged in a noble struggle, and looks forward with hope to the victory, the latter is the sordid mercenary who fills a man's place in the ranks, but takes no interest in the fight. They both have their reward.

We omitted to acknowledge in our last issue the receipt of a valuable edition of Swedenborg's Works, presented to the library by the widow of the late Rev. Mr. MacArthur, Universalist minister in this city. We beg to tender our thanks in behalf of the students for the gift, and to remind our friends that similar contributions will always be thankfully received.

any one would be so fool-hardy as to run the risk of taking a book into the Hall at the Sessional Examinations.

In regard to Anthon's notes, let me remark that the more attention the student pays to the valuable information contained in them, the better classical scholar will he become. Instead of wasting time in looking over several articles in a classical Dictionary to find an explanation of a custom or event connected with the lesson, he turns to the back of the book and there, finds in a few concise words the very information he wants. When the critics give different meanings to the same passage, what satisfaction can the delver expect by spending an hour over a line? Far better to read the different authorities on the point, as given in the notes.

Translations have an entirely different effect. By their use the student loses all confidence in his own powers, and will remain a stranger to the benefits of diligent study. I entirely agree with "A" so far. But at the same time I deny that I ever saw "the student, who has perhaps never looked between the covers of his Livy or Herodotus since the previous recitation, come off with *éclat*." When one translates he is invariably called upon to explain the construction and difficulties of the passage, and thus exposes any weakness for *riding*. "Sometimes detected" should read "always detected."

Yours truly,
DAVIE DODD, JR.

MR EDITOR,—

At the last meeting of the "Excelsior Society" before the Christmas holidays, it was agreed that the first Friday night after vacation should be devoted to the reading of original essays, recitations and speeches. Accordingly the Society met at the usual time and place.

Prospects at first looked very unpromising, there were but few present, some of those who had promised to aid in the proceedings, being only conspicuous by their absence. But one after another, of the members continued to drop in through the evening, so that, by the time we were prepared to dismiss, we had a pretty fair attendance. Those who were to take part in the business, you could distinguish from the rest, by a certain amount of seriousness, or temporary dignity, put on specially for the occasion, as well as by a marked increase in their facial longitude.

The programme opened with an original paper. The writer chose for his theme, "The

difficulties of selecting a subject for an essay," and described very graphically the trials to be passed through, and the obstacles to be overcome, by the would-be author, before he arrives at the wished for notoriety. Poe's "Raven" was recited in a very creditable manner, by a member of the Society.

After some well selected readings, and recitations, we had another essay on the subject, "What I know about composing." This effusion was well written, and was received with huge applause, and with such violent exercise, both of hands and pedals, as sent the ancient dust, long at rest in the cracks and recesses of the floor, flying in confusion through the air. After a few more recitations, another paper was read, and the meeting was brought to a close, by a speech, in which we were reminded that the wisest man the world has seen dearly loved the lasses, which would lead us to fear that the speaker's holidays had been badly misspent, and his logic sadly neglected.

Our meeting was not at all a failure, as we at first feared it would be; still it was not altogether what it should be, and would be too, if all the students did their duty. They are dilatory in their attendance on these meetings. Even our debates seem to be regarded with supreme indifference by many of them, and not unfrequently by those who are most in need of them. The neglect of those means of self improvement, is the very reason why so many college men, are only

"A set o' dull conceited hashies,
That gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak."

It is not only unmanly but foolish, for a man to incarcerate himself in his study room all winter with hard labour, until he is in Spring as lean as Pharaoh's kine, leaving our debating clubs to stand or fall, or be carried on by a few.

Mr. Editor, we shall not take up any more of your space just now; but we think students ought to brighten up, and mend their ways in this matter, and we hope the next entertainment the Excelsior Society gives, will be favoured with a larger attendance, and with better success than the last.

C

Two books of Eton Biography have lately appeared, full of mistakes and dulness. "We suppose Eton is meant to be thankful for these two works, and we are of opinion that Eton will survive them both."

ERRATA.

It is not our custom to correct typographical errors. We call attention to the following, which occurred in our last issue, because they might mislead our readers.

On page 49, 1st column, line 2, for *Concluded*, read *Continued*.

On page 53, 1st column, line 17, for *exuno*, read *ab uno*.

On page 60, 1st column, line 22, for *illusion*, read *allusion*.

WANTED.

THE following copies of the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE are urgently wanted.

Vol. I, all Nos. except No. 2.

Vol. II, " " " Nos. 4, 7, and 8.

Vol. III, No. 1.

Vol. VI, No. 9.

Those who have all or some of these, and are willing to part with them, would confer a favour by intimating the same to

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Dallusiensia.

WEDNESDAY, January 26th, 1 o'clock, p. m. Non sane alias excitator Janitor fuit.

It is said that a Soph went to a butcher's stall the other day and asked for two pounds of beef *as such*.

ON Tuesday, Jan. 25th, the gate of our "Janus" was closed indicative, no doubt, of a season of quiet and peace.

WE have been told that the Halifax Medical School already boasts a student who "can make any pill on earth."

A JUNIOR on hearing that Thales found the origin of all things in water, made the remark that "the solution is too thin."

OUR Janitor thinks that those students who have been trying his patience so sorely of late, have more in them than mortal knowledge.

THE evil effects of speculative philosophy are evident in the case of a Junior who neglects his work and justifies his inactivity by quoting the example of Brahm, the Hindoo deity, who spends eternity in the contemplation of himself.

A LAW has been passed in England to prevent people from plucking out the feathers of birds while still alive. In view of the approaching examination, would it not be well to extend this enactment, and provide a similar protection for all bipeds?

WHEN the practicability of establishing a law faculty in

connection with Dalhousie was being discussed by the Kritosophian Society the other night, the want of funds was urged as an objection. A Junior suggested that *finis* might be made a fruitful source of revenue.

A STUDENT who has been dipping rather deeply into metaphysics has come to the conclusion that sunlight is the source of all things. He says that the appearance of his room whenever the rays of the sun are allowed to enter is a most conclusive proof of this theory.

THE Kritosophian Society held its regular meeting last Friday evening. Several students were absent who should have been there, yet the attendance was good. Two of the members read papers which were both entertaining and instructive. They were listened to with interest and drew forth considerable discussion. The Kritosophian is more than usually prosperous this term. Debates and Essays have followed each other regularly on alternate evenings during the Session, and the interest in the meetings has been very well sustained. After a hard week's work it is a very pleasant and profitable way to spend an hour, and the student who thinks it lost time makes a great mistake. He injures the Society by his absence, but most of all he injures himself by neglecting to take advantage of so good an opportunity of acquiring the art of public speaking—a most important accomplishment in a practical age like this. It may be just possible that some of us are foolish enough to suppose that at some future day we are to grace the pulpit, the platform or the bar, by our eloquence. This is a very praiseworthy aim no doubt, yet it is quite certain, should we ever attain to such an eminence, that unless we have a large amount of previous practice we will disgrace both them and ourselves, at least for a time. There can be no better opportunity for practice than our society affords. Attend the meetings regularly, always take some part in the proceedings, and you cannot fail to be benefitted.

Personals.

JOHN R. FITZPATRICK, a general student of last year, is teaching in Stellarton.

BURGESS MCKITTRICK, a junior of '75 teaches this winter at Town Plot, Cornwallis.

ANDERSON ROGERS, soph. of last year, is at present engaged in training the juvenile minds of River John.

J. T. KENNEDY, a freshman of last year, this winter acts the part of village school master, at his home in Sunny Brae, East River.

JOHN SMITH, a general of last year has migrated to Washington Territory, and there founded an Academy which is flourishing. We congratulate our old friend on the success of his efforts in the cause of education.

B. F. PEARSON, Freshman of '73 has set a good example to some of our older friends by getting married. (J. R. Coffin, Sophomore of '73 is married.)

Notes on Education.

AT the annual examination of women at Harvard, 5 young ladies received certificates, and the Iowa State University has one female student in the Law School.

THEY should be a well-educated people in Italy, for they can get teachers at an average of \$85 per annum.

HARVARD College has received subscriptions and gifts during the year 1875 amounting to \$214,800. The total amount of funds August 31, 1875, was \$3,139,217.

THE State University of Indiana is in a most thriving condition, having 425 students in attendance. The chemical laboratory is said to be the most complete in the West.

A COMPULSORY School Bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Missouri with good prospects of passing.—Several of the most influential journals of that State are in favour of it.

A PROFESSOR in one of the Colleges of South Carolina has organized a competitive examination in Greek among the colleges in that state.

THE last graduating class at Harvard has 12 representatives in the Berlin and Heidelberg Universities; and in all about 1,400 young men from the United States are now pursuing their studies in Germany.

A BILL withdrawing all aid from denominational schools, and making education compulsory, passed the Parliament of Queensland, Australia, recently.

THE University of Wisconsin has introduced the somewhat novel feature of a "College of Letters;" where instruction is given (1) in the Ancient Classics, and (2) in Modern Classics. The University is rapidly rising among the seats of learning in the West. It has now 345 students in all its departments.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. Y. Tribune* proposes to settle the vexed question of the reading of the Bible in schools by the establishment of a State Religion in each State in accordance with the views of the majority! Is the man in jest or earnest?

BOSTON University seems to be flourishing under the very shadow of old Harvard. In its seven faculties it has 478 students of whom 102 are young women. Arrangements have been made with the National University at Athens, and the Loyal University, Rome, by which students of Boston University can receive instruction at these institutions.

THERE are at Wesleyan University 176 students, viz: 33 seniors, 34 juniors, 40 sophomores, 62 freshmen, 4 resident graduates and 3 generals. The faculty consists of 16 professors and teachers, and the library contains 26,000 vols. The experiment of co-education of the sexes is being tried there. There are eight young ladies studying there at present, distributed among the four classes.

Literary Notes.

MR. Robert Spence Watson's lectures on *Caedmon* are worthy of consideration as an evidence of increasing interest in our ancient English Literature; and certainly there is great need of such works, if it is true, as Mr. Watson says, "that the idea of English literature prior to Chaucer was new to many of my readers;" and if that, even in a Literary Society, what must be the state of knowledge among the masses? It would be well if the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, both north and south of the Tweed, would learn something of the Anglo-Saxon Homer of the sixth century and of the Anglo-Saxon Milton of the seventh,—the "Beowulf" bearing comparison with the "Iliads" and the poems of Caedmon with the epics of Milton.

MR. SWINBURNE'S latest and best poem, *Erechtheus*, has recently been published. As has before been noted in this column, it is a drama founded on Greek mythology. Eumolpus is about to invade Athens, and Erechtheus can deliver his city only by the sacrifice of his daughter Chthonia to the gods below. This is the situation upon which the whole work is built. The general conception and management of this play are eminently Grecian. In the following lines we see Time personified into that dread Fate which is so important an element in the ancient drama.

For the steersman Time sits hidden astern,
With dark hand plying the rudder of doom,
And the surf-smoke under it flies like fume;
As the blast shears off, and the oar-blades churn
The foam of our lives that to death return,
Blown back as they break to the gulfing gloom.

VOLUME IV of Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop* has made its appearance on the eve of his departure from England. It contains his Oxford Inaugural, his Rede Lecture, and his lecture at Westminster Abbey, besides "In Self-Defence," (against Mr. Darwin and Professor Whitney) and, what is much more valuable, his Essay on the Migration of Fables. It need scarcely be added that most of these Essays are on Comparative Philology.

LLOYD'S *Age of Pericles* is a work of great learning, and gives a fine view of the state of Athens during the interval between the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars. The style, however, is anything but perspicuous. Indeed in some parts it almost passeth understanding. Yet if it were in the Library some of our students would no doubt try their wits on it to advantage.

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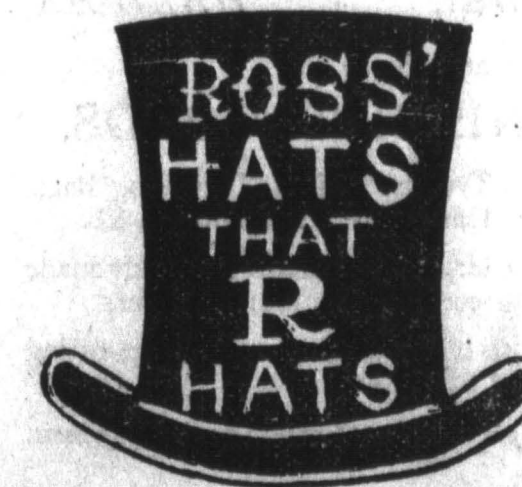
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