

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.  
OLD SERIES—VOL. X.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 14, 1877.

NEW No. 3.  
WHOLE No. 97.

## PARTRIDGE PARADISE.

“ See Naples and then die.”

THIS may be a thoroughly Orthodox course after a view of Naples, but in respect to Partridge Paradise it would be wiser to die first.

Why this range of the Nova Scotia Cobequids should be called by its present name has sorely perplexed many a weary hunter. It may have been assigned to it by some individual of a highly poetic temperament, whose imagination bodied forth the forms of partridges unknown to that locality, save at painfully irregular intervals. Or it may have been named as Mr. Squeers of *Nicholas Nickleby* named “Dotheboys Hall,”—for the sake of sound.

“ For weeks the clouds had raked the hills,  
And vexed the vales with raining,  
And all the woods were sad with mist,  
And all the brooks complaining.”

All this time, my friend Brutus and I were impatiently waiting for a fine day to visit the mountain :

“ At last a sudden night-storm tore  
The mountain veils asunder,  
And swept the valley clean before  
The besom of the thunder.”

Then with *Great Expectations* in our pocket, and great expectations in our hearts, we set out for Partridge Paradise. If the poetic gods had done me justice, I should give a description of that glorious autumn morning ; but I was shamefully neglected. A prose description is deceitful at all times, and desperately tame. Notice the following from Longfellow's *Spanish Student* :

*Victorian.* “ She lies asleep,  
And from her parted lips her gentle breath  
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.”

*Hypolito.* “ Which means in prose,  
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open.”

All day we wandered up and down the mountain-side with but indifferent success. At night we sought shelter at the Paradise settlement. A half-dozen weather-stained cabins marred the beauty of the wide-expanse of foliage. In any of these indications-of-man's-fall we could be ac-

commodated, but how were we to decide as to their relative merits? Governor Archibald, in his speech at the opening of the Colchester County Exhibition, stated that the cultivation of flowers indicated refinement and loveliness of character in the cultivator. This fact induced us to seek shelter in a cabin around which a few sunflowers had fallen prostrate before their god.

No sooner were we uncomfortably seated within, than we were driven to the conclusion that our data had been insufficient. It might do for Pip, the hero of *Great Expectations*, to conclude that his mother had been freckled and sickly because the letters on her tomb-stone were crooked ; but the hunter in Partridge Paradise should not, in so unceremonious a fashion, jump at conclusions.

Worn out by our unsuccessful partridge hunt, we were early shown a resting place. Although this was a true *Cabin of Indolence*, I should be departing from George Washington were I to say with Jemmy Thomson, that there “ was naught around but images of rest : ”

Our bed was a novelty in itself. It was founded upon four barrels—one at each corner—and as they were not fastened to the floor our couch was always on the eve of vomiting when any vigorous attempt was made to get in. It was in the very witching time of night that I was awakened by a sound resembling the click of a gun. I arose quickly on my elbow and gazed out—“ Deep into that darkness peering, long I lay there wondering, fearing ; ” but the stillness was unbroken, except when Brutus went into a fit of snoring, which made me believe in my soul that Shakespere was right when he said, “ Brutus could start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.”

Again I slept and again I awoke with unaccountable apprehensions of danger. Oliver Twist underwent a similar experience when resting in his little back room, he dreamed of the old Jew, and awoke to find this agent of the devil glaring at him through the vines which ensconced his window. I heard a deep muffled click. Our

room had most surely been entered and our lives were in imminent danger. Nothing less momentous could have suggested to Brutus the undignified thought of concealing himself under the bed—Brutus was no coward—"He dared do all that might become a man," but he prudently considered it no act of valour to fight in bed. I felt the bed move. Brutus was leaving me. No less truly was I leaving Brutus. His attempt to go under had upset the barrel—What a fall was that, my countrymen!

The whole household was aroused, and then we learned the cause of those martial sounds, which had disturbed our midnight tranquillity. A hen that had wanted to sit under the pantry shelf, had been shut in one of the bedstead barrels, and had been forgotten. Her emphatic click was no doubt an enthusiastic attempt to encore Brutus' night-melody.

"Ye who love the haunts of nature,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,"

go a-gunning to Partridge Paradise; and ye who love a barrel-bedstead, haunted in the dreamy darkness by a clucking hen, go by all means and stop all night.  
A. W. M.

### THOROUGH.

I EXPECT a very simple classification of mankind would resolve itself into two divisions—those who give advice ("a multitude that no man can number") and those who receive advice (without a squirm or grimace!—position, but not magnitude). They say Ganymede was not on Olympus an hour before he ventured to say to Jove: "Would it not be better to sling your thunderbolts sideways than straight on and—they would certainly flatten more rebels!"

They say great Zeus just gave him one special *argumentum a tergo* that sent the quivering music of the spheres thrilling along his spinal marrow till Aurora left her "saffron couch" next morning. This is Monday, however, and as I'm one of that to-be-pitied class that must work on Sundays—attribute to a gentle lunacy my daring to counsel men who enjoy "*noctes cœnasque deorum*." "Thorough" is the word. The best way to get an idea of the many peaked Alps is to climb one spur to the top, and from its summit one will learn more about other ranges than by running half way up a dozen mountains. So one or two subjects pursued well toward their "bald awful brow" will really

give the student a fairer knowledge of the field of thought than a mere pic-nicking up the sides of a greater number. It is true, if our students could be kept under collegiate training eight years instead of four, then the preliminary studies might be as sporadic as now; but where the course is so short, there should be an attempt—whether by adjustment of curriculum or special effort of students—to attain something more than a superficial knowledge of some one subject. There might be B. A. degrees of two kinds, say B. A. in Classics—including, perhaps, Philosophy and History, and B. A. in Mathematics—including Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, &c. The first two years of this course might cover common ground—the last two years should find men fighting around a higher standard than is yet reared in any of our colleges. There is too much "forgetting the things that are behind." Each year's work is consigned to the "dead past" as soon as the examinations are over, and the painful consciousness accompanies the graduate, that he might be easily tripped in an irregular Greek verb, or puzzled by a question in Surds. The whole system of cis-Atlantic scholarship seems tended to produce a race of smatterers—a kind of literary spread-eagleism, which appears ashamed to confess that it does not teach and learn everything "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand."

This digging a rat-hole here and a rabbit-hole there, never taps the springs of true Science. A classical student should certainly aim at being able to write Latin correctly, fluently, and with a fair idiomatic grace; he should expect to read Greek books, not as a task, but readily and almost unconsciously. And first in acquiring this power he will gather a vast amount of knowledge as well as that mental training which seems to me too often unduly exalted, like a buttoned up coat, to hide the nakedness beneath. To master Greek he should read carefully Plato, Aristotle and Thucydides, and their careful study would give him more knowledge of Logic and Metaphysics than is possessed by ninety-nine per cent of ordinary graduates, while history so learned, would take a grip of his mind unfelt through semi-fictional current works. Our learning of languages in College must have some radical defect. A friend of mine tells me that after six months stay in Germany he can read German with more ease than he can Latin, which he has been dabbling at in the orthodox

way for five or six years. The "*Nulla Dies sine linea*" plan undoubtedly is of great importance. Memory was called the mother of Muses: it is certainly the grand power in acquiring words. Every student should commit the best passages of both Greek and Latin authors carefully—such work is the easiest way of learning words, and the readiest method of seeing the application of rules. This daily rubbing the memory against quotations, trains the mind by a kind of instinct into the foreign idiom, and makes the acquisition of further stores more easy. It is with keen regret that I see now how little I can read of the classic authors through whom I dig my way with drill and spade. A Jewish tradition says:—"One of the things over which Diety weeps is seeing a man who can read, neglect the Book." The majority of our students *sit venia verbo*, but play at study; they are easily contented—they forget that the three pillars that marked the race-course of old, bore the words *aristene*, (be the best) *spende* (push on), then *kampson* (turn and rest); they are too often saying "I went through this and that," forgetting also to add "this and that went through me"; so far as I remember, any ordinary student might, without impairing his health, commit to memory one-fourth of the Classics read in ordinary course at Dalhousie, doing so bit by bit, as it comes up.

"Ohne Phosphor Kein Gedanke" (no thought without Phosphorus) says the German materialist. No progress without much memorizing, say I. Our knowledge must come by accretion, and memory is the hand that gathers the raw material for thought. Macaulay was asked the secret of that power which kept the table in a roar, and made him the cynosure of all eyes? Whispering in the ear of the enquirers as they ascended to the drawing-room, he uttered the word "memory." It is a very flattering unction for the student to lay "mental training" to his soul, and make "intellectual development" a plaister to allay the sting of an uneasy conscience; but College life should afford a man a larger stock of knowledge, facts, and should ballast him well for life's "tempestuous sea." Genius and mental training are of little avail without much knowledge. Their harmonious action gives highest results. "Non pugnat donum cum studio" said Melancthon, speaking of a higher power than genius. Let me then plead with our undergrads to have greedy memories, "to hunger and thirst" after all true knowledge. It

is all very well to rise to the requirements of the curriculum, but the horizon of the curriculum is by no means co-terminus with the "limits of thought." "A one-eyed man is king among the blind."

We may be giants in Dalhousie, but what questions can we answer in the world? It is easy to attain a dull mediocrity, to be "damned with faint praise" all our life. I would stimulate some of our youth to higher things.

"Ouk ho tuchōn Anēr" (no common mortal) that is what Longinus said about Moses; the Sage of Palmyra was especially struck by the opening words of Moses' book, "Let there be light." No better motto can be taken by the student, and no better example can be chosen than that of the struggling child of earth, who, wrapped in darkness on the mountain side cried, "I beseech thee show me the way," and bolder grown amid the flying mists that foretold the nearing summit, exclaimed with strengthening faith and hope, "I beseech thee show me thy glory."  
STAFFORD.

### "THE USELESS STORE."

"What worse for men can mortal men contrive  
Than thus, a hard, dead language to revive?  
Heavens! if a language once be fairly dead,  
Let it be buried, not preserved and read.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
To one huge vault convey the useless store,  
Then lose the key and never find it more."  
—CRABBE.

So you have discovered Greek to be pretty tough, have you? Well, you are not the first that has had to bridle tongue and temper while wading through the dismal swamp. Let us call upon one of the Juniors before we go home; perhaps he may furnish something for your benefit.

Just as convenient as we could wish, he has left the blind up—one would almost imagine on purpose to give us a chance to take notes. This is one of the victims of an unwise method of study. He abhors Greek, and has given to it no more attention than would satisfy his conscience and dread of the sessional examinations. Thus, his aim is to do no more work than will respectably take him through class, and, leaving as much of it as he thinks safe, he trusts to a stout cram to carry him through the stormy days of April. If the Professor calls upon him to translate the lesson of the day, he can do it

tolerably well; but if to translate last day's, or to give the parts of a verb in it, he is almost sure to fail. In going over his work, he has not patience to study until he forms clear ideas, and consequently, is puzzled in class by very simple questions, which others of less natural ability, but of greater diligence, readily answer. Then he truly feels his inferiority, and forgets that application is the greatest genius at college.

I pity him from the bottom of my heart, for the two most miserable years of my student life were spent in pursuing his method of study.

You can tell by the indolent fashion in which he turns over Liddell and Scott, and by the general expression of dullness on his face, that he has no sympathy with his dreary task. You notice his lexicon open near the middle, then he opened it near the end, but had to turn back a long way past the middle; possibly in looking for *gamma* he automatically turned up a *tau*. He has no energy; indeed is about half asleep; had he used his wits, he never would make such sorry work; half the time at that word could as easily have been saved as not. While hunting up another word, he has evidently forgotten the meaning of the last, for you see he has gone to the same page again.

You say you do the same; then take my advice, and make it as seldom as possible. It pays to master one word before looking up the next. A little pains here will save future time and provocation.

I can imagine his last look of surprise, to tell us that he has turned up a word which he met a week ago; failing to recognise it until he opened the lexicon, he is apt to call it a fraud. Fortune favors him if he will not have to repeat the process to find its meaning some half-dozen times hereafter.

Carefully store words in your head the first or second time you meet them, and you will avoid having to look for "old friends," which is the most miserable part of the study of Greek. Besides the wasted time is considerable, which means that you live miserably longer than is necessary.

There again, he violates one of the wisest rules. You should acquire the habit of keeping silence while at a lesson. He will spend five minutes or so talking, and then take five more to settle down.

Come along, we will not call. In a very few minutes he would wish us far enough. Even Job, I fancy, would be in no gentle frame of

mind, had he to study Greek in that manner. The last half of the lesson always seems twice as tedious as the first; the mind is more exhausted, and he will probably skim over the last lines with a desperate effort to finish, then slam the books and turn with a sigh of relief to more pleasant work.

However tedious it may be, always take time enough to go thoroughly over the lesson a second time. It will give you a clearer idea of the whole, and will be a clincher upon the first. Consult your future interest, and do not let your inclinations master you, but master them. Get mad and go over the lesson again. You do not detest this work more than I did. If your constitution is anything like mine, you can depend upon it that the easiest and most pleasant method is to prepare your work *thoroughly* for the daily recitations. You can easily see the reason; most of the disagreeableness comes from having to do work over again, which we might have completed at first or second attempt. Then we endure the misery so much longer by the time that is required to hunt "old friends," and, by spending half as much time again as is necessary, lounging over the book; you must use your intellect vigorously while at work, or you waste time, and will not have clear ideas of the connections and meanings of words. Not only for this reason, but also for intellectual growth, you should be induced to work at your lessons. Do not exert your intellect, and it becomes dim; whereas, on the contrary, every month should bring new strength, as well as new information. Take time to get clear ideas; but be sure to understand what you are at just as quickly as possible.

Besides being miserable, wasting time and decreasing in mental energy and strength, our friend is losing what President Porter, (I think it is,) calls the main advantage of a college course, that is, learning to do what one does not like to do—a habit which has elevated not a few, and the want of which has wrecked thousands of young men of good talents upon the very thresholds of active life.

These hints may be useful; possibly you have received just as much benefit as you would, had you got out of meeting just a step or two in advance of that other chap. Better luck, and a more delicate and congenial companion to you next Wednesday evening.

DAVID DODD, JR.

#### PERSEVERANCE.

I APPREHEND we should not be turned from our purposes by trivial difficulties. My uncle Enos used often to say to me, "When you once take a thing in hand, go through with it like a pair of scissors goes through a piece of calico." Man is acquainted with nothing which does not involve hardships; and when the hardships present themselves, it is the place of man to squash them. The habit of making a strait line for the object of one's ambition, and taking up arms against every obstacle as it comes along, has a tendency to make one eminent in some of these qualities which distinguish us from beasts.

And by succumbing, we may get ourselves into worse plights than we would have got into, had we kept to our straight course. There was once a man who did not like to travel at night upon the common roads, for fear of robbers; so he took a roundabout way through woods and rough places, and once, while scrambling through a bog, he got shot; for a sportsman took his head for that of an owl. By avoiding a fanciful harm, that man brought upon himself a real one.

Being of humble origin, our family has got no coat of arms, but my uncle Enos once said to me, that, should I ever rise in the world and be in need of a motto, he would recommend these words—"Flounder ahead." I admire the Western traveller, who, up to his knees in mud, exclaimed, "Rather than stick here, I shall carry the whole state of Indiana along with me."

M.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS EDITORS,—I was very much interested in your exceedingly pertinent remarks on Female Education. It is, perhaps, presumptuous on my part to add anything to what has been so well said. However, I think, it is so important a matter, that any light thrown upon it is not unwelcome. "Our girls" have never yet received, in an educational point of view, the attention they deserve. We have not, in Nova Scotia, one institution for the higher education of young ladies—that is, solely and purely set apart for that object. We all know the flimsiness of the accomplishments given at the average boarding-school. Dancing, instrumental music, *à la* "Life is but a dream," etiquette, flirtation, novel-reading, and the smallest possi-

ble allowance of Modern Languages (meaning inane French Conversation") are the sum total.

Now I am one of those who say "orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is another man's doxy," that is, my opinions are not likely to eventuate in thunder-bolts against Church or State. To, monarchical principles, I hold with unflinching tenacity, "The old is better than the new."

My proposal to remedy the state of education among the young ladies and boys of our province, is the establishment of what are known at Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh Universities, as "Local Examinations." The common subjects, in which all must undergo examination are, Reading, History, and Geography, Latin Grammer (optional for Female Candidates, except when taken as a special subject) Arithmetic, (including Fractions), Scripture History (not required, should parents object). Two special subjects for special Certificates are selected out of Latin, Greek, French, German, English, History and Geography, Scripture History, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Drawing and Music are extra subjects. These are the subjects of examination for Ordinary Certificates in Edinburgh University. For Honour Certificates, the examination is more advanced, and Natural Science is required. Prizes are offered, as well, as special privileges are granted to young men who matriculate at the Universities. These examinations have done a great deal to further the cause of Intermediate Education. The Principal, Professors, and some of the graduates of the University are the examiners. A fee for admission is charged. There are other conditions which space forbids me to mention. McGill College has tried the system, and it has been a benefit, in sending up to the University some of its best matriculants. Young ladies from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, Ontario, were admitted to the Examination last summer, a very large number of them being highly successful. Edinburgh University gives certificates in Literature, Philosophy, and Science, to women.

We do not know that we need go further to prove the advantages of the scheme. It has met with unqualified success in every instance. The objections, to which the Halifax University is open, do not exist here, inasmuch as it can be seen at a glance, that the cases are not parallel. Hoping you will pardon me for troubling you with so lengthy a squib, I remain,

Yours in heart and hand,

PAULUS,

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 14, 1877.

## EDITORS.

J. H. CAMERON, '78. R. MCKAY, '79.  
A. ROGERS, '78. G. W. MCQUEEN, '79.  
C. S. CAMERON, '79, *Fin. Secretary.*

## CONTENTS.

Partridge Paradise.....	25
Thorough.....	26
'The Useless Store'.....	27
Perseverance.....	29
Correspondence.....	29
Editorial.....	30
Addresses to Rev. Mr. Grant.....	32
Canadian Institute at Princeton.....	33
Is War consistent with Christianity?.....	33
Our Exchanges.....	35
Our Societies.....	35
Personals.....	36
Dallusiensia.....	36
Acknowledgments.....	36

SINCE our last issue went to press, our College, in common with the city of Halifax and the Province at large, has experienced a heavy loss by the departure from our midst of the Rev. G. M. Grant, now Principal of *Queen's College, Kingston*, and late minister of *St. Matthew's*. Principal Grant was universally acknowledged as one of our ablest men, in whatever connexion or relation he may have been considered. As a minister, he was noted for earnestness and zeal in that work which he considered the highest of all earthly labour; for the liberality of his views with regard to religious questions; for his benevolent disposition towards all charitable institutions; and for the friendly relation which he always preserved with all other Christian denominations. As a citizen, whenever any great question called for public discussion, Mr. Grant was always in the front rank, upholding the cause of progress and of truth, and displaying that broadness of view and liberality of spirit, which has always characterized him. In the cause of education, his efforts were unceasing, and his ideas entirely free from that microscopic narrowness, which characterizes so many, even of the educated classes of the present day.

We feel that by his departure, *Dalhousie* has lost one of its firmest friends and most enthusiastic supporters. As a Governor of our College, he was untiring in his efforts to increase the influence and usefulness of the Institution, to place her in her true relation to the other Colleges, and to defend her against all those who, from whatever motives, tried to injure her character or impede her progress.

Before his departure for the city, he received various fitting addresses and valuable presents from different quarters, which showed how much he himself was respected and his labours appreciated, in all his public relations. The *Faculty of Dalhousie College* presented him with a suitable address and a valuable time-piece, with a proper inscription.—He also received an address from the *Dalhousie Alumni Association*. This address is published in another column, and will speak for itself.—His own *Congregation*, as a token of their esteem, waited on him with an address, accompanied by a magnificent *Silver Tea Service*, valued at \$700. He likewise received addresses from the *Session and Trustees of St. Andrew's Church*, and from the *Directors of the Industrial School*, and other testimonials of respect.

He left Halifax on Monday the 26th November, followed by the good wishes of all who knew him. We wish him every success in his new sphere of labor, and congratulate the *University of Queen's* on their securing a man so well qualified by his thorough education and mental acumen, to fill the position of Principal; one who is sure to further the interests and increase the efficiency of the College in every legitimate way, and of whom the poet might say:

"Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life."

OUR Professor of Ethics is wont to lay down as a fundamental truth that man is a lazy animal; and whether we interrogate consciousness, which is the arbiter of all mental disputes, or observe the conduct of men around us, we are not able to derive from either source, evidence

sufficient to justify us in controverting the proposition. We would like if we could, to make an exception in favour of *students*, but truth will scarcely allow us. It is very seldom that *they* can afford to indulge in this particular vice, but whenever an opportunity is afforded them they swallow in all its depravity. For instance, when debate night comes, how prone they are to look for some plausible plea by which they can excuse their non-attendance. Were the truth told, in nine cases out of ten their only excuse would be downright laziness. The so common neglect of the debating societies by students is explainable to us on no other ground. We will admit that there may be a few bookworms who will not absent themselves from their work even on Friday night, but we think they are the fewest; indeed the spirit of charity which covereth a multitude of sins would have us believe that there are none such.

Students certainly cannot complain that they have not received abundance of good advice on this point. When we look over the *GAZETTES* of preceding years, we find the subject over and over again brought to their notice. Bushels of good counsel have been heaped on them in vain. This will not, however, deter us from further advising, in the humble hope that we may lead some of them at least, to see the error of their ways and repent. Every student will acknowledge that no part of a college training is of more importance, practically, than that which our debating societies afford. Why then are they so frequently and so regularly neglected? Because students are too incorrigibly lazy to prepare for them; and on that account the meetings become uninteresting; the attendance becomes nightly smaller and beautifully less, till finally the society collapses. Now to attempt to speak on a debate without preparation is so palpable a folly that we need not say much about it. We have frequently seen such attempts made; probably have ourselves been more than once lured into an Icarian flight of that nature. We have often heard, before now,

some "beardless boy," without a moment's premeditation, attack questions that men such as Hallam and Macaulay have failed to settle. His speech, (by courtesy so called) "roars so loud, and thunders in the index," that we think the spirit of the son of Jupiter and Maia has taken possession of him; but when we listen for a while, we find that it is *vox et praeterea nihil*. After having treated his hearers to much poor argument and worse grammar, he sits down with a smile, as much as to say,—there now, if you are not edified it is no fault of mine. He feels the consciousness of having done his duty, and is happy. Evidently also his "sixth sense, that of vanity," is luxuriating on the idea of his self-importance. Let us not abuse him; he has abused himself sufficiently in making such an attempt. Speaking without preparation is positively injurious. It cultivates those very faults which it should be our object to get rid of. A loose negligent style is acquired, ruinous to our prospects as effective speakers. Our aim should be, when we speak in debate, not to say a great deal in some way, but to say well whatever we do say; to speak as if the most momentous issues depended on the effect of our words. *Extemporaneous* and *good* speaking are seldom synonymous.

Our meetings for debate will never be worth attending, till students will have learned to give careful study to the subjects to be discussed there. But we need not look for that, till they have first rolled away the stone of laziness from their doors. Let us hope that for their own sakes and that of their classmates they will do so immediately. We have referred to this matter at an early date, in order that we may keep alive, if possible, the interest which has been shown in our societies since the beginning of the session—for once dead it cannot so easily be re-kindled.

THE Editors are under obligation to the Y. M. C. A. for receipt of tickets for the Parlour Entertainment, which passed off so pleasantly on Tuesday evening.

ONE of our sister institutions has met with a severe misfortune. On Sunday evening, Dec. 2nd., about 6 o'clock, p. m., the Acadia College buildings were discovered to be on fire. The cause is supposed to have been a defective flue. The destruction of the Museum with its curiosities gathered during the past forty years makes the loss in that respect irreparable. The Academy building is left intact, and the loss on the others is partly covered by insurance. We are sorry to hear that trunks, books, &c., mysteriously disappeared even when freed from the fire.

THE Educational Association of Nova Scotia will hold its annual meeting in Dalhousie College on the 26th and two following days of this month. While noticing the meeting of this useful institution, we would call the attention of the Association to a letter which we intend publishing in next number, pointing out some defects in the English Grammar of which Mr. McCabe is the author. The criticism may be rather severe; but we have no doubt of its correctness; and we commend it to the consideration of those who may take part in the discussion on our School Books.

#### ADDRESSES TO REV. MR. GRANT.

A DEPUTATION of the Alumni of Dalhousie College, consisting of R. Sedgewick, Esq., Dr. Bayne and Dr. McKenzie, waited on Rev. Principal Grant on Saturday morning, and presented him with a handsome epergné, accompanied with the following address:—

*Farewell address to Rev. G. M. Grant, from Alumni of Dalhousie College and University:*

We, the Alumni of Dalhousie College and University, having learned of your nomination to the Principalship of Queen's University, Kingston, would take this opportunity, ere your departure from us, to offer you our heartfelt congratulations upon the honor so deservedly conferred upon you.

We desire also to testify our sense of the loss which our *Alma Mater* sustains in your removal from this Province.

As Governor of Dalhousie you have always manifested the deepest interest in its welfare, and the most indefatigable zeal in the promotion of its interests.

The Alumni, however, especially remember with gratitude the very great kindness which you have exhibited to us individually as students.

Your hospitality has led us to regard your house as a home, and personal contact with you has endeared you to every one of us.

We have found in you a warm friend and faithful counsellor—one keenly sympathetic with our ambitions, and ever stimulating us to noble aims.

Although removed from us, we rejoice to know that your name has been retained on the list of our Board of Governors, and we trust you will continue to feel a deep interest in the success of Dalhousie and its students.

We feel assured that in the new sphere of labor upon which you are entering, that combination of qualities which characterizes you will fit you in an eminent way to awaken a lively interest in the higher education of this Dominion, and to induce young men in greater numbers to devote themselves to liberal study.

To Mrs. Grant you will kindly convey expression of our deepest respect and esteem, and our desire that you may be both long spared to adorn the new position to which in Providence you are called.

Signed on behalf of the Alumni,  
ROBERT SEDGEWICK, Chairman.  
FRANK H. BELL, Acting Sec'y.

The following is Principal Grant's reply, as reported in the *Citizen & Evening Chronicle*:—

Principal Grant replied in fitting terms to the address. He expressed his unabated interest in Dalhousie and his earnest desire for its continued prosperity. He especially looked to the Alumni as those whose active support and substantial aid must be called into requisition. He urged upon them the maintenance of a loyal spirit towards their *Alma Mater*. He bespoke their earnest counsel and active aid in behalf of Dalhousie and their lively considerate sympathy with its students in their labours. He felt, however, that something more was needed than had yet been done to meet the higher educational wants of this Province, and thus it became Dalhousie in its own interests as well as *pro bono publico*, to take into immediate consideration the need of systematic scientific instruction, which was already seriously felt in this Province. And no regularly equipped institution provided that instruction. There were many to whom a course of study in Science offered greater inducements than an Arts course, many for whom Science possessed a fascination which Classics and Metaphysics never could possess. Such a course, too, would recommend itself to public support by its general utility and practicability, as well as by its high educational value. The agricultural and mining interests of the Province, the industrial pursuits and mechanical trades, would all be immensely benefited by the diffusion of such knowledge. He concluded by renewing his expression of deepest interest in everything which concerned Dalhousie and sympathy in all her efforts for advancement.

Our space permits us to insert also the address of the Faculty of Dalhousie College:—

*To the Very Rev. George M. Grant, M. A., Principal of the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario:*

We, the Professors and Lecturers of Dalhousie College and University, desire to offer our congratulations on your appointment to the important office of Principal of the University of Queen's College. We hope that you may long continue to discharge the responsible duties of your office with efficiency and success, and thus promote the cause of religion, as well as of University education, in this Dominion.

While you have acted as one of the Governors of Dalhousie College for fourteen years our intercourse with you has led each one of us to entertain towards you, personally, feelings of the highest respect and esteem, and your unwearied efforts, in the first instance, to establish Dalhousie College on the basis of the Act of 1863, and subsequently to promote its interests in every possible way, are deserving of our warmest acknowledgments. We feel that the success of the College thus far has been due in no small measure to your labors in its behalf, not

only in the active part you have taken in the internal government of its affairs, but by your efforts in various ways to represent its claims to the Legislature and the public, to make it favorably known throughout the country, to attract to it the youth of the Province, and to encourage the students in their studies. For these and the like services your name will be long and gratefully remembered in Dalhousie College by ourselves, who have enjoyed your personal friendship, and by graduates and students who have been the recipients of many acts of kindness, as well as by all who have taken an interest in the welfare of the College during your tenure of office as Governor.

JAMES ROSS, D.D., Professor of Ethics and Political Economy.  
WILLIAM LYALL, LL. D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics.

CHARLES McDONALD, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.  
JOHN JOHNSON, M. A., Professor of Classics.  
GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy.

JAMES DEMILLE, M. A., Professor of History and Rhetoric.  
J. J. MCKENZIE, M. A., Ph. D., Lecturer on Physics.  
JAMES LIECHTI, Tutor in Modern Languages.  
*Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., Nov. 20th., 1877.*

#### CANADIAN INSTITUTE AT PRINCETON.

THAT "our Boys" at Princeton have not forgotten their native country is evident from the fact that they, in common with the other Canadians studying there, have formed themselves into a society for social intercourse and mutual aid. All natives of the Dominion studying in Princeton, and graduates of Canadian Colleges are eligible for membership. All British subjects are honorary members of the "Institute." The universities in the "old country" are beginning to complain that America is drawing away her students. Seven of them are now studying in Princeton.

The "Institute" was organized some two months ago, and now numbers about twenty. The following are the officers for the present year:—

*President*, A. W. Macleod, B. A.; *Vice-Presidents*, W. N. Chambers, B. A., L. H. Jordan, B. A.; *Secretary*, J. W. Macleod, B. A.; *Treas.*, F. W. Archibald, B. A. *General Committee* to consist of:—The Secretary, D. McKenzie and W. N. Chambers.

They evidently believe in food, as well for the body as the mind, for their meetings take the form of suppers, and are held once a month. They do not, however, forget the intellectual food, as speeches and essays form part of the programme. A special meeting was held on the evening of the 31st of October, the object of

which was to celebrate Hallowe'en. Nuts and jokes were cracked in abundance, and all those other performances which go to make the celebration of Hallowe'en in true Scottish style, were gone through with. Speeches were made on all imaginable subjects, as for example, "Canada," "Scotland," "Ireland," "United States," "Cape Breton," "Princeton and her Institutions," "That wife of Mine," "Our Sweethearts," "Canadian Institute," &c. All felt that the time for adjournment came too soon. They sang "Auld Lang Syne" and dispersed.

These meetings tend to bind men together by the ties of friendship and brotherly affection, and to develop in them a feeling of patriotism. One man there, however, persists in saying that "patriotism is a humbug," and continues, in spite of all opposition, to look upon the world as an "organic whole."

#### IS WAR CONSISTENT WITH CHRISTIANITY?

"PAST is the race of Heroes." Gone forever are the days of early and glorious warfare. No longer can the courage and strength of a heroic soldier gain battles for his country, or great victories be gained by the loss of a few lives. Modern war differs very much from that of one or two centuries ago. The strength of an army now depends rather on the possession of the most efficient means of destruction, than on superior strength and skill in the use of arms. Even the grey-haired soldier of our own day, when he sees the modern inventions of war, turns with a sigh to the glorious days of the past. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel to free my fathers!" War now means not only the destruction of hundreds of thousands, and sufferings of all directly concerned,—it means desolated homes and broken hearts, commercial loss and business disaster.

Much is written in praise of the glories of war. It is a theme on which poets especially love to dwell; but such praises are sung, I think, by those who have never endured the hardships of a campaign, seen a battle-field, nor perhaps lived in a tent. There is certainly something grand and exciting in the roll of drums and clash of arms in battle. The groans of the wounded and dying are lost in the roar of artillery and tumult of strife. The warrior for-

gets, perhaps, his own peril, and the sufferings of fallen comrades till the field is lost or won.

"But when all is past, it is humbling to tread,  
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,  
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,  
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there:  
All regarding man as their prey,  
All rejoicing in his decay."

That war is a great calamity, perhaps, in one sense, the greatest calamity that can befall a nation, no one can deny; yet, that it is often necessary, the most presumptuous must admit. What would have been the state of the world to-day, had war never stained our soil with blood? To answer such a question is difficult; but that our condition would be infinitely lower is clear. We could have none of the freedom and institutions of peace which we now enjoy. Our present security, in keeping of the Empire to which we have the honor to belong, could not exist; and we would be forced to rely on ourselves alone for protection and personal safety.

To uphold the principle that war begun for any cause whatever is compatible with Christianity, is far from my intention. Wars such as that which has lately desolated one of the fairest European countries, or the late civil war in the United States, can scarcely be sustained on any Christian principle; but we maintain that in many instances wars are begun on good motives, and in most cases are perfectly in accordance with the Christian religion. We are all familiar with the speech of a class of pulpit orators, who point out a Christian life as harmless and inoffensive, and never exhibiting the least trace of anger or resentment. This class hold war to be an unmitigated evil, and utterly at variance with the great principles of Christianity; while peace is called for at any price, even though it may involve the greatest national sacrifices. Such sentiments are frequently expressed, yet they are nowhere taught in Holy Writ—the only authority we are bound to accept on the subject. Many instances of war divinely ordered occur in the Old Testament, while Christ Himself came not to send peace but a sword.

That from many wars good results arise, I suppose every one will admit; and yet many maintain that the principle of war is wrong, and in opposition to Christianity. Good results frequently follow bad actions; but in the case of which we speak, it generally happens that war undertaken from mere national interest, or for personal glory, and not upon the principle of right, fails to benefit mankind and ends in disaster.

It may at first seem inconsistent with our re-

ligious beliefs, that the sacrifice of human life is right under any circumstances; but this opinion, we think, is formed without due consideration; and a careful examination, we are persuaded, would lead to a different conclusion. To favor and protect life is of course natural, and right in most cases; but when we save our life by the sacrifice of everything that makes life dignified and honorable, it cannot be called worthy or even right in a moral view. There are circumstances easily conceivable, in which to retain existence is easy, but when by so doing we must give up all that is high and noble—everything in short that makes life a blessing. In such cases, it would certainly be more consistent, and better in every respect to sacrifice life and leave to the world a worthy record, than to live with the knowledge that we have lost both our self-respect and the respect of others. Take the case of Samson. The Bible tells us he was a very strong man and slew great numbers of his enemies. He was finally disgraced by his own folly, and fell into the power of the Philistines. For him longer life had no pleasure, nothing was before him but continued shame and disgrace. An opportunity was afforded for destroying thousands of his enemies; their destruction also involved his own. He took advantage of the occasion, and died with his foes. It was suicide and slaughter of his fellow beings. But he adopted a right course—one consistent with what we call Christianity; and his fame is still known to the world.

The same is true of nations as of individuals. National rights have been disregarded, efforts to obtain redress have proved useless. The injured nation must resort to arms or sink to a level with the lowest. Which is the proper alternative? Which is more consistent with Christianity—to exist only in name, or maintain right at the expense of national blood? But one answer can be given:—the latter is surely the better course.

Let us then, since war is at times necessary and right, aid our country in such cases even at the peril of our lives, if need be, and look for the time when the sword and spear shall be turned into cultivators of the soil, and man shall cease to shed his fellow's blood.

"For Freedom hallows with her tread,  
The silent cities of the dead;  
For beautiful in death are they,  
Who proudly fall in her array;  
And soon, O Goddess! may we be,  
For ever more, with them or thee!"

—Read before the Kritosophian Society by E. L. Newcomb.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

THE Undergraduates of McGill have sent us the 1st No. of the *University Gazette*. It is rather a sensible paper. The opening editorial, written in good, plain English, is a fair sample of a salutatory. The three columns devoted to "Items," corresponding somewhat to our *Dalhousiensia*, are very readable. It is very monotonous, however, to non-interested parties, to find so frequent reference made to foot ball matters. They certainly take a deeper interest in Athletic sports at McGill, than we do.

The organ of Mount Allison College has dropped that unpronounceable adjective with which it was wont to qualify its name, and now comes to us under the more modest title of *The Argosy* "What is in a name"? Surely there can be very little, for, we find the *Argosy*, not only not injured by the titular curtailment referred to, but rather much improved in spite thereof. It is printed on very superior paper, and presents quite an attractive appearance. The principal article in the issue before us (No 2) is entitled "A Plea for Poetry." The writer laments the decline of the poetic feeling among us, the cause of which he refers to the spirit of utility which characterizes moderns. And thus he speaks of it—"What is the crystal stream to us, unless it will turn a mill? What the moss-grown beech, the ivied oak, the high and vaunting pine, save as material for building? The glorious old ocean—England's Empire—is viewed only as a highway of commerce; the sun, moon, stars, as more convenient than lanterns." We are well pleased with the paper as a whole, although we must confess, that such students as are described under "College Characters" we have never met with, nor do we ever expect to, in this sublunary sphere.

The *Lawrence Collegian* is published at Appleton, Wis. The number of editors—two ladies and five masculines—seven in all—would lead us to expect some approach towards perfection in their paper. Without flattering them so much as to admit that they are faultless, we can say without any violence to truth, that they manage to make the *Collegian* as interesting as any of our exchanges. The literary contributions recommend themselves to us by their uniform shortness. The editorial matter is written in a terse, pointed style, and—let it be said in its praise—is altogether free from inflation, or any attempt at fine writing.

The Boston University *Beacon* is sprightly and newsy. The reading matter partakes more of the character of variety than profundity. We do not wish, however, to quarrel with the nine editors of the *Beacon* on that score. Philosophical treatises do not take well in College papers. The "Grumbler's Corner" is a novel idea. Under this department fault-finding and discontented students can ventilate their griefs. Our "Grumbler's Corner" is in the reading room, down stairs.

The *Athenæum* has changed very little in appearance and character since last year; except that it declares its determination to

"Hang the trumpet in the hall  
And study war no more."

The motive given is an honourable one.

"We shall studiously avoid anything that may have a tendency to breed discussion with other College Journals, knowing that the most of our readers have not the privilege of hearing the opposite side."

## Our Societies.

THE Kritosophian at its third meeting discussed the question, "Is war consistent with Christianity." A. Whitman was opener, and took the positive side. When a man is insulted he seeks redress, and the right of doing so is admitted by all. National wrongs must, in like manner, be avenged. Besides, war is a blessing in disguise. The operation may be painful, but the results more than compensate. Rotten systems of Government are swept away, and in the train of the blood-stained chariot follow higher civilization and national development.

J. McKenzie responded. Those opposed to war, urged that there are periods in the world's history differing vastly from each other; that if the Bible does seem to show that war was necessary in past ages, that epoch had passed away, and the peculiar circumstances connected with it; that the time had come when national claims could be settled without the sword.

The majority voted against war. J. H. Cameron was critic. At its fourth meeting a very important question for Students was debated,—“Which is the better mental exercise, public speaking or writing.”

The *Excelsior* also had two more very successful meetings. The subjects treated of were "Should England interfere in the Eastern war," and, "Would compulsory education for children between 7 and 14 years of age be advisable." The openers respectively were, C. McLaren and S. J. McKnight; the respondents, J. A. Sedgewick and H. H. McGee. Critics, G. Creelman and W. DeMille.

A special Students' Meeting was called on the 4th inst. The object was to consider the advisability of petitioning the Pro-

fessors of Dalhousie, to give a popular course of lectures to Students exclusively. A resolution to that effect was read by A. Whitman. This was like the work "go" to boys racing, and every body went immediately. Though class room No. 2 was filled, all present seemed to feel something most intensely, and were determined to speak. The universal desire was to get the lectures if possible, but a few thought there were terrible difficulties in the way. "What would the Professors say"? "If class work is so light, we'll give them something else than popular lectures to think of." The warning cry was "beware." And then in anticipation, arose sighs from hearts already crushed.

Still the multitude cried for lectures. "Is the petition to crave two or three or nine?" Four sprang to their feet with one consent, apparently all ready to answer the question. The result wasn't satisfactory, and the thermometer rose rapidly. With a tremendous bounce seven tried to sing together. Harmony and melody were sacrificed in succession, and the great melodrama collapsed. All slunk back to their seats, except the bass, who tried a new strain, and succeeded in passing more than one *bar-rier* that timid ones had wheeled into file.

The first resolution was finally considered too general, and another was substituted which passed, viz., that we beg for three lectures; the choice of lecturers to be left to the Senate. The Committee to attend to the matter consists of the following gentlemen: A. Whitman, J. L. George, G. W. McQueen. There is something peculiar as distinguished from late years in the way our Students take up questions. There is no waiting. The matter is attacked from right and left, and if there is no picking on the bone the whole thing is forthwith ground to powder. The spirit, though liable occasionally to excess, is most praiseworthy.

### Personals.

REV. JAMES C. HERDMAN, B. A., '74, having returned from Scotland during the Summer, has lately been settled as minister at Campbelltown, N. B.

REV. DANIEL MCGREGOR, B. A., '74, is similarly engaged at New Dublin, Lunenburg County.

LOUIS H. JORDAN, B. A., '75, is studying Theology at the Presbyterian Seminary of Princeton, N. J.

ALEX. MCLEOD, B. A., '75, is similarly occupied at the same Institution. Mr. McLeod was not inactive during the Summer vacation; for we learn that besides performing the duties of a Missionary, he has succeeded in the praise-worthy undertaking of making himself and the young lady of his choice no longer twain, but one flesh. We wish them all possible happiness.

SAMUEL MCNAUGHTON, B. A., '67, has assumed the duties of pastor at Preston, England.

EDGAR TORY, a Sophomore of last session, is engaged as teacher in the Advanced Department of a graded school at Brookfield, Colchester County.

EDWIN CROWELL, another of our last session's Sophs, administers secular instruction to the youth of Barrington, Shelburne County.

WE are happy to be able to state that the following gentlemen, all former students of Dalhousie, have successfully passed their Law Final examinations:—F. H. Bell, B. A., J. McG. Stewart, B. A., J. McD. Oxley, B. A. Wm. B. Ross, John T. Ross, J. M. Robinson, B. A., and W. A. Mills.

### Dallusiensia.

AND now its a bearded Soph and a small boy, He (the Soph) was rushing along at the rate of no man's business to the Chemistry Class, when he unfortunately touched the coat, and at the same time the dignity of a "gamin," who retorted with "Hi, Doctor, wh'ar'ye going. Is it a bad case?" That boy had keen perception, and a thorough acquaintance with the eternal fitness of things.

MEDICAL SCHOOL—Prof. 'Having dressed your patient's wound and cared for him during the night, how would you expect him to be next morning?'

Mr. M. D. (In considerable doubt), "Well, he would probably be—living—or dead." And the Class favored the latter opinion.

IT is discovered at last why one of our Juniors always strikes a bee-line for home after Physics. One of his "confreres" accidentally and no doubt unfortunately called to see him on his way home a short time ago, and saw in his study two chairs in close proximity, and on one of these chairs "mirabile dictu," a young lady. Here's a problem for some Scientist to solve, viz., what was on the other chair?

THOSE Juniors must be a hard lot. One of them savagely remarked at the close of a Lecture, that he would like to subject Regnault and some of his countrymen to a *very high* temperature, and then find out his specific heat with some of his own infernal apparatus.

A ROSY color in the cheeks is a sign of health, but a pink complexion in a French Exercise, has a far different meaning. When the precept "sapere aude" is pinned on, we catch the real sense of it.

A STUDENT of some years standing, in the course of conversation, referred to the travels of Lilliput; we suppose in Gulliver.

ONE of our "boys" started one night to accompany a young lady home from a party, when the fair one discovered she had forgotten her over-shoes. He gallantly went back for them, but judging of her size by the place she occupied in his heart, he "grabbed" a pair of No. 11's, to the angry astonishment of "she."

That commotion in the lower hall was caused by the explosion of the righteous wrath of a Senior, who, after a half-hour's search, found his gown lying snugly in our Janitor's baby-carriage. When we saw him, he was saying with violent gesticulations: "What business has the Janitor with babies' carriages?"—and lamenting that a gown, though inanimate, should so far forget its dignity and its three years training, as to be found in such a state of intimacy with childish appurtenances.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

HON R. P. GRANT, \$1; R. McKay, \$1; A. McMillan, \$1; G. W. McQueen, \$1; John H. Cameron, \$1; Mr. McDonald, \$1; A. Dickie, \$1; Rev. W. P. Archibald, \$2; J. C. Jack, A. B., \$1; J. L. George, \$1; J. H. Sinclair, \$1; D. Marshal, \$1; J. McD. Scott, B. A., \$1; S. D. Scott, \$1; H. H. Whittier, \$1; W. S. Whittier, \$1; M. McGregor, \$1; M. Campbell, \$1; Rev. H. McD. Scott, \$1; M. C. McLeod, \$1.

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 C. S. Cameron, 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.