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(For the Gazette.)

## THE STUDENT'S NEW YEAR'S MEDLEY.

Through all the swiftly-moving years,  
That bring to us our joys and fears,  
Occult from prying mortal eyes,  
The Future hides our destinies  
And leaves us to attend our fate.  
"O'er life's rough ocean" on we go,  
Alike prepared for weal or woe,  
If He whose eyes our actions see,  
But spare for years the growing tree,  
And make us by His love to know  
That from all sorrow we are free.  
"Man's life's a book of mysteries,  
The leaves thereof are days,  
The letters mercies closely joined,  
The title is God's praise."  
The life we live on earth so short,  
Did we but use it as we ought,  
To Honour pay its worthy court,  
The gold of Truth might still be got,  
Of Light Divine, the beaming ray,  
The path of good illuminates,  
To cheer the weary traveller's way,  
And guide him to the pearly gates.  
"Upward and onward," cries the sage,  
Gain knowledge, and true Wisdom test,  
Restrain the mind-distracting rage,  
And strive to be among "the best,"  
Old Homer who the Greeks among  
Served as their Bible and their song,  
"Above all others" of Achilles said,  
Though he to swiftmess, strength alone did wed.  
The gift of intellect is nobler far  
Than feats of arms which win applause.  
The mind of man is like a star,  
Which moves in th' orbit of eternal laws.  
"Redeem thine hours—the space is brief,  
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,  
And measureless thy joy or grief,  
When Time and thou shalt part for ever."

J. L. G.

In connection with poetry at the debate last night, a great deal of sentimental talk was indulged in, probably owing to life during the holidays.

## "AS OTHERS SEE US."

READING a piece in the GAZETTE lately on the breadth and depth of "Students," as viewed by the brotherhood, I wondered if it would prove interesting to those bipeds, should a mortal outside their sphere give a glimpse of them, as they appeared to the "little creatures" who crawl about so slowly here and there.

Like Pecksniff with Salisbury Cathedral, the fair structure appeals with greater force to our admiration when viewed from North, South, East and West. In honour, manliness and social qualities one would infer that a student (from K's point of view) has "none his superiors and his equals few!" Doubtful if we all believe that,—*"modern instances"* of that sort being rare and consequently valuable. Neither do we give unqualified credence to the popular idea of his brimstone parentage. "Though separated, to a certain extent, from the genus *man*," we do not lean to the belief that he belongs to the species *monkey*, (however agile in gymnastic feats) for that species is proverbially *small-souled* and *dishonest*.

Not always in country districts is he distinguishable by "the stern and grave decorum of the countenance he wore," but gives vent to his pent-up glee in a torrent of mirth and vivid ideas that is actually contagious and wholesome too, for a place where the current of life flows sluggishly. Outside the cities of our Province, the general favourite is not the merry "ne'er do weel," who wastes no oil save hair-oil, and trusts to a stout *cram* to carry him through—the Christmas holidays.

The place of honour is kept for the student who honestly and perseveringly overcomes the acknowledged difficulties of Class-work and Lectures. Learning day by day from the pages of the human biographies around him, living sympathies link themselves with dead languages, and the heart suffers not from the labours of the

head. Such command and deserve respect. They can be serious with the grave, and gay with the youthful, and preserving a manly self-command with all, can with quiet authority fill commanding positions.

In the home circle, they are reliable friends and pleasant companions, and are *not* too far advanced in doubtful science to obey the ancient injunction, "Honour thy father and thy mother." Friends hopefully look forward to the time when with minds expanded and matured, and wisdom gained by experience, such as these shall guide the helm of the ship of State *beyond* the boisterous billows of selfish ambition, or fearlessly warn mankind of the sunken rocks which ruin many a gallant craft, or perchance, against trusting to broken planks, which can never land them safely on "the other shore." Sad indeed is it, when these hopes are crushed, and the over-burdened brain succumbs to the desire for a stimulus, and finds one in those maddening vices that slowly, but surely, drag a man *down, down*, so low that we dare not follow him!

Generally physical exercise will dispel the cobwebs of study, and observation will show the skeptical that those who share in College games, take active walks, or patronise gymnasiums, are not deficient in mental muscle when testing periods arrive.

Did you ever see a student (in other lands) who believes that time is money, and breath not to be wasted, and so vetoes exercise? Ever and aye you find him with "blinded eyesight poring over miserable book." The mind *may* expand, but the body certainly contracts, and towards the close of his College term as his attenuated figure glides along the street, old acquaintances mistake his identity, and one whispers to another in hollow, superstitious tones—"Thou art a scholar, speak to it Horatio!"

A self-contained, self-conceited man sometimes finds his way through irregular verbs to College, and rapidly develops into an approved fop. Be it remembered that such an occurrence is as rare as to see a looking-glass in a student's dressing-room!

Perhaps you will know him by this description:—

"Upon himself, himself did feed.

He spake of beauty, that the dull  
Saw no divinity in grass,  
Then, looking, as 'twere in a glass,  
He smoothed his hair and stroked his chin  
And said 'The earth was beautiful!'"

Strangely enough, the world pets the successful student, *after* he earns himself a position therein, and kindly extends a helping hand when the temptations of College life are past. With beautiful consistency it talks grandly of buildings, endowments, &c., for "our young men," and practically ignores the very persons whose interest it professes to consult.

The number of those, who sympathize with students and regard them with kindly interest is yearly on the increase, and in our humble opinion such sentiments as were expressed in a late number of the GAZETTE, on "Higher Education," will ensure the sympathy and gratitude of an ever-increasing class, at present debarred from our College Halls. But what avails it? "Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe: a man from the career of his humour?" So, fare thee well.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR."

### THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

Read before the Kritosophian Society by G. W. M.

THE subject of this evening's discussion as I understand it, is as follows—"Whether is the reading of History or Poetry the more beneficial." Before the vacation, if we were to judge from the actions of the Seniors, we would have quickly come to the conclusion that they were most firmly convinced, that the reading or study of history was the one end and object for which they had left their homes, and come to "dear old mouldy Halifax," and the ancient and venerable institution of which they have, during three long years been such faithful and steadfast adherents. These actions arose however, from necessity rather than preference, and if any of them had the above-mentioned view, I make no question but that it has been considerably modified during the holidays, whose occupations and associations are decidedly not very favourable to the reading of history, and therefore, I am of opinion that the reading of poetry will be considered by some of us as the most beneficial—this is owing, as I have said, to the present peculiar state of our feelings.

But as I realize that the time allotted to pleasure has slipped by, alas too quickly!—and that we have returned to the realities of Hallam and Tacitus, I conclude that in my own case anyway, the study of history will be more beneficial than that of poetry. But you will doubtless wish

me to state other reasons for upholding this particular study. I will make an attempt to do so.

Old Noah Webster defines history as "an account of facts: *particularly* of facts respecting nations, or states; a narration of events in the order of which they have happened, with their causes and effects."

History is a source of information, of vast information, of information on many points. In the history of a nation, there is involved knowledge concerning its religion, its philosophy, its science, its literature and its arts. We read of wars and their glorious results, of battles, and single combats, and captivities, of wanderings and voyages to all parts of the world, with descriptions of the countries visited, and their inhabitants. This is all contained in the history of a single nation, but a general course in history what does it not embrace? We are tempted to say, sorrowfully, everything.

It is an account of the progress of the human race. This progress is an undeniable fact. We trace the development of the character of the race, even as we may see an individual's character maturing,—the character of the race advances, and becomes greater and nobler through succeeding ages. We notice all the improvements made, the inventions and discoveries which are taking place around us, and we cannot help feeling that we are moving on; that our heritage is the work of those who have gone before us; that to our descendants we must bequeath it, enlarged it may be by our exertions; that as others have laboured that we might enjoy, so also we should plant in order that succeeding generations may reap the fruit. But, however as to this, we know that we must give up this heritage, and that in the future the 19th century may be reckoned among the "rude, but good old times." I must say that history does not show that the men of the present age are any better morally, than those of the preceding. We read of the same crimes being committed now, and perhaps with greater aggravations, that have disgraced humanity since the world began. Perhaps this is as it should be, "the moral law being the same for all ages and nations." It has been well said that "History is a series of struggles to elevate the character of humanity in all its aspects, religious, intellectual, social, political." While tracing the development of institutions and inventions which have benefitted the human race, we cannot help noticing the apparently un-

just suffering of one age or generation in order that the following may enjoy liberties or pleasures. The men who accomplished reforms lived not to enjoy them. By these reflections we are reminded of Virgil's lines, the first of which is, if I remember rightly,—

"Sic vos non vobis nificatis, aves."

I have often wondered if any other feeling, save that of indignation against the "other" who gained the unearned laurels suggested the above.

Then where have we more opportunities of studying style than in reading history? What beauty and unity do we observe in Lord Macaulay's writings! What vivid painting in Carlyle's! Then turning to the great work of Gibbon, what an amazing amount of condensed thought, what lofty, sustained diction do we find! Thus in our own language some of the brightest ornaments of our literature are historians.

The study of history also involves a study of language. We all know how pleasant it is to read Xenophon, Herodotus or Thucydides in the original, not forgetting to note particularly the management of accents, and the use of the subjunctive mood. In order to read Livy and Tacitus we must become acquainted with the idioms of the Latin tongue. Some misguided people regard these adjuncts as nuisances, and prefer to read the narratives in "plain English." But the styles of these ancient historians are such models of purity, and their compositions such rare examples of simple narrative, that in our opinion, they are well worthy of perusal and imitation.

The study of history is very attractive. The child, just able to read, will eagerly engage in it. He will have his favourite kings, and generals; will read with intense interest of a Cœur de Lion, or a Saladin; rejoice in the victories and triumphs of his hero, and grieve at his subsequent misfortunes and death. He will read, with enthusiasm or dismay, of the conflicts of an Edward I. and a Wallace; of a Wellington and a Napoleon; of a Cornwallis and a Washington, according to his sympathy or his nationality.

A careful study of history will occasion an intelligent patriotism. A man knowing the causes and effects of certain events, will be able to view those events with impartiality, and will thus come to fairer conclusions—if they are favorable to his nation or party, good and well, if not, he may still say with Decatur: "Our country, may she

always be in the right!—but, *our country, right or wrong.* An accurate knowledge of history is indispensable to the great statesman. By a careful study of the past, he can understand the purposes and the effects of certain courses, and so judge of their present advisability.

How interesting is an historical novel: while we read, it seems that we are hearing of old friends, and seeing familiar faces, that we are becoming acquainted with the private habits, faults, and foibles of the greatest personages of their times. An historical character always lends not a new, but rather an ancient interest to a novel.

The man who is a reader of history—an intelligent reader, I mean, is able to read and admire almost any kind of literature. His mind is strengthened and matured, and he is able to form opinions on almost any subject. He is able to judge from experience.

The value of history consists in its being the truthful, and impartial record of events; of a nation's "tendency to become wiser or better, more ignorant or more wicked, under certain forms of government, and in certain modes of existence." If the fortunes of other nations have, on certain accounts, been fortunate or disastrous, it is our duty to study them, and to turn them, if possible, to the advantage of ourselves and our nation. Thus alone can we profitably study history.—So, my friends, take my advice, and, as says W. C. Bryant,

"Sit at the feet of history,—thro' the night  
Of years the steps of virtue she can trace,  
And show the earlier ages, where her sight  
Can pierce the eternal shadows o'er their face."

### THE LIBRARY.

It may not be considered loyal to suggest that there is any possibility of improvement in the working of any department of our College. We think, however, that this is a highly erroneous supposition. If we can make any practical suggestion with regard to anything which we consider wrong, surely our course is more loyal than that of him who, although aware of the deficiencies in the institution with which he is connected, overlooks them all, with the mistaken idea that he is befriending his Alma Mater by concealing her faults.

The department of our College, in which we think some improvement is required, is the Library. Quite a respectable number of fine volumes has lately been added to the former valuable stock of books possessed by the Col-

lege, so that now we can boast of a collection of attractive works quite sufficient to satisfy the various literary tastes of our students. All right so far. The matter to which we would direct attention and call for improvement, has reference to the method of taking books out of the library. In the first place, there are no catalogues of the books to be found there. This is a want which every one must acknowledge to be pressing. When a student desires any particular book, and supposes that it may probably be in the library, he is reduced to the necessity of searching at least a whole case of books, and even then, supposing he does not find the desired book, he goes away dissatisfied whether it belongs to the library, or has been taken out by some other student. In this particular, we think we stand alone. No other library of any consequence, so far as we know, is void of catalogues. Of course the only remedy for this want is, to procure them. Every student, upon reception of his library ticket, should also receive a catalogue containing the names and numbers of all the books. The corresponding numbers should be placed upon the back of each book, as well as within. Moreover, the volumes should be arranged in the cases according to the numbers. By this plan, the student could find any particular book, in the least possible time, and without any trouble.

In the second place, we would allude to the fact that there are not more than about ten minutes in each day during which there is access to the library, and even during that time, students cannot remain without feeling that they are possibly interfering with the class work of the Professor who occupies the library as a class-room. There are two ways, at least, in which this could be remedied. The first is, by having a room for the books separate from all the class-rooms. This plan, however, would be impossible in our present building. The other remedy would be, to have some one in charge of the library at all hours of the day, and every day of the week, Sabbath excepted; thus, instead of only being able to take out or return books during four or five minutes at the opening and close of a lecture, the student could go in at any time, except at class hours, and carefully select the book which would be the most serviceable to him, either in some of his particular studies, or to satisfy his literary appetite. Lest we may be thought disposed to fault-finding, we will mention only one other mistake which we think is

made in giving out books, and that is that there is no regulation as to the number of books which a student is permitted to have possession of at the same time. For anything we know to the contrary, an ambitious student is allowed to remove as many books as he chooses, even to the amount of a cart-load, and to retain them as long as he desires, unless one of the same books is enquired for by another. But how is any other student to find out that the library contains such books, since he has no catalogue to show him what volumes are there?

If these few improvements were made, we are certain that our well-selected and very excellent stock of books would be of ten-fold more service to the students, and afford increased satisfaction to all concerned. There would be no great difficulty in securing one and all of these very needful things; and we feel sure that if our authorities would once see the necessity of attending to the matter, they would immediately take the needed steps to arrange affairs so as to entirely satisfy all parties concerned. K.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

THE Reading-Room Committee have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt from Prof. Johnson, of "Fun," "Fun Almanac," "Pall Mall Budget," "Literary World," "London Times," "Montreal Daily Star," the Halifax "Reporter," and also late numbers of the "British Quarterly." From Professors McDonald and DeMille, late numbers of Edinburgh and London "Reviews." From Mr. Geo. W. Munro, "Toronto Weekly Mail" and "Globe," New York and Montreal "Weekly Witnesses," "Scottish Reformer," "New York Observer," and Philadelphia and Toronto "Presbyterians." From Mr. Hutton, per John L. George, the "Scottish American," and "Scotsman." From Mr. Harrison, the St. John "Daily Telegraph." From R. R. J. E. late numbers of "Woods Magazine." And from Mr. S. Keith, the "Colonial Standard." The Committee heartily thank the Professors, students, and other friends for the support they have so far given them, and hope that they will have occasion for many more such acknowledgments in the future. They also tender their thanks to the Janitor, who, by his attention to bodily comfort, has contributed greatly towards making the Reading-Room a success. Lastly, they would convey their acknowledgments to those indefatigable students who attend so ze-

lously to their work of thinning down the papers and keeping the Committee "up and doing."

### OUR EXCHANGES.

IN a magniloquent glorification of intellect, a writer in the *Alabama University Monthly*, gives us the following sentence, "Intellect stands isolated, soaring in the majesty of power above the spasmodic efforts of mediocrity, to pluck the wreaths of fame and of honor from her brow." We confess our inability to comprehend how standing and soaring can be predicated of Intellect simultaneously. We would also like to be informed why Intellect must *soar* so high in order that she may pluck the "wreaths of fame" from the lowly brow of mediocrity. Again he tells us that "everywhere, Intellect proclaims its ascendancy, and, by the fiat from above, Nature discloses her mysteries, and man, standing in awe of the grandeur of its sway, yields servile obeisance." We were always of the opinion that mind was a very important factor in man; in fact *was* the man. But here we see that Intellect stands aside and gives its *fiat*, and man, standing at a respectable distance, yields "servile obeisance" to its sway. These are but specimens; there are other sentences nearly as bad. In an article on *Magna Charta* we find this first class sample of spread-eagleism: "But, the twig (Freedom) was transplanted to our country, it prospered and grew, and in 1776, an eagle, the chosen emblem of our nationality, was seen to rise from our shores, bearing in one of its talons the "Star Spangled Banner," and in the other the Declaration of Independence, and, soaring across to England's shores, said to the descendants of the Barons of Runnymede, 'Behold the work of your fathers.'" Historians, unluckily, have left us no account of the reception given to the eagle by the "descendants." The *Monthly*, however, has its redeeming features. The editorial matter is free from turgidity. The criticisms on its exchanges are candid and just.

The editors of the "*Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates Journal*" are evidently annexationists. They send us their paper directed to, *Halifax, N. S., United States*. With the literary character of the *Journal*, as far as we have examined it, we have no fault to find. Solidity is its distinguishing feature. The two sermons are good, but we think a part of the space devoted to them might be taken up by matter more interesting to the general reader.

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 11, 1878.

## EDITORS.

J. H. CAMERON, '78. R. MCKAY, '79.  
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At this season of the year teachers receive a larger share of attention than ordinary. They come together to compare results, to mingle their joys in one stream of gladness, yea also to pour their sorrows into one cup, and sighing over common griefs to be mutually consoled. Sympathy—one of heaven's sweetest messengers—does a great deal more than we are apt to suspect in removing the load of care from the teacher's shoulders—at least for the time. It is a great satisfaction to see the public awaking. If it be nothing more than a vacant stare and then a turning over to sleep on the other side, we are glad that something short of an earthquake can stir the bones of those educationally dead. But spasms give evidence of a low degree of vitality, and at best are unsatisfactory. As long as they last the bright anticipations of earnest workers will not be realized.

He is the noble man that, impressed with the necessity of a change, works diligently amid all opposition to accomplish it. But how is it that so much labour by faithful teachers is fruitless? Without hesitation we answer, from want of co-operation by parents and trustees. In some school sections the teacher unaided has to carry all the pupils on his back. If this is figurative, the like has been tried to some extent literally, though the success in either case was not satis-

factory. We maintain that this is a "crying sin," especially where the back referred to is weak. Doubtless this is the explanation of so many teachers growing old prematurely. Soon they are hurried off to the grave, and over the little heap of sods a white slab casts dark dark shadows. With dropping tears and aching hearts friends read the inscription that tells of the virtuous and talented cut off, aged twenty-one years perchance. In the interests of truth we would suggest as a more appropriate epitaph, "Died of a broken back."

Some persons under the most favourable circumstances would prove failures as teachers. But we are convinced that many are never really in a fair position to succeed. A young man "covenants and agrees with trustees and their successors in office, diligently and faithfully to teach under the authority of said trustees." Look at a school register in an average section, and how often will you find the names of trustees entered? Once or twice. In the face of this we cease to wonder at the deplorable results in many school rooms. It is a fact that many teachers only know one of the three guardian spirits placed over them. As for the "successors in office" few teachers stay long enough to meet them.

It may be a young lady who for the first time has rashly taken possession of a school platform. The children scrutinize closely, and before the second day is past form their conclusions. Weeks wear away slowly enough, the machinery becomes disordered, sorrows multiply, less keen eyes than those of the Inspector are needed to discern "confusion worse confounded." Doubtless the gentle creature began with the intention of teaching "faithfully and diligently." But in the position, we may expect enthusiasm to vary inversely with the weeks of the term. A word of sympathy would have done much, but it was not given. An honest advice would in all likelihood have removed the scales, and shown the cause of failure; for defective vision is often the cause of disorganized schools. The timid invitation

by the teacher to "visit" her department is met by "no time." The reply conveys more than is intended. People are busy at what promises to return money or its equivalent. None can be returned from the school room even indirectly,—so they think,—hence the neglect. We are not making an unfounded charge. There are exceptions. Among the rarest and most pleasant of our reminiscences is that of an energetic trustee. With such a man assisting, troubles vanish in thin air, and the monotony of daily routine loses half of its irksomeness.

When the battle has to be fought alone, it becomes a serious matter to the sons of the faithful to choose a proper course. After one's best efforts are thwarted, what next? To give up in despair would be childish weakness. If assistance cannot be obtained, the teacher must go to work more earnestly than ever, and rely more on his own powers. It is better to toil alone than stand with idlers and gain their reward. The children have been neglected intellectually and morally, yet the twig is bent decidedly. If ever it is to be straightened this is the time. Any one in looking back cannot help feeling that many of the pernicious vices of society get their tender rootlets nursed on the public school play ground. And it is in regard to these that we wish teachers to be more in earnest. Let them show the pupils that they have an interest in their sports as well as studies, and the children are ready for any sacrifice. We sigh in despair over the harvests of sin, yet trifle with the sowing. An opium eater speaks of untwisting almost to the final link the accursed chain that long had bound him. How much the teacher can do to check moral deformity is only known when the exertion is put forth. Results will astonish himself.

We do not wish to advocate sermonizing in the school room. When the teacher begins that, he should seek another flock. Yet the truth remains, that the influences at work there if judged by results are tremendous. Should the professed trainer of the young be the last to improve the opportunity?

Children pre-eminently are imitative creatures. See that aged grandmother at one of our Sabbath services. When the minister prays, she prays too—a very unusual thing now-a-days—and in very earnestness her head has a slight vibratory motion. The child by her knee notices this, and thinking that it is mysteriously connected with the prayer, the little innocent gets the reverential motion into its head at the wrong sentence. And when the aged head has ceased its nodding forever, the imitator soon finds some one else from whom to borrow. To the man whose hands are full of seed there is no principle in us that gives so much encouragement. When teachers individually, trustees trinally, and parents collectively awake to a sense of their responsibilities, then shall Nova Scotia have a chapter to add to its history very different from any already written.

THE Teachers' Association meeting for 1877 was altogether a success. Its first *sederunt* was held on the evening of Wednesday, 26th ult. Its sittings were continued throughout Thursday and Friday. An attractive programme brought out crowds, especially in the evenings, which could scarcely be accommodated with comfort within the limited precincts of the library room of Dalhousie College. It is quite refreshing to see the people of Halifax taking such an interest in educational matters. We are delighted also to know that our teachers are able to get up such attractive meetings, and are men and women who can command the respect and attention of the public.

A. H. Mackay, B. A., President, gave a very able opening address. It had many strong points, and contained some very strong remarks. Among other things, he advocated the abolition of the two lower ranks of teachers, grades E and D. This change has frequently been urged, but with so little success, that we might be led to suppose that there existed some rational objection against it. The objectors may assert that the fact that teachers of the inferior

grades are still frequently employed, argues against doing away with those cheap educators. But this is only pandering to a spirit of meanness. Did a half dozen other gradations exist below E, with a uniform declension of requirements, we believe there could be found Boards of Trustees parsimonious enough to engage their teacher from the very lowest stratum. Let us pray that at some time or other the eyes of the authorities may be opened, that they may see, and no longer delay a needed reformation. Mr. Mackay further advocated a reduction in the present number of Academies and Inspectorships, and the establishment of gymnasia in connection with all the schools throughout the Province. The importance of a more general introduction of gymnastic appliances into our schools was alluded to by several other gentlemen. This indicates that educationists are at length perceiving the unreasonableness of training the mental powers, to the neglect of the physical, and are seeing that, in order to produce the most perfect style of man, both must be cultivated together.

The remainder of the evening was taken up by a very interesting lecture on "Hood," by Canon Dart, of King's College.

The morning and afternoon Sessions were devoted to the reading of papers, and discussions, bearing more immediately on the Teachers' practical work. On Thursday, J. B. Calkin, M. A., read an instructive paper on "Object Teaching." In the evening, Dr. Allison, the new Superintendent of Education, gave what may be considered, his inaugural speech. His remarks were brief, practical, and well suited to the occasion. Those who expected a long and formal harangue, went away disappointed.

Professor Macdonald followed with a paper on "Order of Studies." It was in his characteristic style,—clear, precise, and "incisive." His views indicated none of that conservatism of which Universities have so frequently been accused. The audience relished his remarks highly.

Proceedings on the closing evening opened

with a lecture on German Education, by Dr. Bayne. The whole educational system of *Faderland* was minutely described. The course of the aspiring Teutonic student through "Kindergarten," where he is sent at the age of two, "Gymnasia," "Real Schule," and University, is by no means a path strewn with roses. The paper throughout was interesting and instructive.

The Association was not without its poetry. A valedictory poem was read by Mrs. A. N. Archibald. It was elaborate and Tennysonian, and indicated a considerable degree of poetic talent.

We only wish that at its next meeting, Dalhousie could provide a larger room for the use of the Association; but we fear ———.

THE late addition to the stock of books in our Library is quite an epoch in its history. Formerly among dusty and antique tomes, philosophical, ethical, mathematical and historical, the lover of poetry and belles-lettres found very little to regale his eye or intellect. Now some of the alcoves whence Shakspeare, Lamb, De Quincy, and a glorious company of their confrères, in fresh and variegated dresses look down invitingly upon him, present altogether a different appearance. The following list of the new books (303 vols.) has been handed down to us by the librarian:

#### POETRY.

Ainsworth, Akenside, Bryant, Blake 3 vols., Butler 2 vols., Byron, Burns 3 vols., Ballads, Vincent Bourne, Bloomfield, Clough 2 vols., Calverly 2 vols., Coleridge, Chapman 4 vols., Crabbe, Barry Cornwall, Collins, Campbell, Chatterton 2 vols., Chaucer 8 vols., Cowper 4 vols., Churchill 2 vols., Dryden 6 vols., De Vere, Dibdin, Falconer, Gray, Goldsmith, Hood, Heber, Hemans, Bret Harte, Herbert, Keble, Keats, Landon, Longfellow, Milton 5 vols., Moore, Montgomery, Pope 5 vols., Pryor 2 vols., Parnell, Percy's Reliques, Rogers' Sonnets, Swift, Shakespeare's Poems, Surrey, Spencer 7 vols., Scott, Southey, Shelley, Swinburne, Thomson 2 vols., Wyatt, Kirke White, Whittier, Wordsworth, Young 2 vols.

#### DRAMATIC LITERATURE

Shakespeare 11 vols., Beaumont & Fletcher 2 vols., Massinger, Webster, Greene & Peale, Chapman, Ben Jonson 3 vols., Marlow, Marston 3 vols., Lilly 2 vols., Sackville, Sheridan.

#### BELLES LETTRES, ETC.

Matthew Arnold 4 vols., Alford, A. K. H. Boyd, Burke 11 vols., Sir Thomas Browne 3 vols., Bacon 2 vols., Bunyan, Currans' Speeches, Cowley's Prose Works, Coleridge 2 vols., D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature 2 vols., De Quincey 16 vols., Emerson 2 vols., Franklin, Hawthorne 2 vols., Leigh Hunt 7 vols., Robert Hall, Hazlitt 6 vols., Theodore Hook, Hammerton, Hutton 2 vols., Helps 2 vols., Junius 2 vols., Lamb, Martineau, Macaulay, Spectator, Milton's Prose Works 5 vols., Maurice's Essays, J. H. Newman 4 vols., F. H. Newman, Poe's Works, Sydney Smith 2 vols., Southey's Doctor, Swift 3 vols., Tales from Shakespeare, Thackeray, Thackerayana, Walton, Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianae 4 vols., Addison, Hooker, Stephens.

#### PHILOLOGY.

Bain's Philology, Exempla Inscriptionum Latinaram, Max Müller's Chips vols 3 and 4, Schleicher's Comparative Grammar, Sayce's Comparative Philology, Specimens of Early English, Tancock's English Grammar, Typical Selections from English Writers 2 vols., Peile's Greek and Latin Etymology, Dictionary of Classical Quotations, Webster's Dictionary, Moon's. Bad English 2 vols.

#### HISTORICAL.

Creasy's English Constitution, Chappelle's History of Music, Freeman's English Constitution, History of Hungary, Hamilton's Chronology, Lloyd's Age of Pericles 2 vols., Guhl & Koner's Life of Ancient Greeks and Romans, Maine's Institutions, McLellan's Primitive Marriage, Mahaffey's Social Life in Greece, History of Prussia, Seyd Ameer Ali's Life of Mohammed.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL.

Mandsley's Body and Mind, Merriot's Political Economy, Sedgewick's Ethics.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

Armstrong's Chemistry, Bloxam's Metals, Miller's Chemistry, Thorpe's Chemical Analysis 2 vols., Darwin's Crossing of Plants, Elloft's Chemical Note Book, Kollinier's Chemia Coartata, Genera Plantarum, Sach's Text Book of Botany, Sutton's Volumetric Analysis, Watson's Kinetic Theory of Gases, Beethoven's Sonatas.

WE are happy to state that numerous additions have recently been made to the Apparatus in the Physical Cabinet of our College now under the charge of Dr. Mackenzie.

The following are a few of the more important pieces of apparatus:

1. A Siren, for determining the number of vibrations in a musical note.
2. A set of eight organ pipes, with bellows, stand, &c.

3. A Pipe with jets for "manometric flames." This apparatus is designed to show the effect of variations of pressure of vibrating air in pipes upon flames arranged at different points on the tubes.

4. A very superior Revolving Mirror of large size, for showing the forms of "manometric flames," &c.

5. Reed Pipe with glass sides.

6. Pipe with membrane and gas jet.

7. A glass jet with stop cock, suitable for producing the "Chemical harmonica," &c.

8. A very superior Reflecting Galvanometer (Thomson's).

9. A Crooke's Radiometer (latest form).

10. A very sensitive Thermo-pile with conical reflector.

11. Delezenne's Circle. An apparatus for determining terrestrial magnetic induction.

12. A large Voltmeter with two tubes, for decomposing water, &c., by means of the voltaic current.

13. A complete outfit for glass-blowing. The bellows, of new and ingenious construction, were made by Mr. Merriman of Pictou.

14. A Herepath's Blowpipe with three jets.

15. Apparatus for determining the fixed points in testing a thermometer.

16. Gravesande's Ring and other methods of determining the expansion of solids by heat.

17. Ingenhousz's and Tyndal's Apparatus for testing the different thermal conductivity of solids.

18. Apparatus for determining the latent heat of evaporation.

Notwithstanding this formidable list, the Cabinet is still very incomplete, a fact which the wealthy friends of Dalhousie will do well to observe.

OUR boys are nearly all back from the country, ready to face the real difficulties of the session. It will take a few days to recover from the effects of reaction. During two months preceding, they were cramming their brains; for the past week their — valises. Students gain a great deal during holidays by leaving town, and we are glad that almost all went out. Every thing is changed, even the dust is left to settle on others. The days passed like hours, till the sobs of the dying year threw all nature into confusion; and then storms raged, and students ten or fifteen miles from a railway station, in distress looked for deliverance. Finally it came.

ON DIT.—One of the students who remained in town during holidays is indebted to his shoemaker for a pair of half-soles. We hope that as he has two *half-soles*, he may also have a *whole soul* and pay the poor man. Think of the sweet service in which the old pair breathed their last.

A VERY serious mistake occurred on one of the trains that was crowded with Dalhousie students on their way home. A group of them singing hymns with great vim was approached by a reverend gentleman from the West, who in a most courteous manner remarked that he judged they were Divinity students, and enquired from what Hall they had come. If the same gentleman had gone aboard at the Halifax station, and been deafened by the College songs that caused other passengers to stare wildly, doubtless he would have mourned over the coming shepherds.

A MEMBER of the Senate of the University of Halifax lately stated at a public meeting that arrangements were being made to grant degrees in arts to ladies. This is right. We rejoice to see the new University taking such an interest in higher female education. Yet the provision can be of no great benefit so long as our colleges are closed against ladies. We hope the day will very soon come when the doors of Dalhousie shall no longer be closed against the "weaker vessels." Some of our students, at least, would not object to their admission.

SOME of the educational men of Halifax have been holding meetings, and discussing the establishment of a school of Technology. Drs. Honeyman, Lawson, Bayne, McKenzie and Mr. Gilpin are prominent advocates and promoters of the scheme. In such able hands we need not doubt its ultimate success.

#### REMINISCENCES OF 1876-77.

"GONE is the age of heroes" says one of our College sages. 'Tis true. Each age has its own heroes. Each succeeding age has its own sage; and this sage speaks of these heroes as our sage speaks of our heroes. The Session of 1876-77 had its quota. They were four, individually; one in mischief; a fearful unity. Had they lived in the time of Alexandre Dumas he would have immortalized them. "The musketeers" were non-entities in comparison. Woe to the poor student upon whom the incipient "Aristoi" of Dalhousie turned their attention, in fun—or otherwise.

They made his life a misery. Perchance he was studious, wishing to attend all classes. He frequently did not. Was he careless, reckless, indifferent as to the lectures? He was forcibly administered to the rest of his classmates in the shape of a projectile. Had he been remiss the previous night? In all probability he resorted next morning to the reading-room intending to rush through enough of his tasks to pass inspection. 'Twas "verra likely" that he did not pass inspection, and he blamed the "Aristoi" for it.

But they were not tyrants. By no means. Let us describe them. One was tall and slender. Perhaps his intellect was gigantic, but this is undetermined and we fear ever will remain so. Next comes the "jolly dog" of the crowd, short and thick; leader in the fun and in fact in everything. Then there was the poet, the historian; an impulsive spirit. He was tall and not very fat. To speak unhyperbolically, he was thin. Sometimes mirthful, sometimes melancholy. Last, but by no means least, comes the "sage," a "character" in good sooth. His complexion was neither fair nor dark, in fact it was half-and-half, with an intellect to suit. He it is who this year speaks oratorically of "gone ages" and "heroes."

How the Freshies trembled when they heard the well known sound of "cheese it," issue from his capacious lungs. As the bard says:

"He was a man of an unbounded stomach  
Ever chewing."

Fortunately the poet forgets to tell us what he was chewing, and 'tis well he did. Such then were this noble *quantumvirate*. Their guardian angel was the Janitor. How he loved the lads!!! But alas they trifled with his affections. Nay, individually and in unity, they were his bane; and what a life they led him. Perhaps they were wailing enthusiastically the notes of "Old Sam Simons." In he would walk and affirm that he was not to be made the subject of any jokes, or songs. He would walk out again at the points of four broomsticks. Often did they lock him out. Once they did so, and he attempted to take the fort by storm, or rather by escalade. He raised a ladder against one of the windows, opened it, and got his foot in, but then deserted by his favouring deities, and attacked by the "jolly dog," he was caught by the foot and captured alive, without the loss of a man. The stories of their deeds would be interminable; of how they over and over again defied the whole world in their little fortress; of

how they organized themselves into a militia regiment, tramping up and down the hall to some lively time, and to the great amusement of the Professors; how they kept times lively by banging the traditional poker down the stone steps; of how in short they raised in divers ways "old Nick" himself.

One day Janitorial patience evaporated. He became mercurial. Result. A note addressed to the "jolly dog" requesting the pleasure of the "quantumvirate's" company at a certain hour. An emergency meeting was called instantaneously, on the spot. "Boys," said the recipient of the note, "let's have a song." And so they trilled forth the dulcet tones of that good old hymn,

"When the general roll is called, we'll be there."

Their indifference to Gubernatorial, Senatorial, Professorial, Janitorial or any other wrath was characteristic. They were the scapegoats of the College. On their heads were visited all the iniquities of all their comrades. Was a window broken? They did it. Was anything mashed, smashed, or slashed; they were the perpetrators. Did some miserable Freshman vent his overwrought feelings in a yell near one of the class-room doors? The Professor certainly knew that voice. Still were they public benefactors. Many a despondent student listening to their rendering of "Pulling hard against the Stream," plucked up courage and was "plucked" with good grace. Often did they relieve the monotony of Comparative Philology, of Constitutional History, and of the Binomial Theorem by the airy tones of the "Mulligan Guards." In various ways did they lighten the overworked and cheer the desponding; unwittingly, of course, but still effectually. 'Tis even affirmed on good authority, that a reckless Junior, jilted by his "ladie faire," and bent on self-destruction, was deterred from his purpose by the sage's cheerful advice "to cheese it now."

They came out scathless from all their contests with the enemy. They had no scars to show; the College had. But what havoc did those opponents, the sessional examinations, make in their ranks! Three out of the four were plucked, showing how strongly they had entwined themselves amongst the heartstrings of the Professors. But, as the sage sagely says, like all other heroes, their day is gone.

Two have dropped away. Two remain; but oh, how changed! Melancholy, meditative, mus-

ing on the deeds of the past. The sage especially so. The summit of his ambition will soon be reached. The goal of his "sage-osity" will be attained. His friends will call him a B. A. His enemies will say Ba!

His sole survivor will soon tread in his departing footsteps. The curtain will fall at the same time on their faces and their deeds. Their successors will be ignorant of their existence.

Unwept, unhonoured and unsung,  
by the majority of their guardian acquaintances,  
they will pass into oblivion, living examples of the adage, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*."

SILENUS.

#### PEOPLE WE MEET.

Now let us, speaking from the heart of our experience to that of theirs, ask our readers (gentle or otherwise adjectived) if they have not, at one time or other, fallen in with people, of whom the epithet *smart* is perhaps the most descriptive of all words within the range of our vocabulary. "May Heaven deliver us from our friends" may appear to us an irregular and unlooked-for supplication, yet it is a prayer attributed to one of our suffering fellow-mortals; and we can easily imagine a man so beplastered and bepestered in the name of friendship as to plead his pardon for such an ejaculation. Similarly, any one whose experience tallies with our own, will see the propriety of the prayer "Heaven deliver us from 'smart people.'" Most merchants when they advertise say, "wanted, a smart boy," but the one who put it, "wanted, a boy who isn't too smart," knew human nature better; and wisely consulted his own convenience, if he could have gotten such a boy as he wished. We all like to meet an intelligent, agreeable man, who can show us that he knows something, without affecting to know everything; who can prove himself to be possessed of ability without a constant endeavour to "show off;" who will do his half of the talk and allow us our fraction. The world in general regards stupidity as a thing to be prayed against, but I would rather meet a man of some slowness of understanding (unless indeed he were irredeemably stupid) than one of those pseudo-omniscient ones. In company, his voice is the loudest; he assumes a patronising air and tone; he is immensely liberal of advice, and monopolizes the conversation. If you make any remarks, he finds

some double entendre in your words. He is always on the lookout for a "catch," and if he can raise a laugh at your expense he is happy. He considers it the "highest good" of his life to excite the risibles; and to provoke the action of these same nerves he applies himself with assiduity, by quip and joke, in season and out of season. A laugh, a laugh, his kingdom for a laugh, if in any way therefrom, the smartness of him the source thereof, may become apparent to the world. Whatever subject comes up he knows all about it. He is a walking encyclopædia; a universal History; a pan-biography. He knows everybody from Dan to Beersheba; who is their father, who is their mother, who is their sister, who is their brother; he knows all. He can bore you on almost any topic. The genuine orthodox bore is nowhere aside him. Unhorse the latter of his favorite hobby and he is harmless. But such a one as we speak of has a regiment of them at his command. He is a multi-barrelled bore standing in the same relation to the common bore as a seven-shooter to the single-barrelled muzzle-loading pistol, as a French *metrailleur* to an ordinary fieldpiece. He is the terror of the intelligent, the admiration of the ignorant. Soon society begins to fear and respect a man of such apparent learning, and boundless ability, and instead of kicking him down stairs as a nuisance, takes him into her favour. We must tell the truth of these men, even from no higher motive than to shame the Devil. They really do know something. They are smatterers; men, of some small observation, little judgment, and illimitable conceit. They have tasted, just moistened their tongues at the Pierian Spring, but like many people who drink Congress water and Saratoga water, more for the sake of telling they have done so, than for any relish they had for it, or any benefit they hoped to obtain from it. Not thoroughly posted on any one subject, they are not conscious of their ignorance on all, and mistake their superficiality for learning. Their limited store of knowledge they manage in that way in which it will make the biggest show, and carry it with them in the most exposed manner, in the same way as savages who carry all their riches in the shape of rings, ear-rings, nose-rings, and various trumpery upon their persons. Thus day and night continually, they cease not from endeavouring, by word or action, to convince us of their cleverness. But we obstinately refuse to become convinced; and, like many who have gone before them, and many who shall follow

after, it happens to them in the words of Paul, "esteeming themselves wise, they become fools," and as such we hereby warn them off our premises, for

"I do desire we may be better strangers,"  
and  
"let's meet as little as we can."

OBSERVER.

### Personals.

REV. W. T. BRUCE, B.A., '72, M.D., has charge of a congregation at Vale Colliery and Sutherland's River, Pictou. He too has strengthened his influence by a matrimonial alliance, and thus goes on rejoicing.

AND STILL THEY COME — W. T. Kennedy, who is attending classes in Dalhousie had an idol and now has a wife. How the ranks of lone travellers are being thinned!

R. C. MACRAE, a Soph of session '75-'76, has gone to the "land of cakes and brither Scots," and is pursuing his studies at Glasgow University.

R. MORRISON, a Freshman of '76-'77, is away to the West, and is studying at Queen's University, Kingston.

MESSRS. LAIRD and PITBLADO, graduates of last year, visited town during holidays. Both looked hale and hearty. Some of our lady readers will be glad to learn that the latter has grown a fine, luxuriant, black beard.

### Dallusiensia.

HISTORY affirms that one of the founders of Rome received nocturnal revelations from the goddess Egeria. But will any one deny that Bacchus, "the jolly god," is on friendly terms with a certain 'chap' accustomed to embrace the lamp-posts during the midnight hours and sing "Oh! dear what can the matter be?" &c.

SENIOR of commanding appearance to landlady—"Who's that green-looking chuck over there?" Landlady modestly—"Only my cousin from the country, sir."

A SCEPTIC in talking about Adam was nonplussed by his opponent's asking him "What was his other name?" Such might have been the question of Professor —, when a Fourth Year man who has made our debating-room echo, introduced his friend as Mr. Mr-r-r-r.

"GONE is the age of heroes;" but heroic deeds are still performed by ordinary mortals. In proof of this we may cite a little episode that took place on Barrington St. the other night when a frightened damsel and a ferocious "animile" were soothed by two of our College gallants.

SHAKESPEARE'S "Seven Ages" will have to be re-written before it can be applicable to the life of one of our Seniors, who from being "bearded like a pard" has gone back to the previous stage.

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