

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,  
A hare with downy hair ;  
I love a hart with all my heart,  
But barely bear a bear  
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane  
To have a pair of pears,  
A rake, though, often takes a rake  
To tear away the tares.  
All rays raise thyme, time razes all,  
And through the whole, hole wears.  
A writ in writing "right" may write  
It "wright," and still be wrong—  
For "wright" and "rite" are neither "right,"  
And don't to write belong.  
Beer often brings a bier to man.  
Coughing a coffin brings,  
And too much ale will make us ail  
As well as other things.  
The person lies who says he lies  
When he is but reclining ;  
And when consumptive folks decline,  
They all decline declining.  
A quail don't quail before a storm,  
A bow will bow before it ;  
We cannot rein the rain at all—  
No earthly power reigns o'er it.  
The dyer dyes awhile, then dies ;  
To dye he's always trying,  
Until upon his dying-bed  
He thinks no more of dyeing.  
A son of Mars mars many a sun ;  
All deys must have their days,  
And every knight should pray each night  
To Him who weighs his ways.  
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat  
To feed misfortune's son ;  
The fair should fare on love, alone,  
Else one cannot be won.  
A lass, alas ! is something false,  
Of faults a maid is made ;  
Her waist is but a barren waste—  
Though stayed, she is not staid.  
The springs spring forth in spring, and shoots  
Shoot forward, one and all ;  
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves  
The leaves to fall in fall—

I would a story here commence,  
But you might think it stale ;  
So let's suppose that we have reached  
The tail end of our tale.

—Extract from "Living Age."

## PICTOU TO TRURO, VIA HALIFAX.

ONE bright, sunshiny morning last Christmas Holidays, we found ourselves within the precincts of the good old town of Pictou. For more than a hundred years it has stood "foursquare to every wind that blows." It is as stable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. That it is immutable admits of no doubt. That it will be eternal is quite a different thing. There is stone in the neighbourhood sufficient to rebuild six of the largest cities in Europe, should they be demolished to the ground. What potent petrifying agencies have been at work in the past ! By the many hard bargains driven by business men, one would think that these powers are yet in operation.

It is unnecessary to mention the various establishments which attracted our attention. Suffice it to say, that there can be bought for money, any thing in the shape of hardware, from an anchor to a smelt-hook, in the name of Æsculapius anything from aqua vitæ to bed-bug poison, and anything in the story-book line, from a "Confession of Faith" to "Jack the Giant Killer."

The porch has been abandoned, where for ages, the youth of the land have listened to the words of wisdom. Stoicism is now numbered with the things of the past. Henceforth, peripatetics will ramble the shady avenues of the Novum Lyceum. Yet, speaking soberly, the high standard of instruction is a mighty power in this town, and other powers are growing.



All matters pertaining to church and state dovetail beautifully, in this part of Her Majesty's dominions. Nevertheless, we have been informed, whether correctly or not, that there are many people here, or hereabout, who neither meddle with politics nor religion. However, without joking, Pictou citizens generally are fine, hearty, substantial fellows, "made out of oatmeal."

We crossed in the "Mayflower" to the Landing by the method of long division, owing to the floating masses of drift ice which affectionately embraced the middle of the harbor, and gave the ferryboat a tight squeeze too. Thence by "express" to New Glasgow. This town is celebrated for mud at certain seasons of the year, for witches at all seasons, and also for beautiful young ladies. From here we strolled to the neighbouring village, where all the buildings are painted the color of a mud-puddle, excepting those tinged an Ethiopian hue with smoke from a place, which modesty forbids that we should name.

On arriving here we endeavoured to gather sufficient proof to establish the lamian doctrines propagated in the last-mentioned town; but to our extreme mortification and disgust, the attempt proved as fruitless as prospecting for a gold mine in an ash heap. However, the old lady who bamboozled lynx-eyed reporters deserves credit. It cannot be wondered at, if she does *coo* in her glory when inspecting the entrails of tea-cups for the precipitated mysteries of the dim future. As the utterances of the ancient oracles were valuable chiefly for their obscurity and ambiguity, so it is with those of the modern, therefore it is unnecessary to be more explicit concerning the subject under consideration.

Nearly two thousand years ago, Horace, when taking his evening "constitutional" in the Forum, was mightily tickled, as he watched the sorcerers practising their incantations, and the fortune-tellers shaking their divining urns. If the jolly, clear-eyed poet were living now, and went to see such sights daily, he would soon have "to trump up his bottom dollar," or "cut for a new deal." There were "foolish Galatians" living in the days of St. Paul, and judging by the number of people who love to be hum-

baged by the species is still well represented. Perhaps it is because the nineteenth century is an intelligent age, that the monster superstition, heirloom of the heathen, looks so hideous. Perhaps, it is because the light is so bright, that ignorance and weak credulity cast such dark shadows.

However, be these things as they may, Pictonians have made for themselves an honorable name both at home and abroad. Some have made inventions in art, others, discoveries in science. Certainly no county in the province has produced so many profound scholars, eloquent preachers, distinguished lawyers, eminent journalists, and so many skilful, industrious artizans, as Pictou has.

From the last-mentioned place, we started *en route* for Halifax; nothing important was observed on the way excepting Truro, of which honorable mention shall be made further on. Having alighted in the station of the capital, we at once button-holed a vociferating knight of the whip, and bade him drive like Jehu, for Dalhousie College. Inside of ten minutes we beheld the Grand Parade in all the "bloom of its ugliness"; but our attention was instinctively turned to the old gray stone heap of most happy memory.

Swift as the flashing lightning, recollections of by-gone days rolled in upon us. Almost unconsciously we muttered:

—"pueris olim dant crustula blandi  
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima."

It is here that careless boys are so often treated with crisp johnny-cake. "Him eat big heap," is the tale told of many a hopeful youth whose light was suddenly extinguished! Notwithstanding, our Professors are the very best in the whole world, whatever students of other colleges may say to the contrary.

Silence and loneliness reigned supreme within Dalhousie's old walls. The students, at that time, were discussing the merits of tender young gobblers at merry dinner parties, and also busy smashing hearts more tender. But long ere this the "terrible cram," has taken the poetry out of many an ardent youth. When a person finds gloom where gladness was wont to be, he naturally becomes gloomy himself. However, the fact that

there will be others soon as miserable as himself makes him dash the teardrop from the corner of his eye, swallow the lump rising in his throat, and feel a deal happier. Some student may laugh at a man who feels serious about these things, but such an one would be heartless enough to laugh at anything however serious.

Next day all those things were left behind as the "Accommodation bound East," carried us away. This train is a thing of much smoke and thunder, but with very little "go" in it, except about stations, where it goes a great deal in a very short distance. Our connections with railways were severed at Truro. This city, as most people know, has very irregular features, but has a very sound constitution. Indeed, a place is bound to prosper, where the "sun" shines continually for the good only, and where a faithful "guardian" watches over the public weal, although the "times" has gone down of late. If the gods are propitious I may continue this subject at some future day. Q.\*

#### MONEY—A SHORT EXTRACT FROM AN ESSAY.

MONEY is the mighty agitator of the world,—the loadstone of invention and discovery,—the bane and blessing of mankind,—the perplexing problem of Governments,—the omnipresent thought of bankers, of merchants, of cut-throats, and of thieves,—the fascinating enchanter of day dreams,—the hideous spectre of midnight reveries,—the open sesame to comfort, luxury, care, misery, to Christian graces, to fiendish vices. In this age of "Gospel Mammonism," money is the one thing needful. It is the viaticum for saint and sinner. It is the grand panacea for the thousand and one ills to which flesh is heir. It is heavenly manna in the hands of the charitable—the philanthropic, for the naked, the hungry, the blind, and the lame; but in the hands of the brutal, the sensual, the devilish, it is the vile pander to their own leprous lusts.

Dear reader, if you but look at the seething masses of humanity as they go rushing along the ocean of time, to the port of greatness or littleness, to happiness or misery, to freedom or

slavery, to glory or shame, do you not see that all are seeking the golden fleece It Aea—that the almighty dollar with most is the means to the end, with many the be-all and the end-all? Yes, readers, look out on the world and you behold men building railways, erecting telegraphs, laying cables, cutting canals, sinking shafts, spanning continents, and linking oceans, with the hope of adding dollar to dollar.

For gold and silver, men brave all the perils of wind and wave,—they roam the pathless woods,—they climb the lofty mountains,—they leave their kith and kin,—journey in foreign lands,—endure the miseries of famine and tortures of disease. In hope of gain, they will trust to fate to shield them from the arrow of the Indian,—to keep them from the deadly fangs of venomous reptiles,—to save them from the murderous clutch of savage beasts.

Yet, as some one says, is it not infinitely better that men should toil for money than they should not toil at all? Do we not see that through the agency of labour the barriers of nature have been broken down, distance shortened, commerce extended, and friendly intercourse between nations promoted? Do we not see that every discovery in science and every invention in art, add to the convenience and comfort of mankind? There is medicine for the sick, knowledge for the ignorant, luxury for the rich, and speed for the urgent. Do we not see that trade and speculation produce a perpetual ebb and flow of capital? As the heaving and swelling of the ocean prevent its waters from becoming putrified, so the flux and reflux of money or money's worth tend to keep the business world healthy.

Moreover, in the eager race to be rich, and in the keen search for El Dorados in barbarous lands, we see civilization travelling in its wake and the wilderness under the cultivating hand of man, blossoming like the rose,—mighty cities with their stately temples and princely warehouses studding plains which were covered by forests without inhabitants, saving the rude savage and wild beast. We see a channel opened for the ever-rolling and increasing tide of enterprising humanity, until every mountain and every plain shall be covered with the monuments



of labour, from where the fierce Atlantic breaks in foam on the rocks of the east, to where the mild Pacific gently kisses the western shores.

H.

### TWO VALUABLE BOOKS.

PROF. CREARY of University College, London, has written what is, in our opinion, a masterly volume, "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." The work has been undertaken in a highly philosophic spirit, and a calm, impartial tone is clearly perceptible throughout. He has not viewed his subject with the eye of a military critic; for few of the battles described would receive much notice from the tactician. Many an inconsiderable fight, in which little regard has been paid to scientific generalship, has wrought changes of vast consequence on the face of empires, and altered the destiny of continents. First in the list, Mr. C. places Marathon, as typical of the earliest encounters between the Asiatics and the Greeks. The defeat of the former "broke forever the spell of Persian invincibility, which had previously paralyzed men's minds. It secured for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, the growth of free institutions, the liberal enlightenment of the Western World, and the gradual ascendency for many ages of the great principle of European civilization."

The defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 413 B. C., is next treated. The period of Athenian supremacy was, by this disaster, brought to an end. All fear of universal empire of Athens was removed. The blow was so crushing as to render her recovery a matter of impossibility. In the battle of Arbela, 331 B. C., the Persian empire was made powerless and incapable of harm for all time to come. The battle of the Metaurus, 207 B. C., is regarded as the crisis of the struggle between Rome and Carthage, the conclusion of which left Rome the undisputed mistress of the world. Had Hannibal and Hasdrubal effected a junction of their forces, so far as any opinion can be offered, Rome would not have fared so well as she finally did. The liberation of Germany by Arminius is well elucidated. The annihila-

tion of the Roman legions under Varus will be remembered. "The blow which Arminius struck never was forgotten. Roman fear disguised itself under the specious title of moderation, and the Rhine became the acknowledged boundary of the two nations until the fifth century of our era, when the Germans became the assailants, and carved with their conquering swords the provinces of imperial Rome into the kingdoms of modern Europe."

Chalons, Tours, Hastings, Joan of Arc's victory over the English at Orleans, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Blenheim, Pultowa, Saratoga, Valmy, and Waterloo, are described with great pictorial power, and with an accuracy which is the fruit of much learned research.

R. McKenzie's History of the 19th Century is an historical volume of singular charm. The author makes no attempt to dazzle by brilliancy of style, or overwhelm by weight of learning; yet he does his work well. His description of social life in France at the time of the French Revolution of 1789, is most admirable. He delineates with great skill the events leading up to that period of Terror and Misrule. The career of Napoleon is succinctly exhibited. The work of the Congress of Vienna is well presented. The author dwells with great emphasis upon the miserable, social condition of Great Britain during the early years of this century. Increase in population brought with it many evils. The comforts of life were not generally distributed. The criminal class was excessively large. Fraternity, humanity, and philanthropy came but little into play. We could scarce have believed that there could be so atrocious a criminal code, as disgraced the statute book of those days. The grievances of the people were not long in being expressed, and remedies for many of their ills soon procured. The author shows how reforms were gradually brought in. The patient attitude of the people is above all praise. Patience secured what ill-tempered outbursts would have signally failed to gain. The "Victories of Peace" are described with glowing enthusiasm. As might be expected, Britain's acquisition of Empire throughout her history is dwelt on at considerable length. Due importance is assigned

to India and its future outlook, as the country to be influenced by English civilization. The author puts in a kind word for Canada, and sees in its North West Territory the granary of the Mother country. France, Prussia, Austria, Italy, Russia, Turkey, the United States of America, and the Papacy all receive due attention. The author's theme—the idea which runs through the whole book—forms the heading of concluding chapter. We would advise all who wish to know the events of the age we live in, to purchase, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this excellent volume.

### LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE price asked for the manuscript of Dicken's Christmas Carols, now for sale in London, is \$1500.

THERE was lately sold in London, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the earliest printed Bible in existence, and believed also to be the first book ever printed from moveable types. It was described in the Catalogue as *Biblia Sancta Latina (Testamentum Vets) eu versione et cum prefatione Sancti Hieronymi*. No name of place or date, but known to have been printed at Mentz, by John Guttenturg, about A. D. 1452; folio. In the original pig skin binding on oak boards, restored by Bedford. This copy contains the Old Testament only, and from the fact of its being bound originally in one volume, it has been suggested that some copies were thus issued for the special use of the Israelitish community. It was accidentally discovered in the Sacristy of a village Church in Bavaria. The book was knocked down for £760.

THE Rev. Dr. Cuyler gives the following reminiscence of Carlyle:—"In reply to my note to Mr. Carlyle, he responded promptly, "You will be very welcome to me at three o'clock, the hour when I become accessible in my garret here. I found his "garret" to be the comfortable front room on the second floor of his modest home. It was well lined with books and a portrait of Oliver Cromwell hung behind his study chair. He was seated at his table with a huge German volume open before him. His greeting was

heartly, but with a comical look of surprise he said in broad scotch: 'You are a verra yoong mon.' I told him we Yankee-College boys all devoured his books, and could not resist the temptation to come and shake hands with him. 'Aye' said he 'Your Mr. Longfellow, came to see me yesterday. He is a mon skilled in the toongues. Your own name is Dootch. The word Cuyler means a delver, or one who digs under the ground. Ye must be a Dootchman, I told him that my ancestors had come over from Holland a couple of centuries ago. 'Ah! the Dootch are the brawvest people of mooderen times. The world has been rinnin after a red rag of a Frenchman, but he was naething to William the Silent. When Pheclip of Spain sent the Duke of Alva to squelch those Dootchmen they joost squelched him like a rotten egg. Aye, they *did*.' I asked him why he did not visit America, and told him that I had observed his name registered at Ambleside, on Lake Windermere. 'Nae nae, I never scrabble my name in pooblic places.' I explained that it was on the Hotel register I had seen 'Thomas Carlyle.' 'It was not mine' he replied. 'I niver travel only when I ride on a horse in the teeth o' the wund oot o' this smoky Loondon. I wud like to see America. Ye may boast o' yer dimmocracy or any ither 'cracy, or any kind o' poleetical roobish, but the reason why yer laboring folk are so happy is that ye have a vost deal o' land for a verra few people.' In this racy picturesque view he ran on for an hour in the most cordial good humor."

PROFESSOR—"Those gentlemen who desire to make an accurate observation of the Great Bear, will please come into my Cabinet this evening at eight o'clock."—*Ex.*

FOR THE MEDS.—Burdock McPughan, M. D., '80, from St. Brunswick, New John Bullfoundland, Michigan, reports a most wonderful case which has for some time baffled all the medical sages of that community; he pronounces it to be a well marked case of pseudophlogosis ventriculiresolutivo et collequativa or gastromalocia.—*Ex.*



# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 26, 1881.

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EVERY person in Nova Scotia knows that the most difficult question in local politics to deal with, is higher education, and all sensible men would willingly give their support to any Government bringing down a measure that showed an honest attempt to deal with this vexed problem fairly. For ourselves, remembering how the present leader of the government boldly advocated the claims of Dalhousie in 1876, we expected that our college would have no reason to complain when this subject would receive the attention of his government. But we are certain that no friend of our college, nor indeed can any friend of higher education look with favour on the present bill.

The first section proposes the abolition of the Halifax University. This, we think advisable. In fact the Chancellor's speech at the last meeting of Convocation killed it. Whether it has been conducted well or ill, and regarding this, different opinions exist, it certainly has had few supporters. And since it was supported wholly by public money, its abolition on the plea of economy was almost a necessity. But it is upon the second section of the Bill that the friends of Dalhousie look on with disfavour. This proposes to give every college \$1400 per annum, and when institutions which are called colleges only by

courtesy, receive an equal amount with the most efficient teaching body, there is good ground for complaint. Dalhousie represents a constituency of at least one-third of the population of Nova Scotia, and on this ground alone is entitled to the largest grant.

It is very difficult to find out anything about the status of St. Mary's, but we know that its curriculum is not more extended than an ordinary county academy, and we are certain that the High School of Halifax has more efficient teachers. English Grammar, Arithmetic and the elements of Algebra are taught in St. Mary's, and sometimes, we understand, they even venture to impart a little French and Latin.

We quote the following from the official report of this year:

DALHOUSIE. ST. F. XAVIER'S. ST. MARY'S.			
Professors.....	8	5	4
Salaries.....	\$1,720	\$2,200	\$1,770
Students.....	100	38	50

These statistics show conclusively that Dalhousie deserves a larger grant than both these mimic colleges combined. Besides, in quoting the number of students we must remember that these not only represent the students of a so-called arts course, but also those studying Theology, in the two latter institutions.

Again, there is Mt. Allison, situated in New Brunswick, to which about 20 students go from Nova Scotia, receiving as much as a college situated in the Province, and which educates five times as many Nova Scotians. This is most unfair, and the revenue we have should be spent in educating the young men of our own Province. We thought that some of the colleges had for their Professors the most learned men in the Province, in the subjects which they teach, but the government think they can get a man learned enough to report to them whether or not every Professor is sufficiently conversant with the subjects he professes to teach. There is not a living encyclopedia of knowledge in Nova Scotia, and this will bring the man who has such onerous duties thrust upon him into contempt.

We cannot conceive of a more unjust way of distributing the public money or of a measure better devised to keep back higher education. The government offers a premium to inefficient insti-

tutions and discourages those that try to elevate the standard of education in the Province. They have completely ignored the statute creating Dalhousie a Provincial University, and have given higher education such a blow that it will be long ere it will recover. By this Bill they have roused the religious prejudices of the people of Nova Scotia and dissatisfied every friend of collegiate education!

SOME bold and presumptuous person having, in a letter on the College Question, doubted the existence of such an institution as St. Mary's College, Professor J. B. Currie, alarmed lest this doubt should become wide-spread, in the *Chronicle* of the 21st inst., conclusively proves not only its existence but its efficiency. He would have the unbeliever know that "English in all its branches, Latin, Greek and French authors and composition, together with higher mathematics," are studied there. Think of it, ye gods! And what better proof of its high character need be adduced, goth the Professor, than that the prizemen at the *Matriculation Examination* of the University of Halifax for the years 1879 and '80, were students sent directly from St. Mary's College? Echo answers, What?

But to be serious, although submitting that if the grant for higher education are founded on a *numerical* basis, the Roman Catholics are receiving no more than their fair share, we cannot but think that the granting of \$1400 per year in order to sustain such an institution as St. Mary's, is a blot on the Bill at present before the House. Did the Government propose to allow St Francis Xavier's at Antigonish the whole \$2800, we would not object, since we believe that it is at all events, an *approach* to a college, and that it does a fair share of good work; but that an institution such as St. Mary's should receive as large a grant as Dalhousie, appears to us a foul injustice.

That our readers may have an idea as to its nature, we publish the Faculty as it is recorded in Belcher's Almanac for 1880, page 168.

*St. Mary's College, Grafton St., Halifax.*

President and Professor of Moral Philosophy, Rev. Richard Kearns. Professor of English Literature, Senior Classes in

Greek and Latin, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, J. B. Currie, B. A., of London University. Professor of *Junior Classes*, (?) Mr. Wm. Kearns. Book-keeping, Commercial Course and Junior English Department, Mr. Purcell.

There is one thing in the above that surprises us, and that is the absence of "LL. D." after the name of Professor Currie: as he presides over the *Senior* classes, mark you, in so many important subjects, he must be a perfect walking Dictionary, so to speak. And there is another thing:—Why does not Mr. William Kearns, who has charge of all the *Junior* Classes, with the exception of the Junior English, sport at least a B. A.? And there is another thing:—As the classes are either Senior or Junior, where are the poor Sophomores and Freshmen educated?

Our means of knowing in what way matters are carried on within the institution are very limited, but we know that the students (?) do not average eleven years in age, that the English inculcated is little more than can be obtained in an ordinary school, and that the Classics comprehend very little more than Caesar and Xenophon. We also are informed and believe, that one of the identical prizemen of whom Professor Currie speaks, was unable to obtain at St. Mary's, even the small knowledge of Mathematics required for Matriculation at the Halifax University, and was forced to go elsewhere. So much for the *higher* Mathematics of St. Mary's.

Prof. Currie must be, as he himself says in his letter, unacquainted with, nay, profoundly ignorant of the state of Education in this Province, when he claims credit for his college because its students were successful at the *Matriculation Examination* of the Halifax University.

We trust that when he again appears in print as the champion of St. Mary's, he may have something more conclusive to bring forward on behalf of its efficiency.

AT a late meeting of the Board of Governors, the appointment of Rev. John Forrest to the Chair of History was confirmed. Mr. Forrest will, at the commencement of the next collegiate year, enter upon his duties, and judging from his past career, we cannot but predict for him in his Professorial capacity abundant success.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS EDITORS,—A few years ago a regulation with respect to the giving of the University Prizes was introduced into the Calendar and since that time General students have been allowed to compete for these prizes. I am sorry to say that the same regulation is still in force in spite of the remonstrances in former volumes of the GAZETTE. But though previous complainings were either unheard or if heard passed by without any change being made, I am compelled for the sake of justice to use your space to write against this enactment once more, hoping that this attempt may prove more effectual.

The unfairness of the competition between an Undergraduate and a General is extremely evident. In order for an Undergraduate to obtain a prize, he must pass in all the prescribed subjects of his year; while, on the other hand, a General may devote his whole time and ability to the study of a particular subject, not being required even to go up to any other examination in any other, and carry away the prize from his less fortunate rival. Although our class-prizes are of not very great value, still I think that this system has a tendency to lessen the number of Undergraduates, and in the same proportion increase the ranks of the Generals—a result very injurious in every respect.

I do not mean that General students are to be totally prevented from obtaining prizes. Far from it. But I only ask that a distinction be made. Let not the same prizes be competed for by both regular and partial students. Not that the former are afraid to enter the lists with the latter on equal grounds, but they demand as their right that they be pitted against men who have to bear the same burden as themselves on account of the restrictions of the curriculum—not against those who, otherwise perhaps their equals, are quite untrammelled. I know there are many students who though generals, are taking as many classes as undergraduates, and doing, it may be, as much downright honest work. These I think worthy of honorable distinction, and would like to see our College rewarding diligent students of both classes, but as

I have before said, let them strive for prizes different from those of their undergraduate brethren, because as I think it is evident the competition cannot be on a fair basis, without which no competition, whatever its object, can be just, and that we all may have justice. I would say that when the class lists are published, some distinction be made between Undergraduates and Generals, and thus have this decided error cancelled.

STUDENT.

## CONVERSATION.

It is a mere truism and almost tautology to say that nearly all the arts have been more or less benefitted by the light and progress of the present century. Arts there are, however, not usually classed among the fine arts, not pertaining to mechanical dexterity, and yet they are arts nevertheless, since excellence in them depends upon rules and skill in applying them. Such, for instance, are the arts of speaking and writing. It may be further remarked that the arts referred to are non-progressive, as a very high degree of excellence in them was exhibited occasionally in ages very far back in the history of our world; a degree of excellence not since surpassed; some say not even equalled. Perfection in these arts, indeed, seems to depend not so much upon accumulated experience as upon personal gifts, and hence the excellence of one generation cannot be transmitted to the next.

It will be said of these arts perhaps, that marked excellence therein requires the accompaniment of inborn genius. We will not dispute the point; but it may be maintained notwithstanding, that culture, observation and practice have much to do in the development of the correct writer and the elegant speaker. Let us, therefore, who have not any pretensions to the genius of a Homer or a Demosthenes not despair.

But it would take too much time and require too much space to say a tithe of what might be said on the arts of composition and oratory. At present we propose to offer a few thoughts on a more familiar branch of the art of speaking; one in daily use; one without which the commerce

of society and of the world would be impossible. Of course we refer to the art of conversation.

Now to talk is one thing; to talk well and agreeably, quite another. It is a great mistake to suppose that much learning confers conversational powers. The profound scholar is too often a very dull person in mixed society. Too often, also, the clever scholar is addicted to pedantry and becomes a bore. Of course an ignorant person cannot be a good talker. The more varied and extensive the store of knowledge a person possesses the more instructive and entertaining should be his conversation. The art of the matter consists in the tact, the good sense, the judgment with which the store of information is displayed. Such excellence is attainable only by study and practice. We cannot attain to the brilliancy of a Johnson, a Coleridge, or a De-Quincy, by a single bound, nor can the fairer portion of humanity hope to rival the wit and elegance of Lady Montagu or of Lady Blessington, without effort. We do not mean to affirm that all persons are originally equal as regards conversational power. Some are born with a gift, which is pleasing, and others with a propensity far from being delightful to their acquaintances.

The really agreeable conversationalist must possess a knowledge of human nature, not in the abstract merely, but in the concrete, that is, he must know if possible, a little of the peculiarities of the circle in which he moves. No one will call that person an agreeable talker, however witty or brilliant, who is, metaphorically speaking, continually treading upon other people's corns, or wounding the little pet vanities we all are apt to cherish. Besides talent therefore, to be a good talker would seem to require benevolence or at least good nature. A talent for satire or sarcasm may be very useful and admirable in certain places and on proper occasions, but it cannot be employed in ordinary and familiar conversation, without great risk of giving offence.

Finally, the art of conversation has a negative as well as a positive side. The good talker must take as well as give. He must be willing to listen as well as to discourse, and indeed, a good

listener is almost as rare as a good talker. To be a good and patient listener requires an absence of selfishness and a frank admission of the talents of others, and this is just what clever talkers are apt to lack. Upon the whole, we have come to the conclusion that to be both a clever and an agreeable talker is not so easy as some persons are apt to imagine.

J. A. B.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

We find for the first time on our table the *Alabama University Monthly*. It is in magazine shape, and in that it mostly resembles a magazine. Brilliancy does not retard its usefulness, nor will genius draw for it over much applause. But it is neither stale nor too fresh. It deals with a live question to begin with—"Russian Nihilism," but its treatment comes too late to save the life of the ill-fated Czar. "Eloquence" comes next, and in its train "My Grandfather." In Editorials it is found wanting, in clippings prolific; and it even dares to attribute the following to a Fresh:

"I wish I was a Senior  
And with the Seniors stand,  
With down upon my upper lip  
A permit in my hand."

*Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal* has also come to hand for the first time this term. In regard to size and general outward appearance it nearly drew our respect, and we expected, on opening its pages, to find our idealized college paper, but what was our disappointment to discover that it is rather an advertising medium than a college paper. Its literary contents consist for the most part of two sermons—very good ones to be sure, an article on "Women's Degrees" and Sporting Notices. It might take a leaf from American college papers to its advantage.

In the *Portfolio* we have two "Essays"—"Thomas Carlyle" and "John Milton"—in which the fair writers exhibit not a little admiration for the two great Englishmen—the sage and the poet. *Portfolio* sketches are generally of an interesting character. The author of "My past" sings very plaintively, even touchingly of "vanished hands" and "vanished eyes" and "vanished hopes." We would like to sympathize, but our feelings are too masculine. But within our secluded sanctum is one whose sympathies can be depended on, as again and again from his quivering lips ripple forth: "Oh where are the joys of the morning," &c.



THE *College Courier* takes a high place among our exchanges, both for literary merit and for general arrangement.

THE *Bates Student* gives us the following:

EBB-TIDE.

A dreary waste outstretching far,  
Beneath a cheerless sky,  
The vessels leaning on their side,  
Like helpless wrecks they lie.  
The beach thick strewn with sea-weeds brown,  
Mingled with spars and ropes,  
Seems like our lives, strewn thickly o'er  
With wrecks of shattered hopes.

FLOOD-TIDE.

But even while I sadly muse,  
On lessons all must learn,  
The curling waters kiss the shore,  
Recede, yet soon return.  
And now their righted vessels proud,  
The placid waves may ride,  
The gulls fly free, like hopes fresh winged,  
Life, too, hath its flood-tide.

N., '77.

Queen's College Journal strongly advocates the abolition of Upper Canada College—which it regards as “a useless excrescence upon the educational system of Canada.” It is high time for the country to be awakened to its duty towards the doing away of these frightful “ghosts.” The new Chancellor of Queens has generously offered a gold medal during his incumbency, and three prizes of \$50.00 each, for the best English essays on given subjects. Dalhousie wants something of this nature to develop the dormant energies of her students. The *Journal* still agitates the question of “More English and less Greek.” It is characteristic of the *Journal* to deal in a masterly manner with live questions.

The *University Magazine* treats us to a poem entitled “The Brook,” from the pen of Thyrsis. It is not very voluminous, yet we must subjoin a single stanza.

Soft summer skys flecked with light, fleecy masses  
Smilingly o'er it their bright arches bend;  
Gently the breeze ripples through its bright grasses  
Studded with flowers like the stars without end.

Tennyson has a poem on the same subject, but treats it in a tamer style and with different rhythm. The article “The Horse” deals with the students help—the pony.

THE *Niagara Index* says:—“Our ‘devil’ got his share of recognitions on Valentine's day.” Judging from a late issue of the *Index*, the whole of those in connection with the paper must have either imbibed too freely of bad whisky, or the ‘devil’ interfered with the arrangements of the paper; such a mixture we never

saw. Literary efforts and advertisements were thrown in promiscuously. X's of the oldest brands must have been popular, as No. XI. of Gaume's “Classical Studies” was designated thus, XXXX. We would advise a key to accompany future exhibitions of this kind. But we may be too fast. Perhaps as the *Index* aims at variety so seldom, it wished to show that it can make a new departure. Notwithstanding its “delirium turns,” it occasionally gives articles that are somewhat readable. “Wasted lives” might be read with profit by its much neglected grizzled exchange man. By the way what has become of him who once called us a funny term? Has he been salted down for some future emergency, or has he passed into the “Buddhist's heaven of eternal rest?”

THE *Acalia Athenæum* has been trying to improve the color of its cover. It has tried a variety of tints, from a yellow amber and dark green to a pink shade—displaying all the gorgeousness of a beautiful autumnal sunset. Such is the outside, but we look in vain for improvement in the inside pages. The *Athenæum* as usual, with a bland smile informs itself and its readers once a month, and particularly at the present time, that Dalhousie is *Presbyterian* and it is no use denying it. And to be candid, its weak mind has come to believe what its intelligence says is false. It chuckles meaninglessly over what it considers a *catch* on the *GAZETTE*. It says the *GAZETTE* favoured the founding of the University of Halifax. The *GAZETTE*, like every other paper of any importance, favored the idea of giving it a trial. It has had a trial and did not come up to the *GAZETTE*'s expectations, and as any honest paper should do, it now advocates its abolition.

PERSONALS.

W. C. HERDMAN, B. A., '74, is at Stellarton.

A. P. DOUGLAS, a Freshman of last winter's class, teaches school at Stellarton, Pictou.

H. M. STRAMBERG, B. A., '75, is studying law in the office of Hon. Ed. Blake, Toronto.

J. K. McCLURE has returned to his native land, and is now at Truro.

WM. CAMERON, B. A., '73, has given up “pills and powders” for the plough, and now stays with the “old folks,” at Merigomish, Pictou.

A. W. THOMSON, M. D., who attended classes in Dalhousie for some time, is now practising at Shubenacadie.

JOHN WALLACE, B. A., '70, has given up preaching for the present, on account of sickness, and has gone to Bermuda for the winter, for the benefit of his health. We hope he may speedily recover.

GEORGE FOWLER, of the Freshman class of '78, is at present studying law in the office of A. White, LL. B., Sussex, N. B. May his fellowship with Blackstone be pleasant.

RODERICK C. McRAE, Soph, '76, is at Glasgow University, assisting Sir William Thomson in the Physical Laboratory. At the fall examination he obtained a fellowship worth £400 for three years, and shortly after took his M. A. degree. We wish him still greater success!

E. McLELLAN, a student here a few years ago has, we notice by the Pictou papers, opened a law office in Pictou, in partnership with another young Pictonian. Mr. McLellan received the degree of LL. B. from the Halifax University during the past summer. May he continue to succeed.

STUDENTS who know of the whereabouts of any of our old students will oblige by informing the Editors.

DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who alone are expected to understand its contents

THE Principal offers a substantial premium to the man that invents a machine for forcing the Seniors to finish all their private business before entering the class-room.

“THE exams being so horribly near, it is impossible to get a *smile*, even from any one around these parts,” said a tract-vendor who had found his way into Dalhousie. We advised him to try cold water.

It is said that a prominent Junior always looks mad when “*Dulciora melle*” is(h) sung.

“MAY I have aw—the pleasure—aw, &c., &c.,” he said to a fair one on emerging from a north end church. But even military parlance did not go down, and before he could believe it he was left *penniless*.

A POOR Junior who sees nothing at present ahead of him but a ploughing in Physics, last Sunday took a walk to the Point, hoping thereby to ease his aching heart. He looks and sees upon a stone by the road side “W. D.” “And can I not even here have respite from *Wormell's Dynamics?*” quoth he. Remember, Junior, the earth is physical.

A STUDENT is of opinion that there is some mysterious connection between *Sophocles* and *sofa*. We always thought that there was laziness in that fellow.

“MANY are the wonderful things,” quoth a Junior, in the words of the poet, when he found that his Physics-book was published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian knowledge.

THE Sophs believe there is nothing like whisker, but the one whose moustache “asserted” itself during the early part of the session, says that any further *assertion* must take place in regions remote from the *GAZETTE*. Another excused a week's absence from Mathematical Lectures by saying that he was busy growing a moustache which, however, can(h)ard(ly) be seen.

ITEMS.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY numbers 510 students.

FOUR Egyptians are students of Illinois College.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE has an endowment of \$5,000,000.

WABASH is the only Indiana College which is not co-educational.

HARVARD following Queens has raised her pass-mark from 33½ to 40 per cent.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY recently received \$200,000 in Louisville and Nashville railroad stock, from Mrs. Maggie Embry.

THE first scholarship ever awarded to an American student, by Oxford was to W. K. Richardson, a graduate of Harvard of '80.

AMHERST has abolished term examinations and will hereafter require a certain percentage during the year in order to advancement.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London, had in attendance 2,000 students, including 211 ladies, during the past year. The percentage of failure among the women was 19, among the men 44.5.

THE following extra work is required of Freshmen who intend taking the full classical course at Kings:

- 1.—To commit to memory every week 20 lines of Virgil or Ovid.
- 2.—To translate into Latin prose each week a selection of some English poet.
- 3.—To scan, marking cæsura, 5 lines of Latin every week.
- 4.—To master the Rules of Prosody in the Latin Primer before the end of term.

GARDEN CITY, Long Island, is to have a non-sectarian and co-educational college, having an endowment of \$400,000. The generous founders are Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton.

SHE was declaiming "The Launching of the Ship," and as with a tender voice she exclaimed:

How beautiful she is! how fair  
 She lies within those arms that press  
 Her form with many a soft caress  
 Of tenderness and watchful care!"

The professor rolled his eyes in ecstasy and whispered, "beautiful, beautiful figure!" and the boys held each other down in their places and smacked their juicy lips. Such, alas, are the temptations of co-education!—*Vidette*.

A NEW Jesuit College is to be established at Lake Morniningwo, in the valley of the Ottawa.

A GOOD example shown by a city:—The new buildings of Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., were opened a short time since. The citizens of Kingston subscribed \$44,000 to the new college.

THE University College Council, Toronto, Canada, has declined to admit a young lady who has passed with credit the examinations in the university, on the assumption that it would lead to a subversion of the moral order and discipline of the institution.—*Ex.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

REV. E. D. MILLAR, \$2; J. F. Dustan, J. L. George, M. A., J. A. Cairns, M. A., Prof. Lyall, Rev. J. C. Burgess, Alex. McKay, Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, Jas. S. Trueman, J. H. Knowles, H. Mellish, W. L. McRae, John Ross, H. Elliot,—\$1 each.

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In 1881 Five Junior Exhibitions of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years, and Thirteen Junior Bursaries of the annual value of \$150, tenable for two years.

In 1882 Seven Senior Bursaries of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years.

In 1883 Five Senior Exhibitions of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years, and Ten Senior Bursaries of the annual value of \$150, tenable for two years.

The Exhibitions are open to all candidates; the Bursaries are limited to candidates from the Maritime Provinces. The Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries are offered to candidates for Matriculation in Arts; the Senior Exhibitions and Bursaries to undergraduates of any university who have completed two and only two years of their Arts Course, and who intend to enter the third year of the Arts Course in this University.

A statement of conditions, dates and subjects of examinations, &c., may be obtained on application to the Principal, Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.