

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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## LOUISBURG.

The above heading is its own apology, containing, as it does, a world of interest which speaks for itself. It is said of great characters that they make history, and the same is no less true, though perhaps in a more passive sense, of places as well as of men; of Louisbourg at least it may be said that it forms the theme of not a few pages in our country's history.

Having spent the past summer months there, I shall endeavour to lay before your readers a cursory description of the place and its surroundings.

The present Louisburg is a village of some 900 inhabitants. The harbour, *Havre à l'Anglais*, is simply magnificent, and is justly claimed to be one of the best on the continent; its advantages in being free of ice at all seasons, almost completely land-locked, with safe anchorage within five minutes' sail of the Atlantic, as well as its comparative proximity to Europe, have time and again been ventilated in connection with railway schemes, and need no further comment here.

On the eastern side, at the entrance of the harbour, stands Lighthouse Point, where stood one of the strongest of the French forts so gallantly captured by Wolfe, and where there still stands one of the oldest lights on the Atlantic coast. On the same side, but further inland, stands the shipping pier of the Sydney & Louisburg Coal Co., a fine bow-shaped structure, built in water bold enough to float ocean steamships, as I have seen them, some 20 feet from shore. The coal shipped here is specially prized for gas-making; it is brought a distance of 20 miles, over a most expensive piece of railway—wisely built by this enter-

prising firm to give them the double advantage, denied to the other surrounding collieries, of being able to ship in winter as well as summer. Here also is a telephone to Sydney, 30 miles away, and the never-failing (?) storm drum erected on an eminence, which for height really does suggest acquaintance with the clouds. The land as we near the head of the harbour undergoes a sudden change; instead of the bold and rocky shore on the eastern side we have the low flats of the barrasois, and, proceeding a little further, the gently undulating slope on the western side, and on which is built the principal part of the present town. Here the trade is, for the most part, transacted. Stores abound, some that do a paying business, but none of pretentious appearance—a fact true also of the wharves that line the shore in all directions. Agriculture is the chief business in the rear lands of Louisburg; around the harbour, however, but little farming is attempted, few having more than a little plot of land around their dwellings. Beside the coal trade already mentioned, fishing is the staple industry. During fall, the shipping owned in Louisburg, which, by the way, is very considerable, finds employment in carrying off the cargoes of cod, herring, hake and mackerel which have been secured and bought up during the summer months, and which find ready sale in the Halifax and West India markets, where, this year especially, handsome profits have been realized. This, lying on the west and north-western side is the New Town; on the south-west, lying nearer the entrance of the harbour, and scattered on and around the site of the old French fortress, lies the so-called "Old Town."

So much for Louisburg as it is. To one visiting a place of so much historic interest,



however, it is not the present so much as the buried remains and foot-prints of the past that he is anxious to see and know,—so at least felt your correspondent.

From New Town the ruins may be reached either by land or water; more easily by the latter. Having therefore secured a boat at an early day, I started, in company with a brother pedagogue, for the ruins, a mile and a half distant. It happened to be election season, however, and before we could push off the inevitable politician applied for a passage, and though loth to lose time, we consented to take this coming man to the pier opposite; then as he had done with us, to "make the worse appear the better reason." Before a fresh breeze we now "slashed gaily through the water." The politician was soon forgotten in the distance. We pass in quick succession Grand Battery, lying about half way between Old and New Town, with its mound still rising to a conspicuous height on the cliff, piles of stone and brick and lime scattered in one promiscuous mass, and the whole surrounded by a moat. Just above it and across the road, the civilians' burying-ground, where among thick alders are still to be found the moss-grown head-stones, fitting place for Gray's effusions; and on yet higher ground the boulder of rock which local tradition makes the spot where Wolfe planted his flag-staff when making his attack on the battery. After a most enjoyable run, we come to one of the little wharves, built in such martial like order along the beach as to awaken the fancy that, like the golden shields of Mars, they have dropped down from Heaven to guard the enchanted ground within.

The peninsula on which stood the old city is a narrow strip of land stretching easterly across the mouth of the harbour, and together with the two islands "Green" and "Battery," which at one time were doubtless a continuation of this same peninsula, so completely shuts out the ocean as to leave but an entrance of about a mile wide between Battery Island and Lighthouse Point. Landing about the centre of this tongue of land, we wend our way along the shore, past a score, more or less, of unpretentious, old-fashioned

houses. These are occupied by fishermen, most of whom, however, only live here in summer; the bleak and unprotected nature of the ground, together with the scarcity of fuel in the neighbourhood, rendering the cold so intense that in winter they move, bruin-like, to their winter houses in the wooded country to the rear. We soon reached the western gate, which formed the limit of the city westward. The gate is not there, of course, but the street is, and still forms the road for the few settlers within the ancient walls. The latter run down here to the water. They extend in a zig-zag fashion from sea to sea, a distance of a mile or more; and as they are completely overgrown with grass, and from their height afford the best possible view of the surroundings, we determined to mount and walk along their whole length. The average height of the main wall is about fifteen feet, and every year grows less. Before proceeding far we come upon those interesting vaults known as bomb-proofs, of which there are two tiers, the first containing three, and the other, a little further on, the same number. Being anxious to examine these curiosities, we attempt to descend, and after no little scrambling, tumbling, and a final headlong rush, we stand with bones intact at the entrance. One of these is considerably damaged, another is used by a worthy farmer in the neighborhood as a sheep-house! the third is also in a good state of preservation; and after calculating the probabilities of a "cave in," we concluded to enter. Each is about the size of an ordinary ship's cabin. At first they were no doubt almost entirely underground, but in time earth and rubbish has been carried in, so that now they are scarcely below ground level. Within we found the air wonderfully good for such quarters; a bank of snow—although far on in June—filled the further end; while overhead we plucked off globules of hardened lime-solution from the roof, some crumbling at the touch, others more firm, and gazed with no little admiration at the ceiling of stone above us, still so regular and smooth and solid as to make one give some credit to the old remark that masonry is one of those arts that has degenerated. Having made our exit, we gain the top of these curious

structures, higher ground considerably than the wall itself, and affording a magnificent view of the whole surroundings. Around us stands all that remains of this old battle-field. Immediately beneath we can distinguish the foundations of the principal buildings, the hospitals, nunnery and storehouses. Further on lies the little lagoon where may still be seen the piers of the bridge that spanned it, and the outlines of what once were busy streets are also visible. Still further on is Burying-ground Point, thick with forgotten graves; beyond, the islands and the light-house; while in the distance the bold and rocky shores of Lorraine, Main à Dieu, and sea-girt Scatarie make up a fitting background to the picture. To our right are traces of the barracks, parade ground and citadel, while the projections further seaward in the wall mark the ruins of the Queen's and Prince's bastions. On our left, extending from the western gate eastward, appears the cove, across which stretched a boom; while to our rear lies first a ditch, which can be distinguished just outside the wall throughout its whole length, and outside this as far as the eye can reach there stretches one uninterrupted marsh—the same across which the brave fellows serving under Wolfe once dragged their cannon.

As we stood there amid this mass of half buried, crumbling ruins, memories of the past would naturally crowd thick upon us. The enormous outlay in building such giant fortifications; the security with which these French burghers lived on within their stronghold; the commotion at the sudden approach of Warren and Pepperel to seize at all hazards this rendezvous of French marauders and reckless Indians. Then the siege, the landing, the evacuation of Grand Battery—famous in two sieges—the month of cannonading and the surrender. A few years of British possession and we can imagine the eagerness with which these same gallant defenders would come back to their old quarters and determine to make it impregnable by land and sea. But no. Memory there takes another bound, and we call up in rapid review the gallant landing at Gabarus, the attack and capture of Grand Battery, the sudden seizure of Lighthouse Point, and the consequent silencing of the guns on Battery Island, the no less heroic

capture of the French ships, the despair of the besieged, and the unconditioned surrender; all these and more come crowding in upon the memory.

And then again, as the grand but silent scene before us stands out in strange and striking contrast to the visions of the past, we cannot but exclaim: "Here surely might the poet 'wake to ecstasy his living lyre' and invoke his goddess; here, indeed might the historian find material for a 'rise and fall' of French dominion, and the artist contemplate a scene worthy of his highest skill. Here are relics to fix the attention of the most hasty tourist; matter to quicken the thought of every student of nature, and to stimulate the pen of every 'ready writer.'"

But we must away. Friend Mac now proposes a visit to an old resident who has pitched his tent in the very centre of the old ruins, and I followed. On every hand we could see traces of the squares and the various public buildings, heaps of brick, mortar and stone, some hewn, some rough; while the whole area is carefully fenced off and yields hay of the best quality year by year, with no other fertilizer than the lime scattered in all directions. Even the dead lion's carcase, the moralist would say, may yield its honey. Within the little farmhouse the interest centered in an old French cupboard, a truly quaint piece of furniture, with none of the fine finish but more solidity than the modern article. Within it were stored old spoons, which would sell now-a-days for ladles, pieces of old guns, locks, knives, and a host of other relics.

We now resume our march along the wall, here and there broken through to get the brick which the modern burghers can only appreciate at its intrinsic market value. At the extreme end of the wall seaward we find the quarry and near by the dressing ground, where stand some hewn blocks of stone, in which the marks of drill and chisel are still plainly to be seen. Immense quantities of the best building stone have been hurried off from these ruins, as your readers are doubtless aware, to build up St. John, Boston, and even to fill a place in Halifax. Vandalism! "Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."



Immediately outside the quarry lies the so-called Black Rock, a solid mass of bare rock true to its name, and near enough to be accessible just then, though at spring tides it is completely shut off from the quarry. We manage to scale it, and after our precipitous clamber conclude to rest. As we sat there, watching the Atlantic as it tumbled and dashed against the solid wall of granite at our feet, Mac could not restrain his:

"Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,"

and I thought Byron's genius must have had in view some such scene as the one before us when in the same strain he sings:

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?"

Carthage! And here too were we sitting amid all that was left of the old city of Louis, like Marius amid the ruins of Rome's hapless rival.

Leaving Black Rock to battle on against old ocean, we proceed to the last place of interest, Burying-ground Point. Certain good people are forever labouring under the belief that Frenchmen have buried money in these parts, and here, indeed, we came upon a breach of considerable size, where these industrious (?) delvers have dug for gold and brought up—disappointment, and probably their children will come here and repeat the experiment! How many are buried on this point it is impossible to say—perhaps thousands.

And now we had satisfied our curiosity to "do" old Louisburg. Having gained the harbour shore, we strolled leisurely along the beach, re-embarked with quickened appetite, and a light breeze bore us quickly home with a higher regard than ever for the "Dunkirk of America."

Thanking you for your columns and hoping your readers who have not yet done so may like a holiday trip to see for themselves this city by the sea.

PLUS ULTRA.

An intoxicated man, passing a door over which was the sign, "Cast Iron Sinks," looked up, and after reading the sign several times, chuckled and said: "Well, who the—(hic)—said it didn't?"—*Ex.*

### OUR EXCHANGES.

WE have received the Christmas number of the *King's College Record*. The prize poem on Louisburg is decidedly good. The other leading features are "Crispus," "Fireside musings on gloomy days," and "Reminiscences of Oxford." We must say that it makes us sad to read the gloomy editorial on the prospects of Kings. It seems to us that King's College is worth too much to this Province from an historic point of view to be allowed to decline. Why not fall back on those "Suggestions for accomplishing the union of King's and Dalhousie Colleges agreed on by the joint committee of both Colleges in September, 1823." With such changes as the lapse of time have rendered necessary these proposals we imagine would be satisfactory to both Colleges. What thinks the *Record*?

THE students of Morrin College, Quebec, have issued a paper and have called it the *Review*. It is destined, we doubt not, to be a success.

THE Exchange man of the *Niagara Index* having fired his pop-gun at every college paper on the Continent, calmly sits down to receive the return fire. By the way we beg to inform the geographer of the *Index* that Halifax is not so far north as he supposes.

THE holiday number of the *Beacon* is filled with accounts of the removal from the old building to the new and handsome "Jacob Sleeper Hall." Although co-education is the main plank of the University platform it appears that there are difficulties yet to solved. Instance this statement made in reference to the need felt of having a common reading-room:

"It often happens that it is actually necessary for a 'brother' to see a 'sister,' or vice versa, on matters connected with their college duties, but the attainment of such an interview generally requires so much perseverance and patience on the part of the student, and the untying of so many hard knots of red tape that it becomes practically impossible."

Poor "brother!"

THE *Argosy* and *Athenæum* find fault with the *Gazette* in that too much space is given to local affairs. Should a College paper not devote its space first to matters local and then, if practical give room to "literary" articles? Graduates are interested in what is going on

around the College. What care they about articles on the "Homeric Age" &c. &c.

We have also received the following: *Index and Chronicle*, *Central Collegian*, *Rouge et Noir*, *Delaware College Review*, *Oxford Review* and *Undergraduates' Journal*, and *Adelphian*.

### ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

GENERAL STUDENTS' MEETING.—On Tuesday evening, 9th December, a General Students' Meeting was held. The attendance was very small. Reports were received from the Entertainment and Lecture Committees. With reference to the former it was stated that the collection taken at the Entertainment had fallen "short" considerably; so the Committee had advanced the money. For their generous action in this respect a vote of thanks was presented to them. [The Com. has its revenge next meeting.] It was decided to abandon the proposed Lecture Course. This seems to us unfortunate, but the unfavorable report left no alternative. But the chief business which had called that vast assemblage of Students together was in reference to the Munro holiday. The meeting determined that the celebration take the form of a sleigh-drive,—the affair to be managed by a Committee consisting of the following: Messrs. Bell, McColl, McDonald, Taylor and Gammell.

### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

YALE holds the championship for base-ball.

PRINCETON College receives a donation of \$30,000 by the will of Rev. Dr. Musgrave.

BATES College has an endowment of about \$116,000.

ABOUT \$50,000 has been subscribed toward the Harvard Law School Library fund.

BOSTON University has a fund of \$2,000, the income from which is to clothe poor students.

AN American took first prize in Mathematics at the University of Heidelberg, Germany.

THE Yale College Glee Club recently gave a concert in Boston.

CORNELL is to have a new armory—cost \$20,000.

JAY GOULD has contributed \$5,000 to the Rutgers College endowment fund.

THE strife at Kingston between male and female medical students has ended, the Faculty agreeing to admit no more ladies to classes.

BY bequests of the late David Greenshields, of Montreal, McGill receives \$40,000, Queens \$5,000, and Morrin \$5,000.

WILLIAMS College gets \$50,000 from the estate of the late William Clark, of Poughkeepsie, New York.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has recently made to the Boston Public Library a gift of 1,303 bound volumes and 4,682 pamphlets.

A STRIKE is imminent at McGill. Over 150 of the Medical students have threatened to leave the college if an objectionable Professor is not removed.

UPON the death of the wife of the late Lewis H. Morgan, \$100,000 is to go to Rochester University for the education of women.

THIRTY-THREE per cent. of the students and sixty-one per cent. of the Faculty at Ann Arbor are Christians.

IN the cane rush at Dartmouth, the Sophomores, who were stripped to the waist and thoroughly greased, secured the cane after a struggle of three-quarters of an hour.

THE general summary of the Harvard catalogue for '82-'83, shows that the University has 163 teachers, 61 officers of all sorts, and 1428 students.

THE *Yale Courant*, which has been the property of Mr. F. V. McDonald, '78, and which has cost him about \$5,000, a great deal of time, etc., has been presented to the students, "to be owned and controlled by them."

TORONTO claims to be the Educational centre of the Dominion. All told there are 2,500 students. Among the institutions are University College, the School of Practical Science, Trinity College, St. Michael's College, three Theological Seminaries and two Medical Schools.

A "GREEK Seminary" has been formed at King's College, Windsor. "This society, which originated in John Hopkins University, has for its principal object the study of the *fine points* in the Greek Language. It is under the guidance of Professor Wilson. The course pursued is this—certain subjects are proposed, and allotted to each member, who prepares an essay on it, which he reads before the Seminary."



# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 13, 1883.

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As this is the season of the year in which most persons are settling up their accounts and paying their debts, we hope our Subscribers will remember the GAZETTE and send along the "Almighty Dollar," so that we too may be able to remove our liabilities.

HISTORY shows us that the higher institutions of learning of a country have a great influence on its thoughts and impulses. As Nova Scotians it behoves us to take an interest in all that concerns our native land, and to regard carefully those factors which tend to affect its future. The students of many colleges have a distinctive character; as their character is so will be their influence, and therefore a few remarks on this subject to Dalhousie students will not be out of place.

While our men remember and are proud of the fact that Dalhousie College is theirs, they should also remember that their college is, from the circumstances and conditions of its foundation, and its mode of maintenance, the Provincial University. But if historical evidence be rejected and the principle of the survival of the fittest be appealed to, the endowments, names of our governors, number of professors, (without any remarks as to their ability), the number of students, &c., will justify our possession of the title

above given. Moreover, we do not know of any reasonable doubt but that our University will maintain the position it now holds, if we judge from the successful efforts of the governors when it had greater difficulties than at present to surmount.

We, the students, should therefore do our part in advancing the interests of our College. The character of any institution is judged from that of its members, and we should endeavor to conduct ourselves and discharge our duties in such a way, as to reflect no disgrace but rather to add honor to her. That such action would have considerable and widespread influence in advancing Dalhousie can not be doubted.

This much we can do at present, and we should also be preparing to do more in the future. We should train ourselves by all means in our power, so that we can take our various positions in life with honor to the University from which we set out. It is painfully apparent that some of us neglect this *duty* and centre everything in self, but that such a course can bring great credit to ourselves or our *Alma Mater* is scarcely possible. The means whereby this training may be obtained—debates, writing for the GAZETTE, general reading, &c.—have been so often written upon in these columns, that we will now only refer our fellow-students to those articles.

THE near approach of the "George Munro" holiday renders it necessary that we should offer a few remarks to the students as to the proper method of its observance. By general consent the day has heretofore been celebrated by having a sleigh drive and dinner. Whether this is a becoming mode of commemorating the deeds of our benefactor, may be a fit question for discussion. But we are inclined to think that the particular way which we take to show our feelings is not so much to be regarded as the spirit in which we go about it. The point to be settled is, is the day generally observed by the students, and if not, why not? It seems to us that no true Dalhousian should fail to celebrate the day in some way. Many do not care for the drive with all its boisterous fun. Let these honour the occasion in some other way. But let

it not be the case that those who are the special recipients of Mr. Munro's bounty should be the very ones to give themselves completely over to "cramming" on an occasion when they, above all others, should be present.

AT the risk of appearing ungrateful, we would venture to call the attention of the Alumni to the financial state of affairs as concerns the Gymnasium. We acknowledge the obligation we are under to that body, but, at the same time, have no great relish for an institution incomplete, as is the one in question. Of course, half a loaf is better than no bread, but who is to blame one for endeavouring to procure the whole loaf? That happy consummation does not appear to be very near us at present. The Alumni, after making a good start, have quietly let matters go, that is, have left the Gymnasium unpaid for, and allowed friends of the college to advance necessary money. Now the students' gymnasium fees do no more than pay for instruction—not a cent of it can help clear off the debt. To be sure the building has been let in the evenings for a considerable sum, and we suppose that money will go to square off any advances made by friends of the college. It is perfectly right that it should. But that money, if the Alumni had finished their undertaking, would be devoted to the maintenance of the Gymnasium in proper style. As to the present running expenses, breakage of foils, single sticks, general wear and tear, and breakage,—Heaven knows how they are to be defrayed. We do not expect the Alumni to provide funds for this latter purpose; but if they would kindly finish their work, we could find the running expenses very well ourselves.

WE have to thank Professors Macdonald and MacGregor for kindly placing on the Reading-Room table some late English papers and magazines. These favours are not unappreciated by the students.

SUSPENDERS for college breaches, is a Junior's definition of Faculty,

## THE WORLD'S CHEMICAL CONGRESS.

[CONCLUDED]

To vary proceedings, a song was now called for. Hydrogen willingly responded, and by the aid of instruments and appliances of glass succeeded in a few moments in making a succession of agreeable sounds which were generally well received, though a few young ladies affected to be very much amused. Lord Gold asked permission to introduce a young friend of his, which request having been granted by the committee on introductions, Thallium, a young marquis who had spent his life abroad, was presented to the audience and requested to favour the meeting. On rising His Excellency said, *inter alia*, that he never remembered being in this country before, but on the occasion of this visit he was so prepossessed in its favour that he hoped that he should be able to spend much of his time in it in future. His Excellency was therefore heartily applauded and cordially welcomed to the platform.

The Congress was not without its laughable incidents too. I remember noticing particularly a young man, who looked as if he couldn't keep still a moment. He was wonderfully excited. Occupying perhaps the coldest part of the room, he yet seemed to complain everlastingly of the heat, and if he heard the slightest thing that differed from his own sentiments he flared up till actually I thought he would fire with rage. What a very inflammable young gentleman he was! All at once he suddenly disappeared, amid the laughter of the greater part of the audience. It seems that in one of his caperings he had gone pretty well back upon the window sill where he had been sitting. Someone (I believe it was that mischievous rogue old Nitrogen) had silyly given him a little push, tipped him over, and here he was cooling himself in the large water butt just outside of the window. No one seemed sorry, nor did any one run to his assistance, all no doubt feeling that he was now in a very safe place. Overhearing two brother metals talking of him, I learned that his name was Phosphorus, a relation of Farmer Phosphate, of Phosphite Grange, and that when the fit was on him he was a most dangerous character.



The entertainment committee now stepped forward and said that they would be happy to shew the members a few experiments. This was well received, though Magnesium, a lad of about ten years, was bold enough to say, "Only give me a chance and I'll do as much in this way as the whole of you!" Aluminium, an Irishman, racily muttered, "Schist (just) wait till I come forward." Major Nitrate, of Strontian, and Colonel Crucible did most of the superintendence, and exhibited beautifully colored flames and performed a number of interesting tricks with Pharaoh serpents, fireworks, &c., while between times they recited songs and told laughable incidents. Many a fair cheek blanched and grew pale as the gallant colonel related anecdotes of the war and the fire that he was often called upon to stand. Mineral Chameleon was also induced to act his part, which he did in his usual happy way and with his customary success.

The investigation committee here reported that application to join the Congress had been sought by the organic elements. This body set forth that they were virtually of the same stock as the other, though differing in some things and often separated, and on the principle of union being strength they felt they could be much more effective if united. They contended that a natural benefit might in this way be expected to result. The document was of considerable length and duly signed in proper form, Dowager Starch, Lady Chloroform, Mrs. Ether, and Miss Acetic Acid (a sour old maid) heading the list. Revds. Dr. Glucose and Glycerene, and Revds. Messrs. Chloral and Morphine had also signed their names. It was decided to grant the request and admit them all—their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, a numerous fraternity, and with a decided similarity in name—with the exception of Strychnine, Prussic and Oxalic Acids. The former was a butcher, a cowardly cruel fellow; the other two ill-fated wretches, according to the statements on oath of Drs. Analysis and Microscope, phrenologists of some sixty years, and who, from long experience and close observation, could test pretty well. Further, it was shown that politically they were

rabid Nihilists, wishing nothing to exist and always trying to destroy human organizations.

Old Mr. Copper, a shipbuilder, here rose and said that, as the evening was pretty well advanced, he would respectfully move that the other members be requested to be prepared to do their part by way of entertainment at next meeting, young Nickel, a jeweler, seconding the motion, which was at once carried. Names being solicited, Hon. Bismuth, M.P., an old member volunteered a speech; Calcium to perform a variety of *sublime* experiments; Lawyer Blowpipe, in a puffy, vigorous style, promised to exhibit the latest improvements in glass blowing; Sodium and Potassium, each an essay, prefaced by a short biographical sketch, while the useful and witty Sodium Chloride volunteered a composition of his own which he had carefully prepared. Ammonium mumbled something, it was hard to know what, but as he lived in dissipation it was thought best not to depend on him. Among the ladies, Mrs. Cobalt promised to exhibit some curious specimens of writing, and Miss Chromium her choice collection of paintings. A debate by four or five of the younger members was also provided for.

Arrangements, too, were made for the celebrated artist, Nitrate of Silver, to be present at the next session and photograph the congress at its early sitting.

The Secretary read an apology for absence from Earl Platinum, than whom none has greater weight and importance. The Earl telegraphing from South America, begged to forward his best wishes for the interests of their cause.

Sheriff Sulphur in a flowery speech proposed, and Farmer Silicion (a *Grit*) seconded, that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to the following parties:

1. The editor of the *Chemical World* for his gratuitous services.

2. The several travelling companies for their favors, being especially grateful that Judges Nitrogen-Terchloride and Fulmonite of Mercury, both of them shaky old gentlemen of a peculiarly choleric temper, had been carried along in safety, and

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

IN reading your criticisms on my communication, the reader will certainly remark that they are very indefinite and deal only with side issues, while the main points are left unnoticed. I most emphatically assert that I do not wish to underrate the importance of Mathematics and Classics, as I believe that a mental development is received from the study of the former that can be derived from no other source; but I do not overrate the mental development of that person who would assert that the drift of my letter was that "the Senate" *really did* "consider that Mathematics required as much time and brains as Latin, Greek and English together." Certainly, "no authority for such statements can be found in the calendar." I did imply that the discrimination in favor of Mathematics was not "a fair one," and that *bursary* men naturally concluded that they would endeavour to take a first or second class in Mathematics rather than risk the possibility of their taking a first or second class in any other two subjects. Hence Mathematics would undoubtedly receive special and undue attention, to the neglect of other subjects. In order to substantiate this assertion, I will not call to witness the shades of departed Dalhousians, but simply direct your attention to the calendar of '82-'83, pages 46 and 47, where you will notice that, while only fourteen Freshmen took a first or second class in Classics, *i. e.*, Latin and Greek, twenty-eight took a similar standing in Mathematics. I could refer you to similar results at other Sessional Examinations, but I refrain from *boring* you with too many authorities. I have not referred to the Rhetoric class of last year, since it is evident from the character of the Sessional Exam., given on pages 82 and 83, that there is a radical difference between it and the present class.

It is useless to refer to your remark with regard to Classics and Mathematics being *the* subjects of their respective years, because this does not apply to our College curriculum. I would also add, if I were not a Freshman, that the bursaries are bringing into Dalhousie classes

3. Mr. Oxygen, for the genial and able manner in which he has discharged throughout the duties of the chair.

I need not tell you that these motions passed unanimously.

The chairman in rising, according to custom, to make the farewell speech, said he begged to thank the meeting for the confidence they had reposed in him, as well as for their cordial vote of thanks. He testified to the good order and harmonious feeling that had prevailed throughout (*hear!*), though a few young molecules and atoms had run about a little, one or two surly chaps, as Chlorine, Bromine, Phosphoretted Hydrogen and Hydrosulphuric Acid, had with their usual disagreeableness endeavored more than once to interrupt proceedings in their own peculiarly offensive manner. He begged that the conduct of the latter however more especially might be overlooked, as he was the most useful and important working agent the society had.

In conclusion, he stated that they would be asked to meet again (D.V.) a century hence, place and time to be definitely stated through the publication committee at a later date. After singing together the national anthem, dedicated to their patroness, the Goddess of Science, the members quietly and sadly dispersed. I regret not being able to give all the words of the hymn. I could only catch a few lines, Red Oxide of Mercury nearly precipitating me to the ground in his haste to get away, and my thoughts being with those who had been my companions, but who even now were rapidly departing. Perhaps by next session, in the year of grace 19—, some other friend of science may be more fortunate and be able to furnish the world with the complete anthem. The lines I remember were something like these:

"May each to other e'er prove true,  
Do all the good that he can do,  
And as the countless ages run,  
Prove God and science ever one."

Jan., 1900.

A. W. HERDMAN.

PENNSYLVANIA has a minister by the name of Hornblower, and although his congregation have offered to pay the expense of a change of name he insists that the old one is all right.



more thoroughly prepared in Classics and Mathematics than the first year students of previous years, but that English is usually sadly neglected in the preparatory schools, since it is considered of so little importance at the matriculation competition.

In closing, perhaps I cannot do better than repeat the questions the naturally arise in the minds of Freshmen: Why is English not placed on a par with Mathematics and Classics at the Bursaries Exams.? Since both Classics and Mathematics are considered as two subjects, why not deem English to be of equal importance? If those *discriminations* were made before our new professor was engaged and a thorough course in English afforded to students, should *they* not be removed at once?

Trusting that the above remarks are conspicuous enough for the "Mathematical minds" of the GAZETTE editors,

I remain, yours respectfully,

"FRESHIE."

To the Editors of the Gazette:

In venturing to intrude myself into your columns, I would wish it to be understood that I am expressing merely my own opinions and not those of the year to which I have the honor to belong. But not having yet discovered that I am of a nature very materially differing from my fellows, I have concluded that whatever affects me affects them in a similar manner. The goad which is at present pricking me to this deliverance is the accumulating burden that is laid on Undergraduates from their second year onwards. This is apparent even in the ordinary course—for have not two hours a week been added to the already heavy work of the Sophomores? Two hours a week does not bear a very dreadful sound, but when you are working at a high pressure it means something very serious. Indeed, work is the bug-bear rather than the pride of the College. Our present condition puts me in mind of the frogs to whom Jove gave a Stork as a King. Work is our King, and it is threatening—threatening, do I say!—it actually is eating the life out of us. Consider that to the

second year—dreaded by Undergraduates—more work has been added, that bursary men—no mean proportion of the year—are fairly smothered by it; consider, too that a difficult examination—useless, as far as I can see—stares these latter in the face at the beginning of the third year; that year, not a light one by any means, is now put on a par with the second by the Physics course—a course continually extending—and further increased in difficulty by the extension of the Metaphysical department; consider this in connection with the shortness of our Term, and then form some idea of the way work is pressing upon us. I would not for a moment have you to suppose that I am complaining of the great advances the College has been making, or that I object to the work laid down for Students—with the exception of the inter-*sessional* examination, a useless heaping up of work—but my ground of complaint is the forcing of all this work upon men, some of whom cannot bear it, and others of whom have extreme distaste for certain branches. Whenever Mr. Munro has founded a Professorship, the authorities of the College, without taking cognizance of either the capacities or convenience of the Students, look over the time-table and give the new Professor whatever spare hours they can find. Surely they will not pursue this one-sided system any longer. I mentioned above that the shortness of the term militates against the Students. Our term is nominally of six months. One month is occupied with examinations and closing ceremonies; part of another is consumed in holidays, thus leaving about four months and a week for work. Now take up the Calendar, (most of your readers are familiar with that interesting document,) look over the amount of work crammed into that short term, (and don't forget a glance over the exam. papers to show that the work is not expected to be done in a slip-slop style) and then tell me whether or no our lives are a burden to us. The present system is perfectly ridiculous—a short Term, work rushed through with feverish rapidity, exhausting examinations, and a six months' loaf, or, as I said above, renewed plugging on the part of us Sophomores who have the misfortune of bursaries,

in order to hold the same for the next two years. What in the world is to prevent our Term from being lengthened to eight months? We have plenty of work to fill that space of time. The College is not as it used to be when the majority of Students taught school during one-half of the year in order to attend College the other half. Between the Munro Bursaries and improved High Schools that is largely done away with. But what is now becoming more than ever apparent is the want of an optional course—not partially optional, as is ours to a small extent, but wholly so. I will not air my views on this subject, as the common sense of each of us will tell us what are our own peculiar tendencies and what our dislikes. It is patent to anyone that a system which indiscriminately jumbles together a man's likes and dislikes and plies him with all manner of work, is wrong. There is not one of us could consume a whole carcase of beef or mutton at a meal (though I have heard of a worthy Scot getting away with a sheep at a single repast) and the same style of argument is applicable to the feeding of our minds. If the dons will persist in forcing all this food on us we must either reject some of it (and get floored) or take it all and get sick. Craving pardon for the space I have consumed,

I remain, yours,

SOPH.

#### 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.*

WHAT a nursery for criminals P. E. Island is!

It's now in order to train for the Munro dinner.

THIS Juliet business is having a bad effect on some susceptible Freshman.

WE have a student who may be said to *rank* in the "regularly absent" class.

SOME of the fellows explain their improved (?) appearance, by saying that they spent their holidays cramming for the final cram.

THE picture of the grads. of '83, now in the Reading Room, is treated with the greatest respect—as it deserves.

QUITE a number of the students did not get over the festivities of the season until a few days after classes re-opened.

AN INTERESTING and thrilling piece of information about the fifth year man can be found in the list of hotel arrivals in the *Pietou News*.

THE thanks of the English class are due to the person who so lustily gives a vocal solo at the class-room door every morning.

WHAT is the difference between an unlucky student and a goose? One is examined before he is plucked, and the other is plucked before it is examined.

IF a student gets over the first and second years without being winged by Cupid, he is comparatively safe. The old maids say that if he passes into the third year he is too *artful* to be caught.

A SOPH., when asked about a young man of a section in which he was teaching last summer, made answer: "I don't know him very well, but he had a sister —." The applause which followed nearly put him into *fits*.

THE fourth year men have had their pictures taken in a group. We believe they intend to get one of them (the pictures not themselves) hung up in the College Library. The picture will be a great encouragement to those getting examined in that room hereafter.

#### PERSONALS.

H. CONGDON, a General of last session, has charge of the second department of the Dartmouth High School.

WE are sorry to hear that F. W. ARCHIBALD, B. A. '78, has been compelled to give up his congregation at Amherst on account of failing health. We hope soon to hear of Mr. Archibald's complete recovery.

EDWIN CROWELL, B. A. '80, who filled the Free Baptist pulpit in this city during the last two months, has accepted a call to the Yarmouth pastorate, including the Free Baptist churches of that town, Tusket, Plymouth, and Little River.

WE mentioned in a previous issue some of our graduates who, during the summer, had given up singleness and taken to themselves wives. To that list we have to add the names of Rev. Edwin Smith, B. A. '67, and F. B. Chambers, B. A. '79,—one who will always be remembered by Dalhousie's sons. Rev. J. H. Cameron, B. A. '78, has also pursued the orthodox course.—"Marry and go West."



THE Preston (G. B.) *Herald* of Dec. 16, 1882, contains an interesting account of the Presbyterian Church of England Bazaar held in that town, which realized the sum of £955. It also traces the history of the church from its inception in 1872 to the position it now holds, having a membership of 200 and a prosperous Sunday School, numbering nearly 200 scholars. During the last five years it has raised for all purposes £3,000. This church is under the charge of REV. S. McNAUGHTON, M. A. '70, and his numerous friends will be glad to hear of his success.

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CLIPPINGS.

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ANY good-looking lass is perfectly happy when left to her own reflections."

WHEN a man gives you his hand he does it out of friendship. When he gives you his foot it is quite another matter.

"VERBUM sat sapienti" according to a Senior is rendered:

"The verb sat on the wise man."

"You have lovely teeth Ethel."

"Yes, George," she fondly lisped; "they were a present from Aunt Grace."

"OH, maid with laughing, laughing eye,  
For what those tears? oh! why that sigh?"  
She murmurs as the blushes come,  
"I swallowed a chunk of chewin' gum."

"WHY do you remind me of the lamp?" inquired the young and pretty Haligonian, as the long hand was hastening to overtake the short one at the most northern extremity of the clock. "Because I'm pretty bright?" he asked, modestly hanging his head. "Oh, dear, no," was the decisive reply. "Well, then, I give it up." "Because," she answered softly, "it's quite time to turn you out." He saved her the trouble instantly.

OLD farmer S. had a green hand who would always get the front endgate in the back part of the wagon, and *vice versa*. The old man showed him again and again how he should put them in, but without effect, and at last, having lost all patience, he painted a big "B" on each of the afore-mentioned endgates, and, calling the hired man, said: "Now then, you blasted idiot, here is 'B' for behind and 'B' for before, and if you don't get 'em right after this, I'll turn you off so help me Jeremiah!"

As he sat on the steps on Sunday night he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden; but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to flying meteors that were about to escape his observation. Then she began

"calling" him on lightning bugs, and at last got him down to solid work on the light of a lantern that a man was carrying at a depot in the distance, where the trains were switching.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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REV. J. S. MACNAUGHTON, M. A., \$3; Rev. J. K. Bearisto, B. D., \$2; Rev. J. A. MacKeen, \$1.40; Rev. Andrew Rogers, B. A.; Rev. J. A. Cairns, B. A.; Rev. James Gray, Rev. W. S. Whittier; J. F. Downie, W. Aiton, H. K. Fitzpatrick, J. F. Smith, J. M. McLeod, H. M. Smith, R. T. Locke, H. Trueman, C. H. Cahan,—\$1 each.

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