

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

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PROFESSOR DEMILL'S ADDRESS.

(Continued.)

THUS far, as you are aware, I have merely been presenting the opinions of others. We see from these, that there are two separate schemes of Education, which for convenience sake, I have called the old learning and the new. The advocate of each of those admits the value, both of discipline and of culture, and each insists with equal vehemence that his own method is the best way by which these great ends are to be attained. You perceive that much is to be said on either side, and that to the claims of each it is not easy to find an answer.

Nor is the question between them to be decided by authority. Authority is dead in education, and perhaps in some other things. Education, like all else in this age, is on its trial. They have no King in this Israel, but every college does that which is right in its own eyes. If you tell me what they do at Oxford, I shall be happy to listen, and will reply by telling you what they do at Harvard. To Cambridge, I will oppose Leipzig; and to London, Yale. What remains is this, not to imitate blindly, but to choose intelligently; to seek what may seem best, and to put it on its trial.

Sometimes in the conflict of causes a decision must be made; and the cry comes sharp and decisive:—"Choose ye this day." But in most cases there is no such necessity. Other courses are open. We may take sides with the one on the right or the one on the left; or we may take up that loftier, serener, and altogether comfortable, if not more philosophic station—preferred by the majority of men—which is on the fence.

There may also be another course, involving neither fanaticism nor cowardice, in which one recognizes the good that may be in each, and uses it for his own purposes.

Now, in the present question, it is possible to recognize the good that is in each, and make use

of the one or the other to suit our own purposes. The two plans of education differ greatly in character, but great differences are also found in the characters of men. It may not be good to run all students through one common mould. It may not be wise to have nothing better than a bed of Procrustes.

A true education may be given in more ways than one; and we find it carried on in widely different modes in all countries, and in all ages. There have been educated men among the Chinese and Japanese. It is not easy to say why the study of Confucius and Mencius may not give as good a discipline as that of Plato and Aristotle; nor can any one affirm that the study of Sanskrit is not as good as that of Greek. The Indian mind was once trained by methods, of which we know nothing, to an efficiency of which we find striking proofs in profound philosophical systems, and elaborate grammatical treatises. Among ourselves we find some whose intellects have been developed by Latin or Greek, French and German, science or philosophy, art or literature. At the present day there are so many modes of discipline and culture that the question seems almost to be not what is good? but rather what is not good? This teacher believes in the ancient languages; that one in the modern; a third in mathematics; a fourth in metaphysics; another in literature; another in physics; another in art. According to Ruskin, the painter should be a prodigy of intellectual discipline; according to Mendellsohn, the musician should be a man of encyclopædic learning.

All languages, all arts, all sciences have thus their enthusiastic advocates, who prove to their own satisfaction the educational value of each. Far be it from us to deny or even to depreciate these claims. Let us concede them all, and so, with regard to what we call the old and the new learning, we may accept the arguments of both and admit that each is good for discipline and culture. The only choice to be made is this: Which one is to be selected as best adapted to

the individual student? and this choice will depend upon the kind of mind that is to be educated.

All are not to receive the same education. For some have no capacity for abstract thought; others take no interest in the concrete; others are unable to receive any benefit from the study of language or literature. Here are several classes of men, each of which may find a course of education adapted to its intellectual needs. Let there be then a wise and careful selection, by which the student may do full justice to himself. One may become double first at Oxford by the study of languages, who will be obscure at Cambridge in mathematics; another may become senior wrangler at Cambridge, who will fail at Oxford; a third may fail both at Oxford and Cambridge, and yet soar aloft out of sight into the metaphysical empyrean of Glasgow; while a fourth, who will fail in all these, may attain to distinction in the laboratories of Leipzig, or the museums of Paris. I for one do not believe in the assertion that the absence of capacity for any given study is the very reason why that study should be enforced on the unhappy being who ahhors it. On the contrary, I hold that an education should have reference to the taste and talent of the student, for he will study twice as well that which he loves. One study in the heart is worth two in the head.

The new learning has forced an entrance into many Universities, and in the Arts course we often find it side by side with the old, and on an equal footing. The result is a certain confusion and over-crowding of studies, by which each receives too little attention; and the complaint has arisen that there is much smattering, and little thoroughness.

Various efforts have been made to remedy this evil:

1. By Honor Courses. By this is meant that the student may pursue an extended course of study in any department for which he has a special aptitude, and that, if successful, he may attain the distinction of College honors. This plan is adopted in the English Universities.

2. By Elective studies. Here the College course is carefully classified; and the various departments consist of studies which are made equivalent. Among these the student has liberty of choice, so that he may select those from which he may receive the greatest benefit. A good example of this may be found in Harvard.

The result of these efforts has been satisfactory to a certain extent; but neither plan has been so successful as to solve the problem. Another attempt has therefore been made.

3. This is the establishment of two courses of study—one relating to the old learning and the other to the new. The former is the old Arts course, terminating in the degree of Bachelor of Arts; the other is connected chiefly with science, and terminates in a degree appropriately named Bachelor of Science. This, like the others, is only an experiment. It cannot as yet be called successful, and it would be premature to say that it even gives the promise of success. But it is at least well worthy of trial, and there is no reason why we should not hope that this will eventually lead to a solution of the problem.

It has been said that the workings of the British Constitution may be studied to better advantage in a small colony than in England itself, for the reason that in the former bold experiments are continually hazarded which no English statesman would dare so much as to propose. And so the workings of educational plans may be studied in small colleges, at least as well as in big Universities. We have not been, in Dalhousie, without our small history, and our petty experiments, carefully considered, patiently carried out, and fairly worthy of attention.

At first our endeavor was to blend all studies in one curriculum; but after a few years we became aware of the overcrowding of our Arts course, and felt that some change was desirable. We therefore tried first the Honor course. This was satisfactory as far as it went, but it did not reach the great body of our students. We then adopted to a partial extent the elective plan, and this was also successful in its way, but still the general effect was not strikingly beneficial. Our next effort was to introduce two separate courses, in Arts and Science, with a degree appropriate to each.

We soon found, however, that this plan could not be properly carried out; and the reason was that we had not a sufficient staff of instructors. We tried to make use of the same teachers in both departments; but the result was a certain assimilation of the two, so that they had not that pronounced and well defined distinctiveness which was needed. This made us feel that our aim was impossible, unless we should receive additional help.

This year we have had the good fortune to receive the help that we needed. Dr. Honeyman and Dr. Bayne, both so well and so favorably known in this community, were kind enough to come to our assistance, and give us their valuable services. We had already added to our staff a Professor of Physics—Dr. McGregor, who, on leaving us was succeeded by the present Professor, one of our own Alumni—Dr. Mackenzie. Thus we had three additional professors. With such a reinforcement as this it became possible to construct a new course quite distinct from the old one, a course which should fairly represent the new learning, and which should be well adapted to the wants of those who do not wish to pursue the time-honored arts course.

I have not time to analyze this new course of study or to go into details. I will only say that its chief branches are the modern sciences and the modern languages. The time allotted to it is the same as that of the arts course. The students rank as under-graduates; scholarships and prizes are open to them, and they receive the degree of Bachelor of Science after passing the usual examinations. In view of this we may justly claim for Dalhousie College that it now presents to the student many attractions.

In the first place we have a staff of ten instructors in arts and science—a very large number for a college in the Maritime Provinces.

Again, our scientific professors are men of wide attainments, having all studied those branches which refer to liberal education. There is no danger then that they will fail to appreciate the claims of the old learning. If they are enthusiastic for science they are not indifferent to metaphysics or hostile to Greek.

I also count it no small advantage that our sphere of labor is in a city with its numerous institutions and varied interests. Of these I may mention the Provincial Museum, with its valuable collection in the departments of Geology, Mineralogy, and Natural History; the Legislative Library, to which our students have free access, and the Public Library now beginning a new and more brilliant career in Argyle Hall, which, in an unassuming manner, has come to the very front among our municipal institutions, and is already one of the most popular. In this city we find ourselves in the midst of great movements, social, educational, and political. Our students can see great men who come here from other lands; they can visit the ships

of war that make this port a rendezvous, or those that resort here in the interests of commerce or of science. They can be present at the debates of our Local Parliament, or at the higher discussions of great temporal concerns, like those of the Fishery Commission. They may also see with what enthusiasm our young Canada receives her new ruler; and what a right royal welcome she gives to the daughter of our beloved Queen.

Again, we are connected directly or indirectly with a number of institutions of learning. First of these there is the Medical College, once a part of ourselves, and now after its declaration of independence, still an ally, and a friend, if not an associate. The Teachers' Institute holds its annual sessions in our halls, and very properly, for we find among the members no small number of our own Alumni. We have a claim on the Agricultural Society in the person of its Secretary, our energetic Professor of Chemistry. We have a larger claim on the new and flourishing Technological Institute. Thus we find ourselves the centre of various movements in science and learning. It needs but little in the gradual course of evolution for all these to be blended together. It is not too much to hope that future efforts may embrace them all in one comprehensive educational fold.

Among us the old learning will continue to be appreciated and taught; but we also have found a place for the new learning; and to those who have not the time or the taste for philosophy, or the ancient classics, we offer the discipline of modern sciences—the culture of modern literature.

Our chief drawback is the lack of means wherewith to carry out all our plans. We are not a wealthy College. We have never experienced the enervating effects of riches, but rather the wholesome discipline of honest poverty. The Scottish tradition that clings in our history makes very appropriate to us the motto of the *Edinburgh Review*, "Tenui musam meditamur avena," which Sydney Smith once rendered, "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

We have seen, then, that education may be given in various ways, each of which may be good. The one thing needful is that it be true education. And to be true education it must involve both discipline and culture. Discipline alone might give strength, but would involve hardness and narrowness; culture alone might give elegance, but would tend to effeminacy.

Discipline is masculine; culture is feminine; and as it is not good for man to be alone, let discipline be always wedded to culture.

There are two or three questions that arise in connection with the subject of a liberal education which may here be appropriately considered. They may be stated thus: how is it gained; how is it used; and what are its benefits?

First, how is it gained?

This is not a question of instruction but education. A man may acquire knowledge by himself, but for discipline and culture he requires a guide. It is in the class room, and with the teacher, that the student receives chief benefit. Here he has direct training from the hand of a master; he has something besides,—the society of fellow students, the attrition of mind against mind, the generous emulation of kindred spirits, and the ardent rivalry in the same pursuits. Amid all this, the teacher is present face to face with his pupils, he learns their nature and capacity, he judges of their character, and assists them as they could not assist themselves. In the lives of the great men of antiquity we generally hear who were their teachers; in the lives of great Englishmen we hear what were their schools. Whatever we may think as to religion, in education we may hold that private interpretation is inferior to the living voice.

In other countries an exaggerated importance is sometimes attached to competitive examinations. These are good in their way; but it needs only a little attention to perceive that they have nothing to do with discipline and culture. Examination papers are useful in the hands of examining boards, to test the amount of information which a candidate has acquired in certain limited departments of study. But they cannot be a test of mental power or intellectual efficiency. The training for this must be furnished elsewhere. The best educators are those who stimulate the mind, and develop its powers; but they are not particularly successful in preparing a student to face the examination paper. This sort of work is best accomplished by that wonderful being, the *coach*. Contrast, if you please, the methods of a Socrates or an Arnold with the feats of a modern crammer. The modern crammer believes in the examination paper, and in that only. He makes it his fetiche. If he were Minos, Æacus, or Rhadamanthus, he would subject those brought before him to this test, and to this alone.

Competitive examinations and examination papers are indispensable in many things; and often there is absolutely no alternative; but their true character should not be misunderstood. They do not and cannot take the place of education.

Education having been received, the next question that arises is: How is it to be used?

College work is not the end, but the means to an end. The knowledge gained is small in itself; the training is all in all. Let the student forget everything, but, if his mental faculties have been properly disciplined, the effect will surely remain. The best knowledge that a graduate can carry away from his College is that which was professed by Socrates and Newton—his own ignorance. The assumption of omniscience is no doubt gratifying to one's vanity; but the sensible man will always choose the safer though humbler profession of knowing nothing. And for the graduate, how can he be otherwise than ignorant? He is but a boy. His real work of serious study is still before him. Thus far he has only learned how to go about it. There are some who are so satisfied with a College diploma that they believe themselves to have attained the blessed end of of all intellectual effort; they become Buddhas, and dwell in a Nirvana of delightful self-contemplation. The graduate and the matriculate do not differ in kind, but only in degree. In each case the examination is but the prelude to more important work. If the College graduate flourish his diploma in the face of the great world and his wife, he will be asked the pertinent, yet to him perhaps impertinent, question: What can you do? An educated man is not known by his diploma, but by his power among men, by his love of learning for itself, his resolve to shun delights and live laborious days.

Another question is this: What are the benefits of a liberal education? It is beneficial in two ways; first, to the individual; and secondly, to the nation. To the individual there results a love of study for its own sake without reference to any utilitarian end whatever—a love which is manifest in his devotion to literature, art, science, philosophy. Such a love is the salt of life, a quickener of the mind, saving it from decay. It adds to our resources. It is an antidote to misfortune. It makes a man at once conqueror over the world, and independent of it. If successful, it can enlarge his enjoyments; if unsuccessful, it can atone for failure. In this respect the well

trained mind may be likened to the well trained wife, who is said to double our joys and halve our sorrows.

To have a hobby is a thing of no slight value; but what if the hobby be some study which can engross our highest tastes and talents; which can never weary, but still grows in attractiveness as the years pass on? In the hot pursuits and close applications of an age like this, it is essential to one's happiness, if not success in life, to have some recreation altogether apart from his real business. "What are you doing with yourself this summer?" I asked of a busy and versatile friend, who is never without some pleasing and absorbing occupation. "I'm studying," said he, "the double dochmiac. I don't know whether I shall master it thoroughly in this life, but with the help of Munk's metres, and a flute, I hope to attain to at least a proper appreciation of its value." "Not know whist!" says the immortal Frenchman. "Good Heavens! are you aware, my friend, what a frightful old age you are preparing for yourself? Now, if anything can be placed above whist, it will be literature. It is of literature that we can say more appropriately than of any other earthly thing:—

Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety.

But a liberal education has a higher purpose than that of conferring happiness.

This present age, more than all others, requires discipline and culture. Above all things men should be thinkers, and have the broadest possible mental horizon.

The question comes before us all: shall we believe in falsities; or, on the other hand, shall we give up our faith in the eternal verities?

A man should be able to judge for himself, to give a reason for the hope that is in him; to have a mind capable of weighing evidence; trained to detect fallacies; quick to perceive and ready to reverence the august presence of truth. This is so great a possession that there are some who go so far as to attach to it a higher value than even the ability to make money.

As for money, it is a solemn fact that all cannot be rich. Statistics, made after rigid investigation, show us that among those who strive for it only two or three per cent. are successful. If a thing be unattainable, the best course to follow is to get rid of its desire. After all the fox was wise when he declared that the grapes were sour. Let those who cannot grow rich try to cultivate a healthy contempt for the grapes of gold that

hang beyond their reach. Let them rather turn to those things which are never unattainable to honest effort. Culture and discipline present no such obstacles as money.

The age is too much given up to mere money getting, and is beginning to find this out. Its King, Mammon, is one who devours ourselves and our children. We see around us too much high living and low thinking. To this an antidote is to be found in its opposite, namely, plain living and high thinking. Plain living, high thinking, culture of the mind, denial of the body—these are surely noble aims. Dr. Young once said to a new fledged divine: "Read Horace night and day;" and he has been denounced for this as pandering to Paganism. But the author of the Night Thoughts, took it for granted that the young divine would study his Bible, and he recommended Horace because the wise Roman is never weary of preaching the high doctrine that we can best satisfy ourselves by limiting our desires.

Wordsworth, who lived a higher life than Horace, taught this doctrine with sharper emphasis, and uttered indignant remonstrances against the shams, the shoddy, and the vulgarity of a money grabbing age.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

It moves us not!

I may suppose this question to be put: Can a young country afford to let its best intellects give themselves up to these higher studies in science, philosophy or literature?

This, I reply, is the best thing that the best intellects can do in any country, for they become still better by familiarity with intellects better than themselves.

A young country may do perhaps quite as well by developing the intellects of its people, as by working out the resources of its soil. The little State of Athens, which was quite poor in material things, managed in this way to make its mark on the world, and left behind it a greater name than that of such commercial and manufacturing cities as Tyre, Carthage, and Alexandria. Florence has a greater fame than Hamburg. The influence of Scotland in the British Empire is due to her trained intellects; and for the same cause New England has stamped its impress upon the United States.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 7, 1878.

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A FEW weeks ago the whole community was eagerly awaiting the arrival of our new Governor-General and his royal wife. Public and private money was expended without stint to render the reception of the Vice-Regal pair at the great seaport town of the Dominion one which should hold no small place in the future annals of this Canada of ours. "The Campbells are coming," was the talismanic formula which called forth all the energies of our city. Under its influence houses which for years had known no paint were clothed again, the saw and hammer craft was engaged all over the city in erecting triumphal arches, the darkey element became for the time being no unimportant part of the community, working all day long in carting evergreen and coining money in exchange therefor, in short all trades, classes, ages and conditions of men partook in the general enthusiasm, and assumed part of the consequent work and expense. The city was filled with visitors from all parts of the country; representatives of the world's press took up their stations here *pro tem*; all was expectation and activity. At length the Marquis and his lady came and the city donned its gala dress and rose *in toto* to receive them.

Never since its foundation was Halifax the scene of such pageantry and splendour as was displayed on this occasion.

A few days flew by and where was all this grandeur? A thing of the past. The gala dress was laid aside, the merchant betook himself to his counting room, the mechanic to his work-room, the student to his class room, and the Marquis of Lorne to Ottawa.

Another administration has begun, and by it Halifax most assuredly will not lose. The Marquis and Princess, we feel convinced, will ever remember with feelings of gratitude and pleasure the cordial and right royal reception they received in Halifax, and will do all in their power to promote its interests. In his own home our new Governor was a true polished gentleman, the patron of learning and literature, the upholder of all charitable and educational institutions; and now that he has been deputed to superintend the working of the Government machine in our Dominion, and entrusted with the supreme power under our beloved Queen, we feel that his influence which had such a power for good during his private life at home, will now hold paramount sway in all decisions wherein the political, religious or educational weal of Great Britain's greatest colony is at all implicated. As Marquis and Marchioness, as Viceroy and Princess, Dalhousie bids them "God speed."

STRANGELY our mind has been agitated amid the scenes of the past few days by that wonderful question "The Philosophy of Clothes." We have gazed upon fitouts of every class, from the airy costume that marks the street arab, to the blazing uniform which proclaims its wearer a being of importance. And as we beheld and wondered, the poet's line,

Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
extended itself thus—

Provided worth is guaged by crimson, black, and yellow.
Now, far be it from us to grow philosophical at the expense of what is truly good. And yet for

once, we were compelled to recognize the fact that even one side of sin is less dark than the other, for imagine the confusion at a reception such as we have witnessed, if kingdoms and principalities and powers stood decked only with the garments in which sinless man robed himself. Positively we refuse to go any farther with the picture; but leaving the reader and his imagination at this point, we will pass on.

Here stands one whom we recognize as being high in the social scale. But how is this fact known? We feel respectful as we pass him. Ah no, there is the mistake. We feel respectful as we pass his clothes. Now here is another man. One glance tells us that he, to use a particular phrase, does not amount to much. The line of argument by which we reach this conclusion is, not that his heart is smaller, his mind narrower, or his soul less exalted than the other man's; but that he wears a poorer pair of pantaloons. And as we hurry and jostle through the the surging crowds, clothes are the simple tape-line by which we measure every passer-by. Go on, and be happy, poor dry goods props, grin and jabber amid your gaudy ribbons for a few short hours, then go and take them off, and as you creep into bed realize this, that if the world could see you in that attire, it would think that all your dignity was hanging up on the pegs of your closet.

Thomas Campbell.—A Criticism by Professor Lyall.—Such is the heading of a pleasing paper published in *Rose Belford's* for August. Though this essay has been before the public for some time, we have not had an earlier opportunity of noticing it, and now desire to express our gratification in the possession of this further proof of the power of the learned Doctor's pen and its ability in other subjects than the obscurities of metaphysics. Referring to the erection of a monument to the poet-patriot's memory, Professor Lyall suggests that "it may not be inopportune to recall some of the merits of Campbell as a poet, and some particulars respecting him as a man." After a glance at the nobility and spirit

of his ancestry and its effect upon the poet's life and sentiment, his works are taken up, and their faults and excellencies pointed out. Respecting the 'Pleasures of Hope,' complaint is made that the connection between the various parts is not always obvious; "but this after all is a small matter when put beside the far greater excellencies of the poem. From beginning to end it is one unbroken strain of elegant, refined, impassioned poetry—now tender and pathetic, now generous, sublime, indignant against wrong, and, with the inspiration of prophesy, predicting a brighter destiny to all the oppressed and enslaved of human kind." After answering the objection of the hypercritical that Campbell's compositions are more rhetorical than poetic, and commending his firm belief in the grand truths of the Christian religion, the paper notices the war songs and prose works of the poet, of whose person a graphic sketch is given from Dr. Lyall's remembrance of him.

Tennyson.—A Criticism by Professor Lyall.—This paper in the October number of *Rose Belford's*, is quite equal, if not superior to those on Wordsworth and Campbell, which have been published in that magazine. Dr. Lyall notices one feature in Tennyson's poems which should commend them to us all—"he has caught the very language of the common people," than which, we think, none is more expressive and natural. Want of space prevents an extended notice of this excellent article.

We received after our valedictory number was issued last term, a copy of *The Oxford University Athletic Record for 1878*, a notice of which was crowded out of our first issue of this season. A closely packed octavo volume of 80 pages, the *Record* gives the arrangements and results of the meetings at each of the Oxford Colleges, and also of the Freshmen's and University sports. A copious index is added, and an appendix containing a record of the athletic contests between Oxford and Cambridge since their institution in 1864, together with very interesting tables of the best amateur performances on record, and a summary of the results of the inter-university boat races and cricket matches from 1829 to the date of publication. The editor and compiler, Mr. H. T. Eve, has evidently spared no pains to make the *Record* reliable and full.

STARS OF NIGHT.

(Not from an astronomical point of view.)

Stars of evening,
Diadems of light,
Jets of heaven's eternal day
Beaming through the night.

Stars of evening,
Diamonds of the skies,
Silvery smiles from worlds of love,
Beams of angels' eyes.

Stars of evening,
Memories of the day,
Stealing softly through the night,
On each feeble ray.

Stars of evening,
Heaven's ocean's spray,
Sparkling faintly in the gloom
As it rolls away.

Stars of evening
Whispers still and clear ;
Tiny faithful witnesses,
God is smiling here.

A PAN-COLLEGIATE REVIEW.

IN some of the American Colleges it is proposed to resume the publication of a quarterly magazine which was started in 1860, but after a short time was allowed to go down. This periodical is to be issued under the supervision of a committee chosen from the ablest men in all American universities that desire to participate in the undertaking; it is to be devoted to the discussion of matters relating to Education, Literature and kindred subjects: its columns will receive contributions from all collegiate and professional students in America. If the project be carried out—and we see no obstacle—we are confident that there is enough of energy and ability in the American college world to make the Quarterly a very valuable addition to periodical literature. It would supply an excellent medium for the discussion of the value and relation of many subjects of modern learning which are now held in various estimation by the authorities of different colleges, and we overrate its influence if it prove unable to do much in the way of determining what are now troubled questions: What is the best education, and what is the best method of obtaining it? Not the least of the benefits we might expect is that it would tend to bind in closer union the institu-

tions that, scattered over the length and breadth of a continent, have the same grand object as their goal. Columbia, Cornell and Harvard might in it have something in common more appropriate to educational institutions than an expensive and unprofitable system of boating contests, the collegians of the South could in its pages meet and become the friends of the students in far-away Canada.

Though from our situation and circumstances we are unable to have any active part in the enterprise we feel disposed to offer what of encouragement we can to its promoters, and assure them that we shall gladly welcome the appearance of the magazine, whether as *University Quarterly* or *Pan-Collegiate Review*. The latter title seems to us more appropriate and significant of the purpose and nature of the publication.

INAUGURAL.

SILENUS, *to all to whom these may come,*

GREETING:—

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." *Latine.*
"Slap! bang! here we are again." *Anglice.*

Here we are again boys; as the song says "just before the battle mother" in our case, more appropriately, Alma Mater. Six months have passed since we last saw each others faces, since we last clasped hands in good fellowship. Six long months they seemed to us, looking forward from the stand-point of the sessional examinations; but now that they have rolled over us like another Juggernaut's car, crushing beneath its wheels newly formed resolutions, hopes for the future, *les chateaux d'Espagne* to building which we are all so prone, how short they seem to have been. When; as indeed is rarely the case—a *ruminativus* freshie leaves the matriculation hall as a full blown undergraduate of Dal. Coll., Hal. N. S., and looks forward to his four years pilgrimage through the midst of the innumerable characters of ancient mythology, celestial heroes, charming goddesses, avenging deities, grim monsters, hideous serpents, hydra headed shapes that beset his path; as he tremblingly anticipates the brain worry he must suffer in passing through the "latest out" in Mathematics, Philosophy, and so on, he—I refer to the average, careless, happy-go-lucky Freshie—he bewails his fate in being born in an age of accumulated and overwhelming education. To attempt to unravel that seeming confusion worse

confounded in the space of four solar years, seems to be wanting nothing of the impossible, even though the time itself seems an age.

But look at our quondam Freshie when the period of his apprenticeship to Minerva is past, and he is arrayed in sheep skin, silk, somebody else's new gown, and all the glory of newly fledged B. A.-hood. Far from feeling that it has in reality taken him four years plodding to acquire the right to subjoin those two mystical letters to his hitherto commonplace and unvarnished name, he would rather imagine that the aphorism *tempus fugit* must have originated in the pericranium of some graduate, as from the rose coloured halo which envelopes him, he looks back upon the four (now) short years spent in gaining his first title, and forward to the anxiously and most certainly expected time when all things mundane shall ring with his renown, and men shall say of him—behold the man.

But never mind, boys. Here we are in battle array once more: Freshies, Sophs, Juniors, Seniors. Hard work backed by fame lies before us. If victorious in the conflict, honour awaits us, defeated, disgrace only remains. Then "up lads and at it." Do your duty for the present, leaving to the care of the unknown future its own unknown mysteries. As Horace advises—and truly they seemed to philosophize in old times as we do in the nineteenth century:

"Perfer et obdura: dolor hic tibi proderit olim,"

which to those who know no Latin, may be interpreted freely and concisely as, "Try, Try, Try, again." And we must succeed in our trying process eventually. Said the hero of Waterloo to his Commissary General on the eve of a great engagement, "Be at such a place, at such a time to-morrow morning. If you are late I'll hang you on the nearest tree." He was a man of his word, he meant what he said, the Commissary knew it and—he was there. Our mental Wellingtons tell us that on a certain day in the ides of April we must come up to their ideas of passability, *i. e.*, the traditional thirty, or be hanged by our metaphorical neck until we are dead to all further academical ups and downs, or until we make due atonement for our negligence or inaptitude as the case may be. They mean it just as much as the great Duke meant it, and we must toe the prescribed line or accept the only alternative. If hope of reward has no influence upon our disinterested souls, then, with the fear of punishment at the

helm, let us steer clear of the shoals and quicksands which beset our onward progress. Keep your faces to the foe. As Paul said, "Be steadfast; quit ye like men; be strong." Were there need, we could cite hundreds, thousands, yea, an infinitude of examples whereby according to common usage our envy should be excited, or emulation roused, all our efforts coaxed forth; but such would be a bootless task. We don't believe in examples. Let us be independent, working in our own groove, making living examples of ourselves and with our own discretion as our tutor. Then will we succeed, and, by making new foot-prints on the sands of time, be our boots small sixs or huge fourteens, we will come out of the struggle, not only triumphant but with a character more clearly defined, self-reliant and vigorous than will he who follows servilely in another's track. Forward then boys! *Allons camarades!*

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—Last year, as your readers may remember, the Dalhousie graduates, in common with the other Canadians staying at Princeton, formed themselves into a society known as the "Canadian Institute at Princeton." To this society were admitted as honorary members all British subjects from across the water, of whom there were quite a number studying at Princeton at that time. The society held very enjoyable and profitable meetings monthly until the end of the session.

You will not then be surprised to learn that those of us who have resumed our studies, with the assistance of new recruits, have elected a new set of officers, and have already had two very pleasant and successful meetings. The officers elect for the present session are: J. W. Macleod B. A., President; F. W. Archibald, B. A., D. Mackenzie, Vice-Presidents; J. M. Macdonald, B. A., Treasurer; J. L. George, B. A., Secretary; J. A. Cairns, B. A., and the two Vice-Presidents to constitute the general Committee.

The October meeting was held on the 31st of the month, in order that we might celebrate Hallowe'n, in preparation for All Saints' Day. I fear that you will think that although we were preparing for All Saints' Day, that yet *we* were not all saints, when I tell you of some of the toasts of that evening. Lest you may be

alarmed, however, I may say that we did not take anything stronger than cider. The first toast proposed was "Hallowe'n." This was responded to by Mr. J. W. Macleod. He spoke of the practice of celebrating this evening before All Saints' Day, which had existed for ages, especially among the Scotch people. As he thought it would not be strictly theological to procure under cover of the darkness, cabbage stalks, &c., yet from the supply of nuts and apples which he saw before him, he thought we could celebrate the evening in a quiet and pleasant manner. The next toast proposed was "31st Oct'r, '77." To this Mr. Mackenzie responded. He well remembered that evening. Twelve months had since passed away. Many who took part with us in that meeting were now far distant from us and from one another. And first he called to mind our worthy President, Mr. A. W. Macleod, who had since that time graduated from this seminary, received the degree of M. A. from Dalhousie College, been licensed to preach the Gospel, and was a short time ago ordained as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in Parrsboro', N. S. The next face he missed was that of Mr. Jordan, who, having completed his second year of study in this institution, and having taken his M. A. degree from Dalhousie College, was now in Union Theological Seminary, New York, in company with Mr. Chambers, the Vice-President of last session. Messrs. Salmond and Inglis were also with us on that occasion, but both had since returned to Scotland to enter upon their life work. Last, but not least, was the Irish orator Macmillan, who on that evening delivered an address on "Ireland," which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. He too had graduated at this seminary, and had returned to "the Emerald Isle." Mr. Mackenzie concluded by asking the question "where shall we all be one year from to-night?" Time alone, the revealer of all secrets, can answer the question. The next toast was "the national game of England." To this Mr. George responded. Cricket, he held, was the national game of that land. That Mr. G. takes a great interest in the game, is evident. He thought that a man could be a good cricketer and also a good clergyman. "The Presbyterian Church in Canada," was then proposed. To this Mr. F. W. Archibald responded. He referred briefly to the number of ministers, her membership, her colleges, Synods and Missions. He trusted that all

Canadians now studying in this, as well as other seminaries outside of Canada, would return and labour in some part of the Canadian field.

Mr. Pritchard was the next speaker. He responded to the toast of "Wales" in a very instructive and interesting address. A short discussion then arose between Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Mackenzie, as to whether the Welsh or the Gaelic was the language of the garden of Eden. Mr. McK. even goes so far as to argue that he thinks the Gaelic is the language of heaven. His reason for this opinion is that the nearest approach to bliss that he had ever experienced was when enjoying Highland hospitality and conversing in the Gaelic language. Mr. Cairns responded to the toast "our sweet-hearts." His thoughts, he found, were wandering, and they led him to think of those dear ones in his island home, and in "the Province of the sea."

After a Welsh song and a Gaelic one, Dr. McCurdy responded to the toast of the Earl of Beaconsfield. He didn't know why his name should have been connected with this toast, unless from the fact that Beaconsfield was a Jew, and that he (Dr. McC.) was a Professor of Hebrew. He spoke of the great number of Jews who occupied prominent positions in the countries of Europe. He told an amusing incident in reference to a young Earl in England who felt a great interest in undertaking to search for and to identify the lost ten tribes, for, said he. "I have borrowed money from every Jew that I have heard of. He traced the part that Beaconsfield has had in British affairs. He spoke of his present position and influence. He also discussed the present outlook in English affairs. He evidently considered Beaconsfield as a character deserving of study. His whole speech was interesting and instructive.

After partaking of the aforementioned apples, nuts, &c., and having an informal chat, the Institute closed with singing "God save the Queen," and we all came away, feeling that the "Canadian Institute" was indeed a good institution.

Yours truly,

'77.

Princeton, Nov. 15th, 1878.

We have received a communication from our old friend "Paulus," who is also at Princeton, and will present it to our readers in next issue.—EDS. GAZETTE.

EXCHANGES.

WE used to read favorable notices of *The Archangel*; but when the last number came to hand, we were constrained to think that the time for the falling of angels was not yet past. In language and sentiment there is much to object to. English grammar has no charms for editors in far-off Oregon, proof readers are not known.

The Beacon has this good feature, that all its articles are of a convenient length, none are so long as to be tiresome, nor any so short as to be useless. The Exchange column is well conducted; but an University like Boston should furnish material for more personals than we find; a condensing of the local items would not interfere with the usefulness of the paper.

The College Olio of the 16th Nov., contains a prize essay on 'The Early Poems of Milton,' which is very well written and displays a singular aptitude for introducing quotations. We are glad that a student at Marietta has such a knowledge of literature that he can say of 'Comus': "As a pastoral epic it has few equals and no superiors in any language."

The appearance and the contents of *The College Herald* are alike pleasing; its locals are numerous and better than those furnished in the majority of College papers. But, Messrs. Editors, do not spell it *turn-style!*

The Nova Scotian Journal of Agriculture has several interesting articles, and we will look anxiously for a continuation of Mr. Fawcett's paper on Shorthorns.

The Presbyterian Record is a welcome visitor to the reading-room.

We have received late numbers of the *Patriot*, *Standard*, *Collegiate Institute Herald*, *Star*, *Canadian Spectator*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Wesleyan* and *Sun*.

OUR SOCIETIES.

THE Kritosophian Society met on Friday evening, Nov. 22nd. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved, the subject for debate was taken up, viz: Which contributes most to the formation of man's character, his natural abilities or surroundings? Mr. Dickie opened the discussion by a paper in

which both sides of the question were set forth. After an hour and a half of energetic speaking, the vote was taken, deciding that the formation of man's character is most indebted to his surroundings. One speech is deserving of special mention, on account of some fine poetical quotations which the orator intended to, but did not give.

The Excelsior gathered in force on the same evening, and discussed the question: Which is best calculated to develop eloquence, the pulpit or the bar? *Opener*, D. R. Thompson; *Respondent*, C. Blanchard; *Critic*, C. Robson. The decision after a good debate was given in favour of the pulpit.

We regret to report that the societies presented a very emaciated appearance on Friday evening, Nov. 29th, most of the members being either busy or having found other means for amusement. Let us hope that this will not be the case on the next night of meeting. If any misguided collegian looks upon the couple of hours spent in debate as wasted time, he may learn ere long by a bitter experience that it is sometimes more valuable to have the power of speaking a good English sentence in public, than to translate a page of Xenophon or Euripides with ease. Some persons are unreasonable enough to look upon grammar as an agreeable addition at least to a good education.

LUX.

AMIDST the general excitement and enthusiasm of which Halifax has been the theatre during the past fortnight, the existence of such an institution as Dalhousie College, possibly and very probably was forgotten by the majority of the outside world. But although we may have been laid on the shelf *pro tem.*, we remembered that we were in some measure interested in the Government, whose head our city was employed in welcoming, and acting on this, it was determined at the last general meeting of the students, that we should testify our joy, patriotism, &c., &c., by "cutting a shine," literally, and in so far as in us lay. Accordingly, a committee of three was appointed, with power to add to their numbers; negotiations were opened with the tallow chandler, the candle vender, tinsmith, potter, and money holder, and the result was such an illumination of our venerable pile, as fully

established in the eyes of the world our old reputation for loyalty, and moreover, that, which however lighted up, is a dark side of our college life—the *Grand Parade*—was made a mournful example of the beautiful effects of light, shade and ruins, judiciously commingled. However, there is nothing in the world without its pullbacks, and accepting the bitter with the sweet, we cannot but pronounce the whole affair a success, and highly creditable, not only to the college itself, but the whole city.

TIME and again has the GAZETTE reprimanded that species of vandalism which attacks the furniture of the Reading Room. Once more we refer to the matter and ask students to have some regard for the comfort of their companions, if they have none for their own reputation as gentlemen and rational creatures. Leave us a whole bench, the door, the table and the papers, and we will henceforth be silent.

PERSONALS.

'73. WE were much pleased last week by a visit from that jovial spirit, C. D. McDONALD, whose wit and song made an hour pass quickly and merrily.

'76. J. MCG. STEWART is gazetted a Notary and Tabellion Public.

'77. A. W. HERDMAN is at Port Hastings, Cape Breton, we presume in charge of a school.

THORPE, MACMILLAN and CAMPBELL, general students at this College last year, and FORBES of '76-'77, are at the Pine Hill Theological Seminary.

KENNEDY, formerly of the class of '79, is teacher of the second department of the Albro Street School.

HENRY, who took the Freshman classes last year, is studying law in his brother's office in this city.

LANGELL has deserted us and has gone to Kingston.

DEMILL and REID have entered the Medical School.

TORY, who was a Sophomore of '76-'77, has charge of the second department of the Amherst Academy.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

L. L.

LORNE plaid is now exceedingly *à la mode*.

'Tis wonderful how many Scots have cropped up in Halifax lately.

LOTS of the girls are down in town now, and consequently some of the Freshies make sad jumbles of class work. "God bless the Duke of Argyle."

THE *on dit* now is that a distinguished Senior in the course of a speech at Debating Class the other night, introduced the words *permanent fixture*. We don't believe it however.

JULIUS wants information concerning the character of that Soph who on illumination night asked him for *sober water*. He thinks it possible that he intended to call for soda water, and reasons accordingly. Oh! Sophomore, can this thing be true?

A RECENT discovery is that a noted Senior, who on the night of *the blaze*, went about for convenience sake in a black silk cap, narrowly escaped being arrested for a pickpocket. *Cave canem!*

THE Janitorial deity cannot make out why about fifteen students remained in the reading-room until all the candles were out the other night. Truly it is a *jar-ring* tale according to the participators' accounts of it.

ONE of the Profs the other morning before opening his class work, was just beginning his customary prayer, and upon pronouncing the first words, "O Domine," was astounded at hearing an inattentive and exceedingly audacious Freshman answer '*Present!*' Imagination aids those who did not witness the scene.

EWAN must inevitably become a philosopher *distingué*. He tackled the Prof. of Ethics the other day with the statement that the will could decide without any motive. The Prof. couldn't see it however. "Well," quoth our Philosopher, "might I not have stayed away from class this afternoon for no motive." "But how could you possibly stay away without a reason for so doing?" was the question. "Why, to establish the fact," answered this modern Plato triumphantly. But the class did not receive this new theory with that respectful attention which discoveries in science ought to obtain. *Mirabile dictu!*

SCENE: Practical Chemistry class.

Student: (holding up a glass filled with a muddy looking mixture,) Is this the precipitate, sir?

Prof: (dubiously) You obtained that with difficulty, did you not, Mr. A.?

Student: No sir, with CaSO_4 .

THE other day a scrap of paper was picked up with the following mysterious words upon it: 'Sylvanus—woody, (as to the chin). To be enlarged upon for Inner Dalhousie.'

We have it now. Will some linguist please interpret.

VERILY some barber must have had a long job lately. As the rhyme says: "This is (for) the priest all shaven and shorn." "For" is an interpolation. Twig?

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