

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 11, 1880.

NO. 3.

## A SHELL.

Only a shell—

A shell left stranded by the tide of Fate,  
That tide which flows we know not whence, still less  
The destination where 'twill bring our lives,  
Some hoping, and perchance more dreading in expectancy.  
All that is left but Memory! Oh "Sweet Memory!"  
For thus the Poets sing and rend the air  
With praises to thy name, nor reck the while  
The utter agony it brings to men. For me  
I would I could forget, and ever pray  
For calm Oblivion's kindly pall to drop  
And give a decent burial to the past.  
Aye, coffin deep the ghosts of by-gone days  
That ever haunt and burden life with thoughts  
To make a bitter dream in wakefulness!  
And still despite, I cherish thee my shell.  
Though fled the hand that gave thee, and perhaps  
The very recollection of the gift,—  
I grasp the link that binds me to the past  
Whence nought is left but thee and Memory.

SINUS.

## SOCIAL EFFECTS OF MECHANICAL INVENTIONS.

IN former days, before the iron and the bronze age, and the second stone or neolithic age, and the first stone or palæolithic age, in fact before almost all the ages before man could claim any distinction above the other animals on the ground of using tools, the relations of man to man must have been quite simple. It would be with them as it is with the housed cattle, superiority would depend upon physical strength and pluck. Intellect would count for little to its possessor unless backed by the calm confidence in himself which a man who was liable to be handled roughly by some stronger man, or who was not, at least, pluck to the back-bone, could never have. The measure of a man's influence

would be his brute force. There would be no aristocracy and no *profanum vulgus*, at least, not *as such*. No Greeks, no barbarians, you know.

All this has been changed, and it is curious to observe that one great cause of the change, one great factor in the operation of putting the saddle on the back of "the many" and seating "the few" thereon to ride, has been the advance of the useful arts and sciences. By useful I mean those which are followed for personal advantage. It includes the arts of war. The remark is specially true of the arts of war. Advancing science leads to the use of machinery which is often cumbrous and costly, so that the profits of it are confined to a limited number. Readers of *Ivanhoe* will remember the taking of Front de Bœuf's castle, and the vast difference between the mail-clad knight and one of the boors. Locksley could better have spared twenty or fifty of his own or Cedric's followers than the Black Knight alone. Very similar is the relation between the heroes of Homer, the kings, the "shepherds of the people," and the multitude. This inferiority is evidently due to superior equipment, which the advance of warlike art had made possible, but which was confined to the few.

In a slightly different way a similar effect is produced by the use of ships. No community is more strictly divided into grades than a ship's crew, and this is owing to the sheer necessity of shipwork. Yet it tends to create and perpetuate a distinction between higher and lower classes. The effect of army drill is even more concentrative. The Greeks seem to have had no

properly effective discipline. It is in the main a Roman discovery. I need not point out how it necessarily raises the general unspeakably above the common soldier. The study of tactics, again, made a great leader equal to half an army, and made mere physical powers in a general forever insignificant. Macaulay has noted that William and Luxembourg, asthmatic and dwarf, were among the feeblest of men bodily and yet they were the greatest warlike powers of their time. Napoleon, the "mighty-minded but small-bodied man," might say without exaggeration, (though not without mouthing considerably), "I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely."

Another instance of the same principle may be found in the rise of the art of building for defence. In the disorder that followed the breaking up of the Roman empire, every man who had wealth enough to be able, or to make it necessary, built a castle for safety, and, for safety, his poorer neighbours clustered round it. They served him, he defended them, an arrangement which ultimately developed into Feudalism with its various grades and ranks of lordship and vassalage and serfdom, and of overlordship. "The king owned all the land" in theory, although there were some inconvenient facts that would not fall into line.

A more notorious instance is found in the series of revolutions which followed the invention of gunpowder. Green attributes the rise of the "New Monarchy" to the fall of Feudalism, and that to the Wars of the Roses. But how was it that at about the same time, or soon after, "new monarchies" arose all over Europe. Read Macaulay's essay on Hallam, a couple of pages about the middle of it. In the fifteenth century Castile, Arragon, France, Sweden, Denmark, had free constitutions. At the commencement of the eighteenth every free constitution of them had "gone down." In earlier times the king was little more than one of the barons, *primus inter pares*, who swore to obey him on certain rather saucy conditions, "otherwise not," and his

"primarily" was somewhat difficult to keep. But, as Macaulay observes, "the progress of civilization introduced a great change. War became a science, and as a necessary consequence a separate trade." But what made war a science and a trade if not gunpowder? Another historian observes that the train of artillery had become an indispensable accompaniment of an army. None of the nobles could afford to possess that. There was but one in the realm, and it belonged to the king; consequently no noble, no alliance of nobles, could hope to oppose the king. "That physical force," says Macaulay, "which in the dark ages had belonged to the nobles and commons, (I doubt about the commons) and had, far more than any charter or assembly, been the safeguard of their privileges, was transferred entire to the king. Monarchy gained in two ways. The sovereign was strengthened, the subjects weakened." So gunpowder, after blowing knighthood and coats of mail to pieces, came near blowing free Parliament to pieces also. (Figuratively, I mean. I was not thinking of Guy Fawkes.) "England escaped, but she escaped very narrowly."

Of course there are many offsets. That quality of human nature which causes it to take delight in any comparison by trial of strength and pluck; which makes a bull-fight—not the counterfeit Spanish kind, but the genuine article as it is occasionally produced in pastures,—rather a fine spectacle to those who understand the niceties of the thing; which draws crowds to a dog-fight or a foot-race; which Macaulay displays when he says that Dante surpasses Milton as an epic poet, and "runs neck and neck with Homer." That spirit has always operated to make physical prowess important. How it stirs in the blood of that same Homer. When Hector challenges the bravest of the Greeks to single combat, man-killing war stops and holds his breath with very excitement. Then the plucky little Menelaus, (I wish I could think of some other word to use about him, because I have used that one twice already and it has melancholy associations),

calling his fellows, *Achaiides ouk Achaioi*, is ready. But public sentiment will not allow him to undertake the unequal combat. He might fight with Paris of the god-like form, but Hector of the glancing plume was a "better man." Lots are cast, and the people hope and pray that it may fall to Ajax, or Idomeneus, or the son of Tydeus, or the wide-ruling Agamemnon. Achilles is unfortunately out of count, being out of temper. He is the "best man" of all. Their "order of merit" is as definitely arranged and known as if they were gamecocks. The same spirit also wrought powerfully in chivalry. You remember in *Ivanhoe*, the order was Richard, Ivanhoe, Bois-Guilbert the Templar, &c. Again, excellent armor did not always bring success. At Sempach and Morgarten it was weighed and found wanting, terribly wanting. The peasant's arm, which is strong, was still of use. In England the skill of the peasant in archery is an example which seems to go straight against my theory. But skill differs from science and invention. It belongs always to the people and favors them. Moreover, the bow and arrow is an inexpensive machine. (The theory is obviously not applicable to such inventions as raised bread and lucifer matches.) The strength of the peasant's arm and the archer's skill were rendered alike obsolete by gunpowder. You remember when Diogenes Teufelsdröckh was standing on the North Pole (or thereabouts, I cannot always remember places myself,) meditating, and that Russ-speaking, train-oil smelling smuggler, huge as the hyperborean bear, seemed disposed to be troublesome; how when cherubic reasoning and seraphic eloquence appeared vain, he was readily convinced by the logic of a "sufficient Birmingham horse-pistol." "It makes all men alike tall;" "savage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritualism is all." Now savage Animalism is always democratic, mobocratic rather; inventive Spiritualism is oligarchic, or monarchic.

It remains to speak of the tremendous advances made in machinery in our own day. The

producing power of the world has increased out of all ratio to the consumption in nearly every department, by the use of machinery. Is not "over-production" the universal cry. Hence labor is cheapened. The machine and its owner have supplanted the laborer; and as he goes down the manufacturer goes up. Gas companies, water companies, mining companies, and above all, railroad companies, are illustrations of the same great law. The tendency of every new invention is to increase the power of capital as compared with labor. And the Chinaman is so like a machine that he may be counted in. His effect is the same. Small farming will soon cease to be a paying business, except as it may serve to keep soul and body together. "Better just than want aye." All profitable farming will be done with machinery. We shall have gentleman farmers and farm-laborers, but no small farmers worth mentioning. And in fact the question, what is to become of those who have nothing to depend on but the labor of their hands, and that unskilled, for daily bread, seems to me to be becoming more and more serious annually.

Yet in our own age a most important offset is to be named, perhaps I should have named it before. Along with the growth of machinery there has been the growth of the spirit of freedom. All those absolute governments that arose upon the discovery of gunpowder were thrown down, some of them rudely, by the yet greater discovery that all (white) men are born free and equal. (Later it has been found to be true also of all the other colors. Great discoveries are not made all at once.) The laboring class has now a voice of some importance in government, which is more powerful than any company. It need not be greatly down-trodden in these days of Reform Bills and extended franchise. We recall the apostrophe of the Irishman to the steam-shovel. He was compelled to admit its superiority in some respects, "but," he exclaimed triumphantly, "begorra, you've got no voat." "A man's a man for a' that." And much need,

for it will take something more than Political Economy to solve the problems of the coming years, if my horoscope be true. McD.

### THE BADDECK EXHIBITION.

DUDLEY WARNER says, if we remember rightly, that the first thing he had to do when he wanted to go to Baddeck was to find out where it is. No such question troubled us, for the newspapers, in the absence of any interesting political news, had been for some time attending to the interests of the country in giving information, reliable and otherwise, as to the situation, size and scenery of this village. As some of our readers may not have seen or may not remember this important information, we may begin by giving a brief description of the place.

Baddeck, then, is a village on the shores of the Bras d'Or Lake, about the centre of Cape Breton, and is the county town of Victoria. The situation is pleasant, facing the lake and rising gradually backward towards Big Baddeck or The Forks. In front of the village, at a short distance from the shore, lies Kidston's or Duffus' Island, the most noticeable feature of which is an old barn. Standing on the mainland opposite this barn every word uttered in a loud voice may be heard distinctly as if spoken by some one on the island. The effect is startling at first, and it is almost impossible to persuade one unacquainted with the phenomenon that he hears a mere echo. An arm of the lake, about three miles long runs up on the east side of the village between it and Red Head, where now, it is said, a company is preparing to bore for oil. On the farther shore of this creek a great quantity of plaster is found and ships are loaded with it for various parts of the world. Away past Red Head may be seen the southern extremity of Boulardarie, while across the lake lie lands with names whose spelling and pronunciation bear so little resemblance that we must be excused from naming them.

So much for situation.

The village is small. Half a dozen stores, as many hotels, two or three rumshops and a few offices constitute the business part. There are several fine houses, a schoolhouse not so fine, and three or four churches. The Principal of the Academy is a Dalhousie Graduate.

The scenery is very fine, as is all Cape Breton scenery, and to any one tired of city life and the turmoil of business we can cordially recommend a few months at Baddeck. If Dudley Warner is to be believed we might add advice as to the way the coffee should be mixed.

On the 12th of October last, and for several days previous, the centre of attraction was the Exhibition building. The volunteers were reviewed in the morning by Colonel Laurie. As we did not see the review we cannot describe it, but, if report speaks truly, all an enemy would need to do in order to put these volunteers to flight would be to let a large bull loose. One of those intended for exhibition got loose on the street and caused a stampede.

On entering the grounds we saw a large number of cattle and sheep ranged round the fences. We are not prepared to say whether or not these were good, but will venture to believe that fewer poor ones will be seen at next Exhibition. The building was, of course, crowded, and a man was stationed at the door to make those who entered turn in one direction. The exhibits of flowers, fruit, fancy work, butter and mats, were most remarkable. Good judges said the fruit was nearly equal to that exhibited at St. John, while the assortment of butter was the best they had ever seen. We were not allowed to handle, still less taste, and so could not judge the fruit. But we think that if we had such mats on the floor as some we saw there we would wear slippers. It is strange how different some things appear in different circumstances. For instance, mackerel twine in a fishing net would seem commonplace, while the same twine, made up by some wonderful process into a fringe, looks like something rare and valuable. The industry and ingenuity employed are certainly valuable. There were

### 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.

A JUNIOR translates "*Inde domum me ad porri catinum.*" "Then I go home to my plate of porridge." He is evidently of Scotch descent.

WANTED—a poet, who is under the influence at least fortnightly. Our *machine* is worn out, and we have no funds wherewith to replace it.

OUR new song, "*Alma Mater*," is likely to become popular. The only thing wanting is musical capability and that is sadly wanting.

THE Seniors are not punctual. "Better late, &c.," is their maxim, and therefore the Principal has designated them the *late* class in Ethics.

"*Et quos nunquam erepsemus nisi nos vicina Trivici villa recepisse, lacrimoso non sine fumo.*" A Senior thinks there is a remarkable similarity between "the neighbouring village of Trivicus" and the smoky study of his chum, who is enamoured with his pipe. Musical pipe, of course.

It was amusing to hear a conversation between an unsophisticated Freshman and a "most potent" Senior, a few days ago. It was to this effect: U. F.—"Fine day. Of what denomination are you, Methodist?" M. P. S.—"No, Billiardist." U. F.—"Ah."

WALTZING is now one of their accomplishments. Next!

AND now a Soph is making himself conspicuous. He looks now at his books, now at his whisker, and exclaims triumphantly: "It's asserting itself Mac, it's asserting itself!"

IN view of the near approach of holidays one of the scientists is "dreaming of home and of mother."

THE students have deserted "their first love," and "he is left lamenting." Oh, Julius, Julius!

JUST to think of it! One on each arm! If he had been a Soph, now, better things would not have been expected of him. But a Senior, and, moreover, an Ethical student! It's too much! He must dispense with one.

several very fine pictures exhibited, one especially, a view on the Bras d'Or exciting particular remark.

The Exhibition was opened by Colonel Laurie with an eloquent and instructive address, in which he referred to the state of farming in Cape Breton, and pointed out some of the ways in which it might be improved. He seemed to think that, considering its advantages, Cape Breton compares favourably with Nova Scotia proper.

Tuesday was the opening day, and parties came in all directions by land and water, from Sydney, St. Peters, West Bay, Hastings, Hawkesbury and all the country round. Many came from Nova Scotia, among whom we saw our own Professor Lawson, who closed the proceedings on Thursday.

Upon the whole, the first Exhibition held in Cape Breton was a great success, and we look for something splendid next time.

The public spirit of the Baddeckers in securing for themselves the first Cape Breton Exhibition, is greatly to be admired. They have a good argument, in the shape of a suitable building, for holding the next there also.

As to means of communication, the steamer *Neptune* calls five or six times a week, on her way to and from Sydney, West Bay and Why-cocomah. As her day did not suit us we walked home, a jolly party, one man and one gun.

The day was dark and towards evening rain came on. During the whole walk of twenty-five miles we saw only one partridge, which we generously gave away, being too lazy to carry it.

And now, as we are at home our trip is at an end.

To students, to clerks, to men of business, to men of leisure, to all in search of a quiet, peaceful nook wherein to recruit wasted energies, we say, try Baddeck; swallow oysters and drink coffee and you will get strong. SIGMA.

IN some American Colleges "Ponies" are called Bicycles. In Dalhousie they are called oracles.

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 11, 1880.

## EDITORS.

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## CONTENTS.

Poetry—A Shell .....	25
Social Effects of Mechanical Inventions.....	25
The Baddeck Exhibition.....	28
Dallusiensia.....	29
Editorial.....	30
In search of Glen Dubh Cave.....	32
Literary.....	33
Sodales.....	34
Our Exchanges.....	34
Personals.....	35
Items.....	36
Acknowledgments.....	36

ALL people are more or less conservative and are loathe to interfere with an established order of things; on this account a great many standing abuses are never rectified.

The Provincial Government will, at the coming session of Parliament, have to deal with the difficult problem of higher education. The Halifax University was established in order to fill an imagined gap in the educational system of the country. It has been on its trial for four years, and it is now a question of "practical politics," whether it is in the interest either of economy or education to support the "great ghost" any longer.

Since its establishment it has drawn \$8000 from the straitened finances of Nova Scotia; during that time only forty students have passed any of its numerous examinations—a cost of \$200 for examining each one!

The preamble of the act says, that it is "for the purpose of enabling those persons whose circumstances preclude them from following a regular course of study in any of the existing Colleges or Universities, to obtain academical

degrees." Let us see if it has filled the end for which it was intended. About twenty have matriculated and at least one half of these have attended or are attending Dalhousie College. The number of matriculants is bound to decrease instead of increase, for any student who has passed the University examination cannot apply for the Munroe Bursaries, and no person will question which will attract the greater number. If the Barrister's Society or the Medical College would accept a matriculation ticket from the University instead of their preliminary examination it would then be of some benefit. A great many of those striving to educate themselves do not see the advantage of spending time and money to pass an examination that wins them no honour when they can matriculate as easily at the College where they begin their studies.

It would be far better for the Government to divide the \$2000 among the five or six that yearly pass the examination and send them to complete their studies at some College. Only one has passed the first B. A. examination who did not study at a College; there is not a single B. A. or M. A. Its M. B., M. D., L. L. B. degrees are empty titles, and we venture to say that not one who has obtained any of these degrees is a better lawyer or doctor than he would have been had there been no University. There could be only one reason for such an institution, that is if the Colleges had not the power of conferring degrees in arts. As it stands now it is cumbrous, expensive and useless. It cannot succeed. The only way to draw students would be to offer prizes worth competing for and it cannot do this. There are too many Colleges in Nova Scotia now and we hope this one will be abolished. Men cannot afford to pass examinations that are recognized by no profession and win for them neither money nor fame. How many in Nova Scotia could name five of those who have passed its examinations?

If the Government are really anxious to aid higher education let them endow a chair in the

Provincial University where the money will do some good. Besides think of the folly of having two Provincial Universities in a Province like Nova Scotia. We think it is evident that this "Paper University" is wasting \$2000 a year, that it is not fulfilling the purpose for which it was established, and we hope soon to see it a thing of the past.

LAST Friday night seemed to be the beginning of a new era for Halifax and its citizens. For once at least all politics were laid aside, and Conservative and Grit worked together for the public weal. The meeting was largely composed of the most influential merchants of the city, but the packed seats of the hall showed that others beside the commercial element were interested in "ye anciente citye." The resolutions briefly summed up were (1) That the subsidized Winter Mail Steamers be compelled to make Halifax their terminal port. (2) That the Government build a grain elevator. (3) That the rates on the Intercolonial Railway be reduced so that the through rate *via* Halifax should compare more than favourably with that *via* Portland or Boston." All these resolutions were carried unanimously, both of the Dominion members speaking in their favour. We can hardly feel doubtful as to the effect of this upon the Government. Even should there be any reluctance on their part, which with Sir Charles Tupper as Minister of Railways we can scarcely believe, they cannot surely now refuse their supporters' request, backed as it is by the unanimous voice of the constituency. We can, therefore, look forward hopefully to the future. But there still remains much to be done. Halifax is not alone interested in the matter,—to Nova Scotia it is one of vital importance that she should have a ready means of exporting her cattle and produce, a trade which has sprung up within the last one or two years, and has already assumed no small magnitude. Then let the provincial towns work together with us

mind and soul, and we will soon show our friends in the Upper Provinces that there is still some energy left among the Bluenoses.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. George Munro for late numbers of the *Nineteenth Century*, *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary Reviews*. We have been able to secure, in addition to the leading Canadian newspapers, several of the principal magazines in exchange for the GAZETTE, and this last donation has made our reading-room one of which we may well feel proud. From newspapers, college journals, magazines and reviews such as our reading-room contains we cannot but derive both pleasure and profit.

WE are glad to note the interest taken by the students generally in Football. Such exercise as this game affords is especially necessary this Session as, owing to some misunderstanding, we believe, the students are not allowed the use of Mr. McKay's Gymnasium. We trust the interest in the game will not abate, as there is nothing to prevent us from keeping it up throughout the entire Session, and although we cannot at present have the exclusive use of the Parade, yet the Common is open to us, and on it we can run and kick,—"none daring to make us afraid."

DURING the past three years it has been the custom to hold mid-session examinations in several of the classes, and this year, we believe, the Professors have left it to the students to decide whether they shall be held before or after the Christmas holidays.

As we understand, these examinations do not count, at least *against* a student, and it does not make much difference, therefore, whether his paper be good or indifferent. Of course, the holidays would afford an opportunity for preparation, but yet the holidays should be holidays in which college-work ought to be put aside.

An hour's additional work per day for the next fortnight will be ample preparation for the examinations, and we would therefore recommend that the former alternative be chosen.

#### IN SEARCH OF GLEN DUBH CAVE.

OUR province is not without many interesting physical features. Some of its scenery is said to be scarcely surpassed for grandeur. It is true we are not as a country favoured with snow-capped mountains and almost bottomless canyons. Notwithstanding the absence of these, our mountains are not tame, our valleys are not without beauty. It is true we cannot boast of Niagaras, but our cataracts are not to be jeered at. It is also true we have not a *Mammoth Cave*, but we are not destitute of caves.

Here is a description, which appeared in one of our local papers, of a cave in the eastern part of the Province:

"The entrance is narrow, perpendicular, and about six feet in depth; but it immediately slopes with an angle of about 40°. After going a short distance the explorer finds himself in a large circular chamber, with high dome-shaped roof. The walls are beautifully fretted, and when illuminated, present a fairy-land beauty that well repays the labor of climbing the mountain. Upon proceeding a few yards the visitor comes to a subterranean lake that effectually prevents any further ingress. This sheet of water stretches as far as the eye can reach. The shore is pebbly, with a very rapid descent. The people in the neighborhood say that it is very deep, a rope 160 feet long not reaching bottom. There is no noticeable inlet or outlet to this lake—still the water is not stagnant but quite fresh and pure."

The writer is not a poet neither is he an artist, nevertheless he is a lover of nature—at least in her scenic aspect. Whether his friend Caleb is afflicted with a similar failing he cannot speak with a certainty, but having read the

above description of this wonderful cave, without any reluctance, he agreed that we should visit it during the next summer holidays. Caleb and I try, not for amusement, to teach school during the summer season. How I longed for those holidays. I read the description, which I preserved, over and over again—"circular chamber," "beautifully fretted walls," "fairy-land beauty," "subterranean lake." Such wonders, and all within a day's drive. "Why was it" I asked, "I never heard of this cave before." "Perhaps this description is a fraud."

At length the long looked for holidays came, but alas! with them came hay-making. Now I have nothing against hay-making—nothing in particular, so long as I am not equipped with a scythe or something worse and put into the same field with the hay. I know that poets speak of the "ring of the scythe" and of the "sweet smelling hay" in very lofty strains. They never had their hands blistered nor their blood heated to nearly the boiling point upon the haymow. *We have and never* could see where the poetry could come in. Caleb and I heeded not those who reminded us of the season, nor that our services were expected. We heeded not, we uninded not, for we were determined to see the cave. Accordingly having secured a team we started. What relief to get clear of school and hay-making!

We enjoyed our liberty. Ye who are never rightly employed cannot understand the enjoyment of liberty from labor. We drove along the shore of the Garden of Eden Lake—a beautiful sheet of water, but *now* to us "its beauties were tame and domestic" compared with the wonders we were shortly to behold. We passed through the Garden of Eden itself, (not the one of Adamite fame. John, I believe, was the first man in this garden,) without being attracted by its fruits or flowers; we rattled along Moose River, a growing, thriving settlement, celebrated for deep snows and good oats; on through four miles of forest primeval to Laggan, the home of one of our true noblemen; over the parched hills and through

the rich meadows of Barney's River—beautiful in many respects—where even yet, it is said

"Usquebae—guid auld Scotch drink—  
The juice Scotch bare can mak us"

is brewed in its secret glens and woods, but even this knowledge did not detract our minds from the one object—the cave. At length we reached Avondale, near which place we thought the cave must be situated, and put up for the night.

Having entered into conversation with our host, who was of a rather practical turn of mind, and having exhausted nearly every known subject in his line, we thought the time had arrived when we should at least venture some questions regarding the cave, which we intended visiting in the morning. Accordingly we said: "We have driven 30 miles this afternoon to see a wonderful cave which is situated somewhere in your neighborhood; possibly you could give us some information regarding its location, etc." "A wonderful cave," said he, laughing. "You have come to the wrong place to find the likes of that." Glancing at Caleb I noticed a sadness deepening upon his brow. I must say, I entered fully into the state of his feelings. "We are gulled," said he. Caleb swore but seldom. Having checked the malice and indignation arising in our breasts toward the man who would through the press perpetrate a joke of this kind upon an unsuspecting public, we asked: "And do you tell us that there is not a cave in your neighborhood corresponding with the description we have given you?" "Oh! well," said he, "I believe there is a *porcupine hole* somewhere in the mountain, three miles from here, that's all, but *nobody* would climb such a place to see it." Here was a damper thrown upon our enthusiasm, but a greater one was to follow. We retired, fully determined in the morning to see the "porcupine hole," but awoke *next morning* to hear the rain coming down in torrents, and continued so till noon. Caleb was for sleeping all day, "As," said he, "the hole is full of water." He was, however, persuaded to *get up* and take some breakfast, after which we felt quite resigned. Now

the grass and woods are all wet, the *hole no doubt will be full of water*. So, coolly considering the matter, we listened to our host, who advised us to put off our visit to the cave till some more favorable occasion. We did, and undoubtedly it will be in the future our æsthetic faculties shall feast upon the wonderful beauties of Glen Dubh Cave. D.

#### LITERARY.

HEREAFTER we shall deem it a pleasure to devote some space of our columns to noticing or reviewing books, magazines, &c., that may be sent to us for that purpose. We trust publishers will take note of this and seize upon our offer.

*Scribner's Monthly* for December is at hand. The character of this magazine is too well known to require any notice from us. From the start *Scribner* has been improving in many ways until at present it is king of magazines among its American contemporaries, and is in point of fact, both in the popular quality of its matter and in circulation, abreast of any magazine in the world. During the whole of the present year its contents were remarkably interesting, the December number is particularly so.

A short serial by Mrs. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc., will begin in the February *Scribner*. Meantime Mrs. Burnett is writing what promises to be her longest novel for *Scribner's Monthly*. Its scene is laid in Washington. Mr. Cable's new serial, "Madame Delphine," will also begin in February and run through three or four numbers. Mrs. Schayer's "Tiger-Lily" will be concluded in the January number.

*Atlas Series, No. 14*, just published.

*The Practical Work of Painting, Art Essays*, with portrait of Rubens after Flemeng, and a chapter on Etching, by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, author of the *The Intellectual Life*, and editor of *The Portfolio*; 8vo., paper covers, illustrated; price, post paid, 60 cents.

For sale by booksellers and newsdealers, or sent by the publishers upon receipt of price. A. S. BARNES & Co, 111 & 113 William St., New York.

"The American Newspaper Directory," published by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York, is an enterprise that should receive the encouragement of all journalists. Not only is it a trustworthy guide for advertisers, but it is a repository of very valuable information not found so conveniently elsewhere.

#### SODALES.

THE Scott Act was discussed on the evening of Friday, 19th November. The debate was conducted in a vigorous manner throughout. Though all were of opinion that intemperance was the great evil of the nineteenth century, yet as a large revenue accrued to the Dominion from the importation of intoxicating liquors which could not conveniently be raised were the sale prohibited, it was decided by a small majority that the universal adoption of the Scott Act throughout the Dominion would not be for its interest. The speeches for and against were of more than ordinary merit, those of Messrs. Whitman and Knowles being especially commendable.

"Which is the greater statesman, Disraeli or Gladstone?" was the subject discussed on Friday, November 26th. The speeches were not nearly so good as on the previous evening—the subject being too comprehensive. However, the debate shewed that our students have a passable knowledge of British politics. The meeting decided in favor of Beaconsfield, no doubt by way of consolation.

We would recommend not in future to choose as subjects of debate questions involving facts to a great extent, as we have not the time to prepare for discussing such subjects in a creditable manner. Were more general questions selected the debates would be more interesting and profitable.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE pays the highest salaries given, to her Professors, ranging from \$7,500 to \$3,500. Those of Harvard receive from \$4,000 to \$3,000. Oxford pays from £900 to £400. Dalhousie from ———

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

ON entering our exchange sanctum the first that attracts our attention is our old and tried friend, *The Bates Student*. We welcome it to our sanctum. It always contains something readable. The first article—"Education as a remedy for hard times"—although it comes rather late to claim credit in opening the door for the good times that have dawned upon the country—nevertheless lays down principles worth attention at any time. "Clouds" is a *misty* little poem which seems to have been inserted for the purpose of taking up space more than for merit. The article on "Charles Lamb" is well written. The writer seems to have a just appreciation of the great wit. In reading it our attention was held from the first sentence to the last. When we got to the end our mental appetite was not satisfied—we could have taken more. We cannot refrain from inserting a sentence or two. "The one who would appreciate Lamb must read him much; must if possible pass the limits of acquaintanceship and become his friend. He is not likely to appear to one in quite his true light at first meeting." The editorial department in the number before us is a success. We quite agree with the editor in condemning the barbarous practice among students of defacing library works, by making marginal notes, &c. The present number of the *Student* will repay a perusal.

The *College Herald* seems to be in a hopeless "decline." Judging from the present number we tremble, lest in the near future, it will be our painful duty to write its obituary notice. It seems to realize this fact as it begins the number before us with a *selected* poem, entitled, "The conscience and the future judgment." My friend you must exert yourself a little more or else "set your house in order." But in considering the meagreness of literary matter in the number we must not forget that it was "got up" in the midst of an election campaign, when probably most of the editors were away voting.

#### PERSONALS.

J. N. MCKITTRICK, of the Freshman Class of '77, is at present Assistant Teacher in Yarmouth Academy.

R. GRANT, Soph of last Session, is engaged in the same useful occupation at Albion Mines.

MURRAY MCLEAN, of last year's Freshman Class, is teaching at Folly Village, Colchester Co., his native place.

WE are glad to see that Hugh McKenzie, M. A., '75, has recognized the truth of the saying that it is not good for man to be alone, and has taken to himself a wife.

J. H. SINCLAIR, LL. B., of the Junior year of '76, has opened a law office in New Glasgow. We hope he may profit by the example of the above.

IN our list of Graduates from this Institution at present at the Halifax Medical College, we omitted the name of Colin Pitblado, B. A., '77.

F. W. ARCHIBALD, B. A., '77, who has just completed a course of Theology at Edinburgh University, has returned to his home in Truro.

H. MCINTOSH, the *huge* Soph of '79, flourishes the rod at Merigomish, his native place. We hope to see him back next Winter to take his place as a worthy Junior.

WE see by the *Presbyterian Witness* that Melville Logan, who graduated here in '73, has opened a private school for young gentlemen preparing for college at his residence, 250 Gottingen St. We wish him every success.

WE understand that Creighton, of last year's Graduating Class, who was mentioned in a previous number as being Assistant Teacher in Fort Massey Academy, has resigned that position, and is now private tutor of the family of Col. Freemantle, in this city.

WE clip the following from a *Herald* of a late date: "We are glad to learn that Mr. Louis H. Jordan, M. A., of this city, who has been studying for some time at the University of Edinburgh, has just passed successfully the Senior University Examination for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, which has accordingly been conferred upon him by the Senatus Academicus. We congratulate Mr. Jordan on obtaining this fresh distinction. All his academic friends, both here and at Princetown, will join in the congratulation."

If a heavy staff of editors is indication of power we hope to see improvements in the *Herald*.

*The Westminster Monthly*, Fulton, Mo., comes to us from across the "Father of Waters." It is a neat little magazine. Every article is short, readable, and fairly written. It begins the first page with a poem called "My Wants," in which the writer shows not a little poetic power. He has succeeded in giving a perfect and musical rhythm without violating either the rules of grammar or common sense, something which most of College poetry lacks very much. The *Monthly* is published by the literary societies. We welcome it to our sanctum.

The *Collegian and Neoterian*, published at Appleton, Wis., is the exponent of Lawrence University. Like many of our Western friends, it has a standing army of editors—four ladies, God bless them, and seven of another sex—eleven in all. We are completely taken up with the convenient little groups into which the staff is divided. What unmixed pleasure to read "proof" with feminine influence on the right and left. We cannot refrain from exclaiming, when will the *Gazette* have such a factor on its staff? We trust in the near future. From such a number we would naturally expect almost perfection in a College paper. We cannot flatter our friends by admitting that we are not disappointed, although we think we are not violating truth in saying that our Lawrence friend is up to the average of our exchanges. Its articles are commendably short, its editorials are to the point, and well written.

*The Archangle* is amongst us once more! We scarcely knew it at first, it looks so large in a new coat. We congratulate our would-be religious friend upon its improved appearance, and we trust it will not be disappointed because the *Gazette* has not given it a more extended notice.

We have also received the following: *Varsity College Journal*, *Brunonian*, *Bortfolio*, *College Courier*, *Acadia Athaneum*, *Plain Dealer*, &c.

H. McD. Scott, B. A., '70, is studying Theology at Leipsic, Germany. Admirable letters from his pen appear now and then in the *Presbyterian Witness*. We trust that as he was formerly on the Editorial staff of the GAZETTE, he will remember us by sending, from time to time, letters relating to German University life, which could not fail to be interesting.

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ITEMS.

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THERE were 2,119 candidates examined at the late Oxford local examinations, of whom 1,321 passed.

JUNIOR criticising last act of Hamlet: "This act is rather melancholy; it begins with a funeral and ends with four subjects for some more."—*Whittenberger*.

THE Czar has become so nervous that the sound of a wash boiler falling down stairs at midnight will raise him out of bed before it strikes the third stair.—*Kalfnikoff*.

THE Great Mohammedan University at Cairo, in Egypt, has 10,000 students and 300 Professors. Last Winter Berlin University had 3,608 students in attendance.

*Professor*—"Can you tell us the origin of the expression, 'Go to?'" *Embryo Minister*—"Perhaps there was more to it once and they left it off because it didn't sound well."—*Ex*.

MISS HELEN GLADSTONE, the daughter of the Premier, is one of the successful candidates in this year's class list of Cambridge University examinations.

THE Presbyterian College, Montreal, has had lately a munificent gift from Mr. David Morrice, a Convocation Hall and suitable Library buildings, with a new Dining Hall and Dormitories for the use of students.

THE new chapel at Princeton will cost about \$100,000.—Harvard Divinity School Fund has reached the sum of \$113,700.—Chicago University is burdened with a debt of \$200,000.—Yates' subscriptions for the new Athletic grounds have reached the sum of \$10,000.

A SENIOR writes to a friend of his Freshman year as follows:—

"We both were verdant as the blade  
Of grass in summer weather,  
But then I thought that we were made  
To ripen off together."—*Ex*.

*Prof.*—"Die Pantoffeln der Graefin." *Student*—(construing) "The pants of the count."  
*Prof.*—"No, no! Look at the gender, look at the gender!" *Student*—"Oh, yes, yes! The pants of the countess."—*Ex*.

A STUDENT recently supplied an absent Sabbath school teacher's place. He was guiltless of extensive acquaintance with the Bible, but well up in Geometry. On finding a reference to I. Cor., 6-19, he gravely referred his class to the first corollary of the sixth book, nineteenth theorem.—*Ex*.

THE present year has been remarkably fruitful in College endowments. Princeton College receives \$100,000 and Theological College \$100,000; Western Reserve University \$500,000; Oberlin \$150,000. Amherst \$106,000; Ohio Wesleyan \$75,000; Rochester \$25,000; Syracuse University \$30,000; Williams \$20,000; Dartmouth College \$50,000; Yale \$100,000, and *Dalhousie* within the last two years about \$90,000.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

H. W. C. Boak, John Murchison, Mrs. Fyfe, Hon. R. P. Grant, John Munroe, J. M. Patterson, D. A. Murray, A. J. Murray, Rev. Geo. Walker, Jeffrey McColl, A. Costley, W. H. Spencer, T. Stewart, G. S. Carson, H. McInnis, A. G. Reid, John Pitblado, J. K. McLeod, J. T. Blair, W. B. DeMille,—\$1 each.

TWELVE numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every Winter Session by the STUDENTS of Dalhousie College and University.

TERMS:

One collegiate year (*in advance*).....\$1.00  
Single copies..... 0.10

Payments to be made to J. Davidson, Financial Secretary, and all communications to be addressed to *Editors "Dalhousie Gazette," Halifax, N. S.* Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

Printed by the NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, Corner of Sackville and Granville Sts., Halifax, N. S.