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NEW SERIES—VOL. I.
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NEW SERIES—VOL. I.
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HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 22, 1876.

NEW No. 5.
WHOLE No. 75.

OUR HOLIDAYS IN CAPE BRETON.

(Concluded.)

THE view, as we walked up along the coast, was very fine. On one side lay Cheticamp Harbour and the sea dotted with fishing boats; on the other rose a wall of hills, many of them treeless, but all of them beautifully green. We pass the pretty stone chapel, call for a few minutes on the worthy Père, and at dusk reach Great Cheticamp. We could get no boats going to Grand Anse, and so determined to go on to Little River, to shorten the next day's walk as much as possible. A friend kindly drove us down, and we spent the night in the hospitable house of a Mr. Macfarlane, who entertaineth strangers, and, *mirabile dictu*, taketh no coin. We are evidently approaching the verge of civilization. Few travellers pass this way.

Next morning, Saturday, we were up and away by five. There is no bridge on Little River, but a chain spans it, and to this chain a scow is fastened by a sliding ring. A long rope connects the scow with both sides of the stream, and passengers ferry themselves across by dragging in the rope attached to the post on the further side.

Two miles over a rough and hilly road and along steep cliffs, brought us to Cape Rouge, a French settlement, the last one on the coast for several miles. The scenery here is bold and striking; steep and rugged mountains rise almost from the beach, leaving a very narrow bit of rough and broken land for the small farms of the fishermen. The cliffs are perpendicular, and, in some instances, isolated pillars and arches of rock stand out in advance of the sea wall, often at a distance assuming fantastic appearances.

We passed the cabins of the fishermen, who were coming in from the fishing ground and complaining of the scarcity of mackerel, and in half an hour were at the last house in the settlement. The road, such as it is, had come to an

end, nothing but a footpath lay before us, and it did not run along the base of the hills with the many twinkling laughter of the waves to keep us company. For miles a rugged wall of rock rose frowning from the foam, which surged in long white lines at its base. To Cape St. Lawrence in the dim distance the same bluff, red rock met the sea. It is quite possible that one might walk along the edge and so have a seaward view, but the innumerable breaks in the cliff where torrents force their way down from the mountains above, would make frequent circuits necessary—so the path lies far back through the woods.

We climbed the rugged ascent by a zigzag path through a bosky undergrowth of raspberries, loaded with fruit. When near the summit we heard the hoarse roar of the waves, and on pushing our way through the dense wood on our left we found ourselves looking down on one of those gorges which break the sea wall. The stream that trickled past was evidently a mere ghost of the torrent that thunders to the sea when the melting snows fill all our brooks and rivers. Far away down, as it were at the bottom of a funnel, the waves lashed themselves into foam. We looked down and thought of the scene in King Lear.

Just at the highest part of the path before entering the forest, we had a magnificent view. The coast from Port Hood to Cape St. Lawrence was almost all in sight. The wide expanse of water in front was relieved by numbers of fishing schooners, and on the verge of the horizon lay the Magdalen Islands. Far to the west we thought we could make out East Cape, Prince Edward Island, through a shower which just then swept shroud-like over the sea.

Turning our backs on this splendid view, we braced ourselves for our tramp through the dark and swampy wood of spruce and larch that lay before us. A postman who goes to Grand Anse once a fortnight, is almost the only traveller on this path. Communication between the remote

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settlements and Cheticamp is almost entirely by boat. Once or twice a far away glimpse of the sea enlivened the monotony—and at last, after walking ten miles that seemed twenty, we began to descend from the plateau, and passing from spruce to beech and birch, we came to an opening. Here two solitary log houses stood near a small bay which ran in between high walls of rock and rippled along a sandy beach. It is a very lonely spot. The nearest houses are ten miles distant, and are reached only by wild and rugged foot paths. In front there is a glimpse of the sea through the "Iron Gates" of the little Bay, and behind nothing but the mountains and the wilderness, "thick with wet woods and many a beast therein." It might be a very desirable retreat for a poet in the summer time, but it must be terribly lonely in winter.

We made our way to one of the houses, and found a busy house-wife who was greatly surprised at the unexpected apparition of two strangers. She was, as we may say, the mother of the little colony. The other house was that of her eldest son. Her husband and "some" of her sons were away fishing. Half a dozen more of them, stalwart, strong-limbed men soon appeared on the scene. We got some dinner—the good lady apologized for having no tea, telling us in Gaelic she would rather a cup of tea than a bucket of milk, while we assured her our choice ran the other way. She would take nothing in return. Eight miles of swamp and mountain and wood lay between us and Grand Anse, but luckily a boat appeared off the entrance of the bay, which was hailed and stood in for the shore. Our kind entertainers took us out to meet it in a small skiff, and soon we were sailing merrily down the coast.

It was five o'clock when we landed at the beach at Grand Anse. We were kindly invited to stay till Monday, but as we were anxious to reach Cape North that night, and as we supposed the distance to be only ten or twelve miles we pushed on. After walking along paths and through fields for an hour or so, we met a party of mowers returning from their work, who told us we were yet twelve miles from Cape North settlement, and "long miles too," and advised and invited us to stay all night on their side of the mountain. We thanked them, but we were determined if possible to reach Cape North, and soon came to the base of the mountain. The ascent was very toilsome, and we

felt it all the more so as we had walked about twenty-four miles of very rough country already that day. We were much struck with the fine quality of the timber growing on the slopes of the mountain. Some of the elms were very large. But on the summit the marshes come again, and low stunted spruce and larch take the place of the noble hardwood trees lower down.

Evening came on and everything was deathly still. We saw the sunset light fading from the tree tops, and from distant summits in the Great Barren. Owls flitted softly through the trees, or stared inquisitively at us from the branches. As we had changed shot for ball cartridge so as to be ready for better game, we let them wink and stare and goggle at us unmolested. Sometimes we came out upon an open space, all marsh and reeds, where frogs sang melancholy choruses.

As we descended the slope on the other side it grew quite dark. Even in day time the gloom of the overarching trees makes the path dim, and on a dark night, in a dense mist it was impossible to keep the track. We often missed it and could regain it only by careful groping. We had a few matches, and by burning a couple of newspapers we threw some light on the path. But the mist was so thick it seemed to suffocate the feeble light, and at length our last match was gone, leaving us in greater darkness than ever. It was excessively dark. The hindermost of us frequently tripped up against the foremost without seeing him. The track often lay among low shrubs and undergrowth, and twigs kept switching our faces most energetically. At other times we had to cling to branches and roots on one side, while far below on the other we could hear a stream roaring along its rocky bed.

At length the mist began to clear away, and looking up through the tree tops a star might be seen here and there. We came to more open ground, apparently pasture land, and soon "brought up" against a gate. Having found a gate we looked for its architect. As we moved along we found ourselves precipitated into a sand hole, and scrambling out thought we saw something like a house: made for it and found it was a barn, but persevering in our search, we came at last upon a log cabin. It was now after eleven o'clock, and we felt some hesitation at the thought of disturbing the inmates by this unseasonable call. We knocked boldly, however,

were challenged from within, and apologizing for our intrusion, asked to be directed to "McGregor's." The door opened, a figure stood before us in the darkness, and a nightshirt, and said "Come in." The house was quite dark, the family had evidently retired; we could not go in, we said, we merely wished to know the way. But all was to no purpose, "the way was dangerous," &c., and finally we were told that some one was ill in the house to which we were going, and this decided us. We could not go on and wake up another family—we could remain. The smouldering fire was renewed, and the housewife soon got ready a cup of tea. A bed was improvised in a corner and we "turned in." But not to sleep. The room was very warm, crickets sang shrilly in every corner, and mosquitos serenaded us at cracks and knot holes, and then levied tribute upon us. Various circumstances combined to keep us awake, and before five we were up and out to breathe the fresh morning air. "Behold! it was the Sabbath morn."

And the calm fresh beauty of that Sunday morning we can never forget. We walked a mile or two down the valley, and received a hearty welcome at the house to which we had been directed.

We expected to find the Cape North region rather bleak and sterile, but were agreeably disappointed. The valley is sheltered on the north by a splendid range of hills densely wooded, and the luxuriant hay we saw attested the fertility of the soil. The timber, especially oak, is of the best quality. The French Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, which are distant but a day's sail, afford a capital market for all produce, and some of the farmers told us that their fat cattle sometimes brought from £15 to £20. The road is an excellent one, but there is not, or at least was not when we were there, a single riding waggon in the settlement. Our host, however, was to have one in a short time, and we hope he has enjoyed many a drive in it.

The settlement of Cape North is very much isolated. From Cheticamp only a footpath leads through Grand Anse to Cape North, a distance of forty miles, and from Cape North to Ingonish on the other side of the Island of Cape Breton, a distance of thirty miles, there is nothing but a footpath. In winter these paths are almost impassable and often dangerous.

The granite, almost the only rock, is remark-

ably coarse grained, and has the mica in large scales. We were told it was sometimes found in plates three or four inches square, but we were not lucky enough to get a specimen so large. Near the Barrasois at the base of the range of hills on the south of the valley there is an exposure of gypsum.

On Tuesday morning we left Cape North on the home stretch—a bright sky and a pleasant breeze made the day all that could be desired. We soon reached the confines of the settlement and took a farewell look at the solitary little land we were leaving behind us. The level ground along the shore was dotted with clumps of birches and alders. Wide green marshes lay on one side, promising abundant exercise to the sportsman. A little vessel lay inside the harbour bar and was mirrored in the glassy water. So much for the foreground. The main point was the Cape. The wall of hills as it nears the sea becomes jagged and uneven, the woods disappear, craggy pinnacles of rock jut out from bare bleak summits, and at last, as if shattered by some Titanic artillery, the rugged rampart gives way and plunges down, a mass of black and broken rock into the abyss below. And for a back ground, why, "the sea, the blue lone sea," and dim in the hazy distance the Island of St. Paul, where in the golden light of summer, the waves chant a dirge, and in the mist and ice and might of winter, the billows wave a requiem over the deep sea graves of many a gallant crew. What a tremendous sea must break upon the rocks at Cape North when the wind is from the eastward, and the billows may roll unchecked from the Bay of Biscay! What thunder must re-echo on those wet and slippery ledges, when the Storm King is out, and Cape North shrouded in spray and attended by myriads of shrieking sea-birds, looks dimly away through three thousand miles of mist and foam, to his Old World brothers, La Hogue and Finisterre!

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE; ITS HISTORY, CHARACTER AND DESTINY.—An address before the Syracuse University at Commencement, June 21, 1875, by Dexter A. Hawkins, A. M., of the New York Bar.

There are some books that bear their character on their title pages as some men bear theirs on their faces: this is one of that class. When

we saw such a prodigious and portentous title to a little pamphlet of 28 pages, we proceeded to open it with feelings already prejudiced against it. Before—long before we had got to the end those prejudices were justified. The pamphlet is such an essay as a decently well informed student might compose as a college task, under pressure of other work. But that any man bearing the title A.M., should put into print such a farrago of bad English, worse history, and patriotic bunkum is enough to make one feel that college honors are little better than a sham and a delusion. The author appears to have selected the subject as a fitting one for his purpose, without having any previous acquaintance with it, then to have read a few ordinary text-books on the Anglo-Saxon History and form of Government, and patched together enough of his undigested materials to form an essay of sufficient length.

The purpose of the writer is a glorification of the Anglo-Saxon race in general, and the American part of it in particular. With the first part we are not disposed to quarrel. The second will be treated with contempt by all educated and intelligent men, both inside and outside the "Great Republic;" and those to whom it will be acceptable are almost certain to be so ignorant or so bigotted as not to be amenable to reason. The most we can do, therefore, will be to point out a few of the most obtrusive blunders that caught our eye in a cursory survey.

"The various languages of Europe naturally resolve themselves into three distinct families, or classes, the Celtic, the Gothic, and the Slavonic."

Now to say nothing of the Turanian languages, spoken by several peoples of Europe—as the Hungarians, Bohemians, Turks and Finns—what becomes under this classification of the Latin with all its children, and of the Greek—that is, of what may be called the Pelasgian family? Rather a serious omission to leave out of the European languages Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, etc.!

"The Germanic tribes, whose territory lay between them [the Saxons] and Rome, being attacked by the more powerful and sanguinary legions of Italy, ceased to oppose them. Their isolated situation secured them from danger, and they were quiet spectators of the fearful struggle about them."

We recommend these sentences to the Rhetoric Class as a good example of unintelligibility and of the misuse of the third personal pronoun. The reader may extract from them what meaning he pleases. To us they are "a vast vacuity." Whether the Germanic tribes ceased to oppose the "powerful and sanguinary legions", or the Saxons? Who were the fortunate possessors of the "isolated situation"? Which party were the "quiet spectators of the fearful struggle about them"? are questions to which, with Sir Thomas Browne, we can only "hazard a wide solution." By the two latter he probably, though by no means grammatically, refers to the Saxons. If so, we may just remind our readers that so far were our Saxon forefathers from gazing impassively on the death-struggle for Teutonic liberty, that the Cherusci, of which tribe Hermann, the great hero of that struggle, was Chief, have been shewn by modern researches to have at least as good a claim to be considered the ancestors of the English as any other tribe of ancient Germany: Space and time compel us to hurry over many pages of dreary rhetoric. We may stop to call attention (page 15) to the epithet of "simple" applied to the mind of Gregory, the author of English Christianity. The writer who can apply such an adjective to the mind of one of the greatest and most astute Pontiffs that ever filled the Papal Chair, almost earns our admiration by so daring a display of reckless ignorance.

But it is not till Mr. Hawkins comes to apply the various excellences he has discovered in the Anglo-Saxon race to the Americans, that his style and statements swell to the full measure of their absurdity. On page 26 the Federal Constitution of the United States is termed the

"most perfect political document that ever emanated from the mind of man!" It is difficult to perceive how a document already perfect, can become more perfect—still less "most perfect;" but apart from this view of the case, historically, that can scarcely be called the "most perfect political document," which has already required a string of Amendments as long as itself. The statement that "the Anglo-Saxon American is now, and bids fair to be for centuries to come, the best composite, harmonious development, the highest perfection of humanity," we would have doubted under any circumstances, and we certainly are not less inclined to do so because Mr. Hawkins has come forward as its advocate. We fear that were we to apply the maxim *ex uno disce omnes*, it would break down utterly.

As to Mr. Hawkins' qualifications outside of a knowledge of history, it is sufficient to say with regard to style, that he uses "risible" as a noun in the elegant phrase "his risible is not sufficiently excitable to endanger his buttons;" and with regard to literary history, that he classes Descartes (born 1596) and Milton (born 1608) among the great lights of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

In conclusion, we may call to Mr. Hawkins' recollection a most prominent feature of the Anglo-Saxons, which he seems curiously to have omitted—that, namely, of inordinate boasting. Readers of Canon Kingsley's *Hereward*, or any other novel treating of Saxon times, will remember that in case the warrior were incapable of extolling his own merits in a sufficiently artistic manner, he was relieved of the task by some bard in his employ. More curious is it that this feature has been omitted by Mr. Hawkins, as by it the claim of Americans to be the most perfect development of the Saxon race can best be established, and among their bards for national vain-glorying to few should a higher place be assigned than to Dexter A. Hawkins, Artium Magister.

THE Second Ordinary Meeting of Session 1875-76 of the Royal Society took place on Monday, 20th December, 1875, at eight, P. M. Sir William Thomson, President, in the Chair.

The following Communications were made:

1. On Vortex Statics; by Sir William Thomson
2. Experiments illustrating Rigidity produced by Centrifugal Force; by John Aitken, Esq.
3. On the Electrical Conductivity of Stretched Silver Wires; by J. G. Macgregor, M. A., B. Sc. Communicated by Professor Tait.

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DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 22, 1876.

EDITORS.

J. MCG. STEWART, '76. J. H. SINCLAIR, '77.
F. H. BELL, '76. J. MCD. SCOTT, '77.
ISAAC M. MCDOWALL, Secretary.

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MR. MACCABE tells us that from the year 1633 to the date of the publishing of his own work on English Grammar there were two hundred and fifty treatises written on this subject. One would think that among so many there would surely be one good text book. Yet the attitude of the Council of Public Instruction would seem to indicate that the want of one was still felt. The place of honor as authorized text book was left open, Lennie's being merely adopted to fill up the gap in the meantime. That place has been filled by MacCabe's, and not a word has been said about it. The subject seems to us worthy of some notice, and we should like to make a few remarks upon it.

The object of an elementary text book of English Grammar is, we suppose, to give the best general knowledge of its principles with the least labor. How is this to be accomplished? Philosophical accuracy is an important requisite, but it is not the chief. Indeed, strict philosophical accuracy of definition is rather a bone of contention than a matter of any practical use. For who is to decide as to what is accurate and what is not? Every man is his own doctor on such matters, and every doctor has his own opinion. There is another and very much more important point, viz: a text book must be plain and easily understood. It is from the very nature of the case intended for children. To adapt oneself to their comprehension requires a

peculiar talent; to most men it is very difficult, to some utterly impossible. It required a rarer genius to write "Peep of Day Series," than to write many a ponderous work which makes an imposing display in the minister's library; to write "Mary had a little lamb" than Bernardo Del Carpio; and it required, we are sure, a rarer genius to write Lennie's Grammar than many much more pretentious contributions to linguistic science. The secret of the power seems to be not so much the use of short words as of short sentences. Children have not the power of following out an idea. They will easily get the meaning of a short sentence although the words be somewhat difficult, while a long involved one, even of the plainest words, baffles them. It is of the utmost importance then that a text book intended for schools be concise. Brevity of expression is indispensable. Otherwise it is useless; for whatever be its other merits it will be utterly in vain to put it into the hands of such as are of weaker capacity. Compare for a moment the two books chiefly in use in our Province according to this criterion. Any one who has looked into them must have been struck with the difference. Take just one illustration: "Gender," says Lennie, "is the distinction of sex." "Gender," says MacCabe, "is an inflection of the noun, derived from its being the name of an animal of the male kind, or an animal of the female kind." We commend the two to the consideration of instructors of youth. This one point is sufficient to shew clearly the incontestable superiority of Lennie as a text book.

As to general accuracy we are inclined to think that the difference is not very great. Modern savants, we believe, have voted down the old doctrine on the subject of Adjective-Pronouns, and have decided that they are Determinate-Adjectives. To discuss this question would be out of place here, but we cannot forbear noticing one remark by MacCabe to this effect: "As the essence of a pronoun consists in standing for a noun, it follows that any word for which

a noun cannot be substituted is not a pronoun. This test will get rid of many so-called pronouns." The test is too severe; the Relative will hardly escape with life. Any one who attempts to substitute a Noun for a Relative Pronoun will find it, if not impossible, at least extremely awkward.

In MacCabe's Grammar all Verbs are divided into three classes, viz: Transitive, Intransitive-Active and Inactive; the two latter classes including what is generally known as Intransitive. The Intransitive-Active are those that express action, and the Inactive are those Intransitive Verbs which do not express action. The division is thus founded wholly and solely upon a difference of meaning. The two are exactly alike in grammatical construction. The distinction is therefore perfectly useless, and in Grammar what is useless is wrong. The Intransitive-Active may, with equally good reason, be divided into two classes, the one expressing mental action the other physical; and the latter may be again divided into other two, the one expressing action of the pedal extremities, the other of the manual.

Lennie was at pains to exclude all that was useless. In this, doubtless, he went sometimes too far, and excluded matters that should have been allowed place. For example he does not treat of the derivation of words; and the subject of Analysis is altogether omitted, which renders his treatment of punctuation both tedious and obscure. He has other errors neither few nor small. His theory touching the division of the Verb is long ago exploded. His definition of a Preposition is nonsense; and he undoubtedly displays his horrible lack of taste by attempting to compress into the straightened mould of grammatical rule, some of the finest passages of Scripture. For this he deserves all the sarcasm, invective, scorn and scathing rebuke which moderns have seen fit to bestow upon him, and they have assuredly been nowise sparing.

We do not then claim for him, as some stout old Presbyterians do for the Psalms, that he should be used exclusively. Setting aside the question of his errors, it is well for us to be confronted early with the question "Who shall decide when doctors disagree." For an advanced class whose Lennies have become dogeared we could recommend nothing better than to exchange them for MacCabe. But we hold to this, that as an elementary text book Lennie is immensely superior to MacCabe or to any other known. This is proved in another way by his wide and long standing usefulness and popularity. Why should it not be used in that capacity still? Why should Lennie's Grammar be discarded from the list of authorized text books for the use of schools in Nova Scotia?

But we have a proposition to make: Would it not be an advantage if we could have Lennie's good qualities without his bad ones, could get rid of his faults without losing his excellences! It might be very easily done. His style and method are the nearest approach to perfection that has yet been made. They should not be meddled with rashly. But in his matter there is abundant room for improvement. Let this improvement be made. We should thus have a thoroughly good text book; and to do something, were it ever so little, towards that end might surely be worthy any man's ambition. Let some competent gentleman take the matter in hand; we are sure he will not lose his reward.

PRESIDENT GRANT in his message, takes the position that every true friend of education must eventually take in reference to the important national question of free schools. He would banish everything like sectarianism from the school room, and would have no citizen pay taxes to support a school over which any religious body is permitted to have control. He advises the establishment of schools that shall be free to all races and creeds, and a system of rating that would exempt not even church property from taxes to support these. President

Grant shows, by his attitude in reference to this matter, that he understands well the educational requirements of the country, but he is treading on dangerous ground. Whether the proposal can be successfully carried out remains to be seen. Few governments have hardihood enough to interfere with the so called rights of religious bodies. The task is by no means a pleasant one. The most enlightened Americans will give the measure their support, but the friends of sectarian schools, the enemies of education, will not submit without a struggle.

We need reform at home in this matter. It is to be regretted that by a recent act of our Dominion Parliament the establishment of sectarian schools is made possible in our new Western Provinces. It is true that little harm can be done at present in this new territory by such an arrangement; but in the Canada to come this will be our great agricultural centre and we cannot too zealously guard its rights. A prudent government in a new country like this can easily keep religious sects from getting educational matters under their control, but it is almost a hopeless task to try to recover any concessions that have been made them. The evil propagates itself. Sectarian schools breed a sectarian spirit, and like a disease, the longer you suffer it to remain, the more difficult it is to cure.

Our own Province has suffered much, and is suffering still, to some extent, from similar causes. Our schools are free but we still persist in squandering our educational funds in supporting denominational colleges. We admit that such institutions have done good work in the past, but at present they only stand in the way of something more efficient. They have had their day, and the sooner they pass away the better. They may pretend to give a liberal education, and may succeed in doing so, but then, they are only open to a few, and are religious, rather than educational institutions. The great end of their existence is to propagate the tenets of some sect—a duty which they never fail to perform,

each after its kind. While we have these, their effects must be felt all through our school system. Our schools may be free in name, but to some extent they must be sectarian in spirit. We have never heard an argument used in defence of sectarian colleges that would not if followed up to its logical consequence defend sectarian schools, yet strange to say, we meet men every day who are loud in the praise of the former, and denounce the latter.

IN an editorial in our last issue, in which we spoke of the Honour Courses, we based our remarks upon the reply to a question respecting the subject put to a member of the Senate, and on the fact that nothing is said in the Calendar about counting Honours in the competition for the medals. We have since been informed, on the highest authority, that Honours are to be taken into account, and that the announcement of this fact has been delayed solely in consequence of unforeseen circumstances.

We might, however, in this connection throw out this hint regarding the distribution of certain of the prizes. A careful reader of the Calendar will observe that the Waverley Prize, and one of the Alumni Association Prizes are both to be given to "the under-graduate of the third year who makes the highest total of marks at the Sessional Examinations." This arrangement might be very proper and just if one man should make 25 or 30 per cent. more than any other. But surely it would be very wrong if the difference between the highest and second highest were almost nothing.

Acknowledgments.

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COLLEGE MORALS.

PROBABLY there are those who think that the depravity of an ordinary student, approaches as near as can be, to the orthodox standard of totality. They have read of the mysterious rites of Secret Societies, which are practised upon inoffensive Freshmen; of Professors compelled to vacate their class-rooms; of law and order and senatorial dignity, grave as that which met the gaze of the rude Gauls when they entered Rome, set at defiance, and they have concluded that students in general are an incorrigible set. But it might be asked, how can you compress the ardent buoyant nature of youth, within the contracted limits of tame, unbroken propriety? Sometimes, it is true, practical jokes, as they are called, have been carried too far, and have ended somewhat seriously; but wherever this has been the case it has been attributed to the perversity of a few individuals, and has not been participated in by the college-community at large. It is no exaggeration to say that student-communities have as delicate a sense of honor as can be found among the various classes of men. They are quick to perceive and ready to resent anything like imposition, or meanness, or fraud. Despite all the affirmations of would-be purists, we believe that the general morale of college-life is sound and healthy.

It was not, however, to prove this proposition that the writing of this article was commenced, but to draw attention to one or two instances of defection from strict integrity and honesty, which have come under the observation of the writer, and which are to some extent common among students. Many a student, threading his weary way through the mazes of classical lore, has been thankful that his lot has been cast in the days of Anthon's notes and Harper's translations. We are not of those who would call these familiar student-helps unmitigated nuisances. Judiciously used they may be a help, but they should never be allowed to take the place of diligent study and application on the part of the student. Sometimes these helps are brought into the class-room, and with their

aid the student, who has perhaps never looked between the covers of his Livy or Herodotus since the previous recitation, comes off with *éclat*, provided he is not too closely questioned. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that the cheat is detected; and the delinquent exposed. But whether or not, such conduct deserves the severest censure. If a student is unprepared, whether in classics, or in any of the other classes of the course, let him say so, and not sham off with a knowledge borrowed from concealed books, or promptings of his fellow-students. If he has the courage to do this, he will at least maintain his self-respect, and perhaps cut himself free from that habit of depending upon others, which is the high-road to intellectual imbecility. Better far to stammer through a piece of translation or the demonstration of a mathematical problem that has been wrought out previously in the study, than to go over the same work, though it be ever so fluently, with extraneous and suspicious aid.

Another practice of the same class, though more culpable, is that of receiving assistance at Sessional Examinations, whether from books surreptitiously introduced into the Examination Hall, or from fellow-students. The Senate have of course forbidden this practice; and it is also opposed to the higher dictates of honor and conscience. We have heard the plea of necessity urged in favour of this habit of "cribbing," as it is called. Do those who use this argument mean to say, that there is any student, who cannot with ordinary diligence reach the minimum mark required for passing in any of the branches of the regular curriculum? There is no conceivable reason for failure, except indolence or inattention. But is there any necessity that a man should have an academical title? What is it worth to him if, in obtaining it, he has forfeited his honor and compromised his honesty? It seems to be regarded by some students as very clever, and not at all censurable, if they can elude the glance of the Professor, and successfully carry out their dishonest game; but they are sapping the foundations of true, manly character. We can live without honors or academical distinctions, but when the high sense of honor and duty is gone, we have lost that which is invaluable. Honor for honors—the exchange is a poor one.

Those who give help in the Examination-Hall, generally credit themselves with doing a very generous act. But how much better is the ac-

complice than the thief? We know that such things are done out of good nature; but a man should never be pliable when his integrity is involved. Would it not be a kindness to the individual seeking aid under such circumstances, to refuse it politely, but firmly? It would have the effect, at least, of teaching him to rely upon his own resources, and perhaps of stimulating him to increased diligence in his studies.

We have often heard it said: Your College degrees are worthless. If in any case they are so, it is largely because of such practices as we have referred to. Men slip through their College course by unfair and unjust means, and go out into the world, titled *ninnies*, having the distinctions of scholarship without any of its real substantial possessions. If this article shall contribute, in any degree, to the formation of a healthier, or, if you like, more puritanical sentiment in regard to the matters of which it treats, the object of the writer will be accomplished. A.

MEMORY.

FROM the title of this paper the reader must not suppose that I am about to regale him with the "reclected music of other days," or to throw into prose form some of the commonplaces of many modern verses. My subject is of far more practical value and might, perhaps with greater propriety, be called "Methods of Study." These seem almost as liable to change as other fashions. Not very long ago teachers required their pupils to learn all lessons by heart, and scholars actually were accustomed to commit to memory page after page, not only of pleasant and valuable authors, but also of the dreary descriptions of small Histories and the rugged English of School Geographies. This custom (except in a few of its worst forms) has almost entirely disappeared, and the new *régime* if not yet at its height, has, I think, already gained a dangerous degree of authority. Memory has been deposed. No one will in this age of freedom submit to the drudgery of learning by rote; of course not; it would be derogatory to the dignity of young Young America, and savor too much of mental dependence. England on the other hand is perhaps the most conservative country in the world, and the great public schools, the most conservative communities in England; and yet, so great has been the change within a few years that, whereas the boys of Rugby,

Eton and Harrow, who used to go up to Oxford, were able to repeat from memory most of the finer passages of Vergil and Horace, among the pupils from the same schools who now attend the university, you could scarcely find one who can repeat fifty lines of the *Æneid*, or a single ode of the Apulian Bard. It is principally to the disadvantages of this extreme change that I wish to call attention.

The mode of teaching languages by inter-linear translation was in use in England as early as the age of *Ælfric*, was immoderately commended by Milton and Locke, and in modern times has cropped up under the sounding title of the "Hamiltonian System." This plan, of course, makes mere reading very easy, but at the same time makes the training very superficial. It is as though a boy learning arithmetic were always furnished with the answer before working a question, or as though a student of Geometry should prepare his exercises by the aid of a "key," a tutor, or a fellow-student; and every teacher knows that at an examination the one is almost powerless, and the other only demonstrates that he is no Geometer. In like manner, and for like reasons, the learner from "Interlinear Classics" will be nonplussed by an ordinary text, or if it should happen otherwise, the exception results, not from a well-trained understanding but from the immense stores of memory, such as those which enable a child under favorable circumstances to speak his mother tongue with tolerable correctness.

On the other hand, works called Grammars, setting forth pages of paradigms, regular and irregular, and series of rules with numerous exceptions, were, for a long time under a certain class of teachers, the only books furnished the pupil for several months of his preliminary course. Latin Grammars written partly in Latin and Greek Grammars written altogether in Latin afforded any amount of dry husks to the youthful and enforced wanderers from the pleasant realms of reason and nature. This was the extreme opposite of the interlinear-translation method, and was about as well adapted for its purpose, as a course of lectures on the sword exercise without the actual handling of that weapon by the learner himself.

Happily for this generation, a better system has been adopted during the present century; and such elementary works as *Arnold's*, *Smith's* and *Bryce's*, by combining theory with practice, call into exercise the Reason as well as the

Memory, and thus afford double opportunities for acquiring knowledge and training the mind. But yet, with all our improved appliances, there are sufficient grounds for doubting whether or not the majority of the youths now studying Latin and Greek will ever reach as high a degree of proficiency in classical scholarship as the majority of their predecessors have had the honor of attaining. And if not, I think the declension may, in the main, be attributed to an absurd underrating and vain neglecting of Memory, which is now very prevalent. There is at the present day such an outcry for culture that one might suppose that we were on the eve of a brilliant day, which should usher in a new revival of learning, were it not that these heralds, dissatisfied with simply lauding their own hobby, assume the attitude of aggression, and make war upon knowledge, which, as even they should know, is at once the inseparable companion and highest aim of all culture. Some persons seem full of this idea of the desirability of culture, and of its antagonism to knowledge, and, doubtful apparently of gaining their positive object, they take good care of their negative success. Now this fancy is just the opposite extreme of that which gave rise to the custom of learning everything by heart, and its results in the great English schools have been already mentioned. The ill-effects upon classical scholarship generally must be very great. The reading of Grammars and Commentaries instead of critically studying the text of Greek and Latin authors, and carefully committing to memory their finer passages, though at first apparently satisfactory, will be found in the end to strike a destructive blow at the very root of the tree of classical knowledge. We may, indeed, acquire a good stock of words, be able to translate at sight, to mark the quantities and the Greek accents with general correctness, to explain most of the constructions, to fancy that we enter into the spirit of our author, and even to show some facility in writing grammatically in the languages of *Xenophon* and *Livy*; but in no way can we acquire these powers so quickly and so fully, and without so pleasantly as by committing to memory considerable portions of the authors that we have already translated; and doubtless without this no modern ever became able, in any great degree, to appreciate the beauties of the literary master pieces of antiquity, or ever attained so accurate a knowledge of the delicate shades of meaning, or rather of the delicate functions, of the

Greek, or even Latin particles, as to be able to write with ease and elegance in these languages. I do not, of course, advocate the committing to memory of everything indiscriminately. Far from it. The learning of the irregular Latin verbs in the *Eton Grammar*, involves more labor than the getting by heart of a whole book of *Vergil*, and that for the sake of about three hundred words which are not so very irregular after all. Such a task only wastes time and disgusts the pupil. But those compositions which it would really be pleasant to learn, delightful to think over when one is without books, and useful in all literary work should certainly be committed to memory by every one who would be considered a scholar.

Nor is it in the study of classics only that learning by rote should be practised; for, though mathematics, more than any other subject, is relegated to the domain of Reason, the student will yet find plenty in it for the exercise of his Memory, and many things which it will be very necessary that he should learn by heart. One of these is the enunciations (with their respective numbers) of all the propositions of *Euclid*. In no other way will he be prepared to solve new problems, and demonstrate new theorems. The ability of proving *Euclid's* propositions, when stated, is not sufficient. To grapple with the difficulties of new exercises, the student must be able at one sweep of the mind, so to speak, to take in review the substance of all the *Elements of Geometry*. Then he will have all his arms at hand, the right one can be quickly chosen, and victory is almost certain. To a want of this knowledge, which a little application would afford, nearly all the perplexities of young students may without doubt be ascribed. Similar remarks might properly be made concerning other departments of Mathematics; and, while I wish to be understood as most emphatically denying that one can become a mathematician from the cultivation of the conservative faculty alone, I with equal force maintain, what all may find true from observation or experiment, that much of the existing want of success is due to a culpable and conceited neglect to commit to memory the principles of the science. Every student who at examination has had to calculate *ab initiis* (perhaps at the loss of a precious hour) some formula that was supposed to be "given," will feel that there are grounds for these remarks, and possibly others might wisely take a hint.

And further, I wish to call attention to a custom prevalent among general readers. Many persons seem to read rather from a curiosity to see whether or not the author has been successful, than from any desire to learn; and having formed their decision they close the book, with minds so well stored that a week afterwards they will have no remembrance connected with the work, but that of their own doubtful judgment. True, this shows a spirit of criticism, which may preserve from error, and so far it is good. But the practice if long followed is productive of nothing but literary fops with heads as empty as others of that genus. Volume after volume is rapidly perused and as rapidly forgotten. Ask one of these bookish butterflies whether he has read a certain work, and his languid reply will be, "I'm not quite certain, but I almost think I have." Many men of past centuries are still deservedly eulogized for their great learning. Their books were few, but they had their contents for the most part committed to memory, and thus furnished they could give themselves up to profitable meditation at all times. So it should be with us. No one can be a great writer without a large stock of knowledge. Apart from the quickening influence upon thought, it is indispensable for illustration, comparison and illusion. Take any of our great writers—Macaulay for example—and note the constant and effective use that he makes of facts not intimately connected with his theme. What a flood of light he throws upon his subject, what garlands of ornament he twines around it, or sometimes what powerful satire he throws into it—and all, in a great measure, from the skilful use of such facts as are daily coming under every reader's notice, and which, though apparently unimportant at the time, would if constantly treasured up, prove arrows of victory or pearls of brilliancy in after use. It is very trite to say that a faculty is strengthened by exercise; but it must be said. The necessity of a powerful as well as a richly stored memory is seen most of all in an historian. He must be able to grasp at once the myriad events, great and small, which have happened for centuries, and elevate them as it were into a position of indifferent equilibrium, in order that at the decision of Reason each may easily fall into its place, and the great whole rest before him with each fact arranged according to its relative importance. Then and then only, can he write a true history; for, as Macaulay remarks, "He who is deficient in the art of selection may, by showing nothing but the truth, produce all the effects of the grossest falsehood." One of the chief elements of this power is Memory, and it is worthy of note that all our great historical writers have been remarkable for this faculty. And though, perhaps, not many of my readers may be so richly endowed as to warrant the undertaking of an elaborate work of history, this is no reason why they should not increase their capacities in every way. Commit to memory all you can. The Arm of the Lever should not be shortened because the Power is weak.

For the intending public speaker the custom of learning by rote is simply indispensable. Writers may generally consult books, though they often lose more time in doing so than would have been required to learn the passage by heart, but the statesman in Parliament, the lawyer at the Bar, the preacher in the Pulpit, must either bring forth his treasures at once, or stand in danger of his measure being lost, his client

condemned, or his congregation disgusted, with whatever evil consequences each may see fit to attach to these circumstances, History, anecdotes, poems, speeches, all the finest parts of every work, when read, should be so thoroughly studied that they may be stored in the memory ready for the time of need. Nor is the amount of this that can be accomplished very limited. Sir Robert Peel, from the custom of repeating as much as he could of all the sermons he ever heard, became at length able to repeat almost an entire discourse after going home from church, and, from this practice, could afterward in Parliament, reply to the arguments of an opponent in order, without the assistance of any notes. Every one knows the importance that Lord Brougham attached to the learning of Greek, Latin and English orations by heart, and the large measure of his own success which he attributed to this practice. Every one, indeed, knows all these things, but am I not right in concluding that very few conduct themselves accordingly, and that there is great need of reviving the old custom of learning by heart? Memory is not opposed to Reason: they help each other. Learning from others does not prevent original thought: it quickens it. And let us act in the remembrance that though there may be knowledge without culture, there can be no culture without knowledge; and that knowledge has its dwelling-place, not in libraries but in minds.

GAMMA.

Dallusiensia.

PROF. in German.—Can you account for that Infinitive being placed at the last of the sentence? Student—I suppose it is because all the other words come before it.

PROF. in Chemistry.—Barium Salts are poisonous. Now if one of those should find its way into your stomach what would you do? Student.—Take a dose of sulphuric acid and after that an emetic.

ONE of the Juniors who over-slept himself the other morning and consequently had no time for breakfast was seen wending his way up stairs to Experimental Physics with a loaf of bread concealed under his gown. Truly, Nature abhors a vacuum.

FOR the last week or so we have had no music in the hall. Not even the wailing notes of old Sam Simons breaks the stillness. We suppose it is only a vacation and do not think it advisable as yet, as some one has suggested, to dismiss the Janitor. The noise seems to come periodically this term, and at the next change of the moon affairs may take a different turn.

OUR Athletic Club has at last succeeded in gaining admission to a gymnasium. For some years this matter has been talked about by our students and many supposed it was to end in talk. We are glad to know that such is not the case. A class was organized on Thursday afternoon; Mr. McKay, instructor. Some twenty-two students were present, but what are these among so many? We should have at least double that number. The Juniors turned out well; they compose about half the class. We trust that the other years may give this important matter due consideration and be induced to do likewise.

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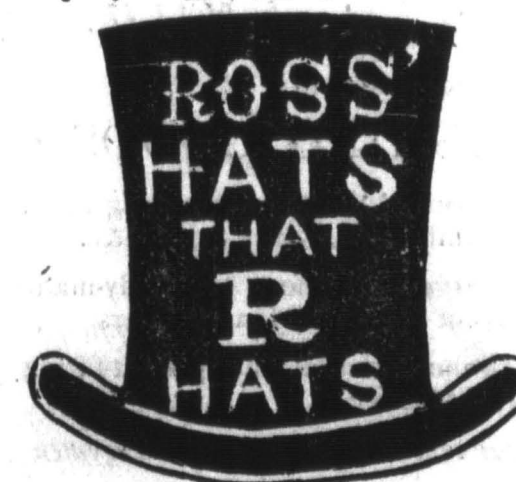
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