

# Dalhousie Gazette.

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# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

Vol. V. HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 13, 1875. No. 8.

**SONG.**

In the glorious pride

Of the sweet spring tide

With balmy breezes blowing,

And flowers sweet

Beneath our feet

So merrily a-growing;

In the sultry blaze

Of summer days

When summer winds are sighing,

And high, oh! high

In the bright blue sky

The white cloud-isles are lying;

In the golden prime

Of the harvest time,

With merry voices calling;

And the yellow sheaves,

And the frosty leaves

So sadly all a-falling;

In the winter drear,

When the tired old year

All out in the cold is dying,

And the snow storms meet

In a winding sheet,

Where the sweet dead flowers are lying;

Away from home

Wherever I roam,

My heart keeps ever turning,

To where the light

So warm and bright

Of my mother's love is burning.

**TROUT FISHING.**

There are few who care for sport of any kind who do not take delight in angling. It is one of the sources of amusement in which men and boys take a common interest. The face of the young urchin just let loose from school beams with delight, and his little heart beats as if its prison was no longer large enough to contain it, when he pulls his first speckled treasure from the brook. The glad twinkle may likewise be seen in the eye of the veteran of sixty, as he stands on the river's bank with calculating look, and is so well versed in the wiles of the art, that he seems able to interpret the very movements of his victims, when playing around his hook.

The statesman who has spent many weary nights in studying how to make the nation prosperous, as well as in laying plans to secure his seat at the next election, finds a delightful relaxation in conjuring with the wand of Isaac Walton, and tampering his finny friends from their bright home in the river. He finds that fish and men are alike in

some respects at least, neither care to bite the bare hook, and both are equally greedy when good bait is offered.

When vacation comes round, perchance some grave faced professor, who for months past has been breathing an atmosphere of abstraction, and wearing a look of the profoundest wisdom, rolling his dignity up in his gown, lays it on the shelf, and with hook and line beside some chosen stream lives his boyhood over again.

It was a fine breezy morning in September. Daylight was just creeping over the tree-tops. Sol sent some of his smiles before him to tell us that he was coming; but seemed to rise reluctantly as if enjoying the exquisite pleasure of a morning nap. Two young men in a county village, in never mind what part of Nova Scotia, had spent the previous evening in forming plans, which to them at least were big with importance. All arrangements being made, they went to bed to dream of a ten miles drive into the country, a walk of two or three additional miles through a forest, and, best of all, the delightful prospect of spending the following night in a camp on the bank of a silvery river in the immediate vicinity of the Empire of old King Trout himself. Our carriage was drawn up before the door. It was a great, high box, not unlike an ark on wheels. Our horse was gray, possibly with age. He was a large lank animal, with long crooked legs, which appeared to be suited, not so much to travel with, as to prop himself up with when he stood. One eye was gone, and the remaining one wore a surly, jaded expression as if it did not care how soon it went after its brother. His appearance was by no means promising, but the prospect of a good time covered all defects, and stowing our fishing tackle and other luggage in a safe corner, we took our places on the seat.

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels." We soon saw that we were somewhat mistaken in the opinion we had formed of our equine friend. He had been a stage horse in his time, and had not forgotten how to appear to the best advantage in harness. He arched his long neck, shook the crooks out of his legs, and pranced over the road at a pace not always equalled by horses of greater pretensions. It was one of those bright harvest mornings, which seem to be the peculiar heritage of Nova Scotians. A fresh breeze was blowing from the west, not cold enough to ruffle the cheek of a child, and yet a welcome visitor to the sunburned brow of the peasant, toiling in the field.

The scenery along the road was somewhat common-place, yet not without interest. The country through which we passed was one great honey comb of hills. Some of these had been tamed by the farmer, and were clothed with fields of oats and barley; others still wore their ancient dress of trees, which being swayed to and fro by the wind, seemed to nod approvingly to us as we drove along.

For several miles, along the bank of a brook, our road lay as crooked as a cork screw, but presently it changed its course, and led directly over a steep hill. Our horse slackened his pace, when he eyed this difficulty, and by the time he

got to the spot, where some pulling was needed to be done, he halted, and looking round at us, he shook his head in a significant sort of way as if he had made up his mind to proceed no farther. First a jerk of the reins, and a slight tap of the whip, but he only braces his legs, bends back his ears, and looks more determined than ever. Then a shower of lashes on his bony back, to which he responded by breaking several splinters off the dash board of our ponderous waggon with his large iron shoe hoofs, which he used in a systematic sort of way, raising first one, and then the other, somewhat like the stampers in a quartz-mill. When this mode of attack became monotonous, he would stand up on his hind legs, and paw the air, balancing himself in an almost perpendicular position, as if he had some idea of coming back to take a passage with us in the carriage. Don-Quixote like, we thought of all the plans for the management of stubborn horses, laid down in books, and recommended by the patrons of horsemanship from the days of Castor downwards. We tried several, but with no effect. One device was to place a bundle of straw beneath him and set fire to it. This one we thought impracticable for two reasons. In the first place we did not have any straw, and in the second, we feared, that if his dry bones were once kindled, the fire could not easily be extinguished. While in this position, a jolly old farmer, who happened to be passing at the time, asked us what the matter was. Having learned our troubles, without saying a word, he picks up a cloth which lay in the waggon, ties it snugly round the horses head, so as completely to blind fold him, and then brings down his big black whip across his ribs with a ringing blow. The traces tighten, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we find ourselves at the top of the hill. I never understood what "going if blind" meant until then. We drove on without further interruption, as far as the road would permit us to take our team, then shouldered our luggage, crossed several hills and meadows, and a wide rocky barren, and at last arrived at the scene of action. We were delighted with the appearance of the river and its surroundings. Nature had done much for the spot, and man as yet had done nothing to mar its beauty. On the opposite side of the river from where we stood, rose a rugged mountain, covered with stunted fir, and ornamented here and there with a straggling pine. Along its sides huge boulders of granite hung out, which looked as if they might tumble down at any moment, and carry trees and all before them. The banks of the river were carpeted with moss; and the broad maple branches, which hung over it, along with the gray clouds above cast a beautiful reflection on the water.

The only visible inhabitants of the place were mosquitoes, who at first maintained a respectful distance, and kept up a buzzing sort of noise, no doubt expressive of delight that we had come. Mosquitoes have always been a sociable race; they are no respecters of persons, and care nothing for public opinion. In a short time a whole battalion of them collected above our heads. Down they came cautiously, until we could almost reach them, eyed us with a hungry sort of look, and then retired. Our faces were somewhat pale, I must confess, and possibly at first sight they thought there was no blood there. However this may be, they soon return in increased numbers. They blew their little trumpets in our very ears, and with lances poised rushed to the attack. Their main object appeared to be, not conquest, but plunder. We destroyed them right and left, but like the heads of the monster with which Hercules contended they only increased the faster for this. We saw that the battle was a hopeless one, and had almost made up our minds to bleed without a struggle, when we remembered that we had provided ourselves with the proper ammunition for such a warfare, namely, a box of cigars. We accordingly applied the match, gave a

few vigorous puffs, and as the cloud of smoke began to rise, our tormentors rose with it. Mosquitoes are strangers to fear. They walk bravely over the dead bodies of their companions, and court destruction; but tobacco smoke appears at once to dampen their courage, destroy their characters, and make them cowards. The Mosquitoes having been disposed of, we then selected a suitable site for our camp, which we soon built by setting up a frame-work of slender poles in the form of a pyramid, and covering it with boughs. A Micmac might blush to own it, nevertheless we were quite proud of it. Having prepared our fishing tackle, we take our places on the bank. Every little while some enterprising trout, tempted by a bright shadow from above, comes up to make an examination for himself; but instead of returning in triumph with his prey, he soon finds himself swinging high in the air, and is presently tossed into a basket among other struggling victims of misplaced confidence. There we stood brimful of enjoyment, and living illustrations of how happy even comparatively wicked sinners can be in this world. Reader, if you would rightly understand the unmixed delight of such an hour you must experience it. But why should I ask you to follow us through the rest of this day? Why should I ask you to listen to the stories told, and jokes cracked around our camp fire that night? Men always tell stories and crack jokes around camp fires. Why should I tell you of a sound night's sleep with a bundle of boughs for a bed, in spite of the innumerable swarms of sand flies that crawled over our bodies, and the continual screech of an unmannerly owl who had taken possession of an old pine tree near us, and who seemed to think that his sole business was to sit there and wink and hoot? You have exercised considerable patience if you have followed us so far as this, and as most of the interest has now faded from our adventure, if it ever had any, we will not ask you to accompany us any farther.

PISCATOR.

"THERE BE LAND RATS, AND WATER RATS."

(Concluded.)

The anecdotes arising from the sagacity of this little animal seem too wonderful to be believed. But why doubt that one grasps an egg in its fore legs, while its companions drag it away by the tail, when we know that they will carry eggs up a flight of stairs, one step after another, one rat pushing the oval with its hind legs up to his companion, who receives it with its fore legs!

They dip their long tails into an oil bottle and very carefully draw out the contents. In one instance (and we do not hesitate to say that it will take place under similar circumstances again) a number of them entered a room, and one jumped upon a table and upset a drum of figs for his brethren below, as if their respective parts had been pre-concerted.

They do not confine their diet to inert substances, though they prefer such food. In this way we account for the disappearance of small chickens which are securely guarded in the henhouse from exterior enemies. Frogs, according to Goldsmith, were introduced into Ireland and had greatly increased before the brown rat found its way thither. After its introduction, this indefatigable hunter pursued them into their haunts amid the swamps, until the Island became totally destitute of frog inhabitants.

The upper and lower jaws of the rat contain each two slender, long, and very sharp teeth, of which the inner part is composed of a soft material, while the outer is exceedingly hard. Continual gnawing wears away the inner surface, and we now see why the teeth are always so sharp. But though

the edge left is very hard, the endless gnawing wears it away, and a rapid growth of the teeth is required to keep the rat in incisors; or we may reverse the order, and say that continual gnawing is required to prevent the teeth from growing too long, as well as to remove the barriers between the rats and their food. The upper and lower teeth fitting nicely together, and both growing rapidly, results, when the former are lost, in the growth of the latter into the roof of the mouth; when the latter are lost, in the projection and curling of the former. In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons is a tooth which forms one complete circle and part of another, the circle being large enough to admit a good sized thumb. Appended is the following memorandum addressed to an English baronet, from a Spanish priest: "I send you an extraordinary tooth of a rat. Believe me it was found in the Nazareth garden (to which Order I belong). I was present when the animal was killed, and took the tooth. I know not its virtues, nor have the natives discovered them." On another occasion a gentleman having killed a rat, also found in its mouth a tooth which had formed a complete circle and passed through the lip.

No friend does our pretty subject (for his figure, glossy trappings, and his quaint, cute doings when he is tamed, are all pleasing) find among all the animals, commencing with man and running down through the chain of living creatures. The prevailing sentiment, everywhere, is that entertained concerning the pauper boy in Oliver Twist: "Hit him hard, he ain't a got no friends."

His is a precarious existence, yet the Providence which gave him implements fitted for his work, likewise granted a portion of acuteness and complacency of mind suitable for his condition. A medical gentleman wishing by experiment to learn whether the rat or the ferret (its deadly enemy) was the better fighter, prepared a room, and in it put a fine, large, full-grown rat, and a ferret with equal advantages. The rat sought an exit; he found none; he uttered a piercing shriek, and running to the window through which the sun was shining, was prepared to fight with the light falling on his back. The ferret raised aloft his head, sniffed the air, and advanced towards his opponent. When he had arrived within two feet the rat suddenly attacked the ferret, driving him back with bleeding head and neck, but preferred to retain his position by the window rather than to pursue the advantage thus obtained. The conflict lasted for some time in this way. The doctor wishing to prove whether the choice of position was accidental or not, after driving the rat away, stood before the window. Fear of man was less than fear of ferret, so the rat returned to his favorite place, and renewed the conflict from between the observer's legs. Another rat, chosen by chance on a similar occasion, followed the same tactics, therefore having proved this quality true in any rat in the tribe, we conclude it equally true for all similarly situated members of the tribe.

Although, when necessitated, he can be extremely savage, yet, when well treated, the rat places as great confidence in man as the dog or cat. A hoary headed blind rat used to sit before the fire in a city kitchen, apparently as happy and contented as his friend the cat. A feline stranger, which was not acquainted with the customs of the house, took his life, to the great regret of the family. A piebald rat was caught in the hay by the driver of a London omnibus, who on account of his strange color tamed him, to the no small delight of the children. At night it would stretch itself on the hearthrug, or when the fire burned low or the night happened to be very cold, it would creep into its master's bed. Before the driver started in the morning he would say to the favorite, "Come along, Ikey," at which the rat would jump into the spacious pocket held open for him. Until transferred to the boot of the omnibus, Ikey there remained, but when shifted

became a faithful guardian of the dinner placed under his care, except when there happened to be plum pudding, when he invariably helped himself, though careful to warn his master of other partakers.

Besides these amiable qualities, some possess a dramatic genius well calculated to fill Temperance Hall with a larger audience than usually attended during the last theatrical season. We admit the acting of the circus horse, the pleasing tricks of the dog; the imitation of humanity of the monkey; all these become trite and common when we read in a Belgian paper, that a tragedy was performed on the stage by rats. They, dressed like men and women, played their parts with ludicrous nicety, until a dish of viands was brought in; then nature prevailed over training; they made a rush on all fours, and quickly appropriated the contents. The tragedy was concluded by the triumphant execution of their enemy, the cat, and a dance around her suspended body.

*THE Christian Messenger*, in copying the editorial of the *Acadia Athenaeum*, referred to in another column, characterises our observations which gave use to that wonderful effusion as "impertinent." This is very pleasing to us. People who insist upon their rights are generally stigmatised as "impertinent" by those whose gain it is to withhold those rights. If to claim that recognition and support which is justly our due as the Provincial University; and to point out how the interests of higher education in this Province are sacrificed to the interests of separate denominations—if this be "impertinence," then we promise the *Messenger* that a plentiful supply will always be found in our columns until such time as our legitimate demands are accorded to.

We have received the *Harvard Advocate* for 19th February. The article on *Athletics* is, in our opinion, the best in the present issue, and we doubt if we have ever seen a better anywhere. It effectually disproves the fallacy that good muscle and hard work are inconsistent with each other. The *Advocate's* poetry is always good. The spirit of Longfellow seems to linger about Harvard still.

"If the literary and professional criticism could be induced to occupancy of their proper sphere with entire obliviousness of personal preference, or deserved reciprocation, a higher appreciation would be an immediate reward, and the attendant self-confidence would naturally inspire greater exertions."

The above is quoted from an editorial in the *Qui Vive*. It is one of many similar sentences in the same article. We have never read anything so absolutely and intensely ridiculous. We suppose the *Niagara Index* would call this vivacious.

WINTER SONG.

When the winter time is come at last  
And sleigh bells jingle cheerily,  
And the fluttering snow flakes fly so fast,  
And frost is late and early,  
And the skaters shout on the frozen bay,  
Then hey! Hurrah for the winter day.

When the hardy shrew mice dance about  
'Mong the reeds and alders hoary,  
And the merry stars are twinkling out  
On a world of silver glory,  
And the iceeels gleam in the bright Moonlight,  
Sing hey! Hurrah for the winter night.

# Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 13, 1875.

## EDITORS.

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WE have never made any secret of our dissatisfaction with the present state of college education in Nova Scotia. For this we have been more than once accused of spite, of bigotry, of ignorance, and even of hypocrisy. These charges have been brought against us in the absence of better arguments, and are not worth the trouble of a refutation. We intend to lay before our readers as briefly as possible a few of our objections against the present system. Before doing so we must apologize to those who have given any attention to the subject, because we feel certain that the arguments we are about to adduce will seem to them like a proof of what is self evident. But there are a great many persons who have been prevented by circumstances from giving this important subject the attention it deserves, and who have no time to reason out the question in their own minds. For them we write, and we are confident that all they require in order to come to the same conclusions as ourselves is a plain statement of the facts of the case.

In Nova Scotia, besides Dalhousie, the Provincial University, there are five denominational colleges. Two of these belong to the Roman Catholics, one to the Wesleyans, one to the Baptists, and one to the Church of England. The Presbyterians have no college of their own, but send their sons to the Provincial University. Each of the five has its own governing board, which is composed exclusively of members of the denomination represented by the college, and over which the Government of the Province has no control. Yet each of the five receives fourteen hundred dollars annually from the Provincial Treasury. The additional amount required for the support of each college is supplied from the funds of its own denomination. The number of under-graduates annually attending varies, we believe, from twenty to about sixty. Half a dozen professors is about the average for each college. All possess the power of granting degrees, but there is practically no security that students receiving these degrees, have fairly earned their honours. Thus a distinctly sectarian and exclusive system of education is partly sustained at the public expense.

Many other facts might be brought forward, but the few just mentioned are sufficient for our present purpose. They show conclusively that the present system of higher education is sectarian and inefficient, that it costs more than a proper system and accomplishes less, that it is unfair to the Provincial University, and to the people of Nova Scotia.

The five sectarian colleges, as we have said, are in part supported by Provincial money, though in no way controlled by the Provincial Government. They have the power of granting degrees and yet the public has no security that these degrees really represent the amount of education they imply. It is admitted by every intelligent person that education is the most important subject with which our government has to deal, and the splendid success of our present school system, abundantly proves that government control is beneficial to education. It is a well established rule that public money ought to be used exclusively for public objects. Yet both principles are systematically disregarded. The five colleges are self governed and sectarian, and the government of Nova Scotia expends *seven thousand dollars a year for the support of institutions over which it has practically no control.*

The question of expense, too, is not unimportant. Including Dalhousie, there are six colleges in the Province. We shall allow to each the small number of five professors. The total number of students in yearly attendance on all the colleges does not exceed four hundred. In many of the larger universities, some of the classes number two hundred students, and one professor with an assistant is found sufficient for the work. Hence one college with five professors and as many assistants would perform fully as much work, and do it fully as well, as the six colleges we have at present with their thirty professors. To show the difference in cost, we shall calculate the expense of a single class. At present there are six professors of Classics, receiving a minimum salary of about \$1200 each. If the colleges were united a single professor with an assistant, would be able to do the whole work. Giving the professor \$2000 a year, and the assistant \$1200, a saving would be effected of \$4000 a year in the cost of a single class. Every architect knows, too, that it is more expensive to erect six separate buildings, than a single one as large as the six united. The present yearly income of the six colleges is, at the same rate, \$40,000. In a Central University the same amount of education would cost, at the maximum, \$20,000 annually. Thus a yearly saving would be made of \$20,000, a sum which, under the present system, is thrown away. We do not say that \$20,000, would suffice to support a proper Central University; but we maintain that less than that sum, if properly used, would give us a better course of higher education than we have at present in our sectarian colleges.

The results obtained at this extravagant cost are deplorably unsatisfactory. We know it will be said that graduates of our sectarian colleges have attained high reputations for culture and ability. But this is no argument. There were men of culture and ability, amid the darkest of the Dark Ages. It is undeniable that the tests at these colleges are

insufficient. In theory and in printed calendars they may be all that can be desired, but in practice they utterly fail. Taking calendars as his guides, one would conclude that a sophomore ought to be able easily to obtain a Grade A. diploma. Time and again graduates of these denominational colleges have attempted to pass, and failed. The Bar Society used to consider a college degree as equivalent to one of their own certificates, but they ceased to do so when sad experience taught them that, in Nova Scotia, masters of Arts could sometimes prove masters in ignorance.

We shall, no doubt, be informed that we are meddling with what does not concern us, and that each denomination has a right to use its funds as it thinks best. We do not deny that Baptists, Wesleyans, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics, have a perfect right to build as many colleges as they please at their own expense. And the people of these denominations, who furnish the funds, have a perfect right to know that in doing so they are paying as much for small and well nigh useless colleges, as would support a fully equipped and efficient University. But no denomination has any right to draw money from the public funds for its own exclusive benefit.

There can no longer be any room to doubt the necessity of a radical change. We have shown that the present system is unsound in principle, costly in practice and unsatisfactory in results. Some of the small colleges, especially Kings, have done excellent service in the past, but if united they would have done a great deal more. Their separate existence is an unmitigated evil, expensive to the Province, and injurious to the cause of education. Change is a necessity, and the first Government that may have courage enough to bring it about, will confer a lasting benefit on the whole of Nova Scotia.

THE Acadia Athenæum is on the war path. Its last issue contains a coarse and violent article, which we suppose it intends to be a reply to a few remarks of ours made some time ago in reference to the denominational colleges, and in which it charges us with falsehood, and Dalhousie with sectarianism. We commend its wisdom in not attempting to prove any of its assertions, for that would be a hopeless task. We shall just notice some of these assertions in order to show our readers a few of the absurdities indulged in by the defenders of sectarian education.

In the first place the Athenæum confounds the students of Dalhousie with the Board of Governors, by attributing to the latter opinions expressed in the GAZETTE. This paper is conducted entirely by students; no professor or governor has written a line for it, except above his own name. The college is not responsible for our opinions; we have never once asked whether they are agreeable to the authorities or not. We represent the students and them only; we are responsible to them alone.

The Athenæum says that a man eminently qualified for the position, was refused a professorship in Dalhousie, "simply because he was a Baptist." The statement is a deliberate untruth. One of the most popular of our senate

was a few years ago a Baptist professor in Acadia. "Time was," continues the Athenæum "when Acadia would have been glad to unite with the other religious bodies in the Province, in establishing on an equitable basis a Central University." If so, why have its feelings changed? It was invited to do so, and refused. The excuse which the Athenæum gives is most pitiable. It says the refusal was owing to the treatment Acadia received in that time which was, when Dalhousie would not receive the above mentioned mythical professor. Poor Acadia! what cruelty to treat you so! Acadia has too much respect for the order which exists in the great system of things, "to consent to play the part of a satellite, revolving about Dalhousie." We commend its resolve to abstain from so curious a performance, especially when nobody wishes it to play such antics.

The Athenæum finds fault with us for calling Acadia a sectarian college; "no religious tests," it seems, "are imposed." Yet its "governors would doubtless refuse to employ as a teacher, a man of known heterodox views," in other words, a man who is not a Baptist. If this is not a "religious test," there is no such thing as a religious test in this world. The Athenæum goes on to say that "the more sensible people know very well" that Dalhousie "is simply a Presbyterian College." In another place we have pointed out the fallacy of this opinion. Who "the more sensible people" are, we cannot tell, unless they are the rulers of Acadia College. They have a sensibility for receiving false impressions, and a marvellous faculty for making false statements.

The GAZETTE does not "insinuate" that the curriculum of Acadia "is a patent Theologico-Arts one;" it declares the fact without reserve. The students attending the Arts course are, it seems, "not permitted or advised to engage in Theological studies" until their Arts course is completed. Will the Athenæum be kind enough to explain how it is that young men come out as preachers and settle down in different parts of the country, *immediately after taking their Arts' degree at Acadia.* The Theological course is said to be "entirely separate from the regular Arts course." Yet they have the same board of Governors, and, with one or two exceptions, the same faculty of professors. We have no doubt that each course receives as large a share of attention as can be given to it by professors who have to lecture daily in two "separate faculties."

Dalhousie has, it seems, "adroitly appropriated the lion's share of property bequeathed equally to the different religious bodies of the Province." We cannot conceive what bequest the Athenæum speaks about, unless it be the money given some years ago by the Province of Nova Scotia to Dalhousie, own University. This grant was rightly given to our college, and certainly "belonged to all the different religious bodies of the Province," because Dalhousie belongs to the Province. It should receive *all* the money granted to *all* the sectarian colleges, and \$4200 besides, for the three denominations who have united to support it, instead of the present amount of one thousand dollars a year.

The Athenæum closes by saying that Dalhousie will have

to raise its standard of matriculation, and lengthen its course of study before it can compare with Acadia. At first sight this seems a formidable statement. But it dwindles to the vanishing point when we reflect that the *Athenæum* is speaking of the course at Acadia as laid down in the Calendar, and not as carried out in practice. It is very easy for an institution not under government control, to make the most extravagant pretensions. Nominally, we believe, the term at Acadia is nine months. Now it is an undeniable fact that men who have graduated at Acadia in four years, have, during that course, taught in the public schools each year for the full term of six months. Many have obtained a degree, whose yearly attendance has not amounted to four months. The term at Dalhousie in the Calendar and in practice is six months. The standard of matriculation at Dalhousie is as high as at Acadia, and a little higher, as the following fact will show. A few years ago a student who had passed the entrance examination at Acadia, and subsequently attended that institution for one term, came to Dalhousie, and found the Medical matriculation examination too difficult. A glance into our Calendar will show that the examination for the Arts course is fully as difficult as that for the Medical. These facts show the grounds which Acadia has for boasting, and how rotten, too, to the very core is the present system of Sectarian Education.

We must apologise to our readers for taking up so much of their time with the vagaries of the *Athenæum*. We thought it right, however, to warn them against accepting the educational statements, of the powers that be in Acadia College. In the defence of sectarianism the *Athenæum* has a difficult task to perform, and has already shown that to gain its ends it can bid defiance to common sense and common honesty. It will no doubt before long repeat its former statements, with others equally dogmatic, and equally untrue. It is a woful spectacle to see the authorized Journal of a college, supported by a respected body of Christians, prevaricating, and quibbling, and telling deliberate falsehoods in defence of a system which it knows to be injurious to the Province.

It is curious to see how easily men are duped by assertions. The most palpable falsehoods have only to be resolutely affirmed, and they are sure to find believers. People naturally trust in the positive statements of others, without troubling themselves to investigate the truth of these statements. In no other way can we explain the remarkable circumstance that in spite of facts, and of reason, a good many intelligent people imagine that Dalhousie is a sectarian and Presbyterian Institution.

Our school histories tell us that Dalhousie was built with money made over to the Province of Nova Scotia by the British Government, about the time of the last war with the United States. From that date until about twelve years ago the funds of the college were insufficient to carry on the work successfully. One branch of the Presbyterians, the Free Church, had then a college of its own, while the Church of Scotland, and the United Presbyterians sent their sons to

colleges in the mother country. Twelve years ago the Presbyterians came to the conclusion that this state of things was unsatisfactory and inconvenient. They saw that a public Provincial University would give their sons as good an education as they at that time received, and at less expense. They saw the Provincial University practically useless from want of funds. They then did what all the denominations in the Province should have done long before, they united in supporting Dalhousie, and placed it on a firm foundation. Before this time the Free Church used to receive one thousand dollars annually as its share of the Public Grant. The other two Presbyterian Churches, as they had no college, received no public aid. This sum of one thousand dollars annually is all that the Provincial College receives from the Provincial Treasury. Such, so far as we have been able to ascertain, are the real facts of the case. The college remained as free from sectarian control as it had been when founded by the government of Nova Scotia. And it is so still. Our Board of Governors is composed of men of all denominations. The senate numbers among its members representatives of every Church in Nova Scotia. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Wesleyans, Baptists, and Roman Catholics attend the classes, and all receive the same attention from the college authorities. The majority of the students are Presbyterians, because the other denominations have what they call colleges of their own. There is not the faintest trace of a sectarian spirit among the students. A single fact will illustrate this. The editors of the GAZETTE are elected annually by the whole body of students. Yet this year two out of the four are Wesleyans, and last year one was a Roman Catholic. From these few remarks our readers will see that there is just about as much sense in calling Dalhousie a Presbyterian College, as in calling Nova Scotia a Presbyterian Province, because a greater number of its people belong to that Church than to any other.

So the Meds. are going to leave us. Dr. Gordon's letter tells us that we are not to be honored with their presence another winter. By their departure they will leave the Senate the couple of rooms at present occupied by them. We intend saying a few words upon the use to be made of this increase of space. We do not think these rooms can be of any service to the regular classes of the college. More room we do indeed want; but not as yet more rooms. If any new studies are to be added to our curriculum, we shall of course require a greater number of class-rooms. But we hope that by the time so desirable an addition shall be made, the present venerable pile of college buildings shall have given place to something bearing less resemblance to a Tobacco Factory. As things now stand, our class-rooms, though almost all too small, are quite sufficient in number; and, as the Medical class-rooms are smaller than those at present occupied by the Arts' professors, we do not see how the increase of space will do anything to relieve our embarrassment.

But there is another purpose to which these rooms can be devoted. They could assist the college in what is at present

its weakest point. In brief, we propose that the rooms at present occupied by the Medical Faculty, be converted into a Preparatory Department. We are convinced that no other conversion would be half so useful. We shall try to give our reasons for so believing.

In the first place, there is not in this city a single school in which any thing approaching an adequate preparation for college can be obtained. We do not overlook the services rendered to education by the several private schools. We have only room to say that for any one man to teach, single handed, with any approach to thoroughness, all the branches of education from grounding small boys in Geography and Arithmetic up to preparing young men for college is a task about as impossible as it would be to make the Halifax School Commissioners see that it is impossible. In our public schools things are no better. Until quite recently both French and Latin—to say nothing of Greek—were expressly prohibited in them, the Commissioners being of opinion that such studies were entirely superfluous. At present the classics are taught in the Principals' departments of two or three of the schools. But the objection already urged against the private classical schools applies with almost equal force to the public schools.

But, some one will ask, are we not going to have a High School in Halifax? So we have heard, but at present that event seems scarcely to be any nearer than the millenium. When we have a different Board of School Commissioners, we shall begin to have hopes of a Halifax High School. But even supposing a High School were established at once it would not for some time to come be of any great use to us. To prepare young men for college, the greater part of the class work must necessarily be classics and mathematics; the English branches they are supposed to have acquired pretty thoroughly in the primary schools. To devote much time to the above subjects would be unfair to those not intending to enter college. To do justice to both classes would obviously require separate courses of study—one commercial and one classical. If the Commissioners would give the city such a school, nothing more could be desired; but, judging from the scheme for a High School already put forth by the Chairman of the Board, we think the discovery of the lost tribes of Israel a more likely event. If then, neither in the private nor in the public schools of this city, can any preparation for college be obtained, and the prospect of an efficient High School is as shadowy as "the ghost of Gimlet," it is plain that we must depend mainly upon ourselves to prepare students for matriculation. At present we are dependent upon the County academies, of which that in Pictou leads the van. This plainly puts Halifax students, and those from such parts of the province as do not possess good academies, at a great disadvantage—a disadvantage which can only be removed by establishing a good preparatory department in connection with this college.

The great service such a department would render our college, it is scarcely necessary to point out. Our present standard of matriculation is too low. This, indeed, has more than once been cast in our teeth by our denominational

contemporaries. When their colleges print examination papers, it will be time for them to criticise our standard of scholarship. Till that is done, it would be as well for them to remember that the only standard by which the general public can estimate the value of their degrees is the fact that several of their graduates have failed to pass the almost childish preliminary examination required by the Bar Society. Of course many other of their graduates have passed this examination respectably; but the fact that men have graduated from the colleges alluded to in ignorance of the elements of an English education, coupled with the want of any printed examination papers, gives many people the conviction that a degree from one of the denominational colleges is nothing better than a farce. What our degrees are worth any one can tell to a nicety by an inspection of the examination papers at the end of our Calendars. The test of the efficiency of any college is not what sort of matriculants it takes in, but what sort of graduates it turns out. By a preparatory department, then, our present standard of matriculation could be raised. More than this; we could exact uniformity of attainments in the aspirants for admission. We would like to devote a column to illustrating this point, if we could afford the space. As a final reason we may add that this department would relieve the first year of a heavy clog. At present it is packed with general students who ought to be learning the elements of Latin Grammar and Geometry. They do not get as much benefit as they would at school; for the instruction of the classes cannot be lowered entirely to their comprehension, while it is still lowered enough to deprive those who have come to college properly prepared of much of the benefit that should accrue from the teaching of the year. Inefficiently prepared students should all be placed in the preparatory department. Not only would the tone of the teaching be greatly raised, but our professors would also be relieved of much drudgery.

We submit the above to the consideration of our college authorities in the hope that they may think it worthy of some notice. Not only so; we also hope that if such a preparatory department should be instituted, the friends of Dalhousie may be induced to countenance and support it, if support be required.

#### A DAY IN FIVE ISLANDS.

On a pleasant Friday evening in that lovely month of September, when the heat of summer gives place to the more cool and delightful temperature of Autumn, you might have seen a Dalhousie Student, who, wearied with his weeks work, was sitting at the window of his study nominally reading one of Sir Walter Scott's works. What was it that made him so restless? What was it that made his eyes wander from the book he was reading to a curve in the main road about a quarter of a mile distant? Why did he again and again take out his watch and wonder that the time passed so slowly?

At last the mail coach with one passenger on board was seen coming rapidly round the bend of the road. In another moment the student was out on the highway and had clasped the passenger by the hand, saying, "Welcome brother

son of Dalhousie." They entered the cottage together, and spent a pleasant evening conversing about old times and forming plans for the morrow. All their arrangements having been made they betook themselves to rest, slept soundly, and awoke on the following morning soon after the beams of the rising sun appeared in the eastern horizon.

Which it was yet early in the morning, a sail boat with several passengers, among whom were our two students, was sailing before the wind in the "Basin of Minas." A few miles from the shore stands an island covered for the most part with trees, but if you look more closely you will see that man, at some time or other, has laid the axe at the roots of the trees and cleared a small portion of it. You would also conclude from the ruins that are to be seen that man once had an abode there. Whatever may have been its history, we know not, but at the time which we speak it was rarely traversed by human foot. The island is about a mile long and a quarter of a mile in breadth. It rises to a considerable height, and can be seen from the mouth of the Bay of Fundy.

Towards this island the boat is directing its course, and while we are looking on, the passengers set foot upon it, taking with them their guns, ammunition, and a hammer. The latter to be used in breaking up rocks, in case they find any good specimens.

The boat being secured, they commence a walk round the island on the sea shore. Soon we hear the guns sounding, telling us that game was plenty. After all the powder had been exhausted their number of partridges was fully equal to their expectation. From shooting they turned to examining the rocks and found some good specimens of quartz, gypsum, and hulendite. Having collected these specimens, they sat down on the shore, fell to work at the provision, and succeeded in putting themselves outside of a considerable quantity in a short time.

Soon after they had eaten their lunch, they were on the water and were nearing the main land again. Arriving home they gave the game to the cook to be prepared for supper. She made some complaints but one of them explained to her as they had done the shooting, and intended to do the eating, he thought that as little as she could do was to do the cooking. Whether she supposed the logic to be correct or not, I do not know, but she got to work getting them ready for supper. Leaving her to get them ready at the proper time, we will again take a short trip this time to Barytes mines and see what is to be seen there in a few hours time.

Having walked about two or three miles, we find ourselves at the bank of a small river with mountains on either side. One mountain is covered with beautiful trees, even down to the waters edge. Far up the other mountain we see several small holes in the side of the bank, which appear to us like swallow's nests. But what was our students' surprise when they had climbed up to where the holes were, to find they could walk in with two or three feet to spare above their heads. A miner led the way through the tunnel, carrying a light with him. He pointed out some very pretty crystals which had been quarried out. These crystals are not valued by the miners, since they are too hard to be made use of, in the manufacture of paint, for which purpose the barytes is used. The miner then conducted them into a cave about fifteen feet by ten, and a sight there met their eyes, which they will never forget. All sides appeared set with beautiful crystals, such as the art of man can never equal, every crystal so perfect, each a perfect beauty in itself, and thousands of them on every side. Gazing on these works of nature, their minds naturally turned from them to nature's God, and they felt more than ever before the

beauty of Addison when he says "If there's a power above, and that there is, all nature cries aloud through all her works." T. A.

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Hesperian Student* says that the *Iowa Classic* is the dullest of its exchanges. The *Classic* is printed on very bad paper, yet we would be fully as loth to lose it as the *Student*. The latter is written chiefly by professors, and is no exception to the ordinary class of college papers so conducted. A little variety would be an improvement; we find five articles signed with the same initials.

The last number of the *Queen's College Journal* is particularly good. "Notes from Princeton College" contains some details about the Inter-Collegiate Contest in the United States, and a "A Stray Leaf from my Note Book," an excellent description of Lake Superior and Nepigon Bay. The *Journal* is steadily improving in appearance, and is the most valuable of our Canadian College exchanges.

NUMBER 4 of the *Acadia Athenæum* has been received. We have noticed its editorial in another column. "Recollections of a Ramble" is remarkable for nothing but verbosity. An article entitled "Criticism," exaggerates all the faults it criticises, and manages to perpetrate almost every one of them in little more than a column. With these exceptions the issue is not bad. "A Plea for Woman" is one of the best we have seen on the subject in any college paper.

We committed an error in our notice of the *Capitol*. That interprising little paper is conducted *entirely* by the pupils of the Detroit High School. The School numbers five hundred pupils.

#### Dalluziensia.

It was thought the other day that the noble equine was heard at the door of the Nat. Philosophy class, demanding admittance, but we are sorry to say it has since turned out to be only one of the Medicals chanting "Home sweet Home."

A STUDENT who attends the Logic class, lately introduced an essay to a meeting with:—"My little off-spring was born only a few hours ago, and therefore, though it is *perfectly dry*, you will not be surprised at its *extreme weakness*."

SINCE our worthy janitor has so suddenly attained the degree of popularity he justly merits, some thoughtful students have become less boisterous in their expressions of regard, and take great interest in figuring the probabilities of a Family Compact among the professors.

We insert the above because we cannot understand it, and conclude that it must have hidden meaning.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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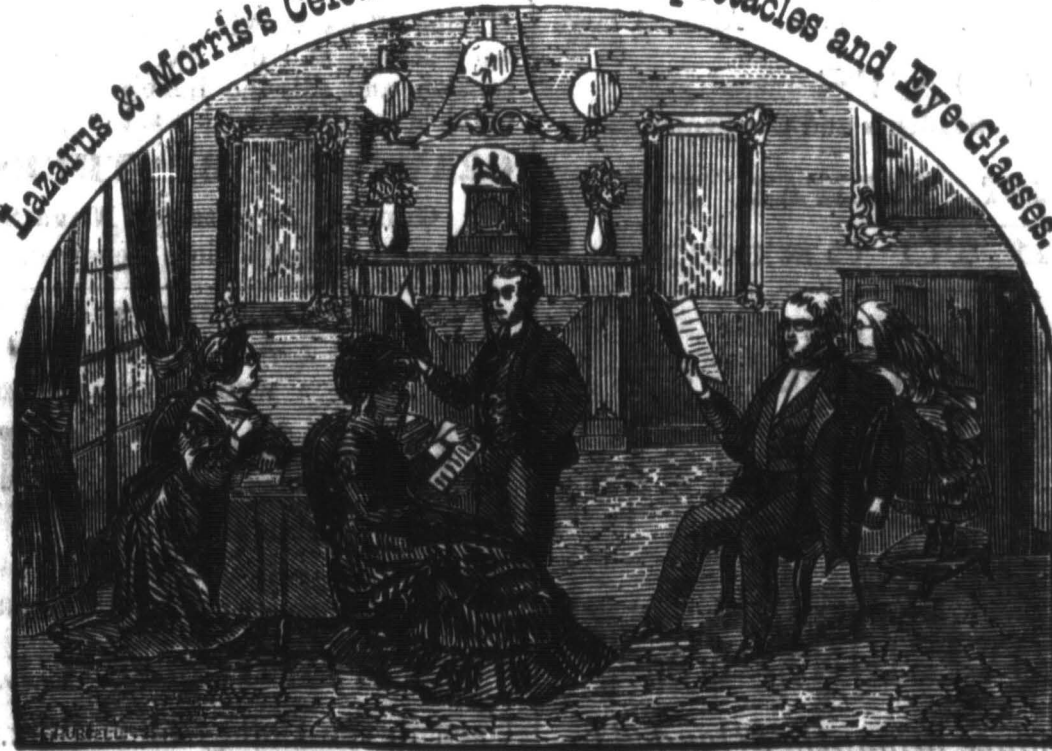
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