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OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

A RAMBLE IN EDINBURGH.

It is with fear and trembling that we renew these sketches, on account of the severe criticism to which our last article was exposed by that redoubtable sheet—*The Free Press*. Armed with a Lennie, and with that ease in writing and bullying eloquence, only to be acquired by long attendance at Parliament, he has opened his batteries against *The Dalhousie College Gazette*, and has even condescended to take a passing glance at our Old World Sketches. It is a fact much to be lamented, that we students of the Metropolitan University, have not attended more closely to the elementary rules of composition before leaving the school-room. Oh save us from grammatical blunders! especially from such as can be corrected by any common-school boy, or the editor of a country journal. But we must not fill up these columns with undignified retaliations; trusting that since our critic has again taken up the sword and cocked hat, his arduous duties at the Local House will prevent him from commenting upon our articles in future.

We left our readers, or more properly left ourselves, standing upon the monument erected to Scott, looking at the scenes of some of his most famous works; but we cannot remain any longer, for although such things may be beautiful to behold, and pleasant to think about, we would much prefer looking more closely into those objects which we are now contemplating from a distance. Let us descend from our lofty position and take a ramble through the city.

As we pause before the Royal Institution, our thoughts are led to the Ancient Athens; for the building is of the Doric order, and the portico with its long lines of pillars, points to the era of Pericles. Here is kept the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, and to visit this we have come. The old instruments of torture used against criminals, witches, and covenanters indiscriminately, first catch our eye. The cruel *thumbkins* are there, the *branks*, and above all, the *maiden*, by whose fierce caresses have fallen many of the flower of the land, many of Scotland's noblest dead. We see too Knox's pulpit and Jenny Geddes' stool, and imagination pictures the famous scene connected with them. How pleasant it is to look upon things which have been used in former times by illustrious men and women. Thought is led from one thing to another, resting now here, now there, but finding no continuing city. Old customs are compared with new, and though distance may lend its usual enchantment, the heart feels thankful for our modern comforts. Here however, is no place to allow our ideas to wander: we are rambling through Edinburgh, and not through the Royal Institution.

Passing on therefore, we come to another Grecian building; but this with pleasing variety is of the Ionic style, it is the National Gallery, and contains works from many of the old masters. It would be useless to enumerate the many paintings here stored up, with their beauties and defects, their varying light and shade, and different subjects; we mention only the one which struck us most—the Crucifixion, by Rubens. None can realize the effect produced by such a sight without standing before it *in propria persona*. The firm proportions of the figures, the beautiful blending of colors, the general treatment of the subject, and the expressions of countenance led us to look with rapture on such a scene. The pale, calm, sublime countenance of Christ was there depicted, along with the sorrowful, tearful face of his loving mother. Mary's eyes, and the other women's too were red with weeping; their neglected hair fell in loose flowing locks over their shoulders, and they stood in silent sorrow, for their souls were filled with grief, too full for utterance—the tear seemed almost to start from the eye,; the sigh was almost heard rising from the heart, now filled with anguish; the lips were almost seen to tremble, and the bosom to heave with ill-suppressed grief, who could stand before a spectacle like this unmoved?

> "Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,
> Bowed with anguish so amazing,
> Born of woman, would not weep?"

The cold, hard heart could not but be rendered soft; Stoic indifference must be overturned; and we stood gazing long and earnestly before we could tear ourselves away.

We now cross the boundary line between the Old town and the New, and have not gone far before we reach a high precipitous rock, on the summit of which stands the Castle which was once considered impregnable, but is now of more apparent than real strength. The regalia of Scotland, and an old clumsy piece of artillery called Mons Meg, are to be seen within its walls, but we shall not enter. Leaving this building, once the stronghold and pride of Edinburgh, and crossing the Esplanade, we enter upon High street, and soon find ourselves standing before the old church of St. Giles, a large building of Gothic architecture—much modernized, it is true, but still characterized by much of the beauty of that style. This is the burial place of some of the greatest of the Scots, and here John Knox gave utterance to some of his most powerful addresses. Very near St. Giles' once stood the old Tobooth of Edinburgh, called the Heart of Midlothian, which Sir W. Scott has made famous by his novel. On High Street there yet remain houses once inhabited by wealth, rank and fame, the most interesting of which is the abode of the Scottish Reformer, Knox. A building of three or four storeys, rather dilapidated in appearance, and at present uninhabited except by sundry curiosities, presents itself as the dwelling of this noble man. There are few things to be seen inside which belonged to him, so we will not go in, but will plod on between the two rows of high narrow houses, for which Edinburgh is famed, until we approach the noble old palace of Holyrood.

No sooner are we in sight of its little turrets which make it look like a castle of defence, than we are struck with the romance of its situation. Down in a lovely valley, on the outskirts of a beautiful city, with the Calton Hill on the one side, and the lofty and majestic Arthur's Seat on the

other, with the Frith of Forth forming the distant background, it lies in perfect quiet,—once the scene of courtly gaiety and also of royal sorrow. We enter the palace, ascend a flight of stairs, and find ourselves in a long narrow room, in which are hung the portraits of 106 Scottish monarchs, whose originality we will not question, although they all seem to be executed by the same hand—but as the Kenneths, the Malcombs, and the Ferguses of remote ages have little interest for us, we will pass from the Picture Gallery into the rooms of Lord Darnley, the oldest part of the building. After having admired the pictures and tapestry which adorn the walls, we enter the audience chamber of Queen Mary, in which she had many hot discussions with the daring Reformer, who never feared her royal frown, but advised her on every occasion to abandon her infatuated course. We next pass into the royal bedchamber, where Mary Stewart passed many a restless night, thinking now of her much lamented Francis, again of her murdered favourite, and again of her coming imprisonment. Adjoining this apartment is her supper-room, in which was committed, before the eyes of the Queen by the cruel Ruthven, the impetuous Darnley and their associates, the brutal assassination of Rizzio, whose blood even now stains the threshold (?) Can we wonder that this fair woman should be driven to conspire against the life of a husband, who had committed such a dastardly act in her very presence? Holyrood is not the place to find out Mary's faults. One's sympathies are always enlisted in her favour. Her beauty is remembered; her loving qualities alone considered; her sins forgiven; and like a recent lecturer in Temperance Hall, one is apt to look only at good features, and pass over those which do not bear sound criticism.

Leaving the palace proper, we enter the ruined abbey, one of the chief objects of interest in Holyrood. As this once splendid chapel has been carelessly allowed to go to ruin, there is no great beauty of architecture connected with the historical reminisences. Here were many of the Scottish sovereigns crowned; here was James IV presented with the sword of State by Pope Julius II; Here Mary Queen of Scots solemnized her unfortunate marriage with Henry Lord Darnley; and here are deposited the remains of several of Caledonia's Kings.

A short distance from Holyrood palace is Calton Hill, which strikes us as being solely a receptacle for monuments. The first which engages our attention is a round, massive pillar 200 feet high, erected to the memory of Nelson; and which suggests itself to us as an admirable subject for the wit of the author of "Rambles." It may illustrate well the strength and compactness of Scottish masonry, but as an ornament to the city, it is not a success, and has been compared by one, not unjustly, to a butter-churn, or a Dutch skipper's spyglass. Leaving it to represent as best it can the glories of Trafalgar and the battle of the Nile, we walk towards several Corinthian pillars, which we discover are an unfinished reproduction of the Partheuon at Athens, intended as a monument to the heroes of Waterloo, but in their present condition an object of ridicule. Those memorials erected to the philosophers, Hume, Dugald, Stewart, Prof. Playfair, and the immortal poet Burns, although not so massive nor so prominent, are much more tasteful than those we have just mentioned. The new observatory and two cannons captured by the British at Sebastopol are the only other objects of interest upon the hill.

Standing here we see Edinburgh's grim guardian—Arthur's Seat, with its ramparts, Salisbury Crags. We had, on a former excursion, ascended to its summit, but now enjoyed the view from a more distant stand point. The lion-like rocks upon the very top crench like the monarch of the forest, watching over the liberties of old Scotland from his lofty lair. Beneath him frown the crags, scorning all enemies, and challenging approach. Edinburgh can boast above all other cities of the world, its neighbouring mountains where Sir Walter Scott used to wander in calm enjoyment of the solitude, and where the rich and poor, learned and unlearned, high and low, can in a few moments retire from the dust and din of city life, and hold sweet converse with nature, in one of nature's fastnesses.

Thus then have we attempted to give a sketch of one of our Rambles in Edinburgh. We know that the scenes have not been made to live as they did when we stood before them; our feelings have been but imperfectly expressed, our thoughts not aptly told, and our ideas of what we saw only partially recalled. But now, Edinburgh! we must leave thee, we must bid farewell to thine ancient and modern wonders. Thy noble pavements and old-fashioned streets may never more be trodden by us, we may never again visit these halls of Royalty or abodes of old divines. We may never in the future climb the heights of Arthur's Seat, nor from thence look down upon thee. And Scotland! our fatherland! we must leave thee too! Dear are the ties which bind us to thee now, but these need not be severed by our separation. Ever will patriotic feelings fill our soul. Ever will the fire of love gleam brightly in our hearts, like Vesta's perpetually burning flame—

"Oh! Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand"

THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

(Continued.)

Some writers have objected to the view propounded, asserting that we have no consciousness of this associated train of thought,—that there is but the single element of beauty itself.

But this attendant train of imagery will be found to exist virtually, although it may, perchance, be somewhat difficult to follow it at times. The development of it is essentially the peculiar gift of the poet; and it is no proof that the pleasing exercise of imagination and these associated conceptions of the mind do not enhance the beauty, that those who have never learned to soar aloft on the pinions of poetic genius have failed to detect them. Even the thoughts of the poet himself are at times undeveloped and struggle for expression. England's present laureate, for example, is so affected by the sublime roar of the murmuring billows as they break upon the rock-bound shore, that he bursts forth in sublime strains—strains which struggle for expression;

"Break, Break, Break,
On thy cold gray stones O sea;
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

There are, therefore, these associated conceptions of the mind in the idea of the sublime, and the beautiful, although the mind, at times, may not be able fully to appreciate them.

Alison's view, excellent in many respects, clear, philosophic, and replete with wholesome common sense, is itself, in common with all others, liable to objection, especially in terminology. He speaks of "Ideas of emotion," "the emotion of beauty and sublimity,"—expressions which, to say the least, are very vague and ambiguous. Hence his theory is wanting in that strict philosophic exactness which at all times characterizes Cousin. However, he elaborates the subject in a very felicitous manner, and in general takes a sound common sense view of it. He has been charged with making beauty a mere subjective emotion—the ex pression of what passes within the mind,—with holding that matter becomes beautiful only as it becomes, by analogy or association, suggestive of mental states. I hold, in opposition to these criticisms, that Alison *does* recognize the objective, at least as the producing cause of the emotion.

Lord Jeffrey, however, regards beauty as entirely dependent on association—"the reflection of our inward sensations."

Now to limit beauty to a mere feeling of the mind is to overlook, in a great measure, the intimate relation subsisting between the mind and the object.

Some philosophers make beauty wholly objective, and actually endeavor to specify the sole special characteristic that makes it beautiful. Some seize upon *novelty* others upon *utility*; some find it in *unity in variety*, others in *order* and *proportion*.

But does beauty really and solely consist in novelty? True, novelty pleases; but many novel things are by no means beautiful. The novel as a new idea may satisfy curiosity; as a new feeling it may develop our nature, as a new volition it may develop the sphere of our activity; but still in these we cannot possibly discover any resemblance to the beautiful. Novelty, however, enhances the beauty of an object or scene; and we know that by too great familiarity we become, in a measure, insensible to the fascinating charms with which a lovely scene is at first invested.

Those who hold the theory of the *useful* maintain that the emotion awakened in the mind by the beautiful in nature or in art, is the perception of *utility*.

In answer to this theory it is sufficient to refer to the beautiful appearance of the rainbow, or of a gorgeous sunset. Who can appropriate the rainbow, and yet who has not admired its inimitable beauty? It is there, quite near apparently, spanning the blue arch of heaven, variously colored—beautiful beyond description. Its base seems just at hand, where the rosy light hovers over the wood or gently lights upon the earth, but endeavor to approach it, and it modestly retires as if too sacred for mortal touch.

How enrapturing is it, too, in ecstatic raptures to gaze upon the golden tints of a blushing sky at eve, and behold those lovely tints, so fair—so flitting, that change and fade into each other in a moment like the rosy blushes of love! What intense, whole-souled admiration is elicited while we fondly contemplate those golden gleams of purest light that come forward in bold relief upon the darker shade,—so beautiful that we are almost lost in wonder and delight, and fancy some radiant angel has imperceptibly glided by, and reflected his rosy smile upon the flitting cloud as he passed through the golden gates of Hesperus; such are the feelings awakened by a gorgeous sunset; but we do not admire it for any use we can make of it,—we love it for its own sweet beauty. And the feeling thus awakened is a much purer and more elevated emotion than when we prize an object for its utility.

But again is the hidden principle of beauty found in *order and proportion?* Order is an arrangement that appears conducive to the end designed; proportion is a distribution of parts which furthers the end to be accomplished. Seeing then, that in order and proportion there is always reference to the end proposed, this theory is, in effect, but another phase of the theory of utility, which we have already seen does not necessarily give us the beautiful

These elements, however, all enter, more or less, into the formation of the beautiful and enhance its effect.

These purely objective theories, therefore, do not afford us the real idea of the beautiful and the sublime. Subjectivity must be taken into account. The train of thought awakened in the mind,—the pleasing effect of the associations that cluster around the scene,—the lively representations of the imagination,—the pleasing effort of finding *unity* in *variety*—all these subjective feelings must be taken into account, as well as the presence of the beautiful object or scene, in order to a proper conception of the beautiful.

As regards the sublime Sir Wm. Hamilton considers it in relation to time, space and power. He accordingly divides the Sublime into the extensive, protensive and intensive. He says an object is *protensively* or *extensively* sublime according as it possesses such a multitude of parts that the imagination sinks under the attempt to represent it in an image, and the understanding to measure it in reference to other quantities.

An object is *intensively* sublime according as it involves such a degree of power or force, that the imagination fails to represent it in an image, and the understanding to measure the *quantum* of that force.

In both cases the mind falls back upon itself into a repose which is pleasing by a contrast with the continuance of a constant or impeded energy.

It is manifest, he says, "that the feeling of the sublime is one of mingled pleasure and pain,—pleasure from the vigorous exertion and instantaneous repose,—pain from the consciousness of a limited and frustrated energy. As regards the Sublime and the Beautiful Cousin says; When the intuition alone is satisfied there is always an agreeable sensation, stifled by the displeasure of reason, which is unable to reduce it to unity, and the imagination cannot rise to the conception of beauty.

When, on the contrary, we arive at unity, and intuition cannot take in all variety inclosed in the object, the beauty we perceive occasions a displeasure in the sensible organization, and at the same moment in the mind; this has been been called the sublime.

But when the parts of an object are not sufficiently various and numerous as not to be comprehended, and when at the same time, the whole can be easily seized in a unity, and we see a perfect accord between the various and unity—between the sense and reason, we regard the spectacle with delicious emotion, and this is the *Beautiful* properly so called."

In the first instance there is only a pleasing sensation—there is no gratification of the higher reason. But when variety is reduced to unity, and when the object is too great for the intuition then the object is *Sublime*. The reason is gratified but the intuition is baffled.

Sir Wm. Hamilton's theory of the sublime is defective in the same particulars as his theory of the beautiful. He mistakes the faculties concerned and fails to recognize the "*morale idee.*" According to his view the beautiful is derived from the unimpeded exertion of the faculties; and the sublime from their baffled exertion. He holds, then, that the frustration of both faculties, and the repose of the the mind recoiling upon itself affords us the feeling of the sublime.

But are both faculties baffled? I think not. Cousin very properly asserts the triumph of one of them.

In grasping immensity, for example, the intuition, or the percipient power, fails in the weariness of taking in infinite space; but nevertheless reason gives us the unity, and it is the triumph of reason that affords the feeling of the sublime.

Cousins view is very scientific and strictly philosophic; but Alison's theory, which resolves the beautiful and the sublime into certain associated conceptions of emotion, is the most comprehensive and natural, and explains how we have beauty and sublimity in so many departments? Evidently because each is suggestive of the same idea, and awakens similar pleasing trains of thought in the mind. It matters not how the conception is awakened. It may be produced in language, in imagination, in poetry. It may take the form of painting, sculpture, music.

Now if beauty were something in itself absolutely, and did not depend on the associated conceptions of the mind, it could not awaken the same emotion in all these departments.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

OUR HISTORY.

As the birth of our Alma Mater, her subsequent struggles in the tide of colonial progress, her embarrassment on the field of religious strife, her signal triumph, her present standing and her future prospects, are themes calculated to instruct, if not interest, your readers, it may not be amiss to make "Our History" the subject of a short article for the GAZETTE.

In the autumn of 1814, while England and the United States were comparing the temper of British and American steel, Sir John C. Sherbrooke, Governor of N. S., and Admiral Griffiths, in command of four gunboats, sailed from Halifax, with the design of substituting the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes, then floating on the flag poles of a port in the northern part of Maine. A few days and they hove in sight of the desired post. They prepared for an attack, but the American officer, with more confidence in his men's adroitness in running, than in their prowess in fighting, blew up his powder magazine and fled. The English then landed without opposition, and took possession of Castine and Machias, which embraced 100 miles of sea-cost.

The inhabitants, offering to suspend all hostilities, their terms were accepted. They were thus under his Britannic Majesty until the war closed, when all was restored to the Republic except the impost and excise duties there collected, and afterwards known as the "Castine Fund," which was to enrich the imperial coffers of England. As this mite in that sea of wealth, like a drop in ocean's waters, would be unnoticed, the home authorities remitted it to Earl Dalhousie, the worthy successor of Sir John Sherbrooke in the government of N. S., to appropriate it to any object that he might think most beneficial to the Province under his control. His Excellency, coming from educated Scotland, seeing her persevering sons, mainly in virtue of their superior learning, rise to eminence and print their names on the temple of fame, perceiving the need of an institution for imparting instruction in the higher branches of education, in the city of Halifax, the centre of Nova Scotia's *elite*, both civil and military, and knowing that education and progress ever go hand in hand, that as the powers of thinking are developed, the arts and sciences bud and grow, that with classic learning social refinement, as well as moral integrity, advances, resolved to found a college. The resolution was made known to his Majesty's Council, and approved of. To further the project, the Governor suggested that the contemplated University should be founded upon the same principles as that of Edinburgh, that the salaries of the professors be moderate, that the students pay a class fee, and that the institution be accessible to the youth of all who profess to be Christian. The plan was adopted, and the powers that were took action. Soon the Castine Fund was divided. General Gosselin, who administered the Government of Castine during its tenure by Britain, received for his services eight dollars a day. $4,000 were given to a library for the garrison in Halifax, thus leaving $39,000 to be appropriated to further the interests of the intended College. It was invested in the British three per cents. Here a new difficulty occurred to the Earl. To lay out the whole fund at his disposal in the erection of a building, and leave the professorial chairs vacant, would be imprudent. Accordingly he agreed to sink $12,000 in a building fund, to reserve the remaining $27,000 for the support of the different chairs, and to recommend the Legislature of the Province to supplement thd scheme. This worthy body conceded to the request, ann in 1818 selected and granted to the managers the site os which the College now stands. The following winter was signalised by a grant of $8,000 for building purposes. A year passed in preparations. At length Monday, May 22d, arrived, to witness the ceremonies appropriate to the novel enterprise—the founding of a College in the city of Halifax. The scene was strikingly interesting. On the selected site stood, in the form of a square, the Freemasons of the city. His Majesty's troops were drawn up in a double line, extending from the College ground to the Province Building. Between these lines his Excellency, General Griffiths, and other military and civil dignitaries, at the hour appointed, moved to the south-east corner of the about-to-be founded College. For some moments all were silent, when the Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order invoked heaven's blessing upon the undertaking. Earl Dalhousie followed with a speech, in course of which he spoke of the want of such an institution in a city like Halifax, and the nature as well as the plan of that whose cornerstone was soon to be laid. A brass plate, bearing inscriptions, together with a bottle containing some coins, were placed in a cavity cut in a stone which, with Masonic rites, was laid as the corner-stone of a College, to bear its founder's name—Dalhousie. Again the Chaplain called upon the Hearer of Prayer to favor the crowd with His smiles, and the work just commenced with success. A salute was fired from the citadel, three cheers arose from the well-wishing throng—the ceremony was over—the building was begun.

The Legislature next year gave an additional grant of $4,000, and subsequently a loan of $20,000, without interest, to complete the building. Thus by means of a fund accummulated in a district of the neighboring Republic, and by the timely aid of our own Government, that edifice, still useful, though not so commodious as might be desired, still elegant, though not very attractive to the refined eye of this esthetic age, was erected. For nearly twenty years it stood unoccupied, ornamental to an infant city, monumental of a Scotchman's prudence and a querulous people's folly.

During this time, however, the question was not wholly dropped. For the same year that the College was founded an Act of Parliament was passed, providing for the appointment of a managing committee, with power to engage three professors in Dalhousie's empty rooms—one to inspire the boys with Virgil's or Homer's Muse, and fire them with Cicero's or Demosthenes' eloquence; a second to expound the thoughts of Euclid, Napier and Newton; a third to teach them their relations to each other, to their country and their God. The committee consisted of the Governor General, the Lieutenant Governor of this Province, the Bishop of N. S., the Chief Justice, and the Speaker of the House of Assembly. They failed even to procure the three professors. In fact they seem to have had very little interest in the matter. The Governor General's attention was riveted to the welfare of Quebec. Most of the others were absorbed in political themes. The Bishop had his little flock to feed. Thus time went on, till at length Belcher announced the approach of 1838, when the Legislature passed an Act, transferring Dr. McCulloch, together with $800 per annum—a grant previously given to Pictou Academy—from that institution to Dalhousie. Dr. McCulloch was Principal, Rev. Alex. Romans was his classical, Rev. James McIntosh his mathematical coadjutor. For a short time prosperity hovered over the institution, and the oracle divined propitiously. There was a prospect of carrying out the intention of the originator, of establishing a University in the Capital. Many circumstances were favorable. The Academy in Pictou was tottering with internal dissention. Kings was so exclusively denominational that few drank of its *Pierian* waters. All the remaining Christian bodies were desirous of a Provincial University. But the choice of Dalhousie's trustees in the appointment of professors savoured of Presbyterianism. Both those chosen were clergymen of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Crawley was a candidate for office, but was rejected. Soon the recently *converging* streams of thought began to *diverge*. Zealous Christians, professing to labour in the same cause, to tread the same path, to love and serve the same God, and to aspire to the same Heaven, thought it best to keep from the contaminating influence of touch. Denominational colleges rose. The Baptists, under Dr. Crawley, pitched their tents among the apples and pears of Wolfville. The Roman Catholics took shelter under the plum trees of Antigonish. Windsor continued the centre of the Episcopal system. The Wesleyans, with characteristic fervor, moved up to Sackville, to embrace the brethern (and the sisters, too, by the way) of New Brunswick, while the focus of Presbyterian light was, after a little, moved to Truro. In 1843 Principal McCulloch, the supporting Atlas, the very soul of Dalhousie, died, and with him was buried the life of the College. Ere long the latter rose. For all the while education had her large minded patrons in the Province. Accordingly, shortly after the removal of Sir Colin Campbell, then Governor of the Province, and the leading members of the Board of Trustees, the Legislature passed an Act to abolish the old managers of Dalhousie, and to empower the Governor and Council to appoint a new Board of Governors. They were appointed. Among them were Hon. now Sir W. Young and Hon. J. Howe, upon whom the success of the College largely depended, who still live to aid its schemes, and whose names still adorn the catalogue of its governors. The other members of the Board were A. McKinlay, Esq., Hon. Hugh Bell, Hon. Dr. Gregor, and John Naylor, Esq., all of whom have left the stage of time, but still live in a people's memory and a country's story. As these gentlemen were called from earth's duties, their governorships were handed over to men who have worthily discharged the functions of their office. This Board made several attempts to resuscitate the College, but, misguided by a prejudice in favor of a collegiate school rather than a University, they failed, with one exception, when Hugo Reid presided over it as such. This, of course, was a misappropriation of the funds, since it would only accommodate the boys of Halifax. It only lived a short time. The doors were again closed. Efforts were made to convert it into a museum, as late as 1861, and to provide a staff of lecturers on natural science, while the Legislature the following winter proposed to devote its funds to the support of a Normal school. Such efforts and such proposals began to alarm those who wished to see it flourish as a Provincial University. They began to fear that the "Castine Fund" would be confiscated. These apprehensions resulted in action. Patrons of liberal education agitated the subject. They saw that "things called colleges" were cramping the intellect of the country, were fostering a narrow-minded sectarianism. Besides when the acute Nova Scotian strayed from the little land that gave him birth, but little more, and saw the effect of the wide based institutions of learning in the nations visited, he blushed with shame as he thought of the little theological seminaries scattered here and there over his native country, and returned sighing for reform. The blushes were seen and the sighs heard. Again, to this seminary system, the Church of Scotland formed a noble exception. It was in the habit of sending its young men to Edinburgh, where a respectable training could be had. Yet even this practice had its drawback. It was expensive. Many of those whom it sent away remained. The brethren, in the Free Church, although to meet emergencies, compelled to set an Academy in operation, admitted that it lacked the requisites for a thorough mental development, and were ever ready to advocate a change for the better.

The Presbyterian Church of N. S., in order that she might keep pace in the march of progress, and equip her soldiers for the wars of Zion, was necessitated to erect a drill-room and furnish instructors, but, falling back upon her own resources, for two years refused aid from the State, and assiduously strove for a more liberal, a more Christian, a more natural system of education. Eventually such broodings in the church, with their counterpart in the body politic, had prepared dying education for a new birth. Accordingly when the Synods of the two Presbyterian bodies met (1862) in New Glasgow, delegates were appointed to wait upon the Governors of Dalhousie College to confer with them in an effort to resuscitate the hopes of the past, and revivify the University of 1843. The delegation was a success. For stick after stick had been added to the long accumulating pile, the fire was mingled with the twigs—all that was lacking was a breeze to fan it to a conflagration. Now it had come. There were, nevertheless, difficulties to contend with. Poverty was pinching their toes. The Governors had only $3,000 yearly at their disposal—a sum which might keep one of those one-horse teamed seminaries on the move, but which was totally inadequate to support an institution like that contemplated. They saw the necessity of putting first class men in the professorial chairs. They knew that no less than six professors and a tutor of modern languages would suffice, yet their income would scarcely remunerate three. What were they to do? They resolved to ask the Government to supplement them. That body, through shortsightedness, and to the sacrifice of public interest, peremptorily refused. One alternative and only one remained, that was to fall back upon the churches that were instrumental in the movement. This they did. The churches nominated committees, who entered into negotiations with the Governors. It was soon agreed, that the U. P. Church of the Lower Provinces should endow two chairs, the Kirk of Scotland one, and that the Governors, out of their funds, should support three and a tutor of modern languages. It was then determined that the salary of each professor in the meantime be $1,200—with the exception of the Principal's, which of course is more. By this compact it will be seen that the two churches named were down for $3,600 per annum. Nor was this all. By this time the Government had resolved to build a new Post Office—an arrangement which would deprive the College funds of a yearly rent of $800, and render its Governors unable to fulfil their engagement. Under these circumstances, the Board called upon the U. P. Church for an annual grant of $1,000, which the Free Church had been receiving from the Governors prior to the union. The church promptly yielded, and demanded, of the government in common with other Christian sects of the Pro-

vince, a yearly allowance of $1,000. This learned body, however, with political logic, argued that by abandoning their Academy and uniting to organize and maintain a Provincial institution, they had forfeited their right to such a *bonum*. The Church of Scotland made a similar request, only to meet with a similar rebut. Thus in virtue of their connection with Dalhousie, those churches gave up their claim to $2,000 per annum, and bound themselves to pay $3,600 in addition, i. e. they virtually contribute $5,600, for which they reap on equal terms with those who bear none of the burden, who came in at the eleventh hour.

Thus 1863 beheld our College, after passing through the ordeal of factional contention, coming off victorious, and commencing life with all the vigor of a nation just laid waste by the ravages of the sword. The next step was to get suitable Professors. The churches claimed the right to choose the men whom they supported. The Board of Governors in their selection deemed it expedient to represent the other Christian denominations, but not at the sacrifice of literary qualifications. The classical department was offered to Dr. Pryor, a gentleman of the Baptist Church, who was induced to decline, when Prof. Johnson's merits turned the scale in his favor. Toronto supplied a candidate for the chemical chair in the person of Dr. Lawson. Dr. McCulloch was appointed to the department of mathematics and experimental physics. The churches sent in their nominees. After several years the chair of history was filled by the Governors, and the *senatus* was complete. Before the last appointment, however, it was called upon to mourn the decease of Dr. McCulloch (son of the Principal of 1838–43)—a gentleman who by his scholarly attainments, his Christian zeal and his generosity, had endeared himself to his students and fellow-professors. Names have been erased from the Board of Governors by the hand of death. Others have taken their places, and now its catalogue is adorned with some of the most illustrious names of which our country boasts—men like Hon. Sir Wm. Young, Dalhousie's best friend, Hon. Charles Tupper, Hon. Joseph Howe, Hon. J. W. Ritchie, Hon. S. L. Shannon, and others who, cream like, have risen to the top strata of society.

Under the supervision of such men I may add, for the benefit of readers, *extra collegium*, that at present the Faculty of Arts consists of six professors and a tutor of modern languages, that the idiomatic peculiarities of the French and German languages are taught with the ability and grace of a scholar by James Liechti, Esq., that the intricacies of Latin and Greek, with their relations to Sanskrit and Gothic—common sisters, and to French, Italian, and Spanish, the daughters of Latin, are explained and enforced by the acumen of Prof. Johnson, M. A. That geometrical diagrams, algebraic and trigonometrical formulæ are brought down to practice and traced up to their *whys* and *wherefores* by the piercing genius of Prof. McDonald, M. A.; that the beauties and sublimities of Rhetoric, the follies and glories of History, are encircled with a halo that instructs, charms, and enchants, by the thrilling tone of Prof. Demill, M. A.; that the marvels of the world around us, the combinations and decompositions of the inorganic, the growth and decay of the organic portion of the earth are followed to their causes by the penetration of Prof. Lawson, Ph. D., LL. D.; that the qualilies of the *non ego*, the states and manifestations of the *ego*, as well as their relations to the Infinite, are pursued in all their phases as deep as human ken can mine, and as high as winged thought can soar by the lofty mind of Prof. Lyall, LL. D., and that the dependence of individual on individual, of community on community, of nation on nation, the origin of good and evil, the principles of actions, the limits of the will, and nature's testimony to the origin of God, are explicated by the comprehensive intellect of the Principal, the Very Rev. James Ross, D. D.

Finally, when the lustre of free thinkers is scattering the long-lowering mists of sectarianism, when the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" is permeating the masses, when the scales of *ism* are falling from the eyes of the zealot, when the shortsighted bigot is learning to peer through the partitions that still separate the *ites*, when slaves to the fetter of *ians* are slacking the bolts of their chains, when Union is the motto of the day, the password that admits to the halls of progress, what shall we augur of the hereafter, if not the immediate future of Dalhousie College?—a University of the Maritime Provinces.

ANCIENT SPECULATION.

(CONTINUED.)

A deliverer arose. The occasion brought forth a champion. The enemy were met, checked, repelled, truth was upheld, and her claims maintained. It was the appearance of Socrates. He did not discuss those ontological questions which had engaged former Thinkers, that field of pure metaphysics he left as one which could not be explored. He attended solely to mind, its desires and relation to others. Man was the object of his study. He was an ethical philosopher. He sacrificed no conviction, he evaded no truth in order to frame a system; he was a close observer, a humble follower of truth. He noticed actions and the attributes which constitute them virtues or vices. An inherent quality was observed. He set himself to know it *per se*! what distinguished it from every other? In order to compare attributes and understand morals he frequented the market place, mingled with all, conversed with any one. Professing to know nothing he interrogated all who pretended to knowledge. He would ask a question as "what is virtue?" Some one, deceived by his supposed knowledge of it, would quickly describe it. Socrates then put more questions. He cited individual illustrations of virtue which would lead his respondent to modify his definition. It would be found too narrow or too wide, or in some way inapplcable. Thus he proceeded till by reaching the general from the particular such a definition could be got as would answer every question. This defining was the first peculiarity of his method. His task was the discussion of knowledge as related to us. He aimed to teach how an object or attribute could be known in itself and *also* under another. In order to know what are the peculiarities of a thing or attribute it must be known in all its relations. The comparson led to classification of qualities. Order and beauty were thus given to knowledge. Individuals were classed according to some attribute common to a number of them. These classes were again arranged under grander ones till the highest class or genus was reached. This method of getting a definition was a process of induction, of analogical reasoning. Truth he maintained was always consistent. He tested general notions, commonly received, by applying them to particular cases. The method of Socrates may be said to have been. Strict definition of truth and generals, reached by an induction from particulars.—Knowledge of truth was the great moral agent he preached. Virtue was first a thorough acquaintance with truth. Truth was inseparable from reason; hence all men had had within them the germs of knowledge. Besides showing men how to use their minds he put his own grand intellect to work after the method he had prescribed. Studying the wonderful works of God he generalized one wise Being as the author of all. Without detailing his religious speculation, suffice it to say that he arrived at conceptions which were never equalled by an uninspired thinker. In the words of another "he may be said to have stood on the threshold of truth. By his lowly sense of his own ignorance, by his striving after self knowledge, by a dependence on a higher inspiration for his best thoughts and truest impulses, by his sublime resignation and calm hope of a future life he seems to catch the spirit of the Gospel."

Plato next occupies us. He appeared at an important time in Greek philosophy. Ontological inquiries, were gradually slipping into the dark waters of forgetfulness. He now advanced, clad in the method of Socrates, to uphold philosophy. He found the cancer of doubt, stayed by Socrates, again attacking the very vitals of speculation. Sophists vaunted the uncertainty of sense and denied the surety of anything.

To satisfy these doubters and yet maintain the truthfulness of the Beliefs of the mind was the work Plato found before him. He was convinced of the certainty of mind in its conclusion but he was just as truly forced to believe that sense was imperfect. To find the answer to these was his object. A description of his mode of reconciling the truth of reason with the uncertainty of sense will give his system. He began by preparing the instrument with which to work: Dialectics was made a grand philosophic method; with it he labored. Its use after the example of Socrates led him particularly to attend to the progress by which one common attribute is seen in many individuals, by which a genus is created and species arranged under it. The backward and forward separating and combining in order to this result was a new edge which he added to his instrument of thought. This was analysis. After this comparison of attribute and creation of concepts he turned to the results attained by previous thinkers. He passed all systems in review before his piercing gaze. Gathering all they could give, he braced himself for the erection of his own temple of knowledge. Phenomena were fleeting and changeful; he sought something invariable, permament. This he could not find in the world of matter. By analysis and induction he generalized from individuals to classes and genera. A certain attribute common to a number constituted the bond which united them in a class. This idea was immutable, however it was with the objects which shared in it. This he declared the only reality. The proximate cause of these ideas Plato found in phenomena, in the objects whose attributes he observed, but ultimately he held them to come from deity. They were types in matter of archetypes which exist in the mind of God. They were the soul of the universe, and imposed on matter make it all it is to us. This was the culminating point of that tendency to erect a name into a being which we noticed first in Anaximander and Pythagoras. It makes the class here a separate existence from the individuals composing it. Thus there are trees as brick, oak, etc., and also *Tree*, under which these are classed. This is the question which in the middle ages divided thinkers. All holding Plato's view were termed realists. A natural question would seem to arise from Plato's ideal theory. How can material objects share in these immaterial ideas? how can these mental conceptions be resolved into the appearances of matter? This he did not answer. There is a great chasm over which he threw no bridge. This yawning gulf between mind and matter has preserved its dark course through all time; it meets us in our first enquiries and is by our side when with sickening dissatisfaction we leave the field of metaphysical investigation. Plato's rejoinder to the query "What *is*?" was "General Ideas." The psychological question of the uncertainty of knowledge next engaged him. He admitted the imperfection of sense yet maintained certain knowledge. To establish this he advanced a theory. The mind existed in a prior state; free from corporeal encumbrances; in a region where all was true it cognized those general ideas. Then the great lessons of the universe were stamped upon it. In the present state impeded by a body the impressions of sense serve but dimly to recall its former knowledge. All present knowledge is but a partial recollection of that acquired in a former state. The objects of sense evoke the knowledge we gained of them. The former idea of each class was known and now the individuals cause reminiscences of it. In this view Plato united ontology and psychology. He concentrated all the important views of preceding speculators. He admitted the doubt of the sophists while he upheld the reason of Parmenides. He granted the former the imperfection of sense knowledge, but stayed them by his doctrine of perfect knowledge in a prior state. Plato's philosophy, as his name might signify, was very broad. No growth of speculation can be found the seeds of which may not be detected in his system. He is the culminating point of Greek philosophy, the key stone of that arch of speculation, one end of which rested on Thales and the other was supported by Proclus. Tracing philosophy either up or down its course we stand highest when with Plato. There he stands before the eye of mind, the stern, thoughtful man. Deep in these abstract questions which men are now beginning to consider useless; his giant intellect wasting itself in almost super-human efforts to solve problems beyond its power; striving to grasp the magic key which would unlock the arcana of knowledge and satisfy his longing soul; weaving a covering for science yet unable to make it conceal the nakedness of some stubborn fact he presents a sad but true picture of human impotency to go beyond a certain limit in knowledge. But, was this expenditure of mental strength in vain! "No!" The effects of such discussions can never be lost. Metaphysical inquiries oft lead to others less subtle and more profitable; they educate the faculty of comparison discipline the intellect and prevent the occupation of future time in debating futile questions. They present the bounds of thought and prevent our wandering in paths attractive, but leading to no satisfactory terminus, and by showing the impossible enable the enquirer after truth to take the shortest course to true results.

(To be Concluded).

WE have changed our motto because we felt that the University one should head our paper. Still we can hopefully say to each fellow-student *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*, at the same time strongly urging him *orare et laborare*.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the *Dalhousie College Gazette* beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All articles intended for insertion must be handed in at least ten days before the issue in which they are to appear.

2nd. The author's name must accompany all MSS., not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

3rd. MSS. must be legibly written on one side only of numbered half sheets.

4th. TheEditors will *in no case* return MSS.

"Old World Sketches" will be continued through the summer.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 7, 1870.

The past month has been one of hard work, of long, steady effort; it has contained the very heart of the session's labour. The young energy with which we began still continued, and a strong stimulus united with it from the coming examinations now looming up in the near future. Students seem to have well fitted their necks to the yoke, and then commenced that strain which will cease only with Convocation day. This month marks a sort of division of work; in it many classes move from one stage of labor to another, one author is left for another, new styles of thought engage us, while the old must be remembered; it is the time for reviews, for comparison of studies, for calculation of our powers, and conjectures on success or failure. In classics, Freshmen have left Cicero's Essays, and, after some anxiety about scansion, and cæsural pauses, are deciphering the *Aneid*; they still converse after the method of Lucian's dialogues, and will probably continue to chat till spring. Sophomores have passed from Livy to Horace, and exchanged the sweet simplicity of Herodotus for the sublime imagery of Homer. After wading through *Heautontimoroumenos*, and avenging themselves to their heart's content, Juniors have attacked the Georgics, with occasional assaults upon the satires and epistles of Horace. Their Greek they find in the Bacchæ, instead of around the chained giant or the love cliffs of Scythia. Seniors, striving to follow the advice of Lord Brougham, who held that every one wishing to be a true orator must read Demosthens in the original, after making classic mince meat of the Philippic orations, have begun to read the Crito of Plato in class, and the Phædo at home, and have substituted the satires of Juvenal and Tusculan questions for Tacitus. The daily bread of ancient history, Greek prosody, and Comparative Philology, is of course never wanting.

The mathematics of Freshmen seem to turn on geometrical deductions as the wild drawings in the recesses of windows abundantly testify.

Sophomores, after a long acquaintance with Colenso (who they oft wish had rested content with preaching to the questioning Africans) have been introduced by Professor McDonald to Mr. Napier and a few "canny" problems in "bases," infinite series, etc., which bid fair to increase the sadness of our sublunary sphere. A Junior, whose word all men rely on, affirms that he now sleeps with Haughton's Mechanics for a pillow, and has his dreams haunted by visions of personified Gravity and Ghostly Forces, while the arrows of Components and Resultants wake him up transfixed to the wall. Juniors are also wallowing among the formulæ of the Differential Calculus; and Seniors are shaking learned locks at the Integral in addition. If these subjects exercise any influence upon the central gravel store of the brain, we fear it is increasing, for the heads of some of the elder boys grow heavier day after day.

Ethics has rolled this month from Theories of Virtue and Doctrine of Conscience, to Immortality of the Soul and Duties of life; Political Economy has closed its lectures. Logic has reached a bright spot, the Syllogism, after climbing over concepts, dividing judgments, and hopping from species to genera and now the Sophomores are full of majors, middles and minors, accompanied by much form and puzzling.

Pleasant sunlight has fallen athwart the misty path of Metaphysics; and after closing German speculation this month begins, the discussion of the emotions—the esthetical, with all that charm which Dr. Lyall throws around every subject he touches. Junior Chemists are revising the non metallic elements, while seniors are deciphering Compound Radicals, classing volatile oils, testing for poisons, &c.

Natural Philosophy has taken this month for Magnetism, and Optics. When the sun chooses to advance the cause of education by dancing on our mirrors, creeping through our prisms, and showing us what polarization of light means, we have the latter, when not, the former.

Modern History has swept from China to America bewildering, destructing, appalling by its gorgeous descriptions, rapid flights, critical reviews and philosophic comprehension; pleasing in all save the ghostly gigantic shadow which it flings against the wall of examination.

Rhetoric is well discussed; extracts of the best styles float on every hand; Perspicuity, Vivacity and Harmony are largely dealt on and the Gazette meets a criticism kind yet severe.

French and German among the Juniors, remains within Pujol, Otta and Adler; among the Seniors, the former speaks through Corneille, &c., while the latter is content with Schiller.

Thus Undergrads are employed, cramming, collecting, girding up for the final consummation. The present revisal we would suggest to be general. Clear ideas of the topics discussed should be gained, the grand divisions of subjects fixed in memory, the analysis made familiar and at the next revision "cram." Care is now required lest attention to application injure. The regular exercise should be kept up, the same regularity in work and ultimately greater results will be gained. That none may grow weak or weary, none be "ploughed," none be disappointed on the important Tuesday is our humble and sincere wish.

We have to apologise to the author of the "Sublime and Beautiful," for dividing his article, but a great press of matter compelled us to do so.

Donald Angus has been unfortunately crowded out, but will probably appear next issue.

Our next number appears on Monday, 4th April.

BERMUDA.

II.

In most books of Geography and Gazetteers, the formation of Bermuda is ascribed wholly to the Coral Insect, and though many other theories have been started, such is still the general belief. An examination of the group will, however, show that Coral has very little to do with it. That beautiful rock is found in considerable quantities, but ever in very large masses, and always about the reefs which encircle, but do not touch the Island. These Coral reefs surround a comparatively shallow expanse of water some 20 miles in length by 15 in breadth. It is not a very extravagant supposition which would represent this elevated portion of the sea-bed as a submerged island, in past ages rising above the surface of the Atlantic, but now sunk beneath it. This theory is confirmed by the fact, that certain portions of this plain are, from the similarity of the rock, thought to be still above water. These are the North Rock, a needle shaped pinnacle of hard limestone, rising in the line of the northern reef, and that district of Hamilton Parish known as Walsingham. In this latter place the limestone is unlike that of the rest of the Island; the rock is hollow, with numerous caves, whose stalactites often tempt the adventurous to risk a slippery descent; here also grows the famous calabash tree, the scene of Moore's poetic musings, and of picnics without number. From the accumulation of sand still going on along the southern shore, we are justified in concluding that the whole Island was formed in the same manner. There is evidently an undercurrent from the tropics, which is arrested by the submerged plain, and deposits thereon its burden of minute shells of deep-sea mollusca, like those which form the pathway of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. The whole of the land is made up of these shells, gradually hardened into calcareous stone of various degrees of firmness. Most of it is still very soft, easily cut up with saws, for building houses, and as easily worn away by the ceaseless dash of the sea. The force of the northern waves is, however, so much diminished by first encountering the reef, that the waste of the north shore is quite compensated by the outward growth of the southern beach. It is not improbable that in this way the land has shifted its position considerably, without any appreciable change of size thereby.

The main island is in length some fourteen miles, but nowhere exceeds two in breadth, while several smaller isles run out at each end, causing the group to take the form of a fish-hook, the shaft of which runs north-east and south-west. Besides the mainland there are four inhabited islands of some size and value: St. David's and Somerset from their fertility; the barren St. George's and Ireland derive an artificial importance from containing respectively, the town of St. George and the Dockyard. The total length from land's end to land's end is about 22 miles, and the area 20 square miles, or 12,500 acres, three-fourths of which are contained by the mainland. The coast is indented with many bays, and hundreds of satellites varying in size from a few square yards to 100 acres, cluster around the larger islands. They are most numerous at the eastern end, and in that bend of the fish-hook, which goes by the name of the Great Sound, and though for the most part unfit for the habitations of man, greatly enhance the beauty of the scenery.

It will be readily understood from the geography of the group, that water is the great and indispensable feature in Bermudian scenery, and that the best views are to be obtained on the shore, or sailing between the numberless islets of the bays, and sounds. The woody central valley is, however, not destitute of pieces of landscape, well worth a visit. The beautiful forms of the trees, the various tints of their leaves, dark sombre cedar, lighter-hued lemon and banana, and the multitudinous blossoms of the oleander, and other flowering shrubs, combine in presenting an unsurpassed panorama of floral loveliness. Mountains there are none, hence that picturesque unevenness, which charms us on the rugged coasts and hilly regions of other countries, is wanting, nor will we find the tranquil beauty of those extended, and fertile plains, which are the glory of England, but there is scenery which partakes not of the sublime, yet is extremely beautiful; which throughout is of the same general character, yet possesses infinite variety of detail. It is almost as luxurious as that wherein the "Lotus-eaters" revelled. We may with safety affirm, that a Bermudian sea-view would delight the most captious. The light-blue sky is gilded over with a haze of burnished sun-rays, wherein everything so dances and sparkles, that all viewed through the translucent air does sometimes seem to be a chaos of ever-changing shapes. The emerald-green water, glassy and smooth, or perchance dimpling in its "*anarithmon galasma*" opens up its treasures to the eye for many a fathom below its gleaming surface. Corals, sea-weeds, fishes, and other wonders of the deep, animate and inanimate, beautiful in their diversity of shape and hue, are shown with bewildering frequency, till the tired eye finds relief in resting itself on the dark-green foliage, which clothes the hills to the water's edge, contrasting beautifully with the dazzling white of the houses half embowered in the thick growth of the little valleys. The moist air carries sound to a great distance, and thus the ear of the voyager among the isles is delighted with the cooing of the dove, and the warbling of the black-bird, mingling pleasantly with the cheerful hum of the cicada, and the gentle ripple of the tide.

It must be confessed that Bermudian scenery is robbed of most of its beauty, when the sun veils his head; but this he seldom does, sunshine is the rule, rain the exception. Though the rain-fall is very heavy, wet days are proportionately few, nor are the virtuous souls of the dwellers in the "Remote Bermudas, ... unespied," vexed with those doleful dispiriting fogs, which haunt the Atlantic coast of America.

Bermuda enjoys a peculiarly happy, we may say unique climate. Though in the same latitude (33° N. Lat.) on the continent of America, frost and snow prevail for some part of the year; such is the potency of the kindly Gulf Stream, warming the icy blasts of the north, that the phenomena of winter are entirely unknown in the Somers Islands. Trees never lose their leaves, and flowers bloom all the year round. Nor is the advantage of a mild winter made of none effect by a summer of excessive heat. The climate is one of the most equable in the world, though it would be exaggeration to say with Bishop Berkeley, that there may be witnessed the reign of perpetual spring. The extreme points of heat and cold, as registered by the thermometer, show a variation of less than 50°, being respectively 87 and 40 degrees Fahrenheit; this is as though a northern summer and a tropical winter should follow each other. The heat is rendered much more oppressive, and the healthiness of the mild climate somewhat impaired, by the very great moisture of the air. This disadvantage, arising from the close embrace of the sea, is more than compensated by the numerous benefits brought about by that very proximity.

The surface, as we have before remarked, is wholly made up of undulations, never exceeding 250 feet above the sea-level, and somewhat irregular in direction. There are, however, two strongly marked, if sometimes broken,

ranges of hills, gradually rising from the northern, and southern shores. These enclose a long narrow valley of uneven surface, and in some places so deep as to be below the level of the sea. The northern face of these hills is rocky and barren, the southern is covered with heaps of drifted sand, but the central valley, and the inward slopes of the surrounding hills are rich and fertile of soil. Clay and silicious sand are never met with. Carbonate of lime is the sole component of the rocks, and the basis of the ground-soil. There are two principal rock formations, called respectively sandstone and limestone. The former, universally used for building, is so soft as to be easily cut up with saws; the latter, much harder, is used for preparing cement, and the whitewash necessary to coat the softer building stone, and prevent the rain from penetrating it.

In consequence of the sandy nature of the ground, even when there is a large proportion of vegetable mould, water will remain on the surface for but a short time. It rapidly sinks through the porous soil and rock, till it reaches the very bottom of the alluvial formation. This porosity of the soil, indeed, prevents the gathering of that delightful conglomeration, which men call mud, and which every resident of Halifax has such cause to hate, but on the other hand, renders running water a benefit tantalizingly beyond reach. Even after the most copious rains the ground is perfectly dry in a few hours. Drinking water is obtained by catching it from the roofs of the houses in large tanks, dug in the rock, and coated with lime to keep the water sweet and pure. In ordinary years the excellent water, supplied by these tanks, is quite sufficient for the wants of the people, but in times of draught recourse must be had to the wells, which are all more or less brackish.

The soil of the hills and shores, poor and sandy, is yet well suited to the cedar-tree, and to the sweet potato, which require little vegetable mould for their sustenance. The rich red, and still richer grey soil of the valleys, will nourish almost any plant belonging to the temperate and sub-tropical regions. The exhausted vegetable mould can be replenished by the sea-weed, great quantities of which are cast up on the southern beach. Thus can the land maintain its fertility.

Scarcely one-half of the arable land is under cultivation, and even that is generally tilled in a slovenly manner. From the small extent of the farms, which seldom exceed 20 acres, the plough is seldom used, the ground being turned up with spades and hoes. Such, however, is the amazing productiveness of the soil, that a farmer might easily live on the produce of two or three acres. Most land will bear three crops in a year, and yield fruit to the value of from £100 to £300 annually. These natural advantages are hampered by two serious drawbacks, the distance from a market, and the great difficulty of obtaining honest and steady labour. Were this want supplied, the present population, dense as it is, could be easily maintained in comfort and happiness, but this is very far from the case at present. Of this more will be said hereafter.

In spite of the long period during which Bermuda has been settled, the greater part is still covered with cedar, upon which useful tree the inhabitants depend for fuel, as well as furniture. It is of the juniper tribe, growing to a large size, and having a close-grained red-coloured wood, easily worked, and taking a fine polish. Its peculiar aromatic smell saves it from the attacks of insects, and it is one of the most durable and ornamental of woods. These qualities make it very valuable for ship-building and cabinet-making. It is the only tree of any importance which grows wild in great quantity. Besides the Palmetto, a dwarf species of palm still flourishing in considerable numbers on damp ground, and the Yellow-wood, a fine forest tree long since extinct, it was the only tree indigenous to the Island when first settled. All the other plants which are now to be found sometimes in great abundance have been introduced from America or the West Indies in later times. The Oleander, whose tall pyramid of pink flowers now forms such a striking feature in the landscape, was unknown 30 years ago; it is not long since it was a curiosity; it is now in many cases a nuisance. Almost all the fruit trees, known in neighbouring countries, will grow and produce excellent fruit, but the seed after two or three generations, seems to lose its vitality, and plants grown from Bermudian seed will produce little or no fruit. This degeneration is supposed to be due to the greater dampness of the climate. As fresh seed can be readily procured from other countries, this loss of seminal vitality is of little practical hindrance to the fruit-grower.

The Onion, the Tomato, and the Irish Potato, are the chief ground-crops and articles of export; the sweet potato and Maize, are largely grown for home consumption. Arrowroot, once the staple, and still maintaining its reputation for excellence, is now yielded in very small quantity. It requires fresh red soil, either never before cultivated or having lain fallow for some time, manure not seeming to suit it. Very little is now exported, and it is not probable that as much as one-tenth of the so-called Bermudian arrowroot sold, ever saw its reputed birthplace. Oranges, formerly very plentiful, are now hardly numerous enough to supply the demand in the Island itself. Some years ago most of the old trees were destroyed by a worm, and as young trees never yield good fruit till about ten years old, the orchards have never recovered from their losses. This mishap, however, has had the effect of stimulating the culture of the banana, a fruit hitherto little known or cultivated, but which is the most profitable of all. Reckoning each banana at the value of 1 farthing, an acre of land planted with these trees will yield fruit to the value of £300 or £400; it is not affected by any disease, needs little care and no manure, and produces fruit in one year. When a plantation is once set out it never dies, but like the fabled Phœnix, springs into new life out of the midst of decay The young plant, springing from the original root, is nourished by the decaying body of its parent, whose course it follows with praiseworthy imitation.

A descriptive account of any country is generally thought incomplete without some information regarding its wild animals; but with these nature has so sparingly stocked Bermuda that a very short notice will suffice. The mammalia are unrepresented save by rats and mice, concerning which every one knows too much. Insects are numerous but harmless, though their vast swarms are annoying to careful housewives. The only reptile is a beautiful green lizard, five or six inches in length, which dwells in stone walls and heaps, and is chiefly remarkable for the facility with which it drops its tail when seized. Birds are numerous, but of no great variety. There are two species of thrush, both beautiful songsters, and one of them gorgeous with crimson feathers and crest. There is a very pretty ground-dove of grey colour, and diminutive size, and quails are often heard, but seldom seen by sportsmen. A large black crow, addicted to noisy cawing, chicken-stealing, and making himself generally disagreeable, is but too often met with. Two or three species of gulls, a blue swallow, a grey and yellow wren, and the list of common and resident birds is complete, but many migratory feathered travellers are to be seen in winter. The sea—'tis more prolific than the land, and teems with fish of numberless varieties, whose increase is kept down by the sharks, which are very plentiful a mile or so from the shore. These voracious monsters often come into the harbours, following whales, many of which are caught by the fishermen, affording not only oil, but food to the negroes.

To the Zoologist in Bermuda, the sea affords a much wider, and more enticing field than the land, for the number and variety of its inhabitants are amazing, whether we regard fishes, shell-fish, or crustacea.

RAMBLES.

V.

BACK THROUGH ALL THE AGES.

As the fellows filed into the room with a sudden assumption of dignity, looking in their tattered gowns like learned scarecrows, I began to wonder concerning the origin of caps and gowns, went back, throught the ages till among the Greeks I paused to look around; and the contrast between the students of antiquity, and those swarming around me was ludicrous. I had always thought of these men of words as embodiments of certain ideas; they were merely this and nothing more. Plato was infinite mind and matter, was all knowledge a recollection, and arguments for a future state. Leonidas was death in the last ditch; Alcibiades fast horses and enjoyment; but when I thought of their photographs, their Sunday morning appearance, I fully realized the power of mind to amuse itself. Fancy Aristotle in a beaver hat and white shirt, attending to peripatetic exercises wearing patent leather gaiters. Imagine Zeno discussing Dialectics in a swallow-tailed coat, Xenephon writing in a paper collar. Think of Virgil enjoying a cigar, or Horace and Lalage eating a philopena, Cato using his snuff-box after declaring "*Carthago est delenda*," or Cæsar crossing the Rubicon in a rubber coat. The picture is rich, grotesque, and seems as absurd as amusing. But in those days the fellows studied with their might. For eighteen long years Aristotle listened to the lectures of Plato; Euclid used to travel from Megara to Athens by night, at the risk of his life, to listen to the words of Socrates. The glimpses of truth which they got inspired them, and they shame us who have the full glare of noon-tide science beaming upon us. They were far more consistent too than modern students. If Aristippus toyed with such as Lais or a diciple of Epicurus lived a fast life he, defended his course by philosophy and showed his consistency with his principles. They would not laugh at prayer time, or pinch a chum as he was 'saying grace,' they would not declare religion the motive in going to church, and be found always where the prettiest ladies attend, they would not give lessons on the fourth commandment, and be out till eleven o'clock every Sunday night, as some modern students do. no, no. It is well known the Greek boys had very poor class rooms.—Plato's Academy had no desks; no blackboards, maps or globes, no pegs for overcoats, nor *herlth* giving stoves, it was unblest with windows and probably lacked a clock.

Poor old Aristotle walked his boys around to keep them warm while he told them of genera and species. Zeno jammed into a *porch* where probably among wash tubs and brooms, servant girls and dogs, he told of Logical weapons; and Epicurus sat down among goose-berry bushes and such like to tell his followers of the pleasures of Sense.

Thus they studied. Of course they had plenty of fresh air, and were strong, but they could never know the ambition of Forms, and the triumphs of big boys over fags, of Seniors over Freshmen.

The writing materials of the Greeks and Romans were not very convenient. Lead pencils were unknown, and pocket books rather clumsy. Hence they used their memories. And in this view it is a great pity that a change was ever instituted. Then they thought nothing of committing a book of Homer to memory, now *poluphloisboio thalasses* is about all that we remember; the messengers of Agamemnon are proverbial for their accuracy; we must have a memorandum if we set out to buy a note book, a tooth brush, and get shaved. The cursed lead pencil and book are now a necessity. Some of our students will soon take notes for their prayers, have the heads down of what they are to ask Maria and tell Jemima; will in a new sense, with Mill, make knowledge but a connotation. We are sorry to see the indulgence which is shown to lazy memories among our students. If asked the name of a committee, a soiled scrap of paper is produced, the date, a huge diary is exhibited. But in the debating club the abominable habit reigns supreme. There slow speakers spell from backs of envelopes, the flowers of rhetoric and fruits of logic spring from cheap note paper, soaring genius, like a charmed bird, flutters in circles around slips of foolscap; the tardy are made worse, the voluble grow spasmodic, all are injured, and some ruined by the practice. We would that the Greek Rhapsodist and the Roman Pantomime were studied by our debaters, and easy speaking from memory, with natural gestures, succeed fitful starts from notes, and the unnatural gestures which necessarily follow.

In the seventh and eighth centuries the world of mankind was upturned and distracted. Nations arose in the wilds of the north and the sands of the south, and rushed forth blighting and destroying. Rome fell before the Germans, and the Arabs gazed in savage wonder upon the works of Greece. The captive countries took captive their fierce conquerors. Soon the Arab youth imbided the waters of Greek learning; they drank deep of the Pierian spring, and became as ardent students as they had been resistless warriors. The Arabians seem to have first provided respectable homes for learning. At Bagdad, as early as the year 800, a college was built, of most elegant structure; learned professors were well paid from the royal revenue; all classes had access, from the son of the camel driver to the noble's heir; the students received daily their allowance of the finest varieties of food, splendid baths were built for their use, and a university physician engaged. Those were palmy days for undergrads. Those dusky fellows had their fun amid abundance. They had no need to steal hens or appropriate turkeys; no need of suppers in each other's rooms, and if they had, would have no fear of Dons intruding; they were not obliged to cover a new suit with an old, soiled gown, or lose their pocket money in fines; they had no faithful janitor to suggest their duties to Mahomet, and probably Musa or Abdallah never wept over prizes withdrawn. For 500 years the fire of Arabian genius burned, reflecting clear and high against the gross darkness of Christendom. The student of the middle ages arises before us, enveloped in superstition, hampered by creeds, restricted by formulæ, and working too often against fightings without and fears within.

The student then is the monk, his gown is the coarse robe of the recluse, his hood is the cowl, his bands are halters, his study is theology and the topics about religion. He is serious, grave, sad. Though a mystic we love him; around him cluster the glories of the ancients and the customs of

our own times; he links the two worlds of knowledge; our rites and usages, our college phraseology; our antique, interesting and solemn investments come from the cloister. A thousand ties connect with it. The Latin of ceremonies, the "Adsum" at roll call, the inscription upon the brow of our Mater, "the Collegium Dallusium et Universitas" which heads a prize leaf, all tell of the Middle Age student. Europe then classed her students and beggars together—and the names were too oft synonomous. As now, certificates of merit were given but with the extraordinary liberty of seeking arms under the august sanction of the University. Fancy a B. A. lauded for his skill in extracting relief, or a Sophomore commended for his eloquent essay on "How to beg!" In those times the college was the students' home; here he lived and studied; here he wrote, hence went his influence, and here he often died. With all the force of imagination I cannot think of these scholars as lively firm loving students. They are to me earnest men, working with strong intent, with mighty meaning, whether hair-splitting in metaphysical controversy, searching for the *elixir vitae* or philosopher's stone; they are spirits yearning for the light, struggling in profound reality too true to be ludicrous, too deep for ridicule—fit rather for tears.

Later in the Middle Ages, when learning was sought more generally those students girt up their robes and stepped into the world as teachers. They moulded the young mind of Europe and gave it a cast which remains even in Protestant countries to this day. In this respect many of their modern successors imitate them. Many benefits arise from this and (thinking as a student) some evils. Our boys grow prematurely grave from teaching, they acquire an unnatural seriousness, a horror of loud noises, and morbid love of order. They are too much like indisposed clergymen, have an awful regard for little things, a fear of offence, and the most ridiculous consciences for undergrads. It takes the spirit out of them. Set up as living ensamples of every thing neat, orderly and commendable they cannot unbend; they are ever afraid of their example exerting a baneful influence and do not give the clear jolly ring which we would love to hear whenever we are brought in contact with them. There is improvement, however, among us; the greater influx of city students, with their different modes of thoughts and action; the formation of parties, between which wholesome contests take place; the *Gazette*, all quicken the pulse and fire the brain of our students and lead us to hope that when the time for amalgamation comes we may not be found unworthy to be the nucleus of the University for Nova Scotia.

After the Reformation the student as such departed from the Church. The estrangement was gradual but sure. The present day sees the severing of the last strictures. Oxford is about to abolish its "Test Act," and, with it, declare the grand principle of catholicity among students. Interesting connections are formed with universities, fragrant memories, despite the rage of strife and ruin of war. I believe that St. Andrews in Scotland works under a charter received in the fifteenth century from the pope. It is an interesting fact—a Presbyterian College, filled with rigid dissenters, the stoutest opponents of the Papal Chief, laboring against the power which founded it. Harvard bestows its degrees in virtue of a charter granted by the Sovereign of England. The violent republican acknowledges, in a way pleasant to his memory, and inoffensive to his pride, that Britain is the source of his strength, and his authority. Thus beneath the struggles of nations, behind the violence of party-hate and religious discord, down deep in the hearts of true lovers of learning there is a chord which vibrates to the touch of honest seekers after truth, whispering their unity of purpose and common aim. The great principle of brotherhood finds a beautiful exhibition among the students of Germany. From end to end of the land the influence of each university is felt. A student is gladly received, and kindly entertained on the ground of common struggles, hopes, and ambitions. A kind of free-masonry knits them together, and impels each to recognize and love another, who can understand the thoughts and pleasures of students.

This is what we long to see in our own land: a more intimate relation between colleges, more frequent intercourse, a knowledge of their work and how it is done; whether by lectures, as with us, or by text-books, as in some of our sister institutions; how examination take place, and what they are, etc. Thus would all be benefitted in the rise side by side of students knowing each other, prompted by similar motives, and able, when their country calls, to put their shoulders to the wheel of progress and urge it forward with increased velocity.

THE SOPHOMORE'S REVERIE.

It is storming this afternoon; snow is falling, and caught in its descent by the enraged winds, is sent whirling and eddying into every nook; through the allies the wreaths sweep; they dance over house-tops, encircle chimneys, meet in mid air, mingle and fall, shrouding the dark dead earth, and seeming to restore its purity. I've just reached home through the drifts; my "square top," catching the spirit of the gale, would insist on becoming a kite at every corner, and when held fast, used its tassel in loving attempts to blind the eyes beneath it; the gown which hangs so gracelessly from my corners seemed to become the robe of Glauce, and actually succeeded twice in sending its respected bearer prone to mother earth, the second time with his little foot through a large rent. At last I'm in my room, ensconced in a great arm chair, beside a blazing fire, with one pedal patting the fender, and the other aspiring towards the mantel, a book on where my knee ought to be, and I can enjoy the storm, listen to its shrieking demons, think of the suffering poor, of the philosophy of snow and ice, of the theories of heat and cold; wander at will from scientific facts to poetic fancies; build castles in Spain, or think of the morrow's Greek. The storm is a different thing now. The beauty of its flakes, their crystallization, their geometrical forms, the laws supposed to govern them; the wisdom lurking beneath their delicate structure, the conceptions of association which they allow, their analogies of frailty, purity, and uncharitableness, are all present to me. But a few minutes ago those congealed gems were infernal stings entering my eyes and ears; the loveliness which now broods over their fall was a "thundering inconvenience," giving a fellow wet feet and a stiff neck; a few steps have changed my world of thought and feeling, upside down. I can love the very gusts which buffetted me, because of the greater comfort I now enjoy; hardship gives sweetness to repose, and labor inspires relaxation with pleasure. The more difficult the task the more exquisite the delight that accompanies its performance. The joys of success arise both from ourselves and from others; from the strong feeling of self-praise which follows a noble work nobly done, and from the applause which our fellows are ready to accord to strong, persevering efforts for advancing what is good and right. The first of these is absolute, inseparable from the earnest, sincere labourer, and which no man can take from him, the other may be withheld, and can be obtained at times by even the unworthy.

The warmth and comfort beyond the storm come both

from the fire of self-approval, and the sunlight of others' smiles: the latter may be obscured by clouds of envy, or excluded by the hands of enemies, but the former, fed by the oil of conscious rectitude, will never smoulder or go out. This gives the warm glow to the cheek of the unknown genius, this spurs the student to try again, this lightens the path upward, and this will ultimately blaze from the highest peak, when success crowns his efforts. Above the storm clouds serene heights appear where sit the victors; to reach these we must enter the mists, guided by the compass of strong resolution, and determined to persevere to the last. "Forward" must be our motto, fearing nought but shame, hating only the wrong, we must succeed, and, if worthy, though dying in the struggle, our names will soar and rest on high. Too often the natural order of elevation according to merit, is not regarded; the office is expected to give to the man, and not the incumbent exalt the position. The joke of a senior must receive attention, his snubs pass unresented; not the man but the grade must speak. Augustus, uttering balderdash and degrading all the powers of the listener's intellect, but his memory must receive hypocritical attention and false praise. D. D.'s, M. A.'s, D. C. L.'s, etc., are frequently the substrata of their owner's words, and enforce his ideas. Too many still worship names, and bow down before a title: there is too much blind following, too much sham, and too little rigid enquiry. Men use words and phrases daily, of which they could no more explain the meaning, or tell the import, than they could decipher the inscriptions of Nineveh. Education is becoming too much a cramming process. The student learns a few Latin quotations, acquires the terms of logic, collects examples of "fine talk and writing" from rhetoric, gets profound in *ego's* and *non ego's* in metaphysics, is + or—so much in mathematics, and thus full of *suggestions* of mighty attainments, he flourishes a "*comment vous portez vous*," and steps into the world. Conceit takes his hand, presumption prompts him, and too often he receives the reward of profound attainments. He is the man who shirks the strengthening storms, who is shielded by others, who moves with the party and shares the gains with the victors. The lives of all men move in circles; good and bad rise and fall, approach a zenith and decline. At every point of the mighty cycle great names are strewn, from budding youth to the last flashes of decrepit age. More have probably lived too long for their fame than have died too soon. It would have been well if Miltiades had died the day after Marathon, if Belisarius had fallen with the conquest of Rome, if death had seized Columbus on his first return from America, or if Arnold had perished before Quebec, and so we may learn that all fighting for the right, all endurance of storm and tempest, all earnest efforts to be what we seem and be worthy our positions, must be enduring, be marred by no inconsistency, and disgraced by no weakness.

Correspondence.

The Editors are not to be held as responsible for the opinions of correspondents, or as in any way endorsing them.

A ROYAL CHARTER.

Messrs. Editors.—Advancement is the aim of every true student. He is not satisfied merely with plodding through his daily work, with studying no more than is sufficient to keep a good position in his classes; he seeks to have his mind trained and his dormant energies awakened. If he is urged on by ambition, by a laudable desire to excel, he will exert all his powers to surpass his fellow students. Night after night he will burn the midnight oil, and day after day, he will forego all outward pleasures to attain his desired end.

The ambitious student, however, is not ambitious only for himself. His heart longs for honour to be given to his Alma Mater; and while he would wish himself to be the foremost man of all the world, he desires that his college may keep pace with him. These thoughts, I know animate the minds of many of Dalhousie's sons. Within the last few years our University has made great progress, in numbers, in standing and in influence. Every year the Freshmen outnumber those of the preceding session; every convocation day Graduates are capped and sent out to uphold the honour of Dalhousie before the world. Of our Masters of Arts, and our Bachelors we have no reason to be ashamed; but, on the contrary, great reason to be proud. Sufficient time has not elapsed for any to have become celebrated, but their present powers give prospect of future fame.

There is yet, however, one thing needful. We do not possess a Royal Charter. We are not acting by immediate permission of our noble Queen, but by Provincial sanction. Now this is not as it should be. We have no assurance that our Graduates will be acknowledged in classic Oxford or indeed in any of the British Universities; we have no pledge that after years of patient study here we shall not be ranked as nothing when we cross the seas.

Why then is this the case? Can it be because we are not worthy? I consider that we are worthy of any charter, and when we look at all the essential points I will be upheld in my belief. With more than 60 on our roll, we out-number many colleges who enjoy privileges which at present are denied to us. Our course of study, extending over four sessions of six months each, and embracing in it all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of University education, sufficient to pale the cheek of the hard-working student while it enlarges his mind and stores it with useful knowledge, is inferior to that of few colleges equal to many, and superior to many more; and yet its superiors, equals and inferiors have royal charters. Of our professors I need say but little. They are well known among your circle of readers. Some of them have acquired high standing in literary fame. By one, the dim and misty regions of philosophy have been trodden, and a clear and easy path through its perplexing labyrinth pointed out. By another, the researches of science are periodically given to the world; his views also and the results of his experiments have been carried to the ends of the earth.* Another still has countenanced the lighter forms of literature, pleasing and instructing the mind, so that we bid fair to have a Nova Scotian novelist, whose name will rank among those who are the most renouned. The majority of our professors have filled chairs before in other Universities, and all are men of high attainments, of superior education, of the greatest talent, men who are learned and "apt to teach." When therefore we see smaller and weaker institutions with their Royal Charters, the question naturally arises, why should not Dalhousie College have one also.

How then is it to be obtained? Only by application, and the influence of all those great men whom we can bring to side with us. And surely in the board of Governors there *is* influence sufficient for our purpose. Some of those who sit and consult upon our well being, are among the most prominent men of British America; shall we say even of America. The chairman, Sir William Young, an illustrious man, and the son of an illustrious man, graced by titles from the Queen herself, and chief priest to the God-

*One of Dr. Lawson's works on Botany has been issued in *Romaic* from the Athenian Press.—*Eds.*

dess of Justice in Nova Scotia, is a power in himself; and with his hands held up by such renowned statesmen as Howe and Tupper, to say nothing of his mercantile, medical, legal and clerical advisers, how could he fail of being successful? Why then can we not get the charter that we wish? Why must we toil on, perchance unrecognized, unhonoured and unknown?

Had we the royal sanction, the very fact would lend new vigour to our faculties. Our under graduates would feel that there were high things in store for them, and the assurance that we could hold our heads in Oxford as proudly as any of Oxford's sons, would lead us to press on more zealously to wisdom's goal. Like the athlete at the Olympic Games, we would know that there was not only a laurel wreath ahead, but the world's applause, and we would with greater ardour rush to the conflict. No Alexander would be so justly and purely proud to be called the conqueror of the earth, as we to be denominated *Artium Magistri* throughout the world. To gain this position, no hieroglyphics would be too difficult to decipher, no cuneiform characters too *barbarous* to be read; the heavens would be scanned, and the myriads of celestial bodies classified; earth would be analyzed, and all would be philosophers.

I hope that our august board of Governors will not dispise a hint even from an undergrad. I am but expressing the sentiments of my fellow students, as they have often been expressed to me. Knowing therefore that "a word to the wise is sufficient," I can leave it in their hands, feeling that they do all things well, and that their wise counsels will leave nothing undone which will tend to promote the honour and welfare of Dalhousie University.

Already have they got our College started. Difficulties stared them in the face, obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, rose before them, stumbling blocks and rocks of offence were in the way, but they triumphed, and from being an airy nothing, Dalhousie assumed a local habitation and a name. This, however, was only the starting point, and since then we have gradually been led by them on the upward road to fame. The road in some parts may be rough, and our progress slow, but "Ora et Labora" is our motto, and acting on it, we will go on and on into the perfect day. One thing alone is wanting, and with all our getting, let us get a royal charter.

Yours, etc., JUNIOR.

Dalhousie College, March 5th, 1870.

MESSRS EDITORS—While the great things of the world must ever receive a greater share of attention than those which have not so high a rank, we must not forget that life is to a great extent made up of trivial incidents, and that each of these, in its own time and place, has its own importance. The shower of rain consists of thousands of little drops: and as the former is guided and restrained by fixed rules, so its constituents are formed and arranged by no less wonderful laws. The same influence which keeps planets in their courses, and guides them as they whirl through space, makes the fig tree cast her untimely figs, and the tear trickle down the cheek, relieving the sorrowful heart.

I must congratulate the Editors of our GAZETTE on the high tone which they have given to our paper. But while it contends for a central University, and against the doctrines of the Positivist, while it rambles through the city, the Old World and the Isles of the Sea, while it makes Raids on Romance, and points out the virtues and vices of the Daily Press, while it criticizes new works, reviews Ancient Speculation and discusses the Sublime and the Beautiful, I would not have it pass over all the occurrences of our College life.

A reformer generally has a thankless task. It was so with my ancestors, the Gracchi, in classic times, and it has been ever since. But when one has a noble purpose at heart, when he knows that he is right, and that sooner or later an appreciating world will sing his praise, his heart is nerved to brave all opposition, and in the face of mighty difficulties to carry out his project. Now I can say—

"Homo sum: nihil humani a me alienum puto,"

or rather,—I am a student, and think nothing which concerns my chums as uninteresting to me; and acting on this ground, I will point out something which will benefit the whole of us, sons of Dalhousie, praying with all humility that the authorities may take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Let not the Prof. of Rhetoric accuse me of using Anticlimax, when I say that for my own convenience, and that of my fellow-students, I would like to have a flight of steps built, leading from the pavement in front of the College building to Argyle Street. At present we are without a proper entrance. The Grand Parade belongs to a power which, at any time, I presume, can shut its gates: and should that be done—what then? The staircase provided now (and it is provided rather for the citizens of Halifax than for the students of Dalhousie) is too far away to be of any use; and climbing over fences, that we may attend our classes, is altogether unparalleled in collegiate usages. Who ever heard before of a University student having to leap a wall in order to get into the building? Often have I been waked up from a fine philosophical reverie by finding myself with a number of posts and cross-bars as my vis-a-vis; often have I been interrupted in the midst of scientific speculation, and arrayed as I was in cap and gown, been compelled to act as became not the dignity of an undergraduate; often my knowledge of Prometheus and the Laws of the Greek Accents, of the *Pons Asinorum* and De Moivre's Theorem, of Hydrogenium and the Alcohol Radicals, of the Philosophy of the New Academy and Neo-Platonism, of French auxiliaries and German Declensions, of the properties of Heat and the laws of Free Trade, and of the wide domain of History, and the art of persuasive expression has been violently shaken, as my feet touched the wished for pavement. I consider the want of a staircase here as one of the few blots which sully our fair name.

But this hint, doubtless, will be enough. These few sentences will be quite sufficient to wake up the "powers that be," and lead them to immediate action. In this matter they have hitherto been like the Indian god Brahm—in a kind of sleepy stupor. Now they will arise and become at once like followers of Brahma in the work of creation. "Verbum sap" is a classic truth, and relying on it, I can look forward to a bright future, when there will be no more such unseemly actions, no climbing of walls and leaping of fences, no "high thoughts, noble conceptions, and lofty aspirations" brought to nought by untoward circumstances, nothing but a strict accordance with academic usages and customs, and therefore a nice gate and staircase leading to Argyle Street. Does some unbeliever whisper in my ear, "They will not do it?"

"Credat Judæus Apella non ego"—

who am, Yours, etc.,

J. GRACCHUS.

Dalhousie College, March 5th, 1870.

WE wish that our delinquent subscribers would pay up.

EXCHANGES AND COLLEGE NEWS

We have not received the *Truro Mirror* for some time. Will Friend Baird please attend to this.

We have received the *Madisonensis*, a neat little paper of four pages, published by the students of Madison University, Hamilton, N.Y. We willingly place it on our exchange list.

CRITICISM.—The Bridgetown *Free Press* has been pitching into the *Dalhousie College Gazette*. Mr. Gidney has been giving it some lessons out of *his* Grammar.—*Windsor Mail.*

The *Virginia University Magazine* for February is at hand. It has some finely written articles.

The subjoined extracts from the minutes of late meetings held by the students of Dalhousie College have been ordered to be published in the *Gazette*.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE,
February 13th, 1870.

"The following resolution was moved by Mr. S.E. Bayne and seconded by Mr. J. Wallace." that "Whereas the *Gazette* has already been very successful during the term both as regards its literary standing and pecuniary support; and whereas it has still better prospects for the next six months, seeing that the Students will have more time to support it by their contributions; be it resolved; that the *Gazette* be published during the summer, if it be found that subscribers are sufficiently numerous. After a short discussion in which many of the Students took the opportunity of complimenting the Editors on the high tone which they had given to their paper the motion passed unanimously.

Mr. J. M. Carmichael moved, "that a vote of thanks be rendered to Mr. C. D. Macdonald for his kindness in acting as Assistant Secretary to the Editors and helping to carry out the many duties of their office." Mr. Seeton seconded the motion and it was unanimously resolved that the Secretary should communicate their thanks to Mr. Macdonald.

February 25th.

"Mr. H. M. Scott stated that the Editors having heard with great pleasure that the *Gazette* was to be carried on during the summer, had resolved to ask the Students to cheer their hearts and strengthen their hands by the addition of two from among their members to the staff of Editors.

Mr. Carmichael having moved and Mr. Bayne seconded that Messrs. W.M. Doull and J.G. MacGregor be added to the staff, his motion was adopted.

J. GORDON MACGREGOR.
Secretary.

Dalhousie College, March 4th, 1870.

Notman "interviewed" the Students on the Grand Parade on the 19th of February—through a huge camera. The result has not yet been seen, but it will doubtless be very successful.

Advice to Smokers.—Don't stand on the steps. Some people have good eyes and noses.

A Farewell Dinner to the Graduates, after convocation is talked of among the Students. A good move.

Rev. G. M. Grant's Lecture before the "Dalhousie Debating Society" has been postponed until Friday, the 11th of March at 8, p. m. The sudject will be "University Edudation, and the Very Reverend the Principal will preside. Tickets can be obtaintd from the Lecture Committee, which consists of Messrs. Russell, Doull, and Trueman.

We are glad to see that our friends at Acadia are enjoying the sweets of literature and enlivening the dull monotony of daily study by discussing Poets and their productions. On Friday evening, Feb. 18th, Prof. Elder lectured before the Acadia Athenæum, on "the Poetry of Alfred Tennyson." The lectnrer showed the truly elevated nature of Tennyson's genius: he pointed out the characteristics of the true poet, and in how far Tennyson possessed these; he traced the good effects and moral tendency of his works, and illustrated his lecture by appropriate and beautiful selections. We congratulate our fellow students at Wolfville on their recent treat. We wish the Athenæum all success and the members the enjoyment of many such evenings as Feb. 18th.

Our thanks are due Hon. D. C. Littlejohn, President of the N. Y. & O. Midland R. R. for a pass over that road for the year 1870. If we should be called upon to travel in any direction, this road would certainly be the one which we should wish to leave Hamilton upon.—*Madisonensis.*

Now then, Mr. Taylor, show *your* appreciation of merit-

The Dalhousie College Gazette,
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FOURTH MONDAY,
BY
THE STUDENTS OF DALHOUSIE COLLEGE,

EDITORS, (appointed by Students) Hugh M. Scott, (Senior) A. P. Seeton, (Junior) and D. C. Fraser, (Sophomore).

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