

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. III.

HALIFAX, N. S., JAN. 5, 1871.

NO. 4.

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism, although it may be said to be only philanthropy confined by the bounds of the State, is just as truly, a kind of domestic affection extended outwards to these bounds. In its noblest form it teaches, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." It is not the love of rivers, forests, hills and plains alone, for these were a wilderness without the colonist. It is not the love of the colonist alone—that is merely philanthropy. Nor yet is it only the love of the laws and institutions of a country. It is the love of these in the aggregate; and all its promptings spring from a desire for their well-being. Its want is an index, (as a general rule), of a defective mental constitution or education; for it is not unconnected with other phenomena arising from the same cause. If you find a man faithful and loving in his family relations, true and generous in his social connections, a firm and incorruptible champion in any good cause which he has espoused, you find a patriot. But if he be destitute of zeal for his country's welfare, depend upon it, you find either a victim of ignorance, or one who, if suitably bribed, will desert his friends and prove unfaithful to those who repose confidence in him. Such a character is of the basest kind, and can never be loved or respected even by those who are assisted by its baseness. Tarpeia was crushed by the Sabine shields and trodden to death in lieu of the stipulated reward for betraying the Roman citadel by treacherously admitting the Sabine conquerors. The Falerian school-master was flogged from the Roman camp and through the streets of the sieged town by the noblemen's sons whom he surreptitiously abducted from the city and delivered up, undoubted expecting some great reward. *So much* did the great Roman Dictator *admire* the deed. Even king Pausanias when suspected of being contaminated with *Medism* (which in modern modifications exists, it is said, at the present day) found no longer a place in the hearts of the patriotic Sires of ancient Greece,—found nothing but a traitor's doom. How different, as history shows, have exhibitions of Patriotism been treated. They have been the themes of poets. Orators have eulogized them, enemies have respected and the world admired them. From time immemorial they did so. The captives by the Rivers of Babylon sang: "If I forget thee O Jerusalem let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." The legend of Codrus who sacrificed himself for his country, showed how Athens valued the spirit that prompted the deed; for ever after, no successor was con-

sidered worthy to be called king. A stern patriotism marked the character of the early Greeks and Romans. Witness the parting words of the Spartan mother to her departing warrior; "Return with your shield or on it."—Also the lines:

"Eight sons Demeneta at Sparta's call
Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them all
She shed no tear, but shouted 'Victory!
Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee.'"

In a Bruce, a Tell, a Kosciusko, or a Kossuth, we see the same spirit and admire. But why repeat names? The history of every brave struggle for the liberty of "fatherland" teems with such characters, who are after all only the indices of the "heart which in the bosom of the people beats." History presents to us the spectacle of young nationalities contesting for very existence, then marching resolutely to conquest, buoyed up by the inspiration of Patriotism. But when success has rewarded their toil—when peace, prosperity and opulence have crowned their endeavours, the heroic devotion to country is lost in the scramble for power and wealth—in the idolatry of luxury and ease, until the grand fabric of empire, reared by ancestral heroism and cemented by patriotic virtues, totters and tumbles into ruin, as did those of Greece and Rome.

Sentiment has a great effect on the destinies of a nation. It moulds it as it would the individual character. Edward, Longshanks, understood the influence of national songs and relics, when he massacred the Welsh bards and carried away the Coronation Chair and Records of Scotland.—"Give me the making of a country's songs and you may make its laws," said another who understood the secret. Sentiment is powerful because it is communicative, and it is communicative by expression; seeing this let our speaking and our singing be patriotic—let Nova Scotian songs be those of the patriot; not only because of its moral effect on the country, but also because a spirit of patriotism is associated with what is great and illustrious in the history of man, and the want of it is despicable and base.—Well did Scott describe the sordid clay that never felt the pure and noble flame, in the prelude to that heart-stirring apostrophe to his country:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.
If such there breathe—
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit far renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

GOING TO SACRIFICE.

[CONCLUDED.]

The morning dawned in splendor. The sun rose slowly, looking large and red through the mist which lay on the surface of the ocean. The calm of the night still continued, and a cloudless sky gave promise of a fine day. A walk round the island, with some random firing at the seagulls, occupied the morning. After breakfast it was proposed to go out and try a shot at the seals, which could be seen in great numbers disporting themselves in the water, at a short distance from the beach. Taking our rifles and ammunition, we launched the boat, and in a few minutes were rowing cautiously towards a spot which appeared to be the head-quarters of the creatures. Apparently quite unconscious of our approach, they continued playing in the water, at times raising themselves half above the surface, at others displaying only their round, shining heads, looking not unlike those of dogs. The crack of a rifle put a speedy stop to their gambols. With a sudden plunge the seals disappeared, while a far-off splash in the water showed that the bullet had missed its mark. They soon, however, rose again to view, but at a much greater distance from the boat. We rowed quickly after them and tried a second shot, but with no better success. The seals, or "siles," as the fishermen of the Bay call them, seemed to possess charmed lives. At last they got frightened, and objecting to be any longer used as targets, withdrew out of range to the vicinity of a ledge of rocks where they could play undisturbed by the whistling of Snider bullets.—Leaving them to their enjoyment, our attention was attracted by the numerous islands which surrounded us on all sides.

Upon one of these we landed, and, with mock formality, took possession of it in the Queen's name, celebrating the important event by firing a salute. The view from this place was picturesque in the extreme. Within a radius of four or five miles there were visible no fewer than seventy islands of various shapes and sizes. Among these, nearly sixty years ago, took place a tragic occurrence, which has given rise to many legends among the inhabitants of the neighboring shores. During the war of 1812, a number of privateers were fitted out in U. S. ports for the purpose of preying upon the commerce of Nova Scotia and the adjacent British Colonies. One of the most celebrated was a vessel called the "Young Teazer." She is said to have been about eighty feet long, painted green, and having a carved crocodile for a figurehead. Like most of her class, she was a fast sailer, and was provided with sweeps for calm weather. She was well armed and carried a large crew, who soon spread the terror of her name far and wide. Having committed a considerable amount of depredation along the coast, several British men-of-war and Nova Scotian privateers were sent in search of her. Upon two or three occasions she was very nearly captured, but some friendly fog or storm springing up at an opportune moment, enabled her to get away. They finally contrived to chase her into Mahone Bay, and while the ships blockaded the entrance to prevent egress, armed boats were sent in after her.

The crew of the Teazer used their sweeps for some time in a vain effort to escape; but, at last, finding this useless, resolved to blow up the ship rather than let her fall into the hands of the enemy. It is said that the instigator of the act was a man who had deserted from the British navy, and who took this course to avoid the punishment which would inevitably have befallen him had the vessel been captured. The effects of the explosion were terrific. Several of the crew were instantly killed, and others badly

wounded. Some ten or twelve men were picked up by the boats of the pursuers and carried off prisoners to Lunenburg. The noise was heard at a great distance. There is a story of a man who was ten miles away in a boat feeling the shock distinctly. In the town of Lunenburg there is still living, at least, one person who witnessed the whole affair. He was, at the time, Captain of the Block House guard, and saw the chase and capture of the privateer from a hill outside the town. Local superstition has assigned to the Teazer a place similar to that of the "Flying Dutchman." It is believed that a ghostly ship occasionally revisits the scene of the explosion, and many a timid sailor has been alarmed by the fancied vision of the "Teazer light" while passing over the waters of the Bay.

But time would not allow us to linger long in admiration of the beauty of the scenery, or in relating the numerous legends connected with its early history. We, accordingly, once more embarked, and, a favorable breeze having sprung up, sailed back to Sacrifice. The afternoon was spent in exploring the island with the object of finding the trench where the victims of the massacre had been buried. For a while our search was unsuccessful; but, at last, when we were almost ready to give up, we came suddenly upon the wished-for place. It is on the south side of the island, and only a few yards from the shore. All that can now be seen is an excavation at the edge of a bank, sloping somewhat abruptly towards the beach. It is about ten feet in length and five or six deep. With strangely-mingled feelings we stood and mused over it for some time, then cutting off as a relic a twig from an old tree near by, we returned to the camp and prepared to abandon the island. Having bailed out our boat by the summary process of tilting her over, we put our baggage on board, fired a parting salute, and set sail for home. The breeze was light, and not very fair, so we made rather slow progress. While talking over the incidents of the excursion, we suddenly discovered that our craft was nearly half full of water. It was some time ere we could find the whereabouts of the leak, but, eventually, one of the party who happened to be looking towards the stern, exclaimed, "Why, boys, here is a hole large enough to put the muzzle of a rifle through!" Upon further investigation we came to the conclusion that, in our efforts to get rid of the water formerly in the boat, we had only opened a wider door for the admission of more. By constant bailing and a judicious shifting of the cargo we managed to reduce the leakage to a considerable extent. After a tedious passage, during which the oars had to be used to supplement the failing wind, we at last reached the point whence we had set out the day previous, and were rejoiced at finding our carriage in waiting. In a very few minutes we were rattling noisily along homewards. We reached town about sun-set, and thus ended our "Going to Sacrifice," not soon to be forgotten by ourselves, nor yet by the readers of the *Gazette*, if they have had patience to follow our tedious narrative to the end.

☞ HON. HORACE MANN, having spent six weeks in visiting Schools in Saxony and Prussia, says:—

"During all this time I never saw a teacher hearsng a lesson of any kind, (excepting a reading or spelling lesson,) with a book in his hand. I never saw a teacher sitting while hearing a recitation. Though I saw hundreds of schools, and thousands,—I think I may say, within bounds, ten of thousands of pupils,—I never saw one child ungergoing punishment, or arraigned for misconduct. I never saw one child in tears from having been punished, or from fear of being punished.—Penn. School Chron.

ANOMALIES.

This age is not less critical than mechanical. Sympathy has lost its etymological meaning. Scrutiny links itself with contumely to raise Fault to the horizon of vision, and Forbearance retains only a name to live. Geese-like we are willing to follow the representative of the flock; like them too we ceaselessly maintain our croaking. From the drawing-room to the pulpit the critique goes the round. The razor edge of Esthetics clips the suitor of his ornaments; the gaze of the multitude surveys the public speaker, in altitude from foot to cranium, in profundity from his mustache to the fire that heats his words; and the pens of the editorial sanctum, though often content to diffuse their ink along the line drawn by Public Opinion, are found indulging in the same practice. They set down their *dictum* as a guide for statesman and orator; they syllogise the signs of the Times into their inevitable issues, and inscribe the destiny of nations on "The Cloud Curtain of Futurity." Nor need this excite our wonder, since the wide field of the world's history presents three ridges, whose constituent elements have ever been in commotion and conflict. Might struggling with Right, Heresy with Truth, Evil with Good, as the tug of Destiny drew the harrows of Politics, Philosophy and Religion down their surface.

If so, Bulis needs no apology as he ascends the short ladder of human life, taking notes as he goes. At the lowest round he anticipates lamb-like innocence and an observing indifference. Where boy-hood stands the air should be resonant with laughter and troubled with questions. It should echo with the collisions of ball and bat. It should be scarred with kite and undulated with music. Here the young fellow lives on his father's purse, here he stands in safety behind that secure shield—his mother's indulgence, unconscious of the value of the present, unconcerned about the future. A round higher and the elevation where young men perform their acts is reached. In that anxious region every breast is supposed to impart animation, every breeze to give motion. There unadulterated freedom reigns. The inhabitants are creatures of ambition. They move on the Springs of Hope, see visions of triumph, read their names with Honour's affixes, and hear heralds trump their fame. In them all Nature's streams are flooded, for them all her "paths drop fatness." Like thrifty trees their limbs bend with green fruit which shall again appear mellowed with age on a higher step, after some "Solomon Slows" have been singled out from their herds.

A marvellous exhibition of senility is seen not infrequently quite near the cradle-end of that ladder to which allusion has been made, urchins with contemptive brow and cautious eye, with too much forethought to drool on a bib, or indulge in tears for trivial provocations. Leaving these, without comment, with their fortunate nurses, let us pass up to noisy boyhood, where, among the playful and the blithe, lads in juvenile costume are found with experience written on their foreheads and the clogs of old age hung to their feet. Like the sailors of Ulysses their ears are wax-proof against the music of nature and of art. To them Robinson Crusoe is foolishness, Jack the Giant-Killer nonsense, whilst facts are their mental meat and drink, dogmatic truths the bread of a higher life. These are the fellows who never lose blood in a tussle or cents in a knife-swap; who are the judges at mock trials, the parsons at sham devotion, who read Parson's Lost for its history, and Nehemiah for its chronology. These are they who discuss heresy for table-talk, and draw he line of demarcation between Supralapsarianism and

Sublapsarianism before setting out to Sabbath school. Having thus made such acquisitions as their natures admit, and acquired such habits as are congenial to their coolness, they advance to the next stage—very magazines of dogmas and facts. They are ushered into society. Of course the element of respiration is too rare for their existence; but there they must breathe and live.

Now it is that the old man crops out many-wrinkled and unbending. Of real boy-life their knowledge is very limited. They have no feats to which they can recur, "to adorn a tale," no faults for repentance, no green oats for the sickle. Yet they have an opinion peculiar to themselves as stable as adamant, which the experience of the aged and the Logic of the learned alike fail to move. "Wise saws" have come under their notice, still the narrow bounds of self have limited the knowledge attained. These we have seen strut into college on intellectual stilts of which professorial sarcasm usually relieved them, when they were content to walk at the ordinary shoe-height.

There is another phase of this anomaly which demands notice, which curls the nose in detestation, moves the pen to lampoon, and bends the knee at the shrine of Hebe in quest of the rightful energies and passions of virility. It is that in which calculation usurps the throne of Love, in which capital, or grandfathership crowds beauty, grace, even virtue from the balance on which the relative weights of motives are determined; or worse still in which connubial amalgams are effected through the agency of the unrighteous heat of persuasion. Going up the only remaining round in this eventful scale, we find the real fruits of age, mortals "ploughed with years sown with cares," and ready "to be reaped by death." In the presence of these we uncover our heads in reverence, yet it may not be amiss to notice their division, which appears to be into two classes. The one looking downward at the root as if anxious again to revel in its pleasures; the other facing the turbid Sun which is nearing the horizon of their day. To them the past is strewn with blighted leaves, and dotted with muddled pools, the present is "the conflux of two Eternities," the future is, "a land of milk and honey." It is interesting to note the prejudice that all the aged have for the customs, the manners and the beliefs of their youthful years. Again and again the scenes of the past are acted on the stage of recollection. Indeed their early days were golden links in the chain of Time. But fast-living moderns in their waste extend the same chain with baser metals. However no danger is imminent, for when these moderns in turn become old, they will change the links of their forging to gold, with the same magic employed by their accusers—a magic more practical than the Philosopher's stone or the *elixir vite* of the alchemist's imagination.

Here I write, *Finis*, recommending boys, while diligent, to be *boys*, young men to be *young men*; and asking old men to bear with the rising aspirants in that levity peculiar to their age, to welcome reform and to whistle a tune to the march of Progress.

BULIS.

TURKEY.—A new public education law has been promulgated at Constantinople. Primary instruction is compulsory for every inhabitant of the Turkish empire.

The primary schools are to be either Mussulman or Christian, according to the religion which is most prevalent in the district. The higher schools, however, are to receive Mussulmans and Christians indiscriminately.—*London News*.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., JAN. 5, 1871.

EDITORS.

D. C. FRASER, (President,) A. G. RUSSELL,
R. SWINERLAND (Treas.) A. H. MCKAY,
J. G. MACGREGOR, (Secretary.)

TERMS.

One Collegiate Year (in advance).....\$0.50
Single copies..... 05
To be had at the Bookstores of Messrs. Connolly & Kelly and Wm Gossip.
The "Gazette" is forwarded to all subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrears are paid.
Payments to be made to J. G. Macgregor, and all communications addressed to "Dalhousie College Gazette, Halifax, Nova Scotia."

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Among all sorts and conditions of men, a peculiar pleasure seems to surround holidays, in prospect of which all work hard and patiently, and to which all look back with satisfaction after they are things of the past. Well spent, they are to the gloomy, hard-wrought life what the oasis is to the desert plain, presenting beauty amid desolation; they are to the dark life, void of all delight, what the star's ray is to the weary traveller; and even in that which is passed in gaiety and ceaseless rounds of pleasure, they are like the rare wild flower, more beautiful than the surrounding vegetation. The brick-carrier, the carpenter, the clerk, the lawyer, the physician, are all urged on to carry out their duty more fully and faithfully, by having before them the tempting reward—the expectation of being able to give up the dull monotony, the ever-increasing sameness of every-day labour, and to devote their time to what may not be so productive of wealth and fame, but will gain for them relaxation and pleasure. After these indulgences however, notwithstanding that they are right, it is often difficult to settle down to the old ways. We are like a harp that from disuse is somewhat out of tune, and our strings must be tightened and renewed before we are in good working order.

Now this is particularly the case with students. To us the holiday is as welcome as to any. It does not bring us the enjoyment, perhaps, which it does to some, because our daily labour is a continual source of pleasure; but it gives us recreation, which is always hailed with

more or less delight, as it is more or less needed. It, however, always brings with it the evil result of leaving us less inclined for study than we were before, and after it is passed we have more need than ever to "gird up the loins of our mind," and enter into our work with greater zeal, remembering and practising all those rules upon the exercise of which success depends.

At the outset we must lay down our system. There must be a time for everything, and everything must be done in its proper time. We need not note the number of minutes to be given to each department of study, but we must have set times for certain work, and we must not, in so far as we can prevent it, swerve from our rule. This is the mapping out of the work, and is as necessary as that the captain should know the course which he must steer on the sea on which he is to sail. It will keep us from giving undue prominence to any favourite science, for where one study has a peculiar charm for us, it is apt to withdraw our attention from another, which may nevertheless be more necessary. Every day then, must have its own plan. In connection with this we need to determine the time to be devoted to studying. Some will prefer the early morning, others, midnight hours, and to different men the time necessary and allowable will be different, for it will depend altogether upon the constitution of the individual. Yet there are certain things which apply to all. We must avoid unnecessary sleep. Enough must be taken, but too much is ruinous. We must put off sloth, the rust of the soul, and overcome indolence, which is the friction of our mental machinery, with all our strength. All these are natural to man, who is a lazy animal, and require strenuous efforts on our part, if we wish to resist them successfully.

In order to the diligence which is thus necessary, recreation is as important as more direct efforts, and without it the mind will become dull and sluggish. It may be gained to some extent by variety in our studies, but even this will not be sufficient. We must regularly, for stated periods, give up study altogether, and by some bodily exercise develop the muscles and increase the power of the physical frame. There is a mysterious union between the mind and body which has baffled the speculations of the world's philosophers; there is a chasm between them which in some manner unknown, is bridged, and in order to the bridging of the chasm we must have both sides in good repair. The great suspension bridge which crosses the Avon River, would never enable travellers to pass from one bank to the other, if those banks were not firm; and so if either the mind or body is tottering from over work, there will not be that certainty of communication which is necessary between the organs of sense and the ruling mind.

In prosecuting our studies, we must determine at the outset that we are not to be afraid of hard work. The student can do nothing without it. The traveller may, without much effort, see from a distance Mt. Blanc's

hoary peak, but can never thus ascend it; and so, while the student can survey the field without much trouble, he can make no progress on the upward path without strenuous exertion. Perseverance must be its ally. Many things will combine to keep us back: difficulties have to be surmounted, obstacles must be passed, and that this may be done, a steady and firm adherence to our principles of action is needed. There are often times when the student is tempted to throw aside his books and his pen, and to seek pleasure in the outside world as others do; but these desires must be checked, and if indulged at all, indulged only in a limited degree.

Investigation must be thorough. If it is superficial, the effort, slight as it is, is of no avail: our inquiries must be deep, and our conception of the subject thorough. "Aimless thoughts" must be rejected; thinking confined to the subject on which we are laboring, and everything comprehended before passing on. Every point must be brought under complete control, every idea mastered, and every part of what we wish to understand thoroughly digested before it can be of any benefit to us.

Class exercises must be scrupulously fulfilled. The curriculum of studies is appointed by professors who have thought it out and determined what order and amount are best for the development of the mind; and thus the more we attend to these, the more successful will be our course.

There is, finally, one thing which should be cultivated by students, and which at present is, to a great extent, neglected—a constant habit of reviewing. In our six months' session we go over a great amount of work, and we cannot study so thoroughly that one part will not sometimes crowd out another. Now revising, besides refreshing the memory on all points, has the effect of discovering what little items have been crowded out, and of reinstating them before it is too late. We all remember, in the fishing excursions of our school-boy days, how the counting over of the trout at the end showed that some were missing, and told us just what we had. And so, while we are gathering up new ideas and inquiring into new theories, a regular revising detects all truant thoughts, brings them back, and gives everything its proper place, so that the mind is able, with far more ease, to grapple with subjects which are brought before it.

These general rules, with a legion of particular ones, suited to our individual condition, must guide us now that we have again settled down to work, and in this way alone will we be able to overcome the evil which must necessarily accompany the good obtained in an intermission from study.

While, therefore, we hope that our students have had much enjoyment in observing all the Christmas festivities and participating in all the New Year gaieties during the vacation, we would exhort them, in again settling down to the prosecution of their studies, to attend to the precautions and strictly follow out the rules by which success may crown their efforts, and their collegiate course have that effect in forming their minds for which it was intended.

MEN OF GENIUS.

The blessings that men of genius have bequeathed to humanity are acknowledged by all. The rich, ripe fruits of their widely-scattered seeds are being abundantly reaped. Though they, indeed, sowed in tears, we reap in joy. They have lightened life's burden, and made it chafe our weary shoulders less by having it all the more heavily laid upon themselves. They have suffered bondage in order to effect an intellectual deliverance for their brethren. Their thoughts, conceived perhaps in the throes of mental anguish, now delight us by their full-robed beauty and crystalline purity. In their works we find a fountain, ever clear and ever fresh, at which to slake our burning thirst. Their full-throated melody comes echoing down the corridors of time, to cheer our hearts and sweeten our sorrows. The works of their hands remain; some, indeed, scarred, blurred and half-destroyed by the wear of the centuries; others perfect in symmetry and form, to excite our admiration and serve as models for our own endeavors. True men of genius have indeed been a blessing to the world, and our gratitude for them can never be too deep or lasting.

There are two classes whom, perhaps, it has been the misfortune of real men of genius to produce to a greater or less extent. These are a curse rather than a blessing—a clog to the wheels of progress, and a hindrance to all who wish to do their allotted work with honesty and perseverance. The first of these classes is numerous enough. There is a representative more or less prominent in every community, and sometimes quite a school of men of this type. Let us picture to ourselves the ideal man of this class. He sits down in idleness, folds his arms, and sighs as if an Atlantic of woe were pressing on his heart, Oh that I were a genius! His talents, he thinks, do not fit him to take that position in life which he ought to take. Providence has either made a sad mistake, and given the massive intellectual powers that he ought to have had to some one away back in the dim, distant centuries, or else he has been sadly slighted in the allotment of heaven's gifts to man. He has no tact, no ability to do big things, and, therefore, he is contented to dream away his life in indolence. Out upon such hypocrisy! Out upon such childish views of life! Man is a worker—a son of toil—and we love to think of him as such. Men of genius are like comets in our intellectual system, dazzling, indeed by their radiance and magnificence, but appearing only at long intervals. The work of our world has, in great measure, to be done by men of ordinary ability—men who have to toil with their hands and brains to rear slowly the great column of human achievement—men who are content to accept even the littlenesses of labor, provided they can accomplish something. These are the men that the world wants—these plodding sons of industry. Let no one then say, that because he is not gifted with the divine spark of genius, he can accomplish nothing. Every man's work is waiting for him. Let him find it out, and if he perform it nobly and faithfully he will by and by join the immortals

"Lament not, ye who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For, oh, what woes and sorrows, ever rife,
Distract his hapless head!
For him awaits no balmy sleep,
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
Or by his lonely lamp he sits
At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,
In feverish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigil keeps."

Wherever there is the true coin, the counterfeit will also be found. The base metal, however, is soon discovered by its

hollow ring. Like all other good things, genius is often counterfeited, but sham-genius, like counterfeit coin, soon betrays itself, receives its proper stamp, and descends to its proper level.

There are some unhappy beings, however, who, afflicted with a species of insanity, or deceived by the praises of some mischievous, designing persons, do earnestly think that they are the favorites of genius. A painful inability to perform the common duties of life seizes upon them. They become a weariness to themselves and a nuisance to everybody else. The "cacoethes scribendi" is a disease that fastens, in the most virulent form, on the victims of this unfortunate delusion. They write articles for the newspapers and for the magazines, on which they expend a great deal of time and thought. Woe to the heartless editor who should reject these pet manuscripts, over which they have cooed so much! Some of these deluded persons are very much given to writing poetry. The Muses, they imagine, have bestowed upon them particular favors. By some strange mishap, however, the intelligent reader does not see the force and beauty of their poetical effusions—perhaps thinks them rather common-place, and assigns the writer his position among that despised sect, the poetasters; and if the critics should condescend to notice these wonderful productions, they seem to be as blind as other people to their beauties. The more's the pity; for if the world could only understand these men, Tennyson might not wear his laurels long. "The young Muse just waved her joyous wing," and then it drooped for ever. The promise of a brighter and more brilliant future is ruthlessly snatched away from them, because the world could not recognize genius. Alas! for the world.

Correspondence.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

SCENE AT THE OPENING ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR SIMPSON.

The largest class-room, that of Chemistry, had been reserved for the occasion, and fully an hour before the time for the lecture to commence it was crowded. The greater number present were of course students but there were also many visitors and friends of the new professor. As two o'clock approached the numbers seeking admission were very great, but only one out of twenty was able to get in. The usual noises heard previous to a lecture were not wanting, but were insignificant compared to those which ushered in one of the most disgraceful scenes ever witnessed in the University—a scene which time will scarcely efface from the memory of any one who was present. The entrance of Professor Simpson and his colleagues was the signal for a perfect storm of hisses, hootings, cat-calls and cries of every description intermingled with showers of peas and sand crackers. A few cheers were attempted by the friends of Prof. Simpson and the better disposed part of the audience, but it was no use; the hisses and cries drowned everything else, and although the lecture was perseveringly read through, scarcely a word was audible—A few words from time to time were heard but they seemed only to call forth increased disturbance. The Principal in vain asked a fair hearing for Prof. Simpson. He was simply listened to—nothing

more. Then Prof. Christison—the oldest and most popular of the Professors rose and amidst intense cheering asked for British fair play. He said that since he had entered the University in 1811 he had never witnessed a scene so disgraceful and full of shame, and he asked that in all fairness the new Professor should be heard. For a few minutes there was partial silence; then the disturbance commenced, and never ceased until the address was ended. Comment upon such a scene is unnecessary. The unpopularity of Prof. Simpson cannot excuse the ungentlemanly and disgraceful way in which he was received by the students. The other Professors did not try hard to stop the noise, perhaps because it would have been impossible, and perhaps also because they did not want to. Prof. Simpson was elected against the wishes of the whole Medical Faculty by the Town Council of Edinburgh. Of the merits of the address I can unfortunately say nothing as not a word could be heard. Thus ended one of the most shameful scenes that has ever darkened the fair fame of the University of Edinburgh.

Yours, &c.,

A NOVA SCOTIAN.

Edinburgh, Nov. 29, 1870.

DALLUSIENSIA.

— Prof. James DeMill, who won his first fame four years ago by the "Dodge Club" in Harper's is a rapid worker. He is under contract to furnish four serial stories to various magazines in the coming year; it is related that one of his books, "The B. O. W. C." was finished in six days; and he completed, in six weeks, manuscript which he sold for \$2,000. All this is in addition to his regular occupation as Professor of Dalhousie College, Halifax, and the use his leisure in preparing a textbook on Rhetoric.—*Toronto Leader*.

— Person or persons unknown will accept the thanks of the students for covering up the hole in the pavement. The work has evidently not been done by a master mason but will suit as a temporary affair. Even now however the pavement is not perfect.

— The Faculty is not so strict this year, as formerly, with regard to the wearing of caps and gowns. Not a fine has been imposed as yet for inattention to rules though they are not obeyed any better now than they used to be. It would be much better if students would strictly conform to the regulations in this respect. The Freshmen promise well, however. Two or three of them (we did not hear their names) are so proud of the newly adopted uniform, that they walked through the principal streets one fine sunny afternoon in full dress.

— We understand that the *Caledonia* and *Dalhousie* Foot Ball Clubs are play a match game on Saturday, Jan. 14th.

— The majority of the students took advantage of Mr. Taylor's kindness and spent the holidays in the country.

— We have just heard with deep regret of the decease of MRS. LAWSON, the beloved wife of our esteemed Professor of Chemistry. In this sudden and severe bereavement the Doctor will have the sympathy of the community generally, in which he is as highly respected as he is extensively known, and very specially that of the Professors and Students of Dalhousie College.

PERSONALS.

— EDWIN SMITH, B. A., of '67, is studying Theology at Princeton. He will finish his course this session.

— DAVID H. SMITH, of the graduating Class of '67, has been engaged as a Probationer by the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces.

— ISAAC S. SIMPSON, who graduated in '68, is prosecuting his studies in Theology at Princeton.

— J. W. MCKENZIE, who spent a number of sessions at Dalhousie, has been accepted by the Foreign Mission Board, Pres. Ch. L. P., as a Missionary, and his destination will likely be the New Hebrides.

— HEZEKIAH MURRAY is engaged in business at Mabou, Cape Breton.

— JACOB LAYTON is labouring as a Probationer in Bermuda.

— A. P. SILVER, who passed through the first two years of his course at Dalhousie very successfully in '67 and '68, has since then spent some time in Trinidad, and is now engaged in mercantile pursuits in Halifax.

COLLEGE NEWS.

— BROWN UNIVERSITY (Providence, R. I.) formerly called Rhode Island College, is the oldest of 36 Baptist educational institutions in the United States. Its endowment amounts to about \$530,000 with the prospect of another \$20,000 shortly to be realized through bequest. The faculty consists of a President, without a department of instruction, and eight professors. Something over two hundred students are in attendance. The library of the institution consists of thirty-five thousand volumes, with a liberal provision for a constant increase.

— CORNELL UNIVERSITY confers the degree of B.L., Baccalaureus Litterarum. The Trustees have purchased a collection of over four hundred tropical birds including a species of crane over six feet high. The department of ornithology has now 650 specimens. Prof. Hartt, has collected, with great pains, a large amount of matter for a dictionary and grammar of the fast disappearing Tupi language of Brazil. The University receives \$60,000 from Hiram Riply for the erection of a Mechanics workshop.

A brass band, composed entirely of students, has been organized.

The chair of Chinese and Japanese is to be made a distinct professorship.

The requirements for admission are to be increased and the standard of the whole course raised.

— IOWA UNIVERSITY has 30 students in the Medical Department.

— CHICAGO has opened a Medical Female College.

— CHICAGO UNIVERSITY makes Drawing compulsory,

— WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, Middleton, Conn., has provided an extended course of Elocution.

— VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.—The first instalment of the Duke of Argyle's gift to this University has arrived. It is to consist of a specimen of all the products and manufactures of India in every stage of growth and development. About the close of last session Count Von Bismark presented the School of Engineering with a collection of scientific drawings and models, valued at \$1,000.

— MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Montreal has in attendance during the present session 31 students in Law, 140 in Medicine, and in Arts 97, of whom 71 are at McGill and 26 at the affiliated Colleges of Morrin and St. Francis.

— ACADIA COLLEGE, Wolfville, has 40 students at present. The Baptists of Nova Scotia are making strenuous efforts to enlarge their endowment fund, and are receiving some good subscriptions.

— CAMBRIDGE, England, has 583 Freshmen this year.

— HARVARD has changed its Collegiate year to one session with a Christmas recess of three weeks. During the last five years the *Advocate* has been able to give \$500 to the College Library. It is announced that Mr. Nathan Matthews and Mr. Wm. F. Weld, both of Boston or its vicinity, are each to erect a hall for the University which will cost nearly \$100,000.

— PRINCETON COLLEGE. President McCosh gives a reception to the students every two weeks.

— MADISON UNIVERSITY has 21 married students, from whom have descended 19 children; one Soph. has a son in the Academic class.

— HAMILTON COLLEGE, U. S., has 32 journalists among its graduates.

— JESUIT COLLEGE, Manila, Philippine Islands. A meteorological observatory, with self-recording instruments, has been established here, with special reference to the observation of earthquakes in a region where they are so frequent.

— RACINE COLLEGE, Wisconsin, has been provided by the trustees with a billiard table and smoking-room.

— LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, Easton, Penn., Prof. Hitchcock, lecturer on Geology, has organized a scientific party, who are to remain on the top of the White Mountains all winter to make meteorological observations.

— KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY has 31 professors and 772 students.

— YALE.—The Yale boat crew has sent the challenge for the annual boat race to Harvard.—The Bopp prize of 300 thalers for the best work published on Comparative Philosophy, has been awarded by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin to Professor Whitney.—*Ex.*

— Business letters have been received from R. A. Tremain, Geo. P. Murray, S. McNaughton M.A., Rev. J. R. Campbell, D. McDonald, Rev. M. G. Henry and R. Cox.

— The contributor of the *World's Progress* has not sent in his second article. It will likely appear in our next.

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