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Bermuda.

III.

The population of Bermuda was, at the last census, about 11,500, 4500 whites and 7000 blacks. There has been a slow increase for the last 30 years, but the difficulty of procuring a respectable living, has hitherto caused great numbers of men to emigrate to America. This emigration, with the loss of life, consequent upon the seafaring pursuits, which a large portion of the people follow, accounts for the great preponderance of females, who in both races exceed the number of males, in the ratio of three to two. The number of widows is abnormally large, and the proportion of grown up women, who are married, is absurdly small.

The mischievous prejudice against farming, which Governor Reid unweariedly sought to break down, still exerts a baneful influence, and clogs the industry of the country. All other trades and employment are crowded to overflowing, that, which constitutes the back bone of a country, is comparatively neglected. The country is supplied with shops, to a degree out of all proportion to the wants of the inhabitants. The propensity to shopkeeping is so universal as to be ridiculous. Nearly one half the people derive a precarious livelihood from trade. Such a state of things would ruin any country, and accordingly it is not surprising, that the great majority of the inhabitants both white and black are in very needy circumstances.

The colony owes to Colonel Reid a debt which it can never repay, and a monument, erected to him in the public grounds at Hamilton, bears witness that his disinterested efforts were not altogether unappreciated. He first introduced ploughs, and other improved implements. He also suggested new modes, and objects of culture, and encouraged competition for excellence among the farmers, by holding agricultural shows, and offering prizes thereat. These shows are now unhappily discontinued, but have not been without good effect. Still no permanent improvement can be expected, till the idle and worthless negro race is transferred to Liberia or Sierra Leone, and its place supplied by coolies from India.

The white inhabitants are altogether of English descent, and to a great extent of Puritan Ancestry, as the great prevalence of Old Testament names, even at the present day abundantly proves. As the negroes form the lower class, the white people in general, even although poor, possess an amount of good feeling, refinement, and morality, which is not often to be found in persons of the same wealth and standing, in the neighbouring countries.

As much cannot be said of the blacks. Their freedom has become licence, as is the case with all people, neither worthy, nor fit to be free. Dirtiness and impudence are their leading external characteristics, while their ideas concerning the difference between "meum" and "tuum" are none of the clearest. The women display an utter disregard for virtue, for more than one half of the black children are of illegitimate birth. This vice might, perhaps, in

time be eradicated by the influence of Christianity. That invincible idleness, which seems to be bred in their bone, can only be cast out by generations of forced labour; a remedy now rendered impossible, through the unjust, and impolitic abolition of slavery. The negro is of an inferior race, which must either die out before the Caucasian, or become its "hewer of wood and drawer of water." Intellectually and morally, he is so poorly developed, that it is hardly right to trust him with personal or paternal power, much less with political. He is still a savage who has acquired some of the vices of civilization, but requires long and severe training to become endowed with its virtues, even to a limited extent.

The condition of the negroes is now much worse than it was before the Emancipation. The men spend their money on drink, the women on tawdry finery. They never can save, and spend the evenings of their days in poverty, and wretchedness. They will only work when compelled to do so by hunger, and when they can get nothing to steal. They will only continue their work, till they have enough to satisfy their present desires. Then, in spite of all engagements to the contrary, they relapse into their usual conditions of sloth. It is thus very difficult, for farmers and other employers of labour, to obtain it when most required, nor can they be sure of retaining it for any length of time. So it is impossible for white men to work in the fields, without injury, during great part of the year much loss is caused by this difficulty and uncertainty.

The abolition of slavery, a measure carried by appeals to the prejudices and passions rather than to the reason of England, and hurried through without due deliberation, has demoralised the slave, and ruined the master. The compensation offered was a mere mockery. The owners received about one-fifth of the value of their property. Had they received all, it would have been little better. If the Governor should buy up the tools of all carpenters and shoemakers, and forbid them to get others, what should become of these poor tradesmen. The slave-owners were treated in precisely the same way, their implements taken from them. The charge of inhumanity brought against the advocates of slavery was utterly groundless. They denounced the abuses of the system heartily and were willing to see them remedied, (an easy matter, if the British Government had only taken thought), but they were not prepared to give free play to the licentiousness of a half savage race.

The Government of Bermuda, like that of most of the smaller colonies is composed of three powers; Governor, Council and House of Assembly. The Governor, as is necessary in military colonies, has a good deal of authority in his own dominions, much more than the Queen has in hers. This authority in former times was wont to keep the Governor and Assembly in continual hot water. The Council is both legislative and executive, and its members are appointed for life. It possesses great powers, and exercises them, with little opposition from the Assembly. It

is *de facto* as well as *de jure*, a House of Parliament and not a mere court of registry, as the radicals have made the House of Lords in Britain.

The House of Assembly consists of 36 members, being 4 from each parish. As there is great disparity in population between the parishes, one having 3000 and another only 500, a bill was brought in to make the representation more equal, by diminishing the number of members for the small constituencies, thus saving a good deal of revenue. These small parishes happened to be the strongholds or "rotten boroughs" of a party which calls itself Liberal, and as Liberals never favour reforms which will injure their own interests, they raised such a violent opposition that the bill was rejected, and the House is as unwieldy as ever.

The Revenue is large considering the population, amounting to about £25,000, and is quite equal to the expenditure, though the custom duties are very low.

The great majority of the people, white and black, adhere to the Established Anglican Church, but Presbyterians prevail in the parish of Warwick, and Wesleyans are numerous in the towns. The 9 parishes are divided into 5 benefices, each rector having two parish churches to serve, except the rector of St. George. Besides the parish churches, there is a large cathedral-like Chapel of Ease, in the town of Hamilton, (which is also the seat of Government, and the residence of His Excellency), and two or three smaller chapels elsewhere. As the poverty of the people prevents them from being able to provide religious ordinances for themselves, grants are made from the Colonial Treasury to the dissenting, as well as the established clergy. These grants are the chief sources of the stipend of both classes.

Education is in a very backward state. There is no institution, which can properly be called an Academy, though there are several good classical schools. Many of the poorer whites, and most of the negroes are hardly able to read or write. The Government has supplemented the exertions of benevolent societies and individuals, by granting small sums, to aid in keeping up free schools, for the black people. But as the education is not compulsory, and the negroes have little idea of the value of knowledge, these schools are very poorly attended. It has often happened that black parents demanded money of a teacher, for allowing their children to go to his school.

Tanta est inconstantia stultitiæ atque perversitas.

THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

(CONCLUDED)

Poetry is, perhaps, the most expressive of the beautiful, and the very excellence of poetry is just its power to convey these fine conceptions of emotion. Although the embodiment of analogy is perhaps the higher beauty, still we have the Beautiful in a very high degree, in the simple genuine expression of emotion. If we burst out into an ecstasy of delight at the fine analogy of Bailey:—

"It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain thought
And feel the spirit stretch into a view;"—

we are no less affected by the sweet expressions of tender emotion in those beautiful lines of the laureate Woodsworth, which makes one feel richer to possess them:—

"Thanks to the human heart, by which we love;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And who does not feel like dropping a tear of gratitude for that divine gift which enabled the poet thus beautifully to embalm for eternal remembrance, what all may have perchance experienced but might otherwise forget:—

"The tear whose source I could not guess,
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless
Were mine in early days."

The imagination especially shadows forth the forms of beauty, grandeur and sublimity, when it can move upon the diversified elements of thought, and blend them into one harmonious whole,—into one beautiful, grand or sublime conception. Thought is of itself beautiful—the winged messenger of the soul,—and that which is brought into harmony with thought has great power in awakening in us the sense of the same.

The poet had listened with rapturous delight to the trumpet's notes, as they were reverberated from some neighboring hill-side, Amid similar scenes he had also heard similar notes from the trumpet-tongued water-fall. He blends the two and finely shadows forth the conception of the Beautiful:—

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

The imagination often embodies the forms of beauty and sublimity, by blending things opposite in themselves, and also things in their nature alike. We have a fine illustration of blending opposites—the animate and inanimate—in the following sublime lines of the poet, in which he represents the thunders as growling monsters in their lair, roused to fury by the lightnings gleaming in magnificent and terrific grandeur in the heavens:

"'Twas night; the sultry atmosphere
Half palpable with darkness seemed,
Save when the lightnings quick and clear
Across wide heaven in grandeur gleamed;
Rousing along the fields of air
The growling thunders from their lair."

We have an example of the imagination evolving the Beautiful by blending things identical in their nature, in the sweet lines of the poet in which he so touchingly expresses the overpowering influence of maternal affection:

"Her love to me in strong control,
Formed of her life the dearest part;
It seemed a soul within a soul—
The very pulse within her heart."

In the sphere of imagination we not only have the highest beauty awakened, but we have also a conclusive proof that the feeling of the beautiful is produced by things different and opposite according as they awaken the conception of emotion.

It very often happens, moreover, that the more diverse the objects of these conceptions are, the more striking is the figure, and the more exquisite is the beauty of the conception:—

"The twilight hours like birds flew by
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea:
For every wave with dimpled cheek,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there."

What intense admiration do these lines elicit! Yet the heaving wave of the sea or lake reflecting the twinkling gems of night, as an object of sense, bears no resemblance whatever to the dimpled cheek of beauty, or to the fond mother catching up her sweet babe and lovingly holding it in her tender embrace. Why, then, are we so delighted at the blending of conceptions, the objects of which are, in themselves so unlike? Evidently because these conceptions

are mutually co-related to similar feelings. When such conceptions are thus blended into a beautiful emotion, common to both, the perfection of beauty is shadowed forth. The imagination must be fired in order to light up our hearts with the brightest beams of delight in the contemplation of the Beautiful and Sublime. The finest landscape painting, the choicest music, the most exquisite poetry, fail to excite any lively emotion in the mind when we have regard merely to the qualities of their composition and performance. It is only when our imaginations are kindled, and the play of fancy awakened by their power, that we experience the highest feeling of beauty, and are almost lost in the pleasing reverie of the mind. Hence the beautiful apostrophe of the French poet may be applied to every composition of taste :—

“N'avez-vous pas souvent, an lieux infrequentes
Recontre tout-a-coup, ces aspects enchantes,
Qui suspendent vos pas, dont l'image cherie
Vous jette en une douce et longue reverie?”

And what is it but just the train of thought awakened that gives such grand sublimity and rich beauty to many pieces of musical and poetical composition. “Rule Britannia” is *grand* in its majestic strains alone, but how gloriously *sublime* does it become by the many delightful associations that cluster around it.

It is the feeling of mystic awe awakened in the mind that makes Shelley's lines to the Spirit of Beauty so transcendently sublime :—

“The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with an inconstant wing,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,—
Like aught that for its grace may be—
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.”

What invests Campbell's lines on “The Last Man” with such sublimity but their power to awaken the feelings of awful loneliness, and to transport the reader into the silence and solitude of vacuity, while the poet represents the lonely man addressing the fading king of day with such calm dignity and composure?

“Yet prophet like that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, we are twins in death proud sun
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
’Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow.
* * * * *

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded, gasp and gurgling breath,
To see thou shalt not boast,—
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost.”

The feeling of the Beautiful and the Sublime is often awakened by simple sounds, but especially by musical notes. How sublime must the sullen roar of the angry sea have been, while the army of Achilles marched by at the dead of night as described in the Iliad :—

“Through the still night they march and hear the roar
Of murmuring billows on the sounding shore.”

How truly sublime the sentiment awakened! The stillness of night gives awful majesty to the dead dull tramp of

the army blending with the sublime roar of the sounding billows, as they proudly lash the responsive shore.

In music we have especially *unity in variety*, and also the power of awakening every latent emotion of the mind. And the Scotchman well knew its power to awaken the feelings of sadness and sorrow and joy, when he engaged to make an Englishman cry and sing and dance in succession, by the pathetic or lively strains of his guitar.

Now there is a very wide distinction between music, or a regular composition of sounds and *beautiful* music. In order to be beautiful, music must awaken some sentiment in the mind—must invite a pleasing train of thought; for if the strings of our imaginations are not struck, our hearts refuse to vibrate to the touch of music, be it ever so correct in its composition and performance.

In form, and especially in the human form, is the perfection of beauty shadowed forth. Form is a more intellectual idea than colour, since form or figure is an essential property of matter. Hence the sculptor has an advantage over the painter; because in all the fine combinations of form we have the more intellectual idea.

In human form we have not only gradual variety and the harmony of all the parts, but also the expression of the soul in the features of the countenance. Hence the fine effect. It is the

“Animated form
That speaks a mind within.”

as Akenside has it, that gives the highest type—the perfection of beauty.

The more natural the face—the more unaffected the air—the more genuine the expression of the countenance,—the more real and expressive is the beauty.

When love looks fondly from the eye, and intelligence sits with calm majesty upon the brow; when the joyous smile dances upon the dimpled cheek, and meek simplicity speaks in each motion of the lip; when virtue and purity and sympathy shed a bright lustre over every emotion of the soul; and when each of these are expressive of the genuine and reigning emotion within, how great is the charm of that countenance, how divine the beauty with which it is invested! serenely sweet because it awakens kindred feelings in our own mind, for love kindleth love by looking, and joy begets joy. It is therefore in the human form and in the region of mind that the perfection of beauty is to be sought.

The motion of the human form, and the feature of the human countenance express whatever is lovely or beautiful in the character of mind. The sweet loveliness of innocence is seen in the frank and cheerful face—the calm majesty of virtue is read in the placid brow—the soft tenderness of affection beams sweetly from the gentle eye—the joy of a merry heart is the raised lip and dimpled cheek—and hope and contentment shine forth in the serenity of the bright and happy countenance. Hence the pre-eminent beauty of the human form. All genuine emotion is beautiful; and whenever we behold genuine emotion we share in the expression which we contemplate, and our bosoms glow with kindred sensibilities. Wherefore, it is the associated conceptions of mind, and the pleasing train of thought suggested, that give the highest type of beauty.

It is the train of imagery awakened in the contemplation of any object or scene that elicits our warmest admiration. And hence it is that “the spirit of Beauty is everywhere,” because in contemplating its varied beauties, every species of emotion may be awakened, according to the disposition of the mind, and the character of the scene.

And, not only so, but the contemplation of nature is admirably suited to inspire religious and devotional senti-

ments, as it inevitably leads our thoughts to dwell upon the power, the wisdom and the benevolence of the Author of our being. We cannot but adore Him when we think that He has so finely tempered our mind, that devotion springs from delight, and imagination finally reposes on the most glorious and beautiful of all beautiful objects; and after having borne our hearts and our affections on the pinions of devotion,

“Thro’ Nature, up to Nature’s God,”

Imagination shall become a blissful reality, and Hope a full and eternal fruition.

Poetry.

HOPE.

Man dreams forever and evermore
Of happier days in the future:
To reach some good that is just before
He’s hurrying ever after.
The world grows old, and again grows young,
Still man dreams ever of brighter suns.

Hope leads the new soul in life along,
And hovers over its happy boyhood:
The youth is charmed by its magic song,
And ’tis not with the aged one buried;
For dropped in the grave is life’s weary load,
On the grave is planted his hope in God.

It is no empty, flattering dream
In the brain of a fool forlorn:
Our hearts forever do loudly proclaim
To something more noble, we’re born,—
And what the innermost voices say
Will never the hoping soul betray.

—Madesonensis.

A CHEMIST’S VALENTINE.

I love thee, Mary, and, thou lovest me.
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies.
I am potassium to thy oxygen;
’Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an acid—
A living acid; thou an alkali
Endowed with human sense; that, brought together,
We both might coalesce into one salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh, that thou
Wert carbon, and myself hydrogen!
We would unite to form olefiant gas
Of common coal or naphtha. Would to heaven
That I were phosphorus and thou wert lime,
And we of lime composed a phosphuret!
I’d be content to be sulphuric acid,
So that thou mightst be soda. In that case
We should be Glauber’s salt. Wert thou magnesia
Instead, we’d form the salt that’s named from Epsom.
Couldst thou potassa be, I aquafortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of potash—otherwise saltpetre,
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,
We’d live and love together, until death
Should decompose this fleshy Tertium Quid,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated! Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs.—*Exchange.*

Correspondence.

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

To the Editors of the Dalhousie College Gazette.

GENTLEMEN,—

Now that Dalhousie University has risen signally and successfully above the mere struggle for existence, and ranks as an acknowledged centre of intellectual life and literary culture, it is the duty of all who desire to extend the influence, and elevate the educational importance of the institution, to endeavour to make it still more worthy of the title of University, by widening its collegiate work. Care should be taken from time to time, as opportunity offers, to add, not merely new departments in the curriculum of arts, but also, special faculties for professional studies. A wise step has been already taken in this direction, by the establishment of a Faculty of Medicine in connection with the University, and it is high time, now, that the Senate should consider the practicability of adding to the University list a Faculty of Law.

Students-at-Law in our province, ought to have at least as much facilities for professional preparation here as their medical associates; and none of the professional faculties, perhaps, could be more naturally, economically and profitably combined with the ordinary University courses than that of Law.

While the standard of legal education in the province has been of late years steadily rising, the advantages which courses of lectures on the more scientific principles of jurisprudence afford to the students, now would secure in the highest degree, a solid advancement of professional training and power. Gentlemen zealous to earn distinction and degrees in Law, now having to go to Harvard would then come to Dalhousie; and many of those meaning to make Law their profession, and finding facilities for its study in your University would doubtless take the ordinary collegiate course. The faculty would cost the University nothing for apparatus or for working material; and it surely could not be difficult to select from the provincial bar professors capable of sustaining in the legal course, that reputation which Dalhousie has won so worthily in other fields.

There ought to be in such a faculty a scientific division of the study of Law into some such classified arrangement as the following:—

1. English Common Law, and its modification by provincial statutes.
2. Equity.
3. Real property Law.
4. Civil, Foreign, and International Law.
5. Constitutional Law and Legal History.

Sir William Blackstone wrote his famous commentaries, not for the members of the Inns of Court alone, but for the educated country gentlemen of England as well, and it is surely unnecessary to dwell in detail on the advantages which students of the University, not training for the Bar,

Ancient Speculation.

(CONCLUDED.)

Aristotle was more exact and logical than his master. He used the definition and induction of Socrates, the analysis and classification so completely wrought out by Plato and to these added the syllogism. This latter gave a rigor and necessity to thought which excluded many fanciful theories. Once in possession of generals from facts in experience, once having obtained concepts of objects, he leaped forward to rear his grand structure of Logic. His method now was one of demonstration. Aristotle did not pay supreme attention to metaphysics. He laid a solid basis for his Logic by generalizing from the facts of experience; showed what the objects of science are, and how to arrive at knowledge. Beyond the general idea necessary to his Logic, he advanced little. Deity was not discussed; matter was nothing to him but attributes, hence he is accused of sensationalism; Plato's soul of the universe was denied and he affirmed attributes were eternal always the same. It was as a logician that Aristotle was illustrious. Here he is so eminent as to spurn comparison with any other. This is his own work. It led him to attend to the form of thought. The laws that govern in mental operations were traced with almost perfect accuracy; he was the legislator of mind. Aristotle was the last Great Sage of Greece. The brilliant fire of genius which had glowed in the souls of previous thinkers, seems in inspiring such a mind as his, to have exhausted itself and following philosophers are intellectual pigmies compared with the Giant of Stagira.

The Sceptics. It is much more easy to pull down than build up, to notice imperfections than guard against them to be a critic than a faultless worker. System after system had risen and been more or less destroyed till an ideal psychology was introduced; knowledge as such was born. Reason was proclaimed its sole progenitor then, sense declared to be its virgin parent, finally both were recognized as its lawful producers. Then Scepticism reared its head and with rude hands tore away the drapery which beautified this or that theory, and demanded a proof. Certainty was pronounced impossible. After Aristotle a similar enemy met Speculation. The same spirit of doubt appeared. Many began to ask, "What is the test of certainty?" In vain was reason declared the arbiter between truth and error. The dogged skeptic demanded proof that Reason was correct. How was it known that it was not liable to the same mistakes as sense? Were a higher standard known, reason might be found to err as often as it now proclaims, sense incorrect. This was a probability which could not be gainsayed. The intuitions of mind might at times give false notions which in the absence of tests were unknown. Reason is its own judge, does it always decide impartially? It is the last court of appeal, but is it on that account perfect? These were likelihoods which could not be rejected. It was a position whence the sceptics could not be driven. Finding themselves unanswered they proclaimed all to be uncertain. Metaphysics, then, should be abandoned as a barren field, for thought. Since absolute certainty was unattainable, the world of phenomena alone should be attended to. Life as it is found they proposed as the proper subject of study for man. "What is the object of life?" was the question which succeeded the ontological one "What is?" Morals were now the science for thinkers. This tendency began with Socrates in his making happiness, contingent upon knowledge, the great aim of life. In the schools immediately following from him we see it further developed. The first of these was the Megaric. It was the metaphy-

sics of the Eleatics, tinctured by the teaching of Socrates. Euclid, its founder, maintained the unity of Anaxagoras, but to it added the moral attributes which Socrates accorded to Deity. He termed it *the good*. This was known only through reason. The next school influenced by Socrates was the Cyrenaic. This was just a development in a downward direction, of the view of Socrates that happiness is the great aim of life. Aristippus, its originator declared the good of the great moralist to be pleasure. The only test of truth he made in the Sensation of pleasure or pain. The last corruption immediately connected with Socrates' teaching was the Cynical school. This, the basest but most widely known of ancient philosophical sects, was founded by Antisthenes. It was best represented in the person of Diogenes of Sinope, whose name has become a synonym for an indecent snarling man. Their aim was a life of virtue. Mind was all, the body was to be despised. This was their filthy road to happiness. Science they declared impossible. Empirical facts were what they maintained as answers to arguments. Definitions they said were but series of words. It was their morals, however, which rendered them proverbial. The two last of these schools were (almost purely) ethical distortions from Socrates. In Plato, Ethics occupied a prominent place. But his discourses were not those of an interested social being but rather of a cold idealistic philosopher. We now come to the Ethical schools resulting from skepticism. With but a belief in uncertainty, they set themselves to form sects of moralists. Among these history places first the Epicureans. Epicurus their founder, derived his Psychology from the writings of Democritus. He was a pure sensationalist. Sensation was the basis of morals. Sensation may be pleasant or painful. The simple rule was to choose the former and escape the latter. Pleasure was the chief object of existence. But we must learn what constitutes pleasure. Knowledge he held was necessary to this. Temperance he recommended as the path to happiness, but his denial of a future state of rewards and punishments, left his followers free to arrive at the end in view, in any way they chose. Pleasure soon became synonymous with sensual indulgence. Passion took the reins, lust spurred on its votaries, appetite dragged the wretched pleasure-seeker to meet an end from which all happiness was gone. Such were the results of an attempt to arrive at happiness by a life of pleasure.

The evident failure of the Epicurean system, led thinkers to seek another mode for the attainment of the great end of life. Zeno next descended to grapple with the difficulty. He first set himself to find a philosophic base, on which to build his ethical system. To approximate to the ideal man seems to have been his aim. Neither Philosophy nor pleasure would produce this. Virtue alone was adequate. Enjoyment and the knowledge given by speculation may be auxiliaries, but they are not the end in view. He was not purely sensational. He recognized reason as a preserver in perception, moulding sensations into concepts. He believed that the soul in perception in some mysterious way, spread itself out as an atmosphere about the individual, and in this the impressions of objects were received. But in this process the action of the soul and the thing observed is reciprocal, hence the object is still perceived only as the senses make it. Here the viper of uncertainty crept in, even through the close theory of Zeno. Still there was truth and error in Sensation.—Where is the long sought criticism? Here the Stoics fell back on common sense. It was the Judge. In physics, they held naught, existed but corporeal. These are divided into active and passive. Fate they made the power over all. God was but an intelligence, making inert mat-

ter, what is, it was not eternal, but originated by this fate. Here they were sensational. In Ethics right reason was proposed as the rule of life. Holiness, justice and order were their grand lessons. Their physical belief clashed with their moral theory. How could such virtues come from fatalism? The ethical position of Zeno is worthy of admiration. Man was to be independent of all such states as bodily pain or pleasure. Every fear, save that of losing honour was to be ignored. Stern and of a majestic demeanour, the founder of the Stoics profoundly impressed the fickle and effeminate Athenians. Amid the descendents of the illustrious Greeks, whose fame was still ringing in his ears, he saw profligacy succeeding industry, and weak indulgence responding to the call of every desire, and he set himself to stem the tide of demoralization. He sought to again restore that noble virility which long marked a Greek.

His desire to reform led him to go to extremes. Many of the finest feelings were pretended to be crushed, a calm but hypocritical indifference was observed which was as harsh and forbidding as the wanton eagerness of the Epicureans. The name they have bequeathed to posterity is that of the frigid Stoics, men of iron wills, but hearts of stone; confiding in their own strength, resolving all into an unalterable fate, which when they could not charge they proudly obeyed.

This was the question aiming the Greek philosophers. Philo, probably influenced by his religion, suggested a new method of acquisition. He propounded the doctrine that when the mind trusted in what it could not verify by a process of reasoning, it believed by means of a supernatural faith, a new power communicated by Heaven. It was especially in the belief of God that Philo saw need of this faith. Now this really does not seem a natural or necessary means of explanation. It detracts from minds' perfections. It is assisted to believe, then its faith no more than the things in which it exercises, faith is not its own. Suppose a man is met having a very valuable diamond in his possession; he is to all appearance worthy to be the owner, capable of guarding it, able to use it to the best advantage, has any man any right to deny him to be its owner? Few would answer this affirmatively. Now in looking at mind it is found to have valuable beliefs on which it acts fearlessly, of which it is a worthy possessor, powerful to work with them, skilful to use them, have we any right to affirm, that its own beliefs are not acquired by its own means. Reason works on, accompanied by consciousness till its powers fail, then mind by some mysterious sight of intuition catches a glimpse of the truth after which reason struggled. How it does so we know not. That it does so, we have its own testimony. We must allow the mind to gain these beliefs, though we cannot trace its mode of conception. In Philo's doctrine we see a blending of religion with philosophy. This tendency continued through subsequent systems. The mind had trod its weary round in a strange labyrinth unable to find an exit, it now strove by the stilts of supernatural faith, to see beyond its enclosure by scanning over, instead of catching glimpses through its surroundings. Plotinus further prosecuted Neo-Platonism. And as in chemical formulas, one equivalent of an element may be replaced by a different body, and the series remain the same, so Neo-Platonism runs its course with Plotinus, though the faith of heathenism was imposed for the truth which Philo drew from christianity. This thinker attempted to know or explain how we know. He denied the possibility of the finite knowing the infinite. This was where he began to speculate. To know the infinite the mind must be the infinite. But we are finite, and we do cognize the infinite. This he solved thus:—Zeus who

is a kind god, at times permits the imprisoned soul to quit the body and fly back to its former state, in which it can gaze on the divine arch-types, see perfect truth, know all the infinite. This view confounds subject and object, the mind becomes one with that contemplated, it is merged in it. This state he called ecstasy.

The last of the Neo Platonists was Proclus. He was born at Constantinople, A.D., 412. This thinker is invested with grand interest from his being the last of ancient philosophers. He made strenuous efforts to uphold the power of heathenism. He lent every energy of a strong mind to build up by means of Plato's philosophy, a religion in opposition to christianity. He strove to compromise, reconcile differences, and by yielding a little, retain his loved idolatry. He would make Christ one of his gods; his image might stand with those of Zeus, Artemis, &c. Instead of striking out paths of enquiry for mind and only seeking aid from reason when he came to the last sign post notched by speculation, he simply took the ancient hymns of the Greeks, and strove to interpret their supposed infallible revelations in the light of philosophy. Speculation was a tool in his hands to build temples to his gods. Religion was to be rationalized rather than philosophy satisfied. The philosopher, he made the reconciler of a different creeds, the interpreter of all religion. Proclus became a priest, a mystic. With him ancient speculation ends. He is the last link of that golden chain which glitters with more or less effulgence down through the ages. He stands at the portal of mysticism ready to enter, as Thales stood, though facing in a different direction: he is the negative pole, the Ionian philosopher, the positive. Each claims our attention. They are the emphatic words at the beginning, and end of that complex though connected sentence which tells of man's thirst for hidden knowledge, its partial satiation, of the strength given by the draught to pursue other investigations and to prepare the world for a new and progressive development of knowledge. We have now briefly traced the progress of mental science from the time when the plain enquiry of the Milesian thinker occupied us to that in which we listened to the mystic utterances of the Alexandrian High Priest.—The lessons taught by such a review will be very different to different minds. To us the benefits of speculation seem chiefly negative. It showed certain questions to be unanswerable, certain appearances unreal, certain things irreconcilable. The essence of all things cannot be known. How we have a knowledge of the outer world is inexplicable, and whether our mental concepts correspond with the material objects, an unsettled question. Sense was shown to be deceptive, and reason needful to correct its messages, (or something corrects, whether transformed sensations or reflections). Material Sensation in our bodies and mental cognition, though almost disparate "tato coelo" must be believed. Finite man has a knowledge of the infinite though attempted to be denied. The great negative value of speculation was in leading, by its repeated failures, to the study of appearances. When it was considered that effects known must be as invariable as their unknown causes, men began to work with the former instead of speculation about the latter. Laws as immutable were found controlling those as were believed to obtain among these. This is the starting point of science; phenomenal facts are noticed, arranged the mode of the operative principle detected, natural philosophy is born. Simple science begins nearly as Thales began. How near the entrance to progressive science is to that of circular, stationary speculation!

A contemplation of the ethical phase of the ancient systems of philosophy is also instructed. Happiness as

the great end of existence is taught as plainly as in christian revelation.

This desire is omnipotent. The fruitless search after means, whereby to attain this end, shows how powerless is unassisted man to arrive at any near approximation to complete felicity; how far from inculcating the precepts of the Bible as a way to become happy; it shows that man of himself would never learn the way to true happiness, and also teaches us to have still stronger faith in the Revelation or our God, to admire His goodness, thank Him for His doctrines, and love and adore Him for His mercy to us. Another thought arises which we touched on before: why are we so constituted that we can with great difficulty restrain ourselves from pursuing inquiries and making investigations which the universal testimony of thinkers declares cannot be answered and crowned with success? Why has a desire for knowledge been implanted in us which our powers of mind do not equal? Why do we long to penetrate what all attempts show to be veiled from view by a Creator's hand? Why this struggling of mind with existence? Why this feeling of Impotency which so humbles us? Why feel that a germ is within us, which in our present state can never reach fruition? Why this longing after hidden knowledge, this natural insanity, this intellectual madness, this profound foolishness? Is it consistent with that God, whose every manifestation declares Him Love, to implant yearnings in us for an unattainable object; to worry us by unsatisfied desires? Surely these things are so for a wise purpose. Truly God did so in order to show us that we will yet arrive at a higher and purer state in which every wish shall have fulfillment, every desire be gratified, every longing appeased, and every enquiry completely answered!

In writing, we should be careful to introduce no arguments that are controvertible; arguments are like soldiers, it is better to have a few who, like the Spartans at Thermopylae are capable of defending a post, than a number like those myriads of Persians that accompanied Xerxes, and that served only to swell the triumph and augment the fame of the victor. Another reason why we should be careful to have a "*corps elite*" of good arguments, rather than to increase their number by the addition of any that are weak, is this: our adversary will not fail to reply to those that are weak, and by overcoming them, will take the credit, and often gain it too, of having conquered those that are strong; for as in fortifications, extended works are seldom without some points that are weak, so in controversy multiplied arguments are seldom without some points that are indefensible. In conversation also, no less than in writing, a rule somewhat similar to the above might be recommended, if we would wish wholly to avoid the caustic sarcasm uttered by Bently to one whose tongue, like the race-horse, went the faster the less weight it carried, namely, that he showed his learning to the ignorant but his ignorance to be learned. In fact if men would confine their talk to those subjects only which they understand, that which St. John informs us took place once in heaven would happen frequently on earth,—“Silence for the space of half an hour.”—*Miami Student*.

WOMEN not under sixteen are to be admitted to the privileges of Eton College, England—an evidence of the advance of the age,—of the young ladies?

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 25, 1870.

WE suppose that when the DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE has developed into sixty pages, and has a circulation of something less than 100,000; when we who now toil at the oar in the GAZETTE galley, shall have grown red in the nose and bidden a tender farewell to our knees over the last protuberance of stomach, or (our pens being blunt and our ink dry) shall have given up the ghost, and answered *adsum* to the final roll call; when the Editor of the *Reporter* shall be performing the part of Count Ugoline or the head of the Editor of the *Chronicle* in a place which shall be nameless; when all people who subscribe to a Newspaper (or a Gazette) shall infallibly pay the subscription; (and that is a sort of infallibility we shall be most happy to support); when Halifax shall have 100,000 people, and a reliable town clock; when the races on our glorious harbor (talk of “Cawrk” or the Bay of Naples—we beg the native’s pardon, the “Bee of Neeples”—why they are not a circumstance to it!) shall not be confined to wharf rats; and when the yearly champion race shall not be the most miserable farce in the sporting world—then we suppose that Dalhousie College will be having its Crew, its Club, its boat, and its yearly races against Kings, or some other Institution, and glorious fun it will be, and we envy, in prospectu, the happy grandsons who will engage in it. “We are led to these remarks” from remembrance of the recent contest between Cambridge and Oxford (last year we would have written Oxford and Cambridge) and the unexpected but welcome triumph of Cambridge. Great joy there was surely by the banks of Cam for this victory, all unexpected as it was. For ever so many years these Cambridge men had gone on race day into their boats in the gloomy certainty of being shamefully beaten ere even an hour was done, and surely each man must have felt a sort of Gladiatorial resignation as he silently greeted his captain—ave Cæsar Imperator Morituum te saluto!—and took his place for the race that was lost in prospective. Any other men would have lost heart and hope, would have given up the training and taken to billiards and beer, under the depressing effect of so frequent defeats, but the Cambridge men silently went to work to improve themselves, while the Oxonians may have lost something of their watchfulness and failed to keep themselves up—and the consequences are that Oxford loses and Cambridge wins, and the winning is more wonderful from the great stride in perfection that must have been made to obtain it. This race makes an era in University Boating. The race of next year will be a most absorbing topic for the thousands of English gentlemen who are concerned for the honor of their colleges, their clubs, their old boats and colors. The training of the crews of next year will be a most important affair, for Ox-

ford will win back its honor, and Cambridge will preserve its new supremacy, and there will be a most exciting race, all England will see it, and the attendance in the House of Commons will justify a "counting out."

The great pleasure with which the news of the Cambridge victory was received, makes one think of how deeply founded is that good old English Institution, Fair Play. The English public tire of lauding any particular victor, of continually shouting in his honor, of continually weaving yearly crowns for his brow; they begin to see it's not fair, that the beaten fellows ought to have a chance, and though they would not "foul" anything to make a change, they are heartily glad when the change comes. So they welcome the "Chicken" when they have done enough honor to the "Slasher," so Mace succeeds Sayers—who is dead, like Milo; and so they are heartily glad to give Cambridge its meed of cheers and the ribbon of victory, being tired of continually cheering for Oxford. The same spirit which makes the British public "form a ring" and show "fair play," when two fellows are smashing one another's noses, and pick up the fallen and wipe his nose, and slap him on the back, and send him to his work again, the same spirit makes them cheer up, and wave their hats for Cambridge, when the beaten men overtake their former victors—not that they love Oxford less or Cambridge more, but that they love Fair Play above all.

How will this result affect the American Crew? It will be noticed that after this last race there has been no crimination and recrimination, no bitterness, no charges of "foul play," no sneers, no inuendos, all is fair and manly, defeat is acknowledged with readiness, victory is borne with generosity and modesty. But America does not love to be beaten, Young America loves it least of all, and will be chagrined at the result of the race which leaves its picked crew, the third in racing circles. Cambridge beat Oxford, which beat United States, therefore Cambridge could beat United States, is not strictly logical indeed, but it is what will be *felt* by a great number, and said by not a few.

If all earnest penitents are angry with Sir Francis Hincks for putting a duty on covers and packages, thereby raising the price of good penitential sackcloth; if all the old women of the country are "down" on the same for raising the price of snuff; surely the boys will cherish a most bitter hatred of Judge Pryor for his daring declaration that Halifax boys are bad boys through pure "cussedness," as our western brother says. One wonders if it is all true, and if the boys are bad, or if it is not true, and Judge Pryor is a sort of judicial Baythorne, who conceals his good nature under awful frowns, and checks his desire to pat the youngsters on the head and give them sixpence, by hurling awful denunciations at them. We should like to think Judge Pryor was wrong, or only "funning," but are afraid to trust our judgment and opinion in opposition to Judge Pryor, and that awfully strict sheet the *Chronicle*, which predicted speedy dissolution to us, because we used

a little Latin slang, while the *Chronicle* confines itself to slang in the vernacular. What is the general idea of a "Boy?" is it not something merry and mischievous; something with curly hair and bright eyes; something that has a longing appetite for jam, that never tells a lie, that is always yielding to small temptations, and weeping its eyes out in penitence, that plays cricket and football, and fights other fellows and gets badly beaten, that has no respect for its sisters, and gives nicknames to its schoolmaster, that is entirely frank, and loveable, and manly, and mischievous, and wholly unmanageable? Is not that the general opinion of our readers on boys? Would not one regret to have to give up that charming idea of a boy, for something entirely different? Would it not pain us to think that idea was wrong? Alas! that idea is *not all* true, only partially true. There is Judge Pryor's idea of a "boy" as he appears before the Judges chair—(in that awful den where the bones of little boys are ground up and given to the dogs at Rockhead, as is popularly supposed among them) a something that is ragged and dirty, that leers through its face-covering of dirt with the awful leer of premature vice and brutality, that lies and steals and curses, that knows the inside of the prison and is well known to the police, that can tell the price of gin and the place to get it cheapest and strongest, that is a pest as a boy, will be a criminal as a man, and as a spirit—God only knows what! Is this an ugly picture, or an over-drawn one? Oh it is not, cannot be true, surely such a picture is the creation of a morbid fancy! some delicate person may say. Not at all! Go and ask Judge Pryor, who sentences such little boys every day, he will tell you it is true enough. And why should it not be true? Have we not crime and wickedness and idleness, and drunkenness, and ignorance among our adult population, to make us up a generation of bad boys like "Poor little Hulks."

Who was born, who cares? in the gutter may be;
That's a damp sort of cradle, eh? rather!
But his mother's address was the streets you see.
And well? What matters who was his father?

And having such boys, lots of them among us, what does virtuous Halifax do with them? Why you may see in the papers. Judge Pryor announces he will have "no mercy" on them if brought up before him. He will say to such little boys, "you little imps you were born in garrets or the gutter, your cradle was a soap box or a washing tub, your mother suckled you on gin, and your father patted you with the leg of the chair, you were turned out on the streets when you could toddle, you were taught to curse before you knew what words meant, you were kept in ignorance, filth, degradation, misery, till the little spark of God in you was crushed out of you, till you became like a Worse, or fouler Caliban, and now, you little ruffian, you have been brought up before me, and I'll make an example of you. I'll send you to Rock Head." That's what pious Halifax does for its "bad" boys. No chance for reformation, no glimpse of a better life, no teaching, no kindness, no mercy! Is it any wonder the poor little devils should think the world was just a place to steal and

drink, and tell lies in? Shall we give our Christian public another verse from the awful autobiography we have once before quoted, concerning the effects of this "sending up" of little boys to Rockhead:—

When you meet only devils—she devils as well,
And the worst of both proves the stronger,
This here lovely world is a good deal like hell,
Only hell lasts a little while longer.

And there's nothing, and nobody, that I've not done,
Though I'm small—when I'm big I'll be bolder,
And show you that I'm quite my father's own son,
Ah! you only just wait till I'm older.

Christian public, these are the sentiments the "bad" little boys learn when you "send them up" to Rockhead. Isn't it very improper of the little wretches? and shouldn't we applaud Judge Pryor when he proposes with a degree of wisdom and humanity quite his own, to "make examples of them?" Examples, that is, of course, one might think, of what kindness, and love, and gentleness might do to soften them, what teaching might do to enlighten them, what habits of industry might do to raise them, what Christian Instruction might do to make them good men and citizens—Oh no! Not at all; but examples of what harshness and cruelty may do to harden them, what ignorance may do to debase them, what "evil communications" may do to corrupt good morals, or rather to make bad morals worse, what dirt and oaths and lewd conversation in the society of the scum in Rockhead, the Raw Material of Devils, may do to make out of these boys who are after God's image and likeness, hideous satires on Man's Divinity and God's Humanity. "Suffer little children to come unto me," says our Lord—but for what a kindly purpose? "Suffer little children to come unto me" says Judge Pryor, (if this comparison be not profane) but for what an inhuman purpose. Come, Christian public, you punish some Tom Noakes for ill-using his horse, or kicking his snarling cur into the gutter—take a little thought too about these "bad" little boys:—

"You're not a bad lot! Think of poor little Hulks
And of all you have done to reclaim him."

There is a story told of an excessively polite Frenchman, who, on being lost overboard, went down twice, and no relief reaching him in time, called out to his friends *excusez moi je vous prie* and went the third time beneath the waves forever. None but a Frenchman could shake the water out of his eyes and preface his final plunge by such a remark, and we in all humility, believe that none but an Editor could arise from the gloom and terrors of a fortnights examination and picking Greek cobwebs from his eyes and ethical curses out of his heart, dip a mediæval quill in modern ink, and attempt to give the printer his soul's feelings for the eyes of his readers, in the shape of a valedictory.

This number closes our second volume: and if our readers, feel half the sadness that fills our heart, never was so much grief exhibited over a literary separation.

We've talked to you for six months, and you have frequently talked to us; sometimes in a very paternal and well-meaning way. We have received basketsful of advice and hope to profit by it. We wish further admonition from you. What do you think of carrying on the *Gazette* during the summer? The only grave fault of the writers—too heavy articles—could then be avoided, and short articles fill our columns.

We are now on the throes of doubt; the balance trembles, fling a mite into one or the other.

Now adieu. We pray for your baskets and stores more fervently than we did, since thence comes our support in 50 cent mouthfuls. We wish all our readers the happiness they wish us, and greater we cannot say.

The centre of a ring of parents desirous of sending their boys to college, of maidens desirous of intelligent husbands; of spinster aunts who peer at us through spectacles, and bachelor uncles who see us through the circles of their cigars, we bid you all a sincere good-bye, and whether or not we shall all meet again by means of the *Gazette*, of one thing rest assured, that as long as the chances of this life, aided by cosmetics and switches, as long as paregoric and "blisters" can keep us "on this mortal coil," none shall be dearer to us in the present world than you who have tended our birth, cherished our youth, and we hope will yet smile on our mature efforts.

We would call attention to the letter of "A Barrister" in another column. The subject is one to which we believe the attention of the Governors has already been directed, its importance cannot be overestimated, and we sincerely hope that our correspondent's wishes may speedily be carried out. We will probably return to the subject editorially shortly.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

An amusing periodical, got up by the boys at Uppingham school, gives a capital parody of the style of "examination papers" frequently presented for the torture of students. We select one or two examples:—"Supposing the river Ganges to be three cubits in breath (which it isn't), what is the average height of the Alps, stocks being at 91½?" "If in Autumn apples cost 4d. a pound in London, and potatoes a shilling a score in Spring, when will green-gages be sold in Paris at 1½d. each, Spanish oranges being at a discount of five per cent.?" "If two men can kill two brace of partridges in going up the right side of a rectangular turnip field, how many would be killed by five men and a terrier pup in going down the other side?" "If a milkmaid, 4 feet ten inches in height, while sitting on a three-legged stool, took four pints of milk out of every fifteen cows, what was the size of the field in which the animals grazed, and what the girl's name and age?" "If 30,000, 000,000 of human beings have lived since the beginning of the world, how many may we safely say will die before the end of it? N. B.—This example to be worked out by simple subtraction, algebra and the rule of three. Compare results."

Lectures and Lecturers.

Mr. Howe, or some other universal peg on which to hang second rate witticisms, has said that the chief amusements of Halifax people are Funerals and Lectures. And to be sure a good deal of amusement may be got out of a regular and persistent attendance at Funerals during all seasons of the year. First there's the half-holiday, which is a sort of excitement in itself; then there's the long walk at a slow pace, to the cemetery, which is admirably calculated to display a good figure and carriage; then there's the conversation of the couple in front of you, and the couple behind you, which is sure to take an anecdotal turn on such occasions, when, if you are attentive you may gather a good deal of information; and finally there's the delightful consciousness that all the ladies along the route are peeping at you personally (of course) through the blinds. An afternoon may be spent very pleasantly in this way, especially if the person in the hearse is an intimate friend, or a fond wife, or a pressing creditor. Agreeing with the mythical person in his opinion as to funerals, I may say I quite agree with him when he puts down lectures as amusements, and amusements only. For as they have been generally delivered in Halifax, I decline to look upon them as instructive, and I do not think many people have found them over amusing. Looking at lectures as I do, I may say that if this were an Eastern land, and I the Sultan Abdul Aziz, I should begin my reign by a private slaughter of all the lecturers I have ever heard (with the exception of the gentleman who hit out so freely from the shoulder when discussing public morality) and by liberally bastinadoing all the newspaper critics, and giving them a hint of the bowstring. For if we are to believe their reports every lecture that is delivered is "instructive" "interesting" "eloquent" "entertaining" "creditable" and all the other platitudes used by men who love to chew up the superlatives of the language, as Dr. Holmes says, in describing very second rate performances. There is something wrong about all this. To praise a poor lecture or a stolen one, is at once a fraud on the credulity of those who did not hear the lecture, and an insult to the intelligence of those who did, and shows either a want of taste, or a want of independence in the critics—about whom, for obvious reasons, I will say but little. But the lecturers may be spoken about a little. They are all slightly different, but group themselves naturally into schools—for to talk of persons would be a little too personal here. First there are the eloquent fellows, the free, the sympathetic, the sentimental, the superlative, the gushing, whose souls are easily purged by laughter or tears, who like the good Monk, called "Gundulph the weeper" can weep with those who weep, and weep with those who laugh; whose fountains of tears are forever flowing and forever full; who never miss an opportunity of dropping, like Mr. Silas Wegg, into poetry in a friendly way; and who after anything outrageously sentimental, look up to their ladies in the gallery, who blush divinely and drop their veils at the subtle insinuation. Then there are the philosophic fellows who hold forth on Stuart Mill and Auguste Comte, or Sir William Hamilton, and whose audiences always declare their deep conviction of their cleverness in exact proportion as they have failed to understand ten words of the lecture. Then there are the moral and religious fellows who are always tagging impertinent morals to the tails of their lectures. Then there are the historical fellows, who love to win their literary spurs by proclaiming like the false Knight, Sir Gauthier, the fame of some dead Queen, like Mary or Elizabeth, to be infamous, and whom one wishes to treat as Count Gismond treated Gauthier in the poem

when he pulled his ringing gauntlet on:—

"He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

Then there are the biographical fellows, who dig up the dry bones of Cromwell, or Charles, or Napoleon, or Wellington, or Cobden, or Macaulay, and commit foul murder on their bodies and reputation.

Having said so much about lecturers, one may say a little about the Lectures. And here it may be well to ask the reader not to misunderstand, and think that lectures are condemned altogether. What is condemned is the way in which they are "built," for that is the proper term, and the false praise which calls that an intellectual effort which is merely mechanical ingenuity. I will explain what I mean. A "gifted" young person, feeling that he "has it in him" like Sheridan, and is determined that it shall "come out," determines to deliver a lecture, and is at once invited by admiring friends to take the stand. He fixes on his subject—say Burke. He at once rushes to his own or somebody else's library, and takes down the Cyclopaedia and turns up "Burke;" Searches diligently through old Magazines, and digs up—"Burke;" runs through the indices of the reviews, and hunts up—"Burke;" Searches after all that great man's biographies and those of his contemporaries, and accumulates more and more "Burke;" looks through the great Edmund's volumes for appropriate extracts, (reading there that "the age of chivalry is gone," and never feeling that the age of chivalry in literature is gone, so far as he is concerned, and that the age of literary "body snatching" has taken its place) reads a little of the sublime and beautiful to improve his style; and then having got together a sufficient mass of Burke, he takes the stand and literally "Burke's" his audience for an hour or more. And it is certain that the newspapers will call him "learned" and "eloquent" and all the rest of it next morning.

You see then why I object to lectures as they are generally delivered here. They are not lectures. They are compilations. If you go into any public library, into the Legislative for instance, you may see the learned lecturer with a heap of books about him, slashing away like a good fellow, and you may be sure he is going to be "learned" and "eloquent" in public very shortly. Such lecturers are poachers. The centuries behind them, like a fruitful land repose, and they steal into the fruitful land and pluck a rich bouquet, or a basket-ful or a waggon-ful, as their taste or necessities lead them, and then exhibit them in public as their own raising—just as the poison that is made in New York is labelled Moselle. One fellow says "this is a beautiful flower ladies and gentlemen, I have taken much pains to rear it, and I hope you will like it—he stole it, flatly, and it never cost him anything but hand labor. "This is a rare rose, ladies and gentlemen, or a fine poppy or dahlia," says another. It's no such thing! It's just a red cabbage, and hundreds of such may be had for the digging in the library gardens. You see it is all sham, all humbug; the lecture is a humbug, and the critic who calls him "learned" and "eloquent," is the greatest humbug of all. But all this humbug and hypocrisy might, I submit be avoided by a little honesty. Don't call the thing a lecture! Call it a compilation, a thing of rags and patches, of paste and scissors, of Dictionaries and Cyclopedias; and praise the lecturer if you will for his taste, his ingenuity, his industry—but not for his "eloquence," which is possibly stolen; not for his "learning," which is bor-

rowed; not for his instruction, which any schoolboy might equal.

It is possible that the days for Lectures as a means of instruction to mixed audiences are gone by, though as a means of public amusement they are yet in their infancy. For if the subject is historical and important, it can hardly be treated of in a pleasing way in an hour. If it is biographical, the lesson of any wise or great or good man's life, may not be told or learned satisfactorily in an hour. But people who are so disposed may easily be amused for an hour by some sort of conversational discussion which is within reach of all intellects, which affords play for the shallower feelings, and which presupposes neither any genius in the lecturer, nor any intellectual effort in his hearers. In this species of lecture we are sadly, (if sadly?) wanting. There are a number of heavy headed gentlemen who will at any time undertake to prove (to their own entire satisfaction) to an audience composed mainly of pious and elderly ladies and "spoony" young men and young misses, that Mill is a philosopher and Tenyson a poet, that Cromwell was a hero and a patriot, (or a ruffian and regicide) that Homer was a poet, and and Shakespeare a dramatist of high order, that the study of the higher mathematics is an excellent exercise for infant minds, that political economy is a "science" (which it is not) and that virtue is a capital Investment. But the elderly ladies go away a good deal puzzled, and the young people only go away a good deal more spooney, and nobody is much, if any, the wiser for the violent exertions of the learned lecturer. There has not been for a long time a really pleasing lively lecture delivered here, in Halifax. One would give one's little finger to listen just once to some lectures, even faintly imitating those brilliant Kaleidoscopic pictures of the "Georges" of Mr. Thackery, or the wonderfully pleasing lectures on the English Humorists. One would go willingly, and listen eagerly to a series of lectures on public subjects of the day such as are daily delivered in the cities (in the cities? in the villages!) of the United States, where lecturing is an "institution." But one is not called upon to listen to any such. Only the vapory platitudes of poachers in the Magazine, only the pious twaddle of the teaparty-hero, only the rinsing of sentimental glasses—that is all we get, in general, in lectures. Now that the lecture season is all over, it is safe to say something, and no particular lecturer will feel aggrieved. If Mr. ——— thinks he is faintly indicated, he is assured that his eloquence and his learning are beyond dispute. If Mr. ——— has a suspicion that he is present, he is assured most solemnly that his wit is overpowered and his piety most edifying. If Mr. ——— thinks the finger of editorial scorn is pointed at him, he is assured that his sentiment was most tearful and that his eloquence was most effecting, and if the Rev. S ———e, or Mr. S ———t has any idea that any fun is being popped at him, he is assured that the present writer has the most unfeigned respect for his talents and will walk in any weather, any distance, less than five mile to hear him speak, and that the GAZETTE holds him in most affectionate regard.

THE PASSAGE.—CruX, Mattheus; cruX, Marcus; cruX, Lucus; cruX, Johannes.

Students, translating.—Cross Matthew, cross Mark, cross Luke, cross John.

Instructor, dryly.—We have no other record of uneven temper in the Evangelists (uproar).—*Harvard Advocate.*

University Boat Races.

We extract the following very graphic account of this great race from the *London Mail* of April 8. We feel that no apology is needed for inserting so much selected matter, as we are confident that we could fill our columns with nothing so interesting to our Student Readers.—(Eds.)

At last the spell is broken, and for the first time since that gallant oarsman, John Hall, of Magdalene, led his crew to victory in 1860, Cambridge has won the University Boat Race. Ten years are, it is true, a long period to look back upon without even a glimpse of sunshine. The repeated successes of Oxford, who, commencing with 1851, gained no less than nine victories consecutively, has become monotonous in the regularity of their repetition, and were looked upon as much as a necessary consequence that in this year's race, when real merit was discovered in the representative of the Cam, people would not be convinced, and, while affecting to believe, remained obstinately incredulous. Perhaps the cry of "Wolf!" had been raised too often for any notice to be taken of it on the present occasion, although in the good wishes of the public the Cambridge men no doubt held the first place. "It is a long lane that has no turning," and this particular lane appears to be a very long one. Now, however, the University Boat Race of 1870 has become an historical event, and, after an unwonted series of misfortunes, Cambridge has splendidly reaped the fruits of her perseverance in sending up a crew to meet Oxford year after year, undaunted by disaster, and undismayed by the prospects of a defeat in many cases inevitable.—The race of yesterday must have been witnessed by hundreds of thousands of spectators, and all of the lookers-on who watched the intensely exciting contest which was being fought out between Hammersmith-bridge and Chiswick Church there were few who did not find their sympathies enlisted on the side of the crew so brilliantly struggling to retain the advantage they had already gained, and which ever and anon appeared in danger of being wrested from them.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather during the early portion of the crew's stay at Putney—bitting east winds and driving showers of snow rendering it a matter of the greatest difficulty to prevent the men catching violent colds—the last few days have been all that could be desired, a warm sun and a clear sky having succeeded to weather such as might be expected in an Arctic Spring. To this cause, no doubt, the increased attendance of sight-seers at Putney and along the banks of the river on Friday, Saturday, and Monday last may be attributed. Wednesday morning broke fine, according to the forecasts of the previous evening, but until past noon a dense fog hung over portions of the metropolis and the river. The heat of the mid-day sun, accompanied by a shift of wind from the south-east to the westward, then quickly dispelled the vapours, and Putney, as the afternoon drew on, presented all the appearance of a summer day. As the tide rose, however, the breeze from the westward increased, but at no time was it sufficiently strong to interfere with the crews, although the slightly lumpy water in the upper part of Corney Reach caused some splashing in both boats as they passed along Chiswick Eyot and opened out Barnes Reach. Taken all in all the day was most favorable; and this fact, coupled with the recently adopted plan of rowing the race on an afternoon tide instead of early in the morning, doubtless

contributed to swell the crowd which lined the river banks between the starting place and the winning post.

Signs of the impending boat race were not wanting in London during the morning, for the first objects one met in the streets were men selling bows and rosettes of blue riband, some being dark and some light, but the colour which appeared most in favour was a Mazarine or French blue, neither true Oxford nor Cambridge, but which on a pinch might pass for either one or the other among the uninitiated. Cabs, carts, and omnibus horses were bedecked with ribands according to the fancy of the driver or the information he had received, but as dark blue predominated to an undue extent, there must have been a great deal of disappointment after the result of the race was known. The wearers of light blue were a very small minority, and appeared either ashamed of their rashness or unable to stand the *badinage* with which they were assailed. As the afternoon wore on, the exodus westwards became something astonishing, and the main thoroughfares leading to Putney, Hammersmith, and Barnes presented all the appearance of a Derby, or, we may say, of a University Boat Race day. On the flood tide row-boats in hundreds, with occasionally a paddle steamer or tugboat, made their way up-stream towards the scene of action, and thousands of spectators were conveyed to the villages bordering upon the river by the London and South-Western Railway, who ran special trains at frequent intervals from Waterloo Station, not forgetting to raise the ordinary return first class fare of 1s. to 2s. 6d. Several steamers found their way up to Putney at an early hour, but, with the exception of the two boats set apart for the Umpire and the Press, went on to Barnes and Mortlake, where they made fast for the purpose of affording their passengers a view of the finish of the race. No other boats than the Lotus, letter T, conveying the umpire and a limited number of University oarsmen—together with the Prince of Teck, the Prince of Leiningen, and Lord Alfred Paget—and in the Dahlia, letter U, with the members of the Press, were allowed to accompany the match; and these two vessels were most admirably managed by their captains under the personal directions of Mr. Barney, the Superintendent of the Citizen boats, inasmuch as, without interfering with the crews or with the convenience of anybody, they afforded their passengers an excellent view of the race from first to last. A beautifully clear course was kept by the officers of the Thames Conservancy, under the superintendence of Mr. Lord, and by the River Police, and the crews were not incommoded to any appreciable degree, notwithstanding the number of small whiffs fitted ahead of them and across their track from time to time. Putney-bridge was blocked up with lighters made fast across the broad arches in the centre, and all traffic was suspended after half-past 3 o'clock, except for row-boats, which were enabled to pass through the side arches; and the objectionable barges which commonly lie in the fairway off the Fulham shore were all removed to a place of safety out of the way.

The crews went down to their boat-yards between half-past 4 and 5 o'clock—Oxford to the London Rowing Club Boathouse, where their Eight is usually kept, and Cambridge to the Leander boatyard. The former embarked first, and paddled down to the station vessels a few minutes before 5 o'clock, succeeding at nine minutes past by Cambridge, who were not anxious to get away as soon as their opponents; the latter were, therefore, kept waiting at the post for some little time.

The Oxford crew, as usual, won the toss for position, but, as the tide was beginning to slacken, they chose the outer or Surrey station, nearly in mid-stream, where the

tide was going strongest. The Cambridge crew consequently took the Fulham station, but the lighter from which they were to start was moored rather closer to the Middlesex bank than it need have been. In the then state of the tide it was the worst position of the two, as the flood was not so strong as in the mid-river. Very little time was spent in preparing for the race and backing down to their station boats—which were moored opposite Putney Steamboat-pier and off the end of the Terrace—and at 14 minutes past 5 the signal was given from a waterman's skiff by Mr. Edward Searle, of Lambeth, who officiated as starter, Mr. J. W. Chitty, of Exeter College, Oxford, standing as Umpire, in the bows of the Lotus.

The Oxford crew were the first to dip their oars and catch hold of the water, by which they obtained a momentary lead, but it did not avail them, for as soon as the Crew had got their boat well under way they first drew up to and then headed Oxford. So quickly, indeed did the Cambridge crew settle down to their work, and so fast did their boat prove, that off Simmons's-yard they had obtained a lead of a quarter of a length, as nearly as could be made out, and off the London Club Boathouse about half a length—38 to 39 strokes per minute in each boat. The pace of the eights up the first Reach was so great that the two steamboats which followed the match were some distance astern. At the site of the old half-mile post, below Craven Cottage, Cambridge led by a good half-length, increasing to three-quarters at the Grass Wharf, a few hundred yards higher up the river. Both crews now made a long leg for the Soapworks Point in crossing the water, and so effectively did the rowing of the Cambridge crew tell that off Rosebank Villa they were nearly clear. Off the Crab Tree Oxford gained slightly, and at the Soapworks they had reduced the lead of Cambridge to about half a length. Between the Soapworks Wharf and Hammersmith-bridge it looked for a moment as if the Oxford crew were about to draw up level, especially as the Cambridge coxswain kept his boat's head pointed across towards the Middlesex shore thus losing considerable ground. Having presently gone out beyond the centre of the river, the Cambridge boat was pointed her true course. No sooner was their boat straightened than the Cambridge crew made an effort without quickening their stroke, and shot the bridge first by three-quarters of a length, the nose of the Oxford boat being abreast of the stroke oarsman of Cambridge. No sooner were the Eights through the bridge than the bow of the Cambridge boat was once more fetched out towards the Middlesex shore, again losing ground. Entering Corney reach the water was found to be rather lumpy, but still not what can be called rough. Whether it was owing to the disturbed state of the river, or to another spurt on the part of Mr. Darbishire is uncertain, but the Cambridge crew seemed to come back to Oxford, who drew nearly level off the foot of Chiswick Eyot. The betting on board the steamer, which began at evens before the start, and had ranged at 5 and 6 to 4 on Cambridge, suddenly changed to 6 to 4 on Oxford, and for a moment it really looked as if Cambridge were beaten. However, the idea was soon dispelled, for the Cambridge crew began slowly to draw away from Oxford half-way up Chiswick Eyot without increasing their rate of stroke.

At the head of the Eyot Mr. Darbishire, finding how matters were going, put on a most brilliant spurt, in which he was well backed up by his crew, although several of the men began to show signs of the severity of the pace, and once more gained upon Cambridge, but without getting quite upon even terms. As soon as the spurt died out Mr. Goldie made his effort and drew away,

leading round the bend opposite Chiswick Church by half a length. The same relative positions were maintained to the White Cottage below the Duke of Devonshire's meadows, where the Cambridge crew once more began to leave Oxford, the latter becoming unsteady and scratchy as they were left astern. The Cambridge, however, were unable to shake them off altogether, as they led past the bathing-place in the Duke of Devonshire's meadows by three-fourths of a length only. In the Reach to Barnes-bridge the Cambridge crew slowly improved their position, but their winning was manifestly a mere question of time, because, in addition their rowing a more regular and measured stroke all together in a compact body, the time in the Oxford boat became gradually worse, especially on the strokeside. Barnes-bridge was reached by the Cambridge crew one length in front in 18 minutes, and off the White Hart Inn they were clear of Oxford. This advantage was increased up to Mortlake Brewery, when Cambridge led by a couple of lengths as nearly as could be judged from astern, but it was again reduced on passing the Ship. Before reaching the flagboat, which was moored several hundred yards above the Ship, the rowing in the Cambridge boat became slightly wild, but although neither crew finished in particularly good form, Cambridge won cleverly by rather more than a length, an interval of perhaps half a length intervening between the stern of the Cambridge and the nose of the Oxford boat. The time of the race was 22 min. 3 4-5 sec.

The winners rowed in a beautiful new boat built at Wandsworth, by J. H. Clasper, son of H. Clasper, of Newcastle, the inventor of the modern outrigger, and she was universally admitted to be a credit to her designer. The losing boat was built by J. & S. Salter, of Oxford, whose success with eight-oared boats is well known.

In regard to the rowing of the competitors the result will to a great extent speak for itself, but that there was no vast difference between the crews the closeness of the contest amply proves. The superior strength and longer stroke of Cambridge told its usual tale over the long course when opposed to the less powerful, quicker, and irregular rowing in the Oxford crew. We say irregular, because after passing Chiswick Church, up to which point they had made a gallant fight, the Oxford crew unquestionably fell to pieces, the weak places in the crew becoming terribly conspicuous. The winners never got flurried until just before passing the post, but set themselves down in earnest to obey the orders they had received—viz., to row the race out from first to last with a measured stroke, sufficient to last through the distance to be accomplished, $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles. It is curious, but nevertheless true, that the character of the race has entirely changed from previous years, for whereas Oxford used to row a slow stroke and win at Chiswick from the quicker and less regular rowing of Cambridge, it has proved exactly the reverse in the race now under notice.

The number of spectators collected together on the edge of the river at Putney was enormous; the towing-path was crammed, every window and balcony had its occupants, and the roadway of the old bridge was also covered. Tiers upon tiers of barges, skiffs, and steamers were moored along Chiswick Evtot on the Middlesex side of mid-stream and on the Surrey side of the river in the bright commencing at the bend opposite Chiswick Church, and finishing at the winning-post.

Our delinquent subscribers are earnestly requested to pay up their arrears on the volume now concluded, at once

Exchanges & College News.

A goodly number of new Collegiate Exchanges have to be acknowledged. Every College of any vitality in the neighbouring Republic possesses its journal, to advocate its views and disseminate its principles. Many of these, of all sizes and degrees of excellence, have come to us. Regarded from every standpoint, the importance of such a representative for a University as a periodical, cannot be over-estimated. A good College paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of Collegiate life, than a library of by-laws or an army of spies.

The College Review is a large, well-filled new paper, published in the interest of Colleges at New York. We wish it success.

The Miami Student is a nice little sheet, whose motto is *prodesse quam conspici*. It acts up to it.

The Cap and Gown is a handsomely printed journal published monthly at Columbia College, N. Y., where the school-boy's friend, Dr. Anthon, hails from. To it we are indebted for the statistics of the two great English Universities, which are published elsewhere.

The Georgia Collegian comes to us from Athens, (*Ga. not Gr.*) and is worthy of its classic birth-place.

Niagara's Tribute published by the "Seminary of our Lady of Angels" (what's in a name?) is too sectarian for our views. Its articles are however, well written.

The Microcosm is conducted by the Cadets attending the Poughkeepsie Military Institute. We willingly place it on our Exchange list.

The Collegian is an eight page monthly from Cornell College, Iowa. It has eight Editors, *four of whom are ladies*. Our corps have serious thoughts of transporting themselves to Cornell at once. When is Dalhousie going to come up to the age, and admit ladies within her time-honored walls? Echo answers when.

Our old friend, *The Harvard Advocate* makes its appearance again after a short interval. It is finely conducted, and is certainly the most handsomely printed paper we have ever seen.

The Madisonsensis continues to be very readable and spicy.

We have received *The Pennsylvania School Chronicle* for March. It contains many articles valuable and interesting to teachers.

Stewart's Quarterly for April, in a new and enlarged form, has just been laid on our table. We will notice it at greater length hereafter.

A good Baptist brother who occasionally indulges in Sophomoric "highfalutin," arose in covenant meeting lately and commenced—"O had I weagles ings—I mean ings of weagles," then collapsed.—*Collegian*.

THE third session of the Medical Faculty was opened on Monday evening, April 11th, by an able inaugural from George Lawson, Esq., Ph. D. L. L. D., Professor of Chemistry and Botany. As we understand, the address will be printed in pamphlet form, we will say nothing of it now, except that it was listened to with the deepest attention, and gave unbounded satisfaction. Speeches were also made by the Very Rev., the Principal, Dr. Reid, Dean of the Faculty, and the Hon. Mr. Fergusson, M.E.C. The jolly good natured face and the pleasant remarks of Sir Wm. Young, were much missed. We sincerely sympathize with him in his affliction.

THE following gentlemen will receive degrees on Wednesday :—

M.A.,—J. H. McDonald, B. A.; S. McNaughton, B.A. B. A.,—H. McD. Scot, John Wallace, A. W. H. Lindsay, Walter M. Thorburn.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—The new University Boat House is to cost \$7,000. The income of the University for the last year, was \$325,846.21. There is a fund of \$16,170.11 for preaching to the Indians, which was established in the olden times. Total number of students in attendance, 1,108, an increase of fifty-seven on last year.

EVERY one must find out for himself the key to the riddle of life. It is of no use to have it told. Some do not hear, others misunderstand.—*Collegian*.

Will our contemporary please explain to us how a key can be "told to anyone." Do't mix your metaphors friend Collegian.

THE Faculty of Lawrence University have prohibited smoking among the students. Racine College has an elegant smoking room, which is under the control of the Faculty. "Doctors differ."

YALE MEDICAL COLLEGE has fourteen students, thus being behind Dalhousie.

It is related of a Professor of Natural Science that he annually astonished the students in Natural Philosophy, by remarking, when the time had come for assigning a certain portion of the text book: "The class may go to Thunder."

TO SOPHS.—Given an angle-worm, to find the sine of its its legs.

THE *Irving Union* has a genius who suggests the simplification of many college studies by the application of rhyme to reason. We quote a specimen stanza:

"There was a philosopher Mill,
When they said 'twice two's four,' he said 'still
Perhaps up in heaven,
It makes six or seven,
This abnormal philosopher Mill."—*Courant*.

It is stated that the census embraces seventeen million of women. O, dear! how we would like to be a census.

Advertisements.

STUDENTS, do not pass by our advertising columns. They show just who patronize us and who should be patronized in return.

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JOHN LOVELL, *Publisher*.

Montreal, March 16. 1870.

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Montreal, March 16, 1870.

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BY

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CHEMISTRY—Prof. George Lawson, Ph. D. LL.D.

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ALEX. P. REID, M. D.,

Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

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