THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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"NAVITA DE VENTIS, DE TAURIS NARRAT ARATOR; ENUMERAT MILES VULNERA, PASTOR OVES," and it is quite as natural that a "College Gazette" should talk of Universities. Men whose position, tastes or duties render them familiar with a subject are strongly disposed, and may be considered in some degree qualified, to speak upon it. If they are enthusiastically interested no opportunity of introducing the favourite topic will be missed;—come in contact with them and the engrossing theme will exude from their minds, as water issues from a saturated sponge upon the slightest touch. Our life is a College life, our mental atmosphere is a College atmosphere, and though we would fain discourse far more wisely and well than we shall do, like the sailor and soldier, the farmer and shepherd, we cannot restrain ourselves from giving expression to ideas which from the very circumstance of our position engage our minds and absorb our interest. Fully mindful of the benefits which have been conferred upon this Province by the existing College—founded by the zeal and sustained by the liberality of members of different denominations,—we hail with pleasure the prospect of a full and frank discussion on the importance of creating one central College and University in the Capital; for, we are persuaded that such discussion will issue in the accomplishment of that most desirable end. This subject was introduced to public notice at the opening of our present session, and, we are glad to see, has called forth observations in the religious and secular periodicals of a tone and spirit which evince the deep interest attached to the question. We trust that the matter will not be suffered to drop. We are, then, advocates for one central College and University. In thus applying both titles to one Institution we are not ignorant of the distinction between the two; and we are also aware that a single College may be a University, and that a University may contain but one College. Properly, however, a College is a society of persons engaged in the pursuits of literature, including the officers and students, but, strictly speaking, not empowered to confer degrees of dignity; a University is an establishment for instruction, in which all the most important branches of science are taught, and which enjoys at the same time the right to confer honorary distinctions on scientific merit. Now, with us in Nova Scotia the Colleges are in possession of Charters (King's College having a Royal Charter) which raise them severally to the rank of Universities. In consequence of the extremely limited population,—not reaching half a million,—each of these is on a small scale, having a small staff of Professors and a small number of students. Doubtless, these Institutions perform a valuable work for the country; of that we have ample evidence. But in consequence of their complete separation from each other much of their real power and value is lost; first, as to the worth of a degree; second, as to that which is of more importance—the concentration of all the various phases of learning in the persons of men who each have an aptitude for, and are thoroughly versed, in some special branch of knowledge. The first difficulty, indeed, would be removed by the formation of one Faculty for the granting of Collegiate Degrees in the Province. This, to a certain extent, would remove one existing evil, and no sensible man will deny that it would of itself be a great step in advance. For the necessary changes in the curriculum of each College in order to make them approximate a high uniform standard, and the legitimate ambition that would be kindled in Professors and Students of each rival Institution would produce a most wholesome effect; in short, we are not blind to many very beneficial advantages that would arise from the organization of such a Faculty, but chiefly the increased value of the Degree in the eyes of the world when granted by such a Body. To us, however, this appears to fall far short of what one central College and University—in which a large number of learned men and a large body of students met and freely mingled—would effect. It is only going half-way to the goal. Putting aside for the present the financial aspect of the matter—the really straitened means of all our Colleges—and looking only at the object of mental culture, we cannot help thinking that twenty-five or thirty educated men would possess a wider range of knowledge than any five or six; that each of the number, when thus clustered together, instead of being compelled to take up and lecture on half a dozen different subjects—and some of them not very near akin—could then confine himself to one or two for which he had a decided aptitude, and obtain the mastery over them; that the opportunity of meeting and discussing the scientific and literary questions constantly arising with men of disciplined and well-stored minds, would tend to mutual improvement,—to wider views, to more just con-

clusions; that access to a library of some thirty or forty thousand volumes would afford a noble means of verification of facts or of acquiring new ideas; that the highest order and largest quantity of philosophical apparatus would be an inestimable boon to the teachers of science; that the commingling of two or three hundred students, brought up in different spheres and imbued with different notions,—all throwing into one common stock the views which they had taken from their various stand points, would greatly liberalise and enlarge their minds; that the possibility of each student being able to select the precise subjects which he wished to master, knowing that there were Professors, adepts in the specialty, would materially aid him in attaining his specific object—that these and many other priceless advantages would be the necessary sequence of having one College and University. When we compare the population of Nova Scotia with that of Great Britain and Ireland, with Germany, with France, with the United States, and then compare the number of Colleges for our four hundred thousand and the number of theirs' for their many millions, we are driven to the conclusion that the course we have adopted is not the wisest and the best.

There are two classes in this country whose interest, whose deep interest, it is to aid in the inauguration of a new era of University Edueation;—the Professors now in office, and the ruling power of each denomination—Rear a University in the Capital, and those able, learned and devoted men, who occupy the chairs, will have an opportunity of exercising their gifts and acquisitions over a sphere worthy of them, at the same time not being cramped and harassed by that corroding *res augusta domi* which must be their lot, if unblessed with private means; while each Denomination, with the means at its command, could conduct a Theological Hall that it might fairly look upon with satisfaction, taught by the most able men of their body, whose services they would be able to secure, and who would enjoy the advantages of instructing men who have already been trained by a severe discipline—working with material out of which something to the greater credit of both Professor and student might be wrought.

Is it too much to hope that men who have the welfare of their country at heart will unite in promoting the erection of a grand central University in which the now scattered light shall be concentrated, and thus directly aid the Christian Church in improving those Colleges which already exist for the great work of sending abroad well equipped champions of the Faith?

Mr. John J. Cameron, B. A.,—one of the late Editors of the Gazette—is at present Principal of the Digby County Academy, where he has become deservedly popular. We wish him all success in any path of life on which he may enter.

We have to thank our contemporaries generally throughout Nova Scotia for their favourable notices of our enterprize. We hope that time will show the enconiums to be deserved.

EVENING.

Silent hour of eve,
To meditation blest
Welcome we receive
Thy gift of thoughtful rest;
Rest from the toiling of the day,
Rest in the thoughts that strew the way.

Far from ocean's roll,
Where furious tempests beat,
Safe the pensive soul
Rests in a calm retreat;
Our little bark in a quiet bay,
Rests from the tossings of the day.

Glows the cheerful fire,
Sombre shadows dance
As if some unseen lyre
Their motions did entrance—
As if the dreamy pensive soul
Had thrown its shadows on the wall.

Like a heaving sea
Is the restless soul,
Though calm its surface be,
Its waters ceaseless roll.
Beat on this life for ever more,
As billows on the sandy shore.

Calm the evening hour,
Nature hushed to sleep,
Come with mystic power
Thoughts sublime and deep;
Rise in the silence of the night
Like stars that shun the dazzling light.

Solemn twilight time!
Sacred to thought and me;
Solemn is the chime
That sweetly chants from thee.
Soothing the soul to pensive rest,
Enter, thou ever welcome guest!

Digby, Dec., 1869.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Messrs. Editors,—The subject of a boarding house in connection with Dalhousie College is beginning to attract the attention of students. The friends and Governors of the College should take the matter into consideration, as the benefits arising from it would be very important. At present the relation of Professor and Student lasts only during class hours. Many of them are poor, and have to teach during the summer to provide the necessary means for attending College. But they eventually rise to distinction and can have it in their power to do much good for the College in future. Should they not have encouragement from Professors and friends? But while they are scattered as they now are in different parts of the city, it would be impossible for the Professors to know them. Give us a good boarding house, and the students will be under the eye of the Professors, and that friendly feeling will exist, that should be found. Then the ministers of the different congregations could visit and speak a word of kindness and counsel. Many of the students are young, fresh from the country, and inexperienced; to these our city holds out many sinful allurements, and it is a miracle if they escape, unless they receive that kind attention and fatherly supervision they require.

Not only would students profit, but also the College. Many parents are prevented from sending their children on account of their being no house where they would be under guardianship. Let us, again we say, have a boarding house, and we will have a large increase of students who will get acquainted with each other, help each other, and derive the benefits of a real college life. We leave the subject to abler minds, hoping that it may soon be put into effect, and remain Yours, &c.,

A STUDENT.

RAMBLES.

II.

I could not enter the beautiful Structure so I stopped before it and tried to read its lesson. Away went fancy: Up the Acropolis at Athens into the solemn temple, "fit haunt for Gods," whose beauty was ever fresh; among the arches of Rome, the gilded domes of Arabia, the gorgeous ornaments of Byzantium and the piercing Gothic, emerging from its forests. Imagination folded its wings and I contemplated with impressive admiration that splendid home of the Philharmonic Society. How important the cultivation of music, in refining the taste, elevating the desires, harmonizing strife, and ennobling humanity! Yet it may be purchased at too high a price. Few provincial towns have gone to such expense in providing an Academy of music as Halifax. My selfish nature inclined me to believe that rather than provide Prof. Doane with such a magnificent class-room it would have been better to furnish Dalhousie College with more enlarged capacity. But perhaps from looking through the mists of prejudice we cannot estimate the value of music, that heavenly maid requires large apartments. Moving to the east of the Academy I found myself in some kind of a market. One sage looking individual resting his back against the dwelling of Melpomene, looked wistfully through his spectacles at a fowl, which in life might have been a turkey, but dead would require a skilful anatomist to determine in which department the skeleton should be hung. While with Socratic patience I watched human nature amid cranberries, hares, fowls and brooms, I noticed the stream of idlers set across the street and enter a shabby looking brick building opposite. De Quincey said he often enjoyed an hour's relaxation from his studies by mingling with the "*ignobile vulgus*" of London, and as the thought entered my mind I moved with the current. I entered the door just in time to hear a dull looking man, with a very rough face, and an air of petty authority, cry out, in affirmative reply to some imaginary question, "Oh yes, Oh yes!" Knowing from his mode of delivery that he was opening some place of trial by the "Oyez" of the Norman Courts, I bared my auburn locks and hugging a well-worn railing prepared to behold the administration of justice. A side door opened, and like a herd of cattle the vile human crew were driven into a box. Business began. There seemed to be two persons clothed in a "little brief authority;" they occupied chairs on an elevated platform, before which the culprits came. One saw that the witness kissed the Bible, stated the case, and kept an account of the evidence; the other performed the pleasing duty of pronouncing sentence. The condemner was a man of about fifty, short, active, of a keen aspect, and a face so full of satisfaction with proceedings that continual smiles lurked in every curve, and played about each feature. He wore heavy gold spectacles, through which sharp black eyes laughed pleasantly at the victims. He seemed perfectly at home, and daintily brushing his moustache would sentence $5 or 50 days as if uttering a compliment or passing a joke. An adjourned case came up for judgment. A soldier had been charged with stealing a pin cushion. The judge was unable to decide and had taken a few days to consider ere he sentenced. The brave was called; valiant comrades gathered around; the color-sergeant gave him a parting word as he stepped heroically to the front, and his commanding officer from the platform glanced kindly at the warrior as with little finger to the seam of his trowsers he faced the judge who read as follows: "I have given long and careful consideration to your case; I have diligently sought direction from Blackstone and Coke, by Lyttleton, and ascertained the law with respect to theft, in case you were found guilty; I've noticed that there were doors and windows to the house by which others as well as you might have entered and committed theft; and since the "lady" should have sacrificed all ties and had you apprehended immediately, and further, since your color-sergeant says you belong to his regiment and are therefore above suspicion, and your officer repudiates the charge of dishonesty against one of his veterans, for these reasons I discharge you, hoping that the lesson will not be lost." The soldier's eye flashed, his cheek's blood came and went, his lips trembled with emotion as he returned to his companions free and innocent. The next case was that of the City of Halifax against Mrs. Dinan, for grossly violating the law and corrupting good morals, by allowing card-playing in her tavern. Pleading not guilty a lawyer undertook her case. A policeman took the stand to be questioned. The examining attorney was a little man with a little head and a little black hair upon it; his face was extremely narrow and strikingly prominent about the nose; eyes sharp and black, glittered through spectacles as he began to "quiz" the witness. Though the comparison may seem far-fetched, this barrister resembled a rat. He questioned the policeman about a great many things which my obtuse perception could not connect with the case, and finally came to his argument:—"Did you see cards when you entered the house?" "Yes." "Where were they?" "On the table." "Was any one there?" "Yes, five or six men sitting around." "Were the cards face up or back up?" with a knowing air. "Back up." "I suppose your back was up too when you saw them?" No reply but the 'haw-haws' of the grave Court. "What color were the backs?" "Reddish." "Was there a cloth on the table?" "No." "Will you swear that there was not an oil-cloth on it with painted cards as part of the pattern?" a triumphant look at the judge. "I saw none." "Might there not have been one however?" "There might, I suppose." "That's it. You can't swear it was not so. That will do. You see, your Worship, that a case has not been made out." The learned and able advocate sat down and fixed his jetty eyes on the pleasantly smiling judge. The presiding deputy summed up the case. "Witness swears that men sat around the table with cards before them, but they might not have been playing, and from the acute reasoning of the defendant's attorney it is doubtful whether the cards were there or only an ornamented table cover, so following the principle which gives the accused the benefit of the doubt, I acquit her."

How such reasoning took one back to the philosophic sceptics of Greece. Protagoras himself could not deny the certainty of our knowledge more than did that lawyer.

A negro school teacher beat a boy severely; the youth's grandmother stepped into the school after mental exercises were over and put the master through some physical gymnastics, by testing the relative hardness of a bench leg and the Dominie's head. The old "lady's" defence brought forward another barrister. He was young and smooth-faced; his legal brows were crowned by rebellious flaxen curls, and his address was high and loud in its tone. Waving a small penknife he put pointed questions in the sharpest manner. He found no dull witnesses in these Africans, and at times Atlas towered high above Caucacus. The young lawyer after talking as much blood into his face, and breath out of his body, as he considered his fee worth, declared himself satisfied and sat down. The judge smiled brightly on all around, and proceeded to close the trial:—"This question of corporal punishment is one which has occupied my attention from my earliest youth. It is strange that many doubts should exist of its utility,

Solomon as well as nature approves of it, and our law says explicitly that any teacher has the right to chastise by three slaps on the hand, or by simple reversion to apply the rod to those fleshy parts, which nature evidently designed to be the seat of correction. I give judgment in favor of the teacher, and fine the old lady $1 or ten days." The judge then leaned back, adjusted his spectacles, and overflowed again with smiles. The Court adjourned. I left with a "new wrinkle on my horn," another lesson learned. My respect for Courts of law was considerably diminished, and my estimate of lawyers lowered. Pleas and arguments that a school-boy would blush to use, objections at which the illiterate crowd laughed, reasons which spring from imagination, strong vituperation and declamation such as grace street corners, all found a place at this seat of *Justice*. Law is majestic; but certainly not when tricked up in such base finery and served by such pantomimes. Such a service for men professing to be educated! Is it for this long years of study are necessary? Is this the occupation of a learned profession? Does noise constitute energy, and insolence vigor? Surely it is not necessary for the correction of error and the sustenance of truth that men should cast aside the dignity which is an honest man's birth-right, and that courtesy which is the index of true nobility. And when palpable wrong is upheld by manifest trickery, when injustice is bolstered up by quibbles; when a brazen face is the surest helmet, and presumption the best preparation; when strong lungs are arguments, and vulgar wit influences judgment, then should be heard the voice of censure; then should be felt the hand of restraint, and the spirit of a newer and purer life infused. Again, as I saw the bloated, filthy, scarred face of humanity around me; eyes bleared and swollen—organs of vision, but gateways of nothing true and good, and heard the ribald laugh and brutal jest as men and women, of every color and description, were crowded indecently together, I thought some reform should be instituted here. Of what use is it to allow youths, sufficiently low already, to see and hear sin and shame in every form? How is justice forwarded by the liberty given? Such indulgence of a morbid curiosity turns our very Courts of justice into schools of crime; and thus instead of elevating political life they become centres around which the turbid stream circulates. Could not this Court meet with closed doors? Or could it not prevent the presence, of those who are liable to be made worse by witnessing its proceedings? Such action would certainly give more dignity to the Court, prevent its being a kind of theatre for daily amusement, and tend to diminish crime.

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

ON THE AVON.

Our voyage, like all earthly things, is approaching its consummation. Since leaving the shores of the new world, we have for weeks been bounding over the Atlantic's trackless surface; day after day have we walked the deck gazing upon the "weary waste of waters" which extended every where around us: night after night have we counted the stars as they came out one by one and gradually arranged themselves in their various constellations. The winds have disputed our progress, but despite their power we have gone steadily on, and now through perseverance, we soon will have arrived at our desired haven. That strange but pleasant combination of feelings, which comes over the mind as one approaches the long looked for and once far distant shore, was experienced by us in all its novelty, when we heard "Land ho!" shouted from the mast-head, and could first discern the dim blue outline of the coast of Britain in the distance. Not long, however, did it remain a dim blue outline in the distance. The azure tint assumed a deeper and a deeper dye; gradually the forests, fields, and all the features of the land grew plainer, and we found ourselves in full view of merry England, making all sail for the entrance to the Avon river. Here we anchor. The dangers of the ocean are things of the past; we have worked our way through the perils of the deep unharmed; and now we rest secure from every baffling breeze.

How impatient—how insatiable is the heart of man! No sooner is our anchor down and our sails all neatly stowed, than we wish it otherwise; we want to be up and going; and no wonder, for we are lying at the river's mouth and receiving "a foretaste of the joys to come." Starting, therefore, we begin the last eight miles of our journey.

The Avon ranks among the first of the English rivers for fine scenery. It is neither so large nor so famous as the Thames. No London has reared itself upon its banks; nor can it boast such splendid palaces and far-famed seats of learning as Hampton Court and Oxford. Yet the Avon is a classic stream, and many times has the Prince of English Dramatists gazed upon its waters as they flowed noiselessly by.

At the entrance the river is very narrow, but also very deep, so that it is navigable for ships of any ordinary size. Here the country is low and rather level. On both sides of us lie large and well cultivated farms; the fields are all separated by the greenest of hedges; and in the pasture grounds, herds of cattle, shielded from the hot sun, contentedly rest, after filling themselves with the rich and abundant grass; for the comfort of the cattle as well as the beauty of the land is enhanced by elms and oaks and other trees, growing every where throughout the country. How beautiful the green foliage appears to those who for some time past have seen nothing but the sky, the water, and themselves! And it is especially so with us. When we left Nova Scotia not a leaf was to be seen on any of the trees, the buds were just beginning to show themselves; while here everything is green, the grass covers the earth with its brightest mantle and all the woods are dressed as though for holiday. As we proceed the country grows more and more hilly, and the scenery in consequence is more picturesque. Cultivation is beginning to cease, and nature commences to hold sway. Hill follows hill in quick succession, and each is studded by some lordly modern castle. Here and there we see the ruins of one more ancient; and standing silent with its ivy-covered towers and moss-grown walls it carries us back to "the ages of old, the days of other years." We are roused from our reflections by the pilot: "Look," says he, "at yon castle, with the high tower; that is Cook's Folly; shall I tell the legend?" We are all attention. "Many years ago, an Astrologer, Guy Mannering for aught I know, foretold to one of Bristol's nobles, that his son was to die by an adder's bite, at the moment of crossing the threshold of manhood. To avert a calamity so dreadful the noble built this tower that the youth might pass the fated hour there; and when the day at length arrived, he retired to his lonely cell, to keep his long cold watch for death. A fire had been forgotten, and thinking of his comfort even in this moment of anxiety, his father sent him up some sticks. Little did he think that among them lay an adder frozen stiff, but yet alive. The young man had not power over serpents, like the great apostle of the Gentiles; when, therefore, the viper fasten-

ed on his hand he could not shake it off, but fell down straightway. Such is the legend of Cook's Folly."

Attracted by the increasing grandeur of the scene, the unhappy object of prophetic zeal is forgotten, and we think only of nature's castles, the lofty pinnacles of rock which we are passing. The cliffs are becoming almost perpendicular and rise to the height of 200 feet, chiefly on the left bank. To the right the land is just as high, but the ascent is more gradual and the hills are covered with their summer foliage. On we go and still the river's banks increase in elevation, till they have reached 300 feet. From the summit we can see people looking down upon us through their glasses; but everything is on so stupendous a scale that they seem but pigmies. Now the hills are more varied; cliffs occur on both sides alternately with more gentle elevations. The contrast is marked with greater precision than it was before. But what is it, which is attracting attention ahead? "The Bridge! the Bridge!" Yes, we are just at Clifton. Its lordly mansions are above us and we are silently approaching them. Here spanning the river, at a height of 280 feet above it, is one of the triumphs of art—the Clifton Suspension Bridge—702 feet long and at such a height! Before us is the sublime both of nature and of man's device. Time waits for no man; neither does our tug-boat, so that we still go on, and leaving behind a scene at which we could gaze long and earnestly, we are soon abreast of Bristol, the ancient town, "the pleasant city." As we gaze upon its docks, its buildings, and its crowded streets, we think of Cabot starting from this very spot on his voyage of discovery; the songs of Chatterton and Southey are recalled to our mind; Hannah Moore and Coleridge are present with us; for all these "hail from" Bristol. The dock gates open, close, and we are in. Our voyage is ended; but its last hours shall ever be treasured by our mind as spent 'mid nature's beauty and sublimity.

RAIDS ON ROMANCE.

Among the disenchanted traditions of childhood there are none that cause greater regret than the stories of giant and prince and magic wand; of the haunted cave that held so many boyish hopes, and the swaggering pirate who won our innocent confidence. When the rubbish of fable and adventure is swept out from the ghostly galleries of a boy's brain, there comes a period of restless dissatisfaction at having to consort with matter-of-fact conditions, in place of becoming a brigand or the sole inhabitant of some wonderful island, possessing all the requirements of civilization. Other disillusions may make us premature sceptics as to the endurance of friendship or the pleasures of life; our bosom friend who, as a boy of ten, had shared our secrets and our candy, shews, at sixteen, a deplorable preference for pipes and beer, and the company of hostlers; or we become convinced of the gradation of a man's enjoyments, and experience one of the deepest of life's disappointments in the discovery that the promotion from a cap to a hat is, after all, unable to afford us that supreme and lasting satisfaction which our cap-covered thoughts anticipated, but our grief is lifted up with our voices and we entertain our most genuine sorrow when we are compelled to part with Peter Wilkins and Sinbad the Sailor. As the world grows older with us, our admiration for our friends, the buccaneers and the highwaymen, decreases with our former intimate acquaintance with their redoubtable deeds, and our desire to emulate them is decidedly reduced by a study of the Criminal Code and the rights of property.

But in this, our practical age, these sorrows of youth are revived and intensified with maturity. The temples wherein we worship our heroes and devote ourselves to the romance of history are daily being sacked and desecrated; one after another our facts become mythical, and the boy who sorrowed because Bluebeard was an idle creation, has acquired with his manhood the same belief regarding the exploits of Leonidas. The task of exposing historical fallacies seems to be a fatal passion of the day, and records are searched, circumstances compared, and theories built to prove that events in which half a score of simple-minded generations placed the utmost belief, have either never had existence, or ought to be read in a new and directly contrary light. Unscrupulous men delve amongst the ruins of parchment and black-letter until they are enabled to question the character of some record of chivalry or patriotism, and the apt quotation the honourable member had intended to introduce in his speech of next session is found to be a forgery and inconsistent with its original purpose. They have robbed us of our heroes, these literary vandals; they have depopulated Valhalla to such an extent that we almost abstain from public admiration of our more immediate historic favourites for fear that their ejection would at once be the result. Many a man in the long and knightly procession of heroes has been ordered to fall out, and we are filled with wonder and regret when we see the spurs hacked off and the shield reversed, and find that a certain amount of admiration is returned to us and a new investment recommended. Some of the great dead are so precious to us that we live in constant terror of being some day compelled to accept revelations to their dishonour; to put up with the fact that Bayard was a bravo, or Spenser a plagiarist. It is distressing to take down the great Smith from the pedestal upon which you placed him, but our mental anxiety is even greater as we contemplate the classic forms of Brown, Jones and Robinson, and calculate the chances of further removals from our shrine. Smith having been found out, we know that he is an impostor, and change our opinion of him in accordance with this knowledge; but we are held in dread that the others may also perish in our hearts. Those whom we have lost cause us less trouble than those in possession, and when the ruthless man of letters has finished a job we shudder to think who may be his next victim. Gallantry is not an element in the creed of these men, for the dames of history, whose lives have been so fair and noble in our eyes, are proved to have been either wicked or common-place, and we are straightway at a loss for suitable subjects for our epics.

But there is a still more appalling feature in the work of these heartless men, and the consideration of this portion of their startling alterations, is even more painful than the knowledge of the loss of our heroes. Pursuing a Hausmann plan of operations some of them have actually destroyed the gloom and irregularity of historic character, and replaced them with the graceful material and contour of our later resources. By the same process that white becomes black under their treatment, we find that the ogres are being redeemed and whitewashed, and with folded hands and uplifted eyes are made to appear not only respectable saints but persecuted martyrs. And what can be more harrowing to the feelings of a people than to be bereaved of their historic villains? It could scarcely be credited that any author would be so heartless as to rob a man of his Guy Fawkes, but enormous as it may seem the fact is literally true that the Fifth of November can never again possess the same pleasing associations. Proof of the most undeniable nature has been adduced to shew that Guy has been grossly misrepresented, that instead of being a traitor and conspirator, he was a harmless subject and a perfect gentleman, slightly led away by a somewhat impulsive nature. We considered our heroes to be precious above all things, but when our villains are taken from us we feel inclined to murmur against the discoveries and theories that have so invaded our traditions, and feel that it is time that an effort should be made to secure the safety of some black sheep of our flock. I tremble lest Nero should turn out to have been the president of an imperial humane society, or that a monument may yet be erected to the virtues of the injured Nana Sahib.

There are probably few occurrences in history that have occasioned more admiration or romantic reference than the story of Captain John Smith and the Indian Princess, Pocahontas. It has been utilized in blank verse and rhyme, in the pulpit, the class-room, and the Senate. We have seen it on the Academy walls and behind the foot-lights; we have read it in our school books and our ponderous histories. Until recently it would have been rank heresy to doubt the story of the distinguished ancestry of the Randolphs, of Roanake, but now we are disposed to look upon them as people guilty of the offence of obtaining distinction under false pretences. A certain Mr. Neill has established the melancholy fact that Captain Smith was an unprincipled inventor of romantic legends, and Pocahontas a vulgar unheroic Indian woman, greatly addicted to standing on her head and performing that imitation of a wheel in motion, with which street-boys often favour us. These innocent diversions seem to have been her only peculiarities, and as no especial degree of heroism can be attached to them, we are compelled to cast out the daughter of Powhattan from our sanctuary, and also to deliberate over the expulsion of Captain John Smith. I confess to a feeling of chagrin and disappointment at the downfall of the latter, for he was one of my foremost heroes. But how can I place any truth in his story of having slain three Moors in Africa, or of his "pretty strategems of fireworks," as he himself termed them, when I am told that he has been guilty of a gross invention with regard to the most memorable event in his life?

In the Tower of London there is a certain cell, to which the attendant Beef-eater directs your gravest attention, and as you stoop down to enter in at the narrow doorway, he informs you that

there Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for fourteen years. All men, I suppose, experience the same feelings when they stand in the small, dark, and terribly cheerless cell, and think of the long cruel years of imprisonment passed within its walls by the great English gentleman, before they led him out to die. His great wrong grows greater, we rejoice that our hatred for Mr. Attorney General Coke increases, and as we step into the sunlight we feel that the moment will only die with our memory. But Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with malice aforethought, selected this portion of national sentiment as a subject for denial and exposure. Like the others of his kind, he sought to bewilder and harass the devotees of the holy past, and knowing how tenderly they cherished this particular incident in the records of Raleigh's wrongs, he has managed to prove that Sir Walter never occupied the cell which is daily visited by droves of sight-seers, and that therefore our additional pity and indignation was sheer mental loss. The guide-books will doubtless ignore the correction, and the conservative Beef-eaters scorn to change their descriptive formula, but I am nevertheless forced to admit that Mr. Dixon's raid on romance has robbed me of a memorable remembrance.

Doubts and denials regarding the romance of history have even affected the aspects of events which occurred within the memory of living men. At the battle of Waterloo the Duke was reported to have ordered the charge of the Guards in words that have almost passed into a proverb, but the chroniclers of the fight declare them to be counterfeit, and replace them with a less vigorous sentence. If the doings of that day are beyond doubt, the sayings have certainly got into Chancery, for we find that the enemy is also deprived of a national by-word. According to Victor Hugo, it seems that Cambronne never affirmed that the "Guards would die but not surrender," but resorted to language at once vulgar and singular. Hugo might have spared the spite that induced him to rake up this muddy fact and preserve it in its native condition, for the heroic exclamation, although entirely fictional, could have wrought no evil and would have proved less of a blot on the text of history than the blunt expletives of an old campaigner.

It is gratifying to know that the labour of these antiquarians is a thankless task, that the world grumbles over its dispelled fancies and its mistaken confidence, and that a few bigots still hold true to the ancient traditions. I would willingly join these faithful adherents of great names, but the tide of evidence is generally too strong for the inclination to abide by the assailed faith. The principal fact forced upon us is the danger of history, if there is indeed danger in the reluctant admission of truth. If the refining mania does not cease to occupy the entire attention of our minor historians, our poverty of romance will be so severe that we will gladly turn to the renovated villains as a refuge for our hero-worship. As it is we are now in the full enjoyment of the chivalry of our own century, and if all other resources fail we can worthily centre our whole stock of admiration in the man who has already received so great a share of it,—Garibaldi, the eldest son of freedom.

VIRTUES AND VICES OF THE DAILY PRESS.

No. I.

THE PRESS GENERALLY.

Victor Jacquemont following Knowledge, which had fascinated him, and flying from Love, which had scorned him, rested awhile in the United States. He saw that every reading man who could find, or steal, time to read at all, devoured his three or four newspapers each day, *not* excepting Sunday; and looking at the contents of such papers and thinking of their possible effects on the popular mind he said that in his opinion the time spent in reading most newspapers was lost time, or, at least, might be better spent in reading good books.

John Bright, filled with pride at the thought of the strides the world of the Nineteenth Century was making, held up to his audience a copy of the "Times," and proudly said that a daily knowledge of the contents of it was better by far than a knowledge of Herodotus.

Here we have the two sides of the Newspaper question, as we may call it, put distinctly before us by men in no wise to be despised; and their views are decidedly antagonistic. It may be said that Mr. Bright had good reason to be proud of the "Times," while M. Jacquemont had equally good reason to be disgusted with the Herald and other papers; and that if they had changed papers the views of each might have been different. We shall come to that question, the relative merits of English aud American Newspapers by and by; for the present it is enough to think of newspapers as abstractions. Looking at them in that way we see Mr. Bright praise them, we see M. Jacquemont condemn. The views of both are extreme, it seems to us; and between the two, sa the Emperor of the French says in his last speech, a "glorious course may be pursued."

The Daily Press is doubtless a grand institution; it is grand for the great impetus it has given to progress in all things; but it is grandest in its possibilities. When we look at the good that the Press has done, we are grateful; but we are lost in wonder when we think of what it might do. They are raising statues to Peabody at this time; some time ago they were celebrating the centenary of Humboldt; but we should have at least an anniversary celebration in honor of Faust and his moveable types. For we owe him not only our copies of Tennyson and the Times, but we owe him, remotely, also the Telegraph and the Railway. We ought to be proud, we ought to be intelligent, we ought to be great and good, when daily at our breakfasts, or weekly, or tri-weekly, as the case may be, we have served up for us the choice work of Brains and Electricity and Steam, in the newspaper. With such helpers the press ought to be a great engine for good, a lifter up of oppressed people, a puller down of tyrants, an exposer of shams and abuses, an advocate of right, an enemy of wrong; ought to be the reformer of the time, the week-day preacher, the voice of a prophet crying aloud in a wilderness of sorrow and sin, of meanness, of deceit, of unbridled ambition and unchecked license. It ought to be, it might be, but *is* it? That is the question. Well, few human institutions, perhaps none, have equalled the expectations of their founders, and we fear the press has not reached that high standard of perfection to which it is capable of attaining; nay we even fear that there is in it a sign of degeneration. It ought to be a preacher of virtue, it is in some respects a pander to vice; it ought to be a peacemaker, it is in many cases a disturber of peace; it ought to be a publisher of news, it is rather a publisher of scandal; it ought to be devoted to the interests of countries, it is devoted to the interests of parties; it ought to be an exposer of all humbugs and shams, it is to a great extent their most efficient assistant. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to disapprove of the press altogether, that would be silly; but we look forward at what it might be, and we look back at what it is, and are sad that so much good should be lost. The public desire for scandal seems to be the bane of the press. Ever since the old days when the News Letter, whose contents were gathered in many coffee-houses, and many theatres and waiting rooms in London town, by some busy, prying scribe, was the only newspaper of England, has the press fed that scandalous desire of the public. To-day the evil is immense, not to be calculated, and it is still spreading. Brutal murders, disgusting crimes, details the most prurient of intrigues and domestic scandals—why should such things form a greater part of the contents of a daily paper? It may be said that so vice is proclaimed, and the wicked put to shame, but that is a lame excuse; for it is the wicked who read with pleasure, and the good who are disgusted; and besides the wicked may hear, Sunday after Sunday, vice proclaimed and the wicked put to shame, by godly men in the pulpit. We have never heard of any startling conversions through means of the police reports. Why also should such missionaries as the press be always abusing one anotner? Is it in the interest of morals?—then we must think that manners and morals are incompatible. Is it in the interest of Truth?—then how comes it that both parties give and get the lie? Is it in the interests of public faith and purity?—then why should want of faith be the shuttlecock thrown to and fro, and why should the public be scandalized by the exhibition of two reputable and clever gentlemen abusing one another? For unpleasant as a quarrel with a sweep is, a good deal of dirt can be kicked up and a good deal of mud, (some of which is sure to stick) thrown in a quarrel between two black-coated, Day-and-Martin-polished personages.

But we will not drift into a doleful Jeremiad on the state of the press. For the good that is in it we have praise enough, for the bad we have sorrow, and for the possible goodness and usefulness we have hope. If a man is wronged the press publishes his wrong that he may get justice; if a nation is wronged, the press becomes the advocate of the oppressed nationality; if statesmen are drifting into error, the press warns them of the rocks on their lee; if they introduce great measures, the press gives them its applause. The Press is the Pulse of public opinion; diseased at times and beating feebly, but always beating, and capable of one day when imperfections of blood and nature have been expelled, of giving forth in wide and deep pulsations a healthy life-blood into the popular veins.

LECTURES.

The daily papers have already said so much of Mr. Grant's Lecture, that any thing we can say will inevitably have an after-savor of plagiarism. But a good effort deserves praise, and we are more impelled to praise because of the brilliancy of the lecture, than restrained from speaking by fear of unintentional plagiarism. One thing we will say of the lecture in the beginning; it was not an effort of ingenious literary "body snatching;" it did not bristle with the dry bones culled from forgotten literary grave yards by an expert resurrectionist; it was original, and modern—*and Mr. Grant's.*

Mr. Grant began by speaking of Pulpit morality. On this subject he spoke with the authority of a clergyman, the learning of a scholar, and the sadness of a good man disappointed with the barren results of so many centu ries of sermons. It is, indeed, a sad thought to think that the many millions of sermons preached weekly in Christendom fall like the seed sown in the parable—a little, only a little, falling on good soil; the most being picked away by the birds, or sprouting for a short and sickly existence, or dying on the hard rock of corrupted human hearts. But Mr. Grant did not despair of the Church. Truth is great and will prevail—in spite of sin, in spite of selfishness, in spite of science which seeks to undermine, and criticism which seems to contradict it.

Of Political morality Mr. Grant had much to say. This was by far the most spicy part of the lecture, and most attention was given to it. He treated this part from two stand points—from the stand point of the governed, the people; and from the stand point of the governors, the politicians. He had great confidence in the people. The national heart was always good, and ever beat true to its honest opinions; but often bad blood was stirred in party contests by unworthy means, the national passions were heated, the national judgment clenched, and the vote of the nation perverted from its true direction. With regard to the politicians, as Mr. Grant was delicate, we will be short. We only say, you Anti-Confederate, didn't you feel your ears tingle?—*de te fabula narratur.* And you Confederate, does not your back feel a little sore?—*de te fabula narratur.*

Commercial morality was the last, and most familiar branch of the subject. There was a general silence during its delivery. All the ingenious devices by which avarice turns its dishonest penny were exposed—"salted" invoices, "wide thumbs," "short measures," "narrow widths."

It has been remarked that Mr. Grant said nothing new. How could he? Is meanness new? Is dishonesty new? Are political turpitude and treason new? Are all the devices by which the devil lures souls new? Are the pulpit exhortations of ministers from him who humbled Theodosius to him who lectured last week new things? We did not expect Mr. Grant to say many new things; but he said a good many things which people who are worldly will like to forget soon, and people who are righteous will treasure up as maxims.

On the 3rd inst., Professor Linton favoured the students of Dalhousie College with a very entertaining lecture on Music, but of which the limited space at our command precludes any extended notice. Mr. Linton treated his subject from three stand-points: political, religious and social. In relation to the first division, he spoke of the great influence of national music on a people, in forming the national character, in inspiring them to deeds of valor, and in strengthening their love for home. Religious music he spoke of as having a tendency to elevate the standard of morality, while the popular music of the present day had a most decided effect to the contrary. From a social point of view, also, the study of music was of considerable importance; being as well a means of relaxation, and an agreeable mode of passing an evening, as a passport to good society. An ear for music, in Mr. Linton's opinion, is more a gift than speech, but might be acquired by all.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROBERT SEDGEWICK, B. A., (Cornwall, Ontario)—Your letter enclosing $3 received. Many thanks.

JUVENIS—Your article will be inserted if you will furnish us with your name.

OUTSIDER—Dalhousie College was opened on its present basis, in 1863. It was established in 1823. We refer you to the University Calandar for 1869–70 for further particulars.

INQUIRER—The Lieutenant-Governors of the Confederated Provinces are appointed by the Governor-General, who, of course, acts on the advice of his Cabinet. The present General Government is a liberal one. We are unable to answer your other questions.

MEDICUS—The Medical Faculty of Dalhousie College confers no degrees. For further particulars we refer you to Dr. Reid—Dean of the Faculty—Argyle Street.

LITERATEUR.—If the circulation sufficiently increase the size of the GAZETTE will be doubled. At present we are not warranted in adding even four pages.

MILES GLORIOSUS.—The Messrs. Dawson, Montreal, can do all you wish. Certainly a book can be as well printed in the Dominion, as in the United States.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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

1st. All articles intended for insertion must be handed in on or before the Monday immediately preceding the issue in which they are to appear.

2nd. The author's name must accompany all MSS.

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

4th. The Editors will *in no case* return MSS.

☞ At a meeting of the students of Dalhousie College, held December 3rd, to receive the first monthly report of the Editors of the "GAZETTE," the following resolution, moved by Mr. J. Wallace and seconded by Mr. J. Smith, passed unanimously, and was ordered to be published in the "GAZETTE":—

"Resolved, that the thanks of the students be tendered to the Proprietors of the "Halifax Morning Chronicle," and other Provincial papers, for their kindness in opening their columns to the Editors of the "Gazette," and thus affording them opportunities of offering explanations and giving notices to the public."

J. G. MACGREGOR, *Sec'y.*

☞ We understand that arrangements have been made by the Lecture Committee of the "Dalhousie College Debating Society," for a very fine course of Lectures during the present winter. We hear the names of William Garvie, Esq., P. C. Hill, Esq., Rev. G. W. Hill, and P. C. Lynch, Esq., mentioned as probable Lecturers.

If these gentlemen lecture rich treats may be expected.

☞ There are sixty-three students at Dalhousie College this term.

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All *Payments* to be made to A. P. SEETON, Dalhousie College, and all accounts against the Gazette to be rendered to him in *Duplicate.*

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