

THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

VOL. II.

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NO. 6.

ANCIENT SPECULATION.

(CONTINUED.)

We now arrive at a time in our history when the minds of thinkers began to turn from the fascinating but unsatisfactory fields of metaphysical disquisition. Conflicting theories, apparently equally probable, set the current of thought in a broader though shallower channel. The parts of philosophy, congenial to each thinker, were chosen, and applied to practical purposes. Metaphysics, from being a mistress, was degraded to be a handmaid; dialectics, from defending the great questions of Ontology, was set to fight for any cause requiring a protector. Language and persuasive expression were formally used as vehicles of thought; now they were recognized as subjects of prime importance. Rhetoric became a science. Thought was comparatively neglected in the great attention paid to its expression. The public teachers who now come forward stand in striking contrast to those we have hitherto noticed. They were pre-eminently men of tact. Instead of attaching themselves to some school of philosophy, they paid little heed to great physical questions. They taught that knowledge which would fit men for taking their part in the world, for advancing their own cause. They were the Sophists. They were the doctors of dialectics; they showed the principles governing discussions, the errors to be avoided, and how to entrap an adversary, how to become triumphant in debate. The majority of Sophists did little more with philosophy than exclaim against its inability to answer the question it raised, and assert that other subjects were more worthy of attention. They may best be represented by noticing Protagoras, the most illustrious of them. He mentioned that Heraclitus sighed and Xenophemes wailed because they could not know what did not exist. He declared that naught existed but what the sensitive organism announced. Man was the measure of the universe. All is in virtue of its perception by us; and were no sense present to perceive, there would be nothing to be known. He denied all knowledge except that given in sense, and that as contingent on sense was imperfect. Nothing was absolutely true, while all was relatively certain. The wonders of the universe he declared inscrutable. Holding such views of knowledge, the Sophists turned their attention to social inquiries. Here was a wide field for action. Here they could work; if not satisfy mind, they could give practical advice; if not enunciate Ontological theories, they could answer a troublesome disputant, though not reply to the question, "What is." The Sophists, from their assimilation to the fashionable world, and their seeming mercenary use of knowledge in giving lectures for high fees, earned the contempt of the stern philosophers Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. They were wealthy, proud and influential, as they were envied, abused and opposed. The gay Sophists struck the first blow at the root of that proud tree planted by Thales, nourished by the animating air of Aneximenes, and rooted in the earth of Empedocles; that tree which

Aneximander propped, in order to its higher growth, which Xenophanes had carefully tended through a long life; into which Parmenides grafted some valuable shoots, and whose fruit seemed certain for the hand of Anaxagoras. What was to be done? Did early thinkers simply chase phantoms and investigate illusions? Speculation had reached a crisis, a time of danger. The happy production of a great man for a great emergency, which makes the history of Greece read like a romance, was here again manifested.

(To be Continued.)

OUR BOOK COLUMN.

JUVENTUS MUNDI, BY W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Halifax: Z. S. Hall.

It is of course with more or less diffidence that we venture to pass criticism on a book which has been reviewed by so many and so much abler critics; yet a criticism in a College paper possesses a certain value, as showing how the book is looked upon by the class of persons to whom it is addressed, especially since it is only for those who dabble in the Classics that the *Juventus Mundi* can have any sort of interest. By the way, why not carry out the idea of the book fully, and give us a Greek title for a work devoted wholly to Greece, and which gives us the Greek names of the Gods and Heroes instead of the better known Latin ones? Not that this is a bad idea, quite the contrary; for it will make us remember that the Greek Gods differed from the Roman in many respects, because the Romans had a way when they conquered a country of finding resemblances between their own and the native gods, and assimilating them, we are apt to forget the differences. Mr. Gladstone firmly believes in the individuality of Homer, though the prevalent opinion at the present day, seems to be against the unity of the poems. It is very pleasant to build up the history of a man, and tell us that he was blind because he mentions a blind bard with peculiar feeling, that he lived before the Dorian invasion because he mentions Argos, Mycenæ, and Sparta as being equal, or that he dwelt on one side of the Ægean Sea rather than on the other because the wind came from a particular direction; but there is such a thing as pushing this too far. There is a great deal to be said on the other side too, and we would much prefer to see the whole discussion dropped. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are none the less beautiful, whether they are the production of one man or several, and are, at any rate, as full of information as an egg of meat, of times which we will simply call prehistoric without venturing to place them as accurately as Mr. Gladstone. To the student and lover of Homer, using Homer as a generic name, this book will be of much assistance, as it has evidently been prepared with care, and with a great love of the subject, and the references, as far as we have noticed, are very accurate; but the general reader, who wishes to learn something of the times which Homer tells us of, can find it in a pleasanter and livelier

form in many other books. Such a book could not have been written in Canada; and we are afraid the day is far off when our statesmen will spend their recesses in giving us treatises on Virgil or Thucydides, instead of in pleasure trips to Washington or Pembina at the expense of the government. We hail it, though, as a sign of the spread of classical learning, and a reverence for the past, which is too much wanting, that the book has been reprinted on this side the Atlantic.

PATER MUNDI, OR MODERN SCIENCE TESTIFYING TO THE HEAVENLY FATHER, by Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. Halifax: Z. S. Hall.

The Rev. Dr. Burr is a New England clergyman. We strongly suspect that he is even more than this—a Boston Transcendentalist. His style betrays him. He conclusively answers all questions of theological heresy, and explains all mysteries of religious faith, with that certainty which is so eminently satisfactory to the writer, and so thoroughly unsatisfactory to the inquiring reader. His purpose is to reconcile the seeming differences in the teachings of Christianity and Science, or more strictly speaking to bring Science to the support of Christianity. While his dogmatism and self-confidence mar the effect of many of his arguments, while he constantly mistakes prejudices and fancies for arguments, there is much in his book that is really desirable and timely, but he labors under the disadvantage of being unable to write in perspicuous, straightforward English. His style is so unendurably spasmodic and tawdry, that the reader will find it very difficult to struggle through his wearisome pages. The following extract will show that we are not doing any injustice to Dr. Burr in charging him with the grossest outrages against pure and intelligible English:—

“See Uranus wavering and quavering on his Siberian path. Must I put a telescope to my eye and descry perturbing Neptune, before I send in to the Institute my account of the new planet? It alone satisfies the perturbations. Still look, O German Galle, and all ye whose faith in mathematics and the law of gravitation is weak; look toward Delta Capricorni, and, optically find, what is already theoretically known. See all the path-bits of the solar system curved as for a common centre, and lo, some of the celestial pilgrims brightly smiling toward the same point! Who feels that must he actually see that centre blazing as a sun before he can solidly believe in it? Why, all the arcs of the system, great and small, unite in affirming that primate and metropolitan. See Constellation Hercules growing larger, year by year. Must you see, with fleshly eyes, a flaming ellipse trending along the abyss, and carefully take its bearing among the stars with compass and sights, before you will consent to believe in it? If so, alas for the Herschels and Struves! They are visionaries, and not the men of science they have the credit of being. See the proper motions of all Galactean stars curved as if for central Pleiades! To know the reality of that centre, must I actually see it blazing like twelve thousand suns, and actually see it brightly zoned about by its eighteen millions of completed ellipses, and actually hunt down, one by one, as many shadowy foci till they are lost to view in thy effulgent bosom, O illustrious and imperial Alcyone? Not at all. Forbid it, Dorpat and Pulkova—forbid it, the fames of Mædler and Argelander and all most signal astronomers! Never do I need turn eye on the neck of Taurus. Its famous cluster might be as strange to my sight as the lost Pleiad. And yet I must believe. It is enough for me that I know the law of gravitation, and have noted the general drift of our heavens. This settles the matter. Every bit of star-path in yonder vault contributes a voice to that

euphemism which tells me the brilliant story of the Central Sun. I am assured of that august nebular heart, of that astonishing centre of force and revolution, as plainly, if not as impressively, as I could have been by near sight. No, I do not need to see it. No more do I need to see God in order to know of His existence. He is perturbing Neptune. He is the Herculean Constellation toward which all things sail. He is the metropolitan Alcyone around which all things revolve. So I have no occasion to invoke sight. The perturbations of Nature show Him. Her orbits concave to Him proclaim Him. The general drift of her firmaments announces Him like a choir of trumpets and artilleries. Hail, Great Centre of revolving being—as real as if we saw Thee on Thy throne sending forth Thy beams and government to remotest space! The *nisus* has revealed Thee; and it was not in vain that we adjured

“Per magnos, Nisu, Penates
Assaracique Larem, et canæ penetralia Vestæ
Obtestor; quæcumque mihi fortuna fidesque est
In vestris pono gremiis: revocate parentem;
Redditæ couspectum; nihil illo triste recepto.”

DALHOUSIE DEBATING SOCIETY.

MR. HILL'S LECTURE.—Two novelties conspired to render this lecture, delivered on 7th Jan., unique in the course; the one the presence of an imported chairman, the other the admission of ladies; dignity, accompanied by jolly good nature, came with Sir William Young, and poetry was flung through the audience, as plumed hats and furred bonnets nestled near gownsmen. These formed one part, and Mr. Hill was a worthy counterpart. His words contained much to be learned, little to be doubted, and nothing to be condemned; they were beautiful, but not turgid; rich, with no approach to grandness; pre-eminently chaste and sweet. One could expect to acquire such knowledge, hope to gain his elegance of style, but felt a doubt if he would ever attain that easy grace, that pleasant delivery, which Mr. Hill enjoys. The lecture was natural, one to be remembered, full of happy comparison between home and abroad, thoroughly English, without detracting from American excellencies, and fitted to make young Canadians love their country, work more heartily in her cause, and trust her promises and rewards.

It has passed from student to student in discussion, and has increased the number of those who admire the talents with which Mr. Hill is endowed.

The second lecture of the course was delivered on Friday evening last, by Dr. Reid, Dean of the Medical Faculty. Subject: The half-breeds of the North West. His Worship the Mayor presided with his usual grace and tact, and the University Hall was crowded by a large and select audience, who appeared deeply interested in the facts so clearly placed before them by the learned Doctor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LHN,—Your article is under consideration.

INQUIRER,—Yes—No. 4, containing the *obnoxious* article, can be had at Miss Katzman's.

CROWDED OUT.—No. 5 of Rambles. A great quantity of matter, part of which has been deferred for some time, compelled this. We will, however, devote a large space to it next issue.

THE HISTORY OF OUR UNIVERSITY.—An article on this subject will appear in our next.

THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

All nature is richly beautiful and sweetly poetic; much of it grandly sublime. Wherever we turn our admiring gaze she meets us with a smiling face, eliciting our warmest admiration of her beauty and sublimity. Everything in her wide domain, from the tiniest flower that paints the rural vale, to the most romantic scenery that decks the towering mountain's rugged brow, is calculated to please or astonish the fascinated beholder. Do we turn our musing eye to behold the smiling landscape of Spring, our hearts are lit up with the fondest delight in the contemplation of vernal beauty, so suggestive of life and activity. Are we compelled by a love of rural felicity either to wend our way along the meandering stream, whose dancing waters beat responsive to the thrilling notes of nature's feathered choir, or to clamber up the hill-side to its lofty summit to behold surrounding beauty, we feel our souls aglow with admiration and delight, while we listen to the music of the waters, or scan the beauties that are spread before our admiring eyes.

There is perhaps no emotion of the human mind but which has something corresponding in nature to excite its activity. Who has not felt a feeling of tenderness creep over his soul as the eye lights upon the tender plants of Spring, and the soft, delicate green of nature's garments? And is not the feeling of gloom and melancholy awakened by the falling of the autumnal leaves, and the sighing of the hollow winds among the leafless branches? The bright lustre of a glad morning in Summer is known to awaken the lively emotions of Hope and Joy; and the deep gloom of a dark night—rendered still more dreary by the moaning wind and beating storm—is felt to create feelings of sadness and lonely sorrow. The loud roar of the thunder pealing, and the lightning's lurid glare, strike our hearts with dread feelings of awfulness and power. The wild magnificence of the ocean in a storm—the stern majesty of the towering rock—the sublime roar of the cataract thundering in its solitude, all awaken motions of sublimity and dreadful majesty. The mild radiance of the queen of night, as she throws her silver mantle over the earth, subdues and tranquilizes the wind; and the rich glow of the evening sun, as he sinks in the purpled west, elevates the mind to the esthetic emotion, and awakens the liveliest feelings of admiration and delight. Thus we see that every piece of workmanship from the handicraft of Nature's Architect, not only exhibits features of surpassing beauty or grandeur, which require a poet's eye to catch—a poet's mind to appreciate—and a poet's pen to describe, but also awakens in the mind various trains of imagery correspondent with the character of the scene.

Seeing, then, that every scene in nature's wide domain, however varied, is contemplated with feelings of admiration and delight, the question forces itself upon the mind, 'How is it that the various scenes and objects in nature, so diversified in themselves, and so calculated to excite different and even opposite emotions, all conspire to awaken the sentiment of sublimity and beauty?' The only possible solution is, that in all these must be the expression of something intellectual or moral—some associated conception of emotion. It is the conception awakened in the mind that admits of the beautiful.

In the contemplation of any object or scene which the mind pronounces *beautiful*, we are conscious of an *elevation of feeling* accompanying the pleasing train of imagination awakened; and, when the deepest emotions of beauty and sublimity are felt, our hearts often swell with elevated feelings which language can but very faintly convey. We

are, in fact, borne aloft on the pinions of our conceptions to the fair poetic region; and, in this fairy-land where Fancy delights to wander, we regale ourselves on the dainties of imagination, and quaff sweet nectar from the flowing region of our thoughts. But still, amid the play of fancy, the lively reverie of the imagination, and the pleasing associations that cluster around the scene, there is in every instance a felt elevation of emotion—a consciousness of the greatness and dignity of these states. The esthetic emotion must therefore be classed under the elevated states of the mind.

With respect to the appreciation of the Sublime and the Beautiful by the mind, various theories have been propounded by different writers on these subjects.

Some have insisted that we can recognize beauty as a free, absolute quality. On the other hand, it is maintained by Alison and others, that it is the effect of certain associated conceptions of the mind. M. Cousin, who is followed in part by Sir William Hamilton, propounded a theory that is perhaps the most scientific. He makes the feeling of the Beautiful to consist in the pleasing exercise of the mind in *reducing variety to unity*. In this pleasure of grasping variety in unity he recognizes a "*morale idée*."

With regard to the Beautiful as distinguished from the Sublime, the "intuition" and reason go together in the conception and neither of them is frustrated. The intuition takes in the perception and reason reduces it to unity. As regards the Sublime, the intellectual intuition gives us unity while the percipient act is baffled.

Sir W. Hamilton contends that the Representative and Elaborative Faculties (i. e. Imagination and Understanding) are adequate to the perception of the Beautiful—these being a free, unimpeded effort of both faculties.

However, if these faculties alone are employed in the perception of the Beautiful, a great deal of beauty will be lost sight of altogether; for the greater portion of Beauty is given in perception through the Presentative Faculty. Moreover, it would seem to be the higher Reason rather than the Understanding that grasps the unity.

With reference to the Sublime Sir William says that when the understanding is baffled and reason comes to the rescue we have the Sublime.

Hamilton's theory is especially defective in that it does not recognize any conception of emotion; but makes the feeling of the Beautiful to consist merely in the pleasure of intellectual effort. However there is evidently more in the case than mere intellectual pleasure—there is the *morale idée*—the associated conception of emotion. We must fix upon some particular emotion as the ground-work of the state. Tenderness, Pity, Compassion, Melancholy, Antiquity, *e. g.*, are seized by the mind as giving tone or character to the scene; then all the associations that cluster around this conception of the mind powerfully enhance the effect.

(To be Continued).

This anecdote is as good as it is old:—A college professor encouraged his geology class to collect specimens, and one day they deposited a piece of brick, streaked and stained, with their collection, thinking to impose upon the doctor. Taking up the specimens, the professor remarked, "This is a piece of baryta from the Cheshire mines;" holding up another. "This is a piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries; and this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of this class."

Dalhousie College Gazette.

[HALIFAX, N. S., FEB. 7, 1870.]

Prince Pierre Buonaparte, a cousin of the Emperor of France, has recently given striking evidence of his promptness, decision, and clear-headed discrimination, by shooting a radical Editor. To be sure, his victim was only one of the libellers attached to Rochefort's staff, but as the latter took good care to keep himself out of shooting distance, the Prince can hardly be blamed for having killed the servant instead of the master.

There is much that is excusable, if not commendable, in this recent suppression of Rochefort's bravo. Rochefort himself, is a person who has brought disgrace upon the profession of journalism, and upon the French Liberal party. He has won his notoriety simply by the reckless shamelessness of the libels which he has printed against the Buonaparte family, and the adherents of the French Empire. His *Lanterne* was not even witty, except at very rare intervals, but was simply brutal and indecent. The man himself has never shown any ability, except as a professional blackguard. His staple themes were the illegitimacy of the Emperor and the unchastity of his Imperial Consort. These he dwelt upon for nearly a year, with a sameness of scurrility, and an iteration of indecency which were sufficient to disgust any right-minded man with the cause of which this licentious libeller pretended to be the High Priest. As was fitting, his paper was suppressed, and himself banished.

Permitted to return to France by the magnanimity of the man whom he had so persistently abused, Rochefort showed his gratitude by establishing a new organ of scurrility, entitled *The Marseillaise*. In reply to some attacks lately made upon the Imperial Family, Prince Pierre Buonaparte sent him word that he was ready to accept a challenge from him. Rochefort replied by sending him two armed bul- lies, one of whom opened negotiations by striking the Prince in the face, and then followed up this gentlemanly proceeding by drawing a revolver. The Prince promptly and properly shot him dead, and drove the other assassin from the room. Had it been Rochefort himself who had met with this deserved punishment, Prince Pierre would have earned the gratitude of all respectable journalists and true friends of liberty. As it is, he has rendered a service to the cause of decency and manliness which deserves, and in France, at least, has certainly received, the gratitude of all honourable men. Rochefort and his crew have voluntarily assumed the position of brigands, who live by the perpetration of crimes against decency and good order. They deserve no leniency at any time, and when they add attempted assassination, and that too of a Prince of the Blood Royal, to their trade as professional libellers, no better fate should be theirs, than that which has overtaken Victor Noir at the hands of the impetuous Prince Pierre.

—After thinking how we could best forward the interests of the GAZETTE, and subserve our own, we have determined to introduce some change in the mode of its publication. Instead of issuing it once a fortnight, as at present, we propose to publish it every month, and for eight pages we intend to substitute sixteen. Our reasons for this are, that we will then be better enabled to provide material and judge what should be inserted; we can then publish many articles whose length makes them unfit for our present columns; besides, it will save labour, for the selection of communications, the writing, the proof-reading and printing necessary for the larger paper would be very little greater than those connected with the *Gazette* as now issued. Our next, then, will appear on March 7th, when we hope such an improved appearance will be presented as will render it more worthy us, and more pleasing to our readers. We hope in that number to finish "Ancient Speculation," and leave our last for farewell articles. Whether the *Gazette* will be published during the summer is under consideration; it depends on the will of the students and the number of subscribers; if these are such as to warrant the undertaking, nothing would be more gratifying than to see a large monthly love letter, through the summer, sent from many hearts towards our *Alma Mater*.

EXCHANGES AND COLLEGE NEWS.

The Harvard Advocate seems to us the model of a College paper. The articles are all short, terse and to the point. One of its characteristics is an antipathy to Freshmen.

The Virginia University Magazine is an exceedingly well got up periodical of 48 pages. It evidently makes one of the English Reviews its great exemplar. Its articles, though heavy, are very readable.

Some ardent student of Acadia, unjustly indignant at our leader in No. 4, has written a very passionate letter to the *Citizen* about it. For all particulars we refer our readers to the *Citizen* of 31st Jan. and 3rd Feb.

Stewart's Quarterly for January is fully up to its standard. Our Professor Lyall has a very fine article in it on the Ideal and Practical.

We are indebted to the New York *Citizen and Round Table* for a very flattering notice of our paper and ourselves. Coming from such a source, the compliment is a very high one.

DONATION.—We have most gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of \$5 from the Hon. Sir William Young, towards the general fund of the GAZETTE. We sincerely hope that many other prominent citizens will follow this generous example, and by their well-timed liberality, enable us to issue our paper at a cheaper price, or in a larger form than at present.

MEDICAL FACULTY.—To the "getter up" of the "Annual Announcement," we would most respectfully offer the following suggestions. (1) Give every Professor his due share of titles, or letters after his name. (2) Attempt some division of the Students into Senior and Junior classes. (3) Don't henceforward put a full stop between the two L's in LL. D.

Correspondence.

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

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

Messrs. Editors,—

In reading the reviews of the events of the past year, in the Newspapers, and Periodicals of the Dominion, I have been struck by the fact, that without exception, the destruction of the Irish Church has been regarded as a subject of congratulation. It is much to be regretted, that, on this side of the Atlantic, the Radical opinion with regard to any part of the policy of the British Government, is alone heard. As no question should be decided without both sides being heard, I venture to ask permission to encroach on a few lines of your valuable space, for the purpose of confuting those misrepresentations, which here prejudice the minds of many against the above-mentioned Ecclesiastical Body. I do not flatter myself that much impression will be made on minds already so strongly fortified by prejudice, yet it is something that the truth should be made known, in however feeble a manner.

Bigotry has been so persistently ascribed to conservatism, that in the eyes of many, to call a man a Conservative is to brand him as a fanatic. It has been the result of later times to show that Radicals are not *radically* free from ferocious intolerance, nor Liberals from that narrow-minded illiberality, which can conceive of, or make allowance for, no other ideas or opinions than those of its own party. The English or Scottish voluntary, and the Irish Demagogue combine the roughness of the vandal, and the mercilessness of a Spanish Inquisitor, with a fanatic hatred of Christianity worthy of a Hun or Mongol. When the Goths sacked Rome, they spared the Church and the servants; when Britain lies at the feet of a lawless and illiterate democracy, no institution, however ancient or sacred, can hope to escape the ruthless hand of the Barbarian. It would be an unenviable task to recount the deeds of a party, which has usurped the power of King, Lords and Commons. A fitting climax to all is afforded in the act passed last session by a slavish majority in the Lower House, and carried through the Lords by dint of bullying. The reasons assigned for thus depriving the poor of Ireland of the means of religious instruction, are curiously variable, and by no means harmonize. Some, bolder or more shameless than their fellows, openly avow that the measure was designed to reunite and lead back to power the scattered Liberal party. The safer, more common, but not less disgraceful excuse, is that Ireland must be conciliated by the sacrifice of something imagined to be a grievance, that some sop must be thrown to the noisy dogs of the Fenian Brotherhood. This was the wretched policy tried by the Roman Empire in the days of her decline. We know the result. The bribes of the Emperor served only to make known the wealth and weakness of his territory, even so has concession given to the enemies of Britain the knowledge of the cowardice and corruption of her Government, and encouraged the Fenian Hydra to howl for more food wherewith to feed its insatiable maw. But apart from mere policy, it is the duty of a Government to attend to the moral training, as well as the physical health and intellectual education of the people committed to its charge. Is the sick man allowed to reject his medicine, or the child to neglect his lesson, because these things are disagreeable? In this respect Britain has heretofore at least partially discharged her duty; she has now publicly

disowned it, and left the most immoral part of her people to grovel in superstition, idolatry and vice.

In the foregoing passages we have been allowing, for the sake of argument, that the Irish Church is a grievance to Roman Catholics; that such is not the case, it will now be the object of our endeavours to prove. The indictment brought against it by its opponents is somewhat to this effect: That the Church of Ireland is regarded there as a badge of English conquest, and Irish slavery; that she is maintained by oppressive taxes levied on the Roman Catholic peasantry, and that these causes combined with the prevalence of a naturally hostile religion, have rendered the great mass of Irishmen foes to the alien establishment,—such is the charge, and it becomes us to give a categorical denial and refutation of its three classes.

It is known to all students of history, that when Henry II invaded Ireland, he found there a religion differing as widely from that of England, as the wild Irish differed from the polished Normans, in fact the primitive christianity of the Culdees, and that with no little opposition, the creed of Rome was established along with the law of England. The Church took firmer root than the law. When Henry VIII repudiated the Papal supremacy, and sought to extend the Protestant religion to Ireland, he did not meet with such success as in England, already leavened with Lollardy. The English settlers willingly embraced the new faith, but the Celtic peasants, forgetting that their present creed was the real badge of conquest, in their hatred of the oppressive conduct of the feudal lords, sought to aggravate the mutual dislike before existing, by obstinately clinging to the outward religion. Still they might gradually have been won over, if the services of the restored original church had been conducted in their native Erse. English was to them quite as unintelligible as Latin, and was besides hated as new, and as the language of their conquerors. But the golden opportunity was lost, the prescribed faith became identified with, and bound up in, Irish nationality, and firmly fixed in the minds of the people.

The revenue of the Church of Ireland, we may premise, is perhaps somewhat less than £700,000; of which £300,000 are derived from private and public endowments, chiefly of land, and the remainder from tithes. The landed property consists nearly altogether of grants made by Government from the forfeited estates of rebels, or of gifts and bequests from individual members of the Church, the original church lands having been mostly seized by the nobility, at the period of the Reformation, and nearly all of the Parsonages and Churches were built since that time. It is therefore utterly absurd to say that the Roman Catholic body has any claim to, or the Parliament any right to confiscate, the present lands of the Church. Equally groundless are the pathetic complaints of the oppressive weight of the tithes on the peasantry. The truth is, that these much-abused taxes are not paid by the peasants at all, but by the lords of the soil, and nine-tenths of the lands are owned by Protestants, who can have no objection to support their own church. The amount of tithes paid by the Roman Catholic gentry is amply compensated by the annual grant of £30,000 to Maynooth College. It is well known in Ireland, that land exempt from tithe charges, is always rented at a much higher rate than it would be otherwise; thus the abolition of tithes will not benefit the tenant, by lowering his rent, in the slightest degree, as some fondly imagine or pretend.

It may seem to many an astounding assertion, but it is nevertheless a true one, that Ireland did not desire the abolition of her Church. The Presbyterians of Ulster petitioned Parliament against the destruction of a church,

whose Scottish sister had cruelly persecuted them in the days of old. It is admitted by travellers, Forbes for example, of ultra-Liberal opinions, that the Irish peasantry do not bear any great hatred to the Church, neither does its clergy, unless excited by the denunciations of a priest, whose flock has suffered diminution from the zeal of the rector. The priests themselves were not at first desirous of the disestablishing Bill, and the Roman Catholic members of Parliament hesitated to vote on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions. The Church was a convenient string to harp upon, an imaginary grievance by which mild martyrdom might be enjoyed. The influence of certain prelates gave to the Radicals the support of their church, but in spite of this, 83,000 Conservative votes cast at the last election against 70,000 Liberals, attest the unwillingness of Ireland to concur in a measure ostensibly for her benefit, but in reality designed to gratify the malice of English and Scottish Voluntaries.

The prophecies of the peace, and quiet which were to follow this disgraceful deed have been signally confuted by facts, of which no reader can be ignorant, for the fires of treason burn more luridly than ever, and the law is more powerful in Tartary than in Ireland.

With many apologies for occupying so much of your valuable space, I have the honor to remain,

Yours, &c.

A PRESBYTERIAN.

Dalhousie College, 4th Feby., 1870.

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

AN HOUR ON SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

Time works wonders. It urges on some of the works of man and makes others moulder in the dust: it soothes the troubled mind and takes away the sting of grief, while it adds keenness to revenge, and nerves to deeds of blood. Watching over the great and the little things of life and bringing change to all its subjects, it had not omitted us; and though but a few days had elapsed since we had seen the sun set on Bannockburn we now found ourselves somewhat above the rest of mortals, at the top of Sir Walter Scott's monument in Edinburgh.

Of beautiful proportions, celebrated for its artistic taste, and acknowledged to be one of the finest monuments in the world, great was our pleasure when we looked upon it from below. Under its canopy sits a marble statue of the poet. Gothic arches protect him and above them rise stone upon stone, pinnacle over pinnacle and arch above arch till it terminates in a point at a height of 200 feet. But magnificent as this structure is it has been well earned by the noble Scott whose name needs no eulogies to make it known, no engraven tablets to tell its honour and no poet's tounge to sing its fame.

We had ascended, and standing near the cold stone forms of Prince Charlie and the Lady of the Lake we looked out with them upon the city. By chance, we turned first to the New Town, and as we viewed its wide streets and green crescents; as we saw so many splendid buildings, the resort of the fashionable, the homes of the aristocratic and the abodes of the noble and the rich as there rose before us high statues and lofty pillars commemorating the deeds of kings and courtiers, our mind was filled with admiration. We wondered at such modern beauty and in it traced time's improving hand. Yet we were not satisfied. Its mathematical exactness might be pleasing to professorial minds; but straight lines and angles had been left in

old Dalhousie and we instinctively turned to look upon the other scene—the old Town.

Quaint and antique, old-fashioned, but all the more interesting, time-worn, but none the less time-honored, it formed a pleasing contrast to its more aspiring neighbor. Houses even ten stories high, narrow, crooked streets, close lanes and alleys in profusion, churches whose foundations had been laid long, long ago, and which had echoed to the words of the old divines; buildings which, in the olden time, had been triumphs of, but whose stones in this degenerate age could scarcely stand one upon another, dwellings which had been the homes of Scotland's great and good, roofs which had sheltered knights and kings, all combined to fill us with delight. No imagination was needed here. Truth was stranger than fiction. If we wished a tale of glory or romance, of chivalry; if we wanted to trace trial or suffering, or follow a hero in a joyous career, Holyrood would suggest these very scenes, or as our eyes wandered along the Cowgate and the Canon-gate, High Street and the Netherbow, we could read them in every house and at every threshold.

Thoughts such as these led us to fix our eyes on the palace of the Scottish Kings. Of the ancient quadrangular form; it stands in a valley, having Arthur's Seat and Calthron Hill as its supporters; and with double castellated towers has a more military appearance than we would suppose ought to belong to the abode of royalty. Just behind is the ruined abbey typical of hopes thrown down and lofty aspirations brought to nought. The marriage spot of kings and queens, of rulers and of heroes, the former dwelling place of joy and gladness, of sorrow and regret. It stood surrounded by an atmosphere of recollections now lit up by the dreams of happy peaceful reigns and again darkened by the clouds of war and bloodshed.

On the other hand there frowned the castle, high it stands, in stature proudly eminent, an armed sentinel to guard the liberties of the capital of Scotland. It is built on a lofty rock; whose sides everywhere are steep and, in some parts, jagged precipices. From this elevated position, and from the improvements of art in making it a fortress, it is second only to Stirling among the Scottish castles. Battle after battle has tried its walls, siege after siege has tested its battlements; more than one foe has been driven back from its ramparts, more than one advancing army arrested in its course. Its stones have been washed in the blood of the slain, and its pavements hallowed by contact with the dying and the dead; they have watched the slow progress of famine, the near approach of death, and the joyful deliverance; yet there the castle stands, and will stand, a monument to descending ages, and a monitor of the evils and the bitter fruits of strife. As we looked a puff of smoke was seen from the half-moon batteries, and the report of the peaceful daily gun was heard echoing through the city, and pointing to the pruning hooks and plough-shares of coming happy ages.

What a tyrant is the Editor! Despot is his office, he says to the writer, thus far shalt thou go and no further. We intended to have taken a glance at Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, and seen how nature triumphs there and raises a royal throne worthy of a British Prince above the surrounding hills. We intended to have turned our steps to Calton Hill, and admired or criticised there the great men's monuments. We intended to have seen the buildings which help to make Edinburgh the modern Athens, and many of the minor points, but space forbids, and we must bow submissively, pass from the stage and give way to better men.

DONALD ANGUS.

(CONTINUED.)

Sunday morning was more lovely than Saturday. I made enquiries concerning the locality of the Church.—Which Church do you mean said the man interrogated? What one could I mean, I replied, but the right one. He named a number to me, and at last I heard the welcome name. Being told where it was situated I prepared to go. I may here remark that all students should carefully attend to one Church. This was one of father's particular topics. Many a proof did he give us that it was wrong even to enter a different place of worship from that to which he belonged. He would explain this heresy in this Church, and that wrong doctrine in that. True at home he had few to compare, for happily there was only one other Church different from our own at home; yet he never seemed weary of the theme. And proud was he of his children, when on Sabbath they could tell wherein other sects were wrong. It was better he thought to stay at home than to go to the other Church, for there was danger we might hear what was wrong. Among his last admonitions was this one, "Remember your Church my boy." Full of home thoughts on this very important subject I wended my way to Church. I met crowds going in the opposite direction. Surely they must have been up all night to dress so finely and well. I wished to tell them they were all wrong, but there were too many of them. Yet earnestly did I hope they might soon see the error of their ways.—When I arrived at Church how glad I was. It seemed as if it was joined mysteriously with my own dear one at home. There is something noble in such a thought. In I strode. I walked up to the door and looked in. Such a beautiful sight. Oh! such pretty clothes and fine seats. While gazing at such a scene a man asked me if I knew any one in the Church, or had any friends in Halifax? Well I cant say I have said I *no*. An uncle of mine was once a Member of Parliament. Is he here now? No sir. He then walked off. I moved into an ample seat. While entranced with the beauty of the scene, a number of people made their way up the aisle, and stopped at the door of the pew in which I sat. I am not very good at telling what people mean by their faces, but a simpleton could see by their leader's motions he wished me to go out. In my hurry to get off I left my cap, and on returning for it found they had made a foot-ball of it. For a moment, and I feel ashamed to tell it, I thought of going to another Church, but my firm belief in the right one supported me. I will take, said I, the resort of all boys and strangers. I will go upstairs. It seemed as if I was destined to be in everybody's way, for the next pew I took was the singers' seat.

But the gentleman in charge was kinder to me. He told me to take the back seat. Here I materially assisted them to sing, only they sang a little faster than I did—just a little. An old gentleman started the singing with a big wooden whistle—the rest sang so fast they left him and he threw it down in disgust. I thought he used the whistle because he had a cold and passed him a bit of liquorice.

The Minister was a young man and preached what a young lady called a very original sermon, on the 'limpie games. I thought I heard something like it before.

On my way home I excused the apparent carelessness of the people in church for this reason. If they acted kindly and encouraged people, there are so many strangers in a city that they would crowd the seats. It is well, I repeat, to be a firm believer in one Church, for it will support you under many difficulties, and keep you from getting offended when you are treated coldly. As there was no service there in the evening I was after much coaxing, in-

duced to attend another place of worship. I was kindly shown into a seat, but I saw the policy of it, they wanted me to join them. What would my father say thought I if he knew I was here. As I regained the street I determined never to go there again. But I changed my mind, and now think people have a right to go to Church where they please.

With many forebodings of to-morrow's fate I retired. Nine o'clock saw me stepping off to College, with my "Gray" and "Lennie." On entering what a scene presented itself—boys, half boys, and young men, altogether. Most of them had black frocks, and such caps! well I better say nothing about them: Most of them seemed to be in trouble. One was called a flying angel by a young lady while walking on the street. Another had to pay the Professors twenty dollars for his fees, which he thought was entirely against the spirit of the free educational system. This one had a poor boarding house,—that one had no chum to room with him. One was singing "The girl I left behind me," and another "Do they think of me at home." There seemed to be a general confusion. A number were collected in a corner, and I was told a *Senior*, as they called him, had written a poem on all *Freshmen* because one had insulted him. It was styled the Freshman's Soliloquy, and was as follows:

My troubles never know decline,
They come but never go;
O shall they ever have an end
While living here below?
The world without looks gay and pleased,
As if life had some joys;
To me there is no charm in life,
Even when I'm with the "boys."
To sit and muse o'er tasks unlearn't,
Still putting trouble off,
And on the morrow meet the frowns
Of a heartless angry "Prof."
They say when I'm a senior,
No care I'll have to swallow;
The Jew Apollo may believe,
You don't catch me to follow.
O life has lost the charms for me,
Why should I longer live?
My days are weary, full of care,
No pleasure do they give.
I'll die—though friends may think it strange,
And all will call it rash:
I'll die—yes, let me have my way,
And dye—my white moustache.

To be continued.

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