

THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

*Amn
Hear*

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

VOL. II.

HALIFAX, N. S., DEC. 27, 1869.

NO. 3.

ANCIENT SPECULATION.

(Continued from No. 5, Vol. 1.)

It is probable that Pythagoras was less a Metaphysical than a mathematical and ethical teacher. He is represented to us as a stern, commanding moralist. He lived for wisdom. To reach the most sublime heights of knowledge a training was necessary. To bestow this he founded a society, social, secret, ascetic. In this, after those desirous of entering had made a full proof of their powers of self-denial by passing through trying ordeals (not the least of which to the loquacious Greek was a silence of five years) they were obliged to begin their course by a thorough study of mathematics, in order to fit them for abstraction. Music followed, which tended to elevate, purify and ennoble the soul.

One of the best authenticated doctrines of Pythagoras is that of transmigration of souls. In accordance with his numerical theory, the soul was a Unit, hence perfect, self-moved. In man's present state the soul is not a complete unity, hence imperfect. He makes it have three components, Reason, Intelligence, and Passion. The first he considered that which makes man what he is. These are but the several modes of the one. Any one of these modes may gain the ascendancy, and the man is known by it, as a philosopher, a strong minded man of business, or a sensualist. The one underlying the three is the same. When having the two appearances of intelligence and passion only, it dwells in brutes, when having the three it governs man. Thus this doctrine may be explained. The ontological doctrines of Pythagoras are, as we have said, just an extended and more thoroughly logical development of Anaximander's theory. The All of the latter is the One of the former. This discussion of such tenets would seem to teach that the wisest oft believed in profound quibbles which untutored common sense would reject. That a word, a name, an abstraction should be assumed as a substantial foundation on which to rear the immense fabric of the universe, that the doctrine should, cloaked in ambiguous language become a subject for learned controversy, and occupy the attention of scholars, is an amazing instance of the folly and presumption of man in propounding groundless theories, and his willingness to attend even to propositions claiming no support but their originator's belief. If ontological enquiries elicit naught but such baseless theories, let us refrain from them and attend upon those departments where an approximation to certainty can be made, and phenomenal truth at least cognized.

Thales, Anaximenes, and Diogenes strove by physical first principles to account for the origin of the universe. About the same time other thinkers were engaged in similar studies, though of a more ideal character.

First among these came Xenophanes. He was founder of the Eleatic school of philosophy, and introducer of a great change in the direction of thought. He was born at Colophon, about 620, B. C. He enjoyed an early education, and soon displayed considerable poetic power in writ-

ing elegies. Possessing a mind of the loftiest range, he soared high above his contemporaries. The notions of polytheism then entertained were repugnant to him. Homer, as helping to perpetuate a belief in them was assailed through his gnomic verses. He attacked the great bard, believing his country's gods were false. One God he declared existed, high and holy, supreme in knowledge, omnipotent. Him all should adore. As if inspired with a profound surmise of the oneness and perfection of God, he made it the object of his life to make known his convictions to others. Loving truth with a pure affection; in the greatness of his soul he felt that it was not for him or a few only, but for all mankind. From town to country, from Greece to Italy he wandered, the great preacher of truth. He finally settled at Elea in the South of Italy, where he taught. He committed himself slowly and with hesitation to any particular view. His tour through the cities of Greece brought him in contact with all the great minds of his time: he thus had the benefit of all previous views. These he brought into judgment often and long, with little satisfaction. With increase of knowledge came additional sorrow. The questions proposed were subtle and profound, and the answers too recondite to be found by him. He puzzled himself, he brought all the powers of his strong mind to bear upon the propositions offered; conflicting reasons for opposite views clashed so forcibly as to leave him bewildered. Indecision seized possession of him, he confessed his ignorance and inability. Finally his head bowed before the mysteries by which he was confronted, and he felt that he was attempting impossibilities. He could not answer, yet he had beliefs which nothing could destroy. He staggered, but recovered himself by the conviction that these mysteries were true though not explicable. These doubts which distracted him, and prevented him from declaring aught with absolute certainty, are the first wants of that young giant which with Pyrrho violently denied all certainty. Neither the Physical prime principle of the Ionic school, nor the abstraction of the mathematicians could satisfy his mind. He cast his eyes heavenward, and without argument to convince himself, or intelligible reason to give to others, exclaimed, God is one. This grand intuition was as a part of his being. The mighty arch of heaven part of an infinite globe, was complete, a sphere, a unity. God was as it indicated. This God from His nature as the origin of all things, must have been eternal and self-existent. His omniscience and omnipotence excluded all plurality of Gods. His infinity made him include all finite things, all were contained in Him. Xenophanes thus proposed a pantheism in opposition to the many deities of the time. His God was just the first principle, possessing the attributes of wisdom, holiness and power. God exhibited modes which allowed the phenomena of sense. As we have stated Xenophanes was a humble disciple of truth.

(To be Continued).

Back numbers containing the beginning of this article can be obtained on application to the Editors.

VIRTUES AND VICES OF THE DAILY PRESS.

No. II.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PAPERS

The principal charge made against English Newspapers, is their want of enterprise. The principal charge made against American papers is their want of talent. It would be unjust to say the charges so made are strictly true; but it will not be wrong to say there is an element of truth in them. The English newspapers are all after the same model; each contains pretty much the same amount of information on the same questions. Thus, take up several London dailies of the same date, and you will find four leading articles, probably on the same subject, in each, a letter from France, dated Paris, with just the same news, a column or two of police news, possibly a letter from Ireland or America, stuck in some odd corner in bad type, and the usual city and monetary news. The leading articles will be well written and readable, though you are not likely to have any new ideas after reading them, the letter from France will be decorous, possibly dull, and the letter from Ireland will be dated possibly a fortnight before. Then turn to the dispatches, you will find them set in unattractive type, in not a prominent position, and, unless something very exciting is going on, occupying not more than half a column. Reuter is a King, and is a tyrant to his subjects of the press, dealing them out scanty boons in an ungracious manner. Now take up a few New York dailies and you will see a difference. In the first place you will find a column, it may be two or three columns of dispatches, all set off in attractive type. It is possible that the news is of no great importance, but it is news, it is fresh from somewhere besides New York, it shows enterprise in the proprietors, and pleases the public. Then you go to the Editorial columns, and putting aside for a moment the talent displayed there, you will find an improvement on the English custom. Not four long and heavy articles, but possibly ten shorter articles, with a variety of editorial comments more or less witty, pointed, and pungent. Then turn to the correspondence and you find a letter, perhaps two, from the Pacific Coast, only five days old, or from the interior West across the mountains, only two days old, and from Paris as late as steam could make it, and from London, and from Washington, and from Canada, and from the South, and from Cuba. Then you turn another page and there is a condensed summary of the news and articles of importance from foreign papers. Clearly it will break on you that the American Press is far beyond the English press in point of enterprise. As for the talent displayed in the columns of the papers of the two countries, we confess that England has the advantage. The literature of England is confessedly superior to that of America, and the first literary men of London are engaged on the Press. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Bright, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Trollope, all are contributors to the daily Press. The days of Mr. Thackeray's Captain Shandon, and his Hoolan and Doolan of the "Dawn" are gone by, the taste for eloquence of the wild Irish hillbilloo kind has died out, argument has taken the place of rhetoric, facts have supplanted fancies. The English press at this time exerts an immense influence in the affairs of Europe and America, besides the legitimate influence it exerts at home—and that is immense. The prominent politicians have of late borrowed a custom from the Americans who have a better knowledge of the power of the Press than Englishmen; they have taken up the custom of making extra parliamentary speeches on topics of the day, which are reported and scattered over the country, giving a good idea to the public what will be the course such gentlemen will take in Parliament, and how the men who follow in their footsteps will lead. The use of the Press is better understood in America, but it is beginning to be thoroughly understood in England also. The New York papers have not the same advantage in point of talent possibly that the English papers have, and their influence is accordingly less even in home affairs. One cause of this want of influence in New York papers, in fact in American papers generally, is their personality. In speaking of the prominent papers an American would probably ask, not what does the *Tribune* say, but what does Greeley say; not what does the *World* say? but what does Marble say; he would not speak of the *Sun*, but of Dana, nor of the *Post*, but of Bryant, nor of the *Citizen*, but of Roosevelt. This we think tends to lessen the influence of the papers. Obscurity is favorable to the sublime, it is favorable to influence; the *stat nominis in umbra* affects us with a sort of superstitious reverence which we do not render to the well known name of a man, with crochets and foibles, and tricks of speech and manner. In this impersonality the English papers wield a greater influence. The thunderbolts are hurled out of space, but no one knows who hurls them; *Jupiter tonans* hidden in his cloudland, terrifies; but if Jupiter was known to wear a shocking bad hat and short trowsers, like Greeley, or to be a weird, thin-faced old man, like Bryant, he would not be so terrifying, so to speak. But it must not be supposed that the Editorial department of the New York papers is not well filled. There

are no more brilliant writers on the English Press than Mr. Greeley, or Mr. Marble, or Mr. Dana, but their influence is less, we think because of their personality always being felt in their papers. If we were to take up representative papers of the two countries, we would pick out the *Times* for England, and the *Tribune* for America. They are both supreme in their own branch—supreme in enterprise, in influence, in all that goes to make a paper a power for good in a country. The very last numbers of the two papers are specimens of journalism which we confess we examined and compared with mixed feelings of delight and despair, delight at the successful attempt to create a great journal, despair that we should never live to see the like in this country. Both papers employ the best talent in their reach. The leading articles of the *Times* are brilliant, invariably, but not always powerful or argumentative, they are at times hastily written at a moment's notice, and draw conclusions every morning which are not to be gainsayed by any reasonable man, but which it coolly ignores or contradicts next morning. The leaders of the *Tribune* are equally as brilliant, and in our opinion, more solid, more argumentative, more effectual than those of the *Times*. As a newspaper for home reading, the *Tribune* has no equal in the English world, we think; it is a "liberal education" to read it. Its foreign news is written by the best men that can be obtained; its home news is always varied and interesting, its correspondence is the most extensive in America, its book notices are most varied and most clever and interesting of any paper we know of. But with all this, the *Times* exercises a greater influence; partly because of its impersonality, partly because of its real talent, and principally because it is conducted by men who know the English public "like a book," who can make public opinion at times, who can mould it at the proper time on occasions, and who can yield to its influence and lead it without seeming to yield, and without loss of a grain of weight. On the whole, looking at the charges mentioned at the beginning, we have to remain uncertain how to decide the blame of the want of enterprise and the want of talent. It is true that the English papers do not set off their telegrams with flaming headings, and do not have many each issue; but then look you, those flaming headings in the American papers are put in to fill up, to make a show; they are all or partly sham. It is true that the letters even of the *Times*, from foreign parts, are old in date, but then you see the very recent date of the letters in the *Herald* for instance, or the *World*, give you a suspicion that they are manufactured by clever hands at paste and scissors in the office. On the other hand it is true that there is an inferiority in style in the American papers generally, but the articles in the *Tribune* and the *World* are unsurpassed in England, and there are more of them, and the editorial paragraphs are very witty and pungent.

With regard to morality, neither country has much to boast of. The police news, the ugly details of crimes *inter christianos non nominandum*, the low details of bar-room quarrels and brothel life, the nasty details of the divorce Court—all are made quite as public in England as in America. But we doubt if in England any paper of good standing makes a principal business of keeping its columns filled with such, as the *World* and the *Herald* do.

We had intended to make a third article of this subject and devote it to our Halifax contemporaries, but on consideration we have concluded to let sleeping dogs lie—not meaning anything rude. For look you it is not good nor pleasant to be abused, and if we attempted to criticize our elders, in this our infancy, we might get our infant existence endangered—though we confess we would like to attempt to strangle a snake or two in our cradle. But *cui bono?* If we hesitated at the want of enterprise which sends the thunderer to breakfast with ten lines of a dispatch, we might be thunderbolted, which would not be pleasant. If we hesitated at the solemn heaviness and too great respectability of the evening,—we might be solemnly lectured on the extreme impropriety of our conduct. If we hinted at the feeble windy inflated nonsense of the ——— we might be called wicked names and pelted with expletives "as big as the crown of my hat." If we ventured to deprecate the low scurrility and feeble malice of the ——— we might be told "our sister had a cock eye," and the faults of our ancestors might be brought up to confute our argument. So on the whole we merely remark that our contemporaries have some little faults; but we will overlook them at this time, when the better feelings are getting the upper hand of us, when we are more christianized, and less editorial and critical, and when in all sincerity, we can wish our brothers a "Merry CHRISTMAS and a Happy NEW YEAR."

Any of our subscribers who do not receive the *Gazette* punctually will please notify the Editors at once. It will be seen in another column that the delay in despatching the papers is not with us.

Poetry.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

The opal-hued and many perfumed Morn
 From Gloom is born;
 From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
 The stars shed light;
 Gems in the sunless caverns of the earth
 Have there slow birth;
 From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
 Come summer flowers;
 The bitter waters of the restless main
 Give gentle rain;
 The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
 The year's fresh store;
 Just sequences of clashing Tones afford
 The full accord;
 Through weary ages full of strife and might
 Thought reaches right;
 Through efforts long in vain prophetic Need
 Begets the Deed.
 Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope;
 Life's brightest hope
 Lies hidden in Fate's deadliest lair—
 NEVER DESPAIR!

DONALD ANGUS.

(CONTINUED.)

A kind looking man happened to pass by, and seeing that I was in trouble, asked me if I wanted to go to the city. Yes sir, I said, if I can only get some honest person to show me the way. He said he would do what he could for me; so getting a covered waggon that still remained, he told the driver to take me to the Mansion. Now thinks I to myself, if I am to be in a mansion, I must remember father's rules, and act well. My feelings on entering the city I cannot describe. Lanterns stuck on posts,—houses on all sides attracted my attention. These houses all seemed to contain shops, and their trade to be in bottles. On we drove, the waggon rocked, mud flew, the lights and carriages became more numerous, the driver swore, and at last was stopped by a crowd of vehicles. I jumped out, thinking I was at the end of my drive. Just then I heard sleigh-bells, and a nice looking "likeness saloon" passed us. "How industrious the people must be," said I, "to get their pictures taken while travelling, and that by night." Again we drove off. In turning a corner I spied "Depot" written on a large house, and thinking the fumes from so many shops had affected the driver's brain, (for I was sure we were back again at the place from whence we started) I asked him if we were back at the cars again. Oh, said he, that is not a railroad depot, but a liquor shop. I mused. At home, those who sell rum live in small mean houses, and nobody respects them; while here splendid stone buildings afford them a home. No wonder that old Bill McPhail, who sells liquor at the Cross-roads, feels so proud, when he has so many rich friends in the trade." I felt sorry that I used to think liquor sellers could not be gentlemen, could not be respected and considered good men.

At last we reached our destination, and my trunk was safely put in the house. Pulling out my brand new purse, I asked the driver how far he had come? Two miles said he; Here then is your six-pence, three-pence a mile all the world over. Casting a murderous glance at me, and en-

forcing it by a wild oath, he yelled, "a dollar, quick!" The thoughts of Fox's Martyrs made me yield, glad to get clear of him. Every face I saw was strange, and the house was so full they said I must occupy the same apartment with another man. I heard religion and politics discussed during the evening with considerable warmth. At last I was shown into a room with a man who had been talking politics considerably, and was frequently called a "member." I was puzzled all the evening about the candle that burned in the room, the tallow did not seem to waste, and instead of a moveable support, it was fastened to the wall. My friend seemed to know all about it—blew it out and hung his clothes on it. I hope I may never pass such a night again. The inmates of the house came into our room and woke us up, but I could not move. They talked of gas, as soon as I could speak a word, I said I thought the gentleman had too much of it all the evening. In the morning I found the person to whom my father had written about me, who took me to a house where I was to stay all winter. He told me as it was Saturday I might walk round town. I need not recount all I saw, but may remark that I was an object of much interest, as everybody seemed to notice me; and not unfrequently did I hear "country," &c., whispered by sweet-toned voices. But I heeded not. They might laugh; I could think of the vast information I had received at School. When a lazy crowd moved by with uppish airs I repeated "How doth the little busy bee," or when large carriages and fine horses with richly dressed ladies passed me, I repeated the proverb "It is not all gold that glitters." I heard many remarks on my dress, verdancy, &c., yet did not feel the least angry. But when a young head on old shoulders, wishing to afford amusement to some young ladies with old heads on young shoulders, ventured to enquire "if that cloth," pointing to my coat, "were scarce in the country," I quickly replied,—not so scarce as good manners are in the city. His trowsers were tight—very tight indeed. I told a bystander I thought the spindle-legs of the youth were in keeping with his sense, and big bloated face with his demeanor. My angry spirits were soon soothed by meeting so many good-looking young ladies. The day being dark, I felt surprised to meet a number dressed in brown and black, with large sun-bonnets on. I peeped under one of them, at a lovely, pale, blue-eyed lady, but my glance met no response. Not to tire my readers with too many incidents in this days' history, I may say that my impressions of the city were not very favorable. Returning to my lodgings, I thought "is this city life? Would I exchange my strong, though rough hands for those weak leather-covered things, which swing canes, or fondle moustaches, and, if any of those lovely maids were in danger, which could best assist her? With many, such sage thoughts, I spent the remainder of the day, hoping it might be my lot to gain city refinement, without losing my country strength.

(To be Continued.)

The name of the *Halifax Evening Express* was inadvertently omitted from the notice of thanks in last issue. The Editors of the *Gazette* have gratefully to acknowledge many acts of kindness and courtesy accorded to them by the proprietors of that truly valuable Journal.

Mr. W. E. Roscoe, one of the late Editors of the *Gazette*, is at present in charge of a large grade school in Canning. He is very much missed in the Debating Society, where he was always noted for his ready eloquence. We sincerely hope that next term he may be with us again.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DEC. 27, 1869.

CHRISTMAS! there is music in the very name. How many associations cluster round the word! What bright visions of happy homes, cheerful firesides, kind friends and hearty welcomes does it call up! What delightful family reunions, what meetings around the social board what mirth and festivity does it not suggest! Who does not feel his heart thrill within him, and his pulse quicken, as he hears the familiar sound?

By the Student, the advent of Christmas is hailed with peculiar pleasure. It is then that he obtains a respite from the wearisome labours of the class-room. He fears the frown of no Professor: the envy of no companion. No spectres of to-morrow's imperfectly prepared work, disturb his slumbers. He does not awake to find himself conjugating a Greek verb, or trying to recollect what metals are precipitable by hydrosulphuric acid. What cares he whether Socrates or Plato was the greater Philosopher, or who invented the theory of Logarithms? Does he puzzle his brain in trying to remember the figures of Rhetoric, or the declensions of German nouns? Is it any difference to him whether Galileo or Torricelli invented the barometer, or whether the waves of sound move more quickly in cold or warm air? But a short time ago, these and kindred subjects were uppermost in his mind: now he deems them almost beneath his notice. He will now have nothing to do with Literature, Science, or Philosophy; not he. Has he not spent many a weary hour, and robbed himself of many a night's rest during the past two months, in their study? And is not Christmas coming, and is he not going home to enjoy it? "Hurrah for Merry Christmas!" Down goes his gown in one corner, his cap is kicked into another, he tumbles his books into a third, and dances the Highland fling in the fourth. It is useless to remonstrate with him, and as for argument, you might as well talk to his gown as it lies there with a new rent added to the number, certainly large enough before, yet which he regards somewhat as a veteran soldier does the tatters in his standard its greatest glory. Our student is neither to be argued nor laughed out of his state of hilarity. Christmas is coming, and he means to make the best of it. And is he not right? His manifestations of joy may be extravagant, but who will say that they are reprehensible? Is he to be blamed for sharing in an almost universal feeling? He certainly has as much right to be joyous at this season as any one. And his enjoyment of his brief resting time is inferior to that of no one; for it is heightened by the recollection of hard work in the past, and the anticipation of still harder in the future.

It is a strange thing, considered in one aspect. this universal keeping of Christmas, this world's holiday. Strange to think that on this twenty-fifth day of Decem-

ber, men of all ranks and conditions should agree, as if by mutual consent, to set aside their business and their cares, their animosities and their jealousies, and spend one day in a sort of brotherhood, one day in trying to be happy themselves and make others happy, for we cannot but think that there is more of this element of brotherly kindness displayed at this season than at any other. Strange that on one day of the year a man should come out of his cloak of selfishness, and realize that he forms one of a great family, in whose welfare he is bound to feel an interest. And yet, when we look at the day from a historical standpoint, and consider why it is kept, the mystery disappears. No day in the three hundred and sixty-five has connected with it such memories. The imagination instinctively goes back to the Scene of eighteen hundred years ago, and sees the shepherds on the starlit plains of Bethlehem, and hears the sublime song of the ascending Angels. It is when we think of what Christmas brings to remembrance, that we see the reason of its influence. It commemorates the grandest and most wonderful event in all history, an event which will not be forgotten when ages have rolled away, and time itself ceased to exist. It is the anniversary of a birth-day which will be remembered when all others shall be buried in oblivion.

Well, then, may we rejoice at the approach of Christmas. But let our joy be of a kind appropriate to the day. Let it show itself not so much in boisterous mirth and riotous feasting, as in deeds of kindness and expressions of sympathy towards our fellow creatures. Let us celebrate our Christmas by making some poor heart happy, remembering that the true source of pleasure is not indulging ourselves, but helping others. Let us, while surrounded with comfort and plenty, think of those who are not so highly favoured, and from our abundance bestow a share upon them, remembering that we have it on the best of all authority that "it is better to give than to receive." So will our Christmas be indeed a happy one. And now, readers, one and all, we sincerely wish you A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"This is a time of joy and mirth,
And Angels walk upon the earth,
Whispering about a holy birth,
Long years ago.

Bidding us all with grateful heart,
In every festive scene take part;
Oh, Christmas! what a friend thou art
To all below.

For, with all earthly joy and glee,
Holier thoughts are brought by thee,
And in thy light new light we see,
New hope and love!

For all our Christmas meetings here,
Our happiest hours with those most dear,
Are nothing to what shall appear
In worlds above."

The facility, naturalness, and often unjustness with which fault is found, make us very loth to take the pen of censure, and only duty to our subscribers, and justice to ourselves, move us to action. We are at issue with the Post Office. Mistakes and losses occurred in the delivery of our first number, delays were frequent and complaints abundant, yet motives of interest stayed our hands, and a false policy kept us silent. But when the faults became more numerous and aggravated, when many papers had to be mailed a second time, when our chief duty is to consist in getting the *Gazette* from the printer to the subscribers, when one editor must find his occupation in watching the working of the Post Office, it is time that we should lift the veil, lay the blame at the right door, and transfer the fault to its legitimate parents. The Post Office, *per se* is nothing to us, but as an imperfect instrument which we are compelled to use, we are desirous of improvement in its management. When two papers are mailed at the same time for the same place, and the one is delivered on Monday and the other loiters by the way till the following Saturday, something is wrong. If a gentleman having a box at the Post Office never receives his *Gazette*, there is room to believe that carelessness mislaid it, or roguery claimed it for its own.

These are the acts which we charge upon the officers of the mails, and such a business system will not do. The result to the editors can be plainly seen. They are considered deserving objects for bitter remarks, their carelessness becomes a by-word, their office habits point a sneer and this neglect gives the malignant occasion to link "swindle," "sell" &c., to their honest names.

The blunder became a perfect bugbear. Not only surrounded by papers in the Editorial chair, but with the social circle, is the torture felt. An Editor throws aside the cares of the sanctum, smooths his wrinkled brow, straightens his corrugated nose, and wiping his favorite quill on his coat tail, starts forth to forget manuscripts, proofs, and "making up" where fair forms move and stout hearts beat. Saluting the company with literary grace, he accidentally ensconces himself by some lady whom he regards as the quintessence of truth, beauty and good sense. With elegant ease he collates quotations, soars aloft on the wings of small talk, and skims along with full sail, till finally making a doubtful assertion and archly substantiating it by quoting from the *Gazette*, he finds himself suddenly blown a few furlongs into an atmosphere of astonishment by "Oh, we've not received the last number yet" "What! I mailed it for you myself a week ago." The conversation becomes less fanciful, and a vigorous element is introduced, which might make the ears of Post Office men tingle. The evening pleasure is nipped in the bud, his spirits fall and the Editor shines with fainter lustre. This is a specimen case of the crushing both the Post Office gives us.

We are not inconsiderate in our bestowal of blame, that Office labours under difficulties. Its space is entirely limited, and when the very large addition of our issue is

added to its regular amount, it is not to be wondered that derangement and loss should be felt. Besides where little material light finds its way, one cannot expect the very brightest mental illumination. The accumulated dust of years must injure the sight of their officers, and tend to make mental Bætiens of them. There in its dirt and degradation we pity the Post Office, standing squatty like Tantalus, in sight of relief, before a glorious home which it seems destined never to enter. We hope for it, however that the keys of the new Office may yet be found, and all complaints be lost in the general rejoicing.

The Christmas Vacation of Dalhousie College commenced on the 23rd. Through the kindness of Mr. Carvell, who gave the Students return-tickets for one fare, many of our number have been enabled to enjoy the comforts of home for a season. We have no wish to make invidious comparisons but we cannot help contrasting this conduct with that of the last Railway Manager, who, after granting *free* passes to the members of some Grand Temperance Organization, of which he was a bright and a shining light, refused the one-fare arrangement to our Students, and thus compelled many to pass a solitary Christmas among strangers. We have no wish however either to eulogise the present Manager *ad nauseam*, or to drag the former one back into that notoriety from which he has no doubt gladly escaped. Of the first we will only say that we hope many Christmases will find him fulfilling the duties of his office, and of the other *Requiescat in pace*.

College re-opens on the 5th of January, when we hope to see again the faces of all our old friends in the Lecture-Rooms, to hear their voices in the Debating Club, and to receive their articles for the *Gazette*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RUFUS A. TREMAIN, (Port Hood)—P. O. order for \$3 rec'd
Many thanks

W. M. DUFF, (Lunenburg)—P.O. order for \$1.50 rec'd.
Many thanks.

JUVENIS—Your article is not of sufficient importance to induce us to break our rules

GAZETTEER—If a club of 10 is formed we will send an extra copy. The lowness of our subscription does not warrant us in offering any greater inducements for clubs.

SOPHOMORE—Your article is not suited for our columns

CITIZEN—The author informs us that No. II of "Rambles" is by no means an imaginative sketch. He says the account is almost a *verbatim* one of what he heard and saw one morning he happened to be in the Stipendiary's Court. As to the identity of "Rat" we can offer no information. We advise you to go down and see if you cannot recognize the original of the pen-portrait.

YANKEE.—We have no objection to inserting an article regarding Annexation if put in the form of correspondence.

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

CHESTER.

We have left Bristol and find ourselves transported to the great shipping mart of Britain. All here is bustle and confusion. Ship Brokers, Cotton Merchants and Bank Clerks throng the sidewalks, while carriages, crowded omnibuses and heavy trucks roll on in continuous flow, rendering the crossing of the street a matter of extreme peril to the foot passenger. The traveller soon tires of wandering along miles of docks and gazing at their forests of masts, or being jostled and hurried hither and thither by the ever-moving crowd. The Exchange, the Custom House and St. George's Hall interest him for a short time only. His thoughts are with the past, and he longs to behold its relics and study the memorials of centuries; the student within him reverts to classic Britain and such thoughts bring us to Chester.

As we gaze upon its noble walls and antique edifices our thoughts roam over centuries to the time of the Roman occupancy, when the legions of Cæsar encamped there and gave the city its name; from this went forth the light of civilization to Northern Britain; here grew the arts of war and peace. We behold structures erected while the Norman conquerors were still within their fastnesses of the North, around which the turbulent waves of civil war have rolled, and which have not been demolished by the cannon of Cromwell.

Before entering the city we must perform the most interesting part of our pleasant duty—the walk around the walls. Let us ascend the ramparts by the flight of steps on the north side of the East-gate, and commence promenading the oldest part of those ancient fortifications,—that built by the Romans. We have not proceeded many yards before our attention is attracted by a tower, and hastening toward it we read the inscription;—"On this tower Charles I. stood in 1645, and saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor." These few words awaken a deep interest within us and excite our curiosity to ascend to the top. While standing upon the spot once occupied by the unfortunate monarch a thousand thoughts rush in upon the mind. We see him with his eyes fixed upon the scene of contest, and bursts of exhortation frequently escaping his lips. Now filled with exultation, as, at some gallant charge of Rupert, victory seems to perch upon the royal standard, he begins forming future plans and building castles upon aerial foundations, and wraps himself up in hopes and expectations; when the sturdy Roundheads, the religious Puritans resist the dash and send back the brilliant Cavaliers like broken waves from a rock. Defeat crushes his hopes and dark clouds overhang the future.

Moving on we cross the North-gate and arrive at the Water Tower. This also has played a part in the civil war. Around it lay the Republican army who in vain thundered against it, but stout and strong it resisted all attack. Its present use is significant. This tower, once studded with arms, is now filled with curiosities, the ancient turret being converted into a museum; where stood men in armour, where were heard words of command and clang of weapons; now come gentle ladies and peaceful pleasure-seekers to behold relics of antiquity and read the lesson of its stores. After passing over the Watergate we come in full view of the Chester race-course,—one of the first in Britain,—which, however, has more interest to the English sportsman than to us, so we will not remain to contemplate it, but pass on to the last arch—the Bridge-gate—from which we have a view of the old stone bridge and the *Dee Mills*. For more than six hundred years these have ground corn for the nation, for Norman and Saxon, Cavalier and Puritan, Tory and Whig; and still continue to give bread to

the sower and food to the eater. A few hundred yards bring us back to the East gate from which we set out, and we descend from those memorials of a departed age. We now feel no reluctance at entering the city, and are hardly inside before we notice how peculiarly the sidewalks are constructed. They are in some places 10 or 12 feet above the street, allowing one row of shops underneath and another on their own level, while the upper stories of the houses project over them. These are called "Rows." But we must by the shortest route possible reach the Chester Cathedral, one of the oldest in the Kingdom, and cannot afford to notice the many minor objects that attract our attention on the way. This noble edifice—1000 years of age—is built almost entirely in the Norman Gothic style. Few of the Saxon relics remain. It has been rebuilt and repaired at different periods and now remains in an unfinished state. Its style is composite, significant and typical of the nation; its foundation, like that of the English nation, is Saxon; while the superstructure, lofty and more elegant, belongs to the Normans. Its story is a long and interesting one; down through the ages flows its influence, refining and beautifying manners, restraining the rudeness of the feudal ages, now hurling its anathemas against heretics, again denouncing the Pope as Anti-Christ.

Leaving the silent cloisters and sacred aisles of the Cathedral we hurry off to the last, but by no means least of Chester's relics—the Castle. All timeworn castles are crowded with various associations of historic interest, and few cities can boast of one more ancient than that within these Roman walls. A home for royalty, a stronghold for defence, doubtless the scene of many a gallant resistance, and bloody fight—it has looked down upon the Lancastrian army encamped on the banks of the Dee, its stones have been stained by the blood of the most devoted and loyal subjects of Charles I., and it yet holds within its walls the emblems of England's strength.

And now having hurriedly visited the principal points of interest in this ancient town, we reluctantly pass through its gates, our step is slower and less buoyant than when we entered. Often we turn and cast a "longing lingering look behind." Our spirits are willing to remain far longer, but Father Time forbids, and we leave Chester with a greater interest in the grand old Roman race, with our love of country intensified, and our minds elevated by contact with historic truth.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE LECTURE COURSE.—The first Lecture of the course will be delivered in the College Hall at 8 p. m., on Friday, the 7th of January, by William Garvie Esq., B. A., Barrister at law.

The Hon. Sir William Young, Chairman of the Board of Governors has kindly consented to preside. Owing to the want of accommodation, admission to this and other lectures of the course, will be strictly by tickets, to be obtained from the Lecture committee, which consists of Messrs. John Wallace, Arthur Trueman, and A. P. Seeton.

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.

RAMBLES.

III.

The lives of many men are without a purpose; they live only to exist. Like rudderless ships they float upon the sea of humanity, enjoy favoring gales and sunshine, endure storms and hardships without stirring to secure the one or avoid the other. When fortune smiles upon them, and chance flings them into the lap of luxury, their desires seem moderate, and their wants few; their happiness is calm and undemonstrative; and if adversity, with swift foot and iron hand, overtakes them, its power seems lost; they are satisfied with little less than before, and meet their difficulties with a stoical indifference truly marvellous. Such lives, rightly examined, prove ignoble, despicable, yet despite all this a certain charm hovers about them, a negligent grace lurks in their presence, and the world stamps them as "jolly fellows," "careless mortals enemies of none but themselves." All enjoy the mood of which such a life is but a continuation—that which gives a sweet quiet pleasure in abandoning oneself to Fate, in taking no thought whether the steps turn, giving fancy the reins, and letting inclination lead, in acting a waking dream, entertaining boyish notions, performing ridiculous acts, and at each step finding enjoyment in the very uncertainty of the next. In such a mood I rambled to-day. I was a passive creature in the hands of circumstances, careless and happy—a sort of *dresomnambulist*. When my idream took shape, I found it run upon language, wondering how indolently many speak, how the letter "R" is almost banished from city conversation, and, did not Scotchmen stand up very manfully for its preservation, would soon have a neat tablet to its memory in Lexicons, how Charles of Germany called our language that of geese, and how some public speakers harrow the tastes of their audience by the awful prominence of sibilants. At a bound I was musing of Latin plays, of the difficulties in scanning science, of the difference between spoken and written Latin, of French corrupted from the language of Rome, when a peculiar pronunciation attracted me, and I woke to observation near the scene of my last "Rambles" at the "negro" market. There I stood, amidst the grinning, chattering crowd, admiring their contentment and envying their happiness. The animal, assuredly, ruled, but the brute was good natured. Their broad noses seemed larger seats for greater pleasure than sits upon the aquiline; in those eyes, black as midnight, lay a light deep and continuous, and sharp must be "the thorn in the pillow" which could injure those wooly heads. And their buoyant spirits took pleasant expression in the most scrupulous politeness towards each other. Old men and women, hideous as monkeys, received from all a courteous attention, which shamed me, and brought to mind the Greek saying (which translated reads) "The Athenians know what is right but the Spartans practice it."

The next page of my Rambles was headed by the bell of the Ferry ringing frantically, as if it had over-slept itself and was endeavouring to compensate for lost time. I moved towards it with my mind running on ferries—on Xerxes' bridge of boats, on the heroism and sad end of Leander, on steamboats, tight ropes, the Thames tunnel, was back to the mythological reign of the Styx and had met Charon, "*portitor terribili squalore*," by the time I reached the pane through which tickets are given. An old man presented himself so withered, helpless, unearthly, peering like a "shade" through octagonal spectacles that I confused fancy and reality and for a moment imagined the ferryman of Hades was before me. Poking imagination with reason I asked for a ticket. After explaining to his dull compre-

hension that I wished one which would carry me over and back he proceeded to print it for me. He was not an hour in examining the proof-sheets of this yet he displayed great exactness in the operation. He then proceeded to extract the intrinsic value of my passage from a "York shilling." While he was thus industriously engaged I naturally thought over the several modes of computation, puzzled over the Greek and Roman, and was just examining a class of boys in Ben. Musa's school when the old man stopped me by declaring his inability to give a half cent legally mine, and as I was much better able to lose it than the Boat Company I magnanimously waved my claim muttering as I turned away "*sic transit questus mundi*." An urchin yelled "No sir, this is Saturday, and I turned to see both him and the boat move off. I tried to enter the Station House and only did so with some difficulty, from a fat gentleman being in the way. Stepping within, I heard stitches expiring near me with audible complaint, and found I was doing my best to rob a lady of part of her dress. Moving from her vicinity with stammering apologies, I struck my elbow against the fat man's waistcoat with too much vigor to be thoroughly appreciated, and stumbling to a seat was compelled to declare the reception room too small, convinced that we had found another place which imagination could picture much improved. Such a little, inconvenient, dirty place to denominate a waiting room for the travelling public! Such a contemptible terminus for a line of steamers between a city and a thriving town! A house belying its name, unfit to be a country boat house, which a small town would blush to acknowledge, and for a city a disgrace, an eyesore, which the taste of the community and the spirit and interest of the proprietors should unite to remove as quickly as time would admit. Its existence is a stain upon the business tact of its owners, showing that they have yet to learn that other things besides bare utility are necessary to complete success in an enterprise; that the emotional nature as well as Reason must be consulted, and what charms the eye studied as well as that which may be convenient. A lesson might well be learned by them from our American neighbours regarding Ferries and their management. I sat down on an uncharitable looking bench to read the faces around me for fifteen minutes. The fat gentleman had arrived a few minutes too late despite his wild waddlings, and now stood in imminent risk of strangulation. He enlarged almost visibly with the increased heat till he suggested a fiery moon peering forth from a mist. He was uneasy, as if a civil war was going on within; fat at last got the mastery, and he sat down. Leaving him a victim to himself I glanced around upon the others in waiting. Such a number of countenances expressive of little or nothing, eyes perfect as optical instruments, but as windows of souls faulty, covered with the cobwebs of neglect or the dust and films of ignorance. Many sparkled with joy, danced with delight, or flashed with indignation, yet from few came that deep, yet clear glance eloquent in its fullness, confiding in its nature, and elevating in its influence: that expression oft sad, yet ever sweet, at time reproachful, yet always beneficial to all who meet it.

To be continued.

Since writing the editorial on Post Office mismanagement, another instance has come to our notice. A gentleman, living not above 300 yards from the office, received his *Gazette*, which was duly posted on 11th Dec. on the 20th. Such facts speak for themselves.

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