

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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## PRINCETON AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.

THERE are few readers of the *Gazette* who have not heard or read something about Princeton and its institutions. Our student friends think of it as the seat of one of the most flourishing of the American Colleges. In the minds of a larger part of our subscribers it is associated only with the still more famous Theological Seminary. A few jottings respecting both institutions may, perhaps, prove instructive and even interesting to each class.

A more suitable location for a College it would be difficult to find. The town is just sufficiently large to furnish most of the advantages of a city life without its evils. Founded in the early part of last century, it has a quaint settled and perhaps somewhat old fashioned appearance, which seems quite in keeping with its literary character. The streets are wide, and with their paved sidewalks and stately old elms furnish a pleasant promenade which has been the scene of many stirring incidents among the student population. The site was evidently selected with an eye to salubrity as well as beauty of position. It occupies the most elevated ground on the old highway between New York and Philadelphia, and to this doubtless, in part at least, is due the general good health enjoyed by the inhabitants. The visitor who extends his walk beyond the limits of the town finds extending around him a rich undulating country abounding in beautiful views. Corn fields and peach orchards alternating with groves of trees and here and there a pretty little farm-house surrounded by noble oaks or elms, are spread out on every side. To the South, at half a mile's distance, is the Delaware and Raritan Canal, along which boats and steamers are constantly passing to and fro; two miles further away can be seen the Railway trains which, day and night, Sundays and week days are constantly running between the great cities of New York and Philadelphia; beyond appears "the forest primeval" extending to the horizon, broken by an occasional clearing with its group of houses and its church spire peeping up from among the trees. On the North the view is bounded by ranges of hills at varying distances; while looking westward a keen eye can see the smoke of Trenton, the Capital of the State, rising against the sky.

The historical associations of Princeton are interesting. Originally settled, as its name shows, by the British, it was the theatre of important events in the early history of the country. During the Revolutionary war, on January 3, 1777, a conflict took place in and near the town between the British and American troops, in which, after a period of varying success, fortune finally decided in favour of the latter. The battle ground has since been somewhat changed in appearance, but in its main features continues the same and forms a point of interest to visitors. An old Quaker

"meeting-house" which was used as a hospital for the soldiers, still stands, and in a private house near it the curious stranger is shown the stains of the blood of the American General Mercer, who was mortally wounded in the battle. Two old cannons which were used in the fight are preserved on the College grounds, and round them many a strange scene has been enacted.

No visitor to Princeton should fail to see the Cemetery. It is in the immediate vicinity of the town and though far inferior in situation and beauty to the famous burying-places of the great cities, yet, perhaps no other in America contains in proportion to its size the graves of so many distinguished men. Here rests Aaron Burr, formerly President of the College and Vice President of the United States. The celebrated Jonathan Edwards, his successor Witherspoon and four other College Presidents with several Professors are buried close by. The tombs of Archibald Alexander and Samuel Miller, the first Professors in the Seminary, with those of the two distinguished sons of the former and others of lesser note, make up such an array as few cemeteries in this country can boast of, and which has gained for this quiet spot the title of "the Westminster Abbey, of America." Not far off are the monuments erected by students to the memory of their classmates who died while attending the College or Seminary. Some of these are in design and execution fine specimens of the monumental art. The inscriptions, as might be expected, are chiefly in Latin or Greek. To the student visitor, this part of the cemetery is by no means the least interesting and impressive.

That which gives Princeton its importance and its fame, however, is not its battlefield, with its many thrilling associations, nor its quiet cemetery hallowed by such noble dust, but its celebrated educational institutions. As every student reader of the *Gazette* knows these are two in number: the Seminary and the College. These are wholly and entirely distinct: the former having been organized by and being under the control of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, while the latter is strictly unsectarian and owns no authority save that of the State. It is these institutions which have made the name of Princeton a household word, and extended its influence not only throughout America, but beyond the Atlantic. Although the Seminary is not so old as the College, yet as it is more widely known, we may speak of it first. It is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the country, having been founded in 1812. Three years later the first building, now known as "the Old Seminary," was erected. It is a plain stone edifice of 150 feet in length and four stories in height, and contains an Oratory, Reading Room, Class Rooms and accommodation for some sixty students. Various other buildings were gradually added—a neat chapel, with a Doric portico—a Gymnasium, Refectory, &c., until the increasing numbers of



students rendered necessary the erection of a new hall or dormitory. A gentleman residing in Baltimore offered to defray the expense, and in honour of the generous donor the building was named "Brown Hall." It is about the same size as the "Old Seminary," is situated at the opposite end of the grounds, and with its neat architecture and graceful Cupola, whence a very fine view is obtained, presents quite a handsome appearance.

The Library of the Seminary is a fine Gothic building, the gift of Mr. Lennox, of New York. It has been recently enlarged, and now contains some 23,000 volumes, to which additions are constantly being made.

The present faculty of the Seminary consists of six professors. The president is Dr. Charles Hodge, than whom none ranks higher as a theologian. He has been connected with the institution for more than fifty years and his semi-centennial was celebrated last April with great interest and enthusiasm. Dr. Green, the professor of Oriental literature is esteemed one of the ablest Hebrew Scholars of the day, and his grammar is used extensively as a text book. Dr. McGill, Moffat, Aiken and C. W. Hodge, complete the professorial staff. In addition to these, three instructors in elocution visit the Seminary at different intervals during each session. The number of students in attendance during the present term is 118. Of these 19 are Canadians: three or four are natives of Ireland; England, Scotland and Wales, have each one representative; and the remainder come from Seventeen States and one Territory—Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey furnishing the largest number. The graduating class consists of 42 members, all of whom will probably in a short time be engaged in active work, as the demand for ministers largely exceeds the supply. The alumni of Princeton are scattered over the wide earth, a large number being in the mission fields of heathen lands, where they have done and are doing a noble work. The influence of the Seminary has been wide spread and beneficial and will, we trust, long continue to be felt throughout America and the world.

The stranger who reaches Princeton by railway, cannot fail to notice, as he steps on the platform of the neat little station, a group of buildings on a slightly elevated site some two hundred yards distant. From their size and general appearance he at once conjectures that they belong to some public institution, and upon making inquiry, ascertains that his supposition is correct. A nearer view shows that they stand at some distance from and fronting towards, the chief thoroughfare of the town. The grounds surrounding them are tastefully laid out and planted with beautiful and stately trees. A few of the most important buildings are arranged in the form of a square; the rest are scattered over the grounds or "Campus," with apparently little attempt at regularity. The oldest and most interesting occupies a central position. It was erected in 1756, and was named "Nassau Hall" in honour of William III. It is a plain, old-fashioned brick structure, the stone floors and massive walls of which remind one of a military barrack rather than a College hall. It was for many years the largest edifice in the then British Colonies and not only furnished ample accommodation for 150 students, but contained recitation rooms, a refectory, library and chapel. During the Revolutionary war, it was occupied alternately as a hospital and barrack by both British and Americans. In the battle of Princeton a party of British soldiers in the building were attacked by Washington and several shots were fired with the view of dislodging them. It is related that one cannon ball crashed through a window, and, striking against a part of the wall of the library where hung a picture of George III., beheaded his majesty in a most summary manner. In 1783, when the "Continental Congress" was obliged to

leave Philadelphia, its meetings were held in the library of Nassau Hall. In 1802 the original building was burned, and another fire occurred in 1855, yet the walls remained standing, so that, with the exception of a few additions, it still continues substantially the same edifice. But though the brick and mortar are the same, everything else has changed. The din and smoke of battle have long since disappeared. The walls no longer resound with the eloquence of the legislator. King George's headless portrait has been displaced by that of Washington; and the student who sees the words "Nassau Hall" on his class-badge, or carves them on his cane, bestows but little thought on its eventful history. Yet what a tale those old bricks and those rusty cannons could tell were the power bestowed upon them!

A few yards east of Nassau Hall is the College Chapel, a neat little Gothic building of stone, capable of accommodating about 400 persons. It contains a fine organ, the gift of a gentleman in New York. Here all the religious exercises of the College are conducted, with the exception of students' prayer meetings. In this building, too, the budding orators of the Senior class make their first public appearance, in what are called "Chapel-stage" speeches. About three months ago, as the bell was ringing one Sabbath morning for prayers, it was discovered that some miscreants had during the previous night effected an entrance into the Chapel, besmeared with tar the seats of the students and professors, the carpet on the platform, the President's chair, and even the Bible on the reading desk. It being impossible to make use of the building, the ordinary morning prayers were held in the open air outside the Chapel, and the remainder of the day's exercises in one of the adjoining churches. Great indignation was expressed by the professors and by all right thinking students at the sacrilegious outrage. At a meeting of students held next day, strong condemnatory resolutions were passed. The faculty immediately took active steps with a view of discovering, if possible, the rascally perpetrators. They were successful in ascertaining and proving the guilt of at least one, a student of the Sophomore class, who was immediately expelled and should have thought himself fortunate in escaping with so light a penalty.

(To be Continued.)

## A REVIEW OF GAELIC LITERATURE.

### II.

LEAVING the vexed question of the authenticity of the Ossianic poems to those who, like Johnston or Mr. Laing, are totally ignorant of the Gaelic language, we will inquire briefly into the history, the style and the value of these productions.

Their history is not at all complicated. Fear lest they would perish at the downfall of the Bardic Institution in which they originated, induced, no doubt, many of the learned of the West of Scotland to commit them to manuscript. The work of the Dean of Lismore is the only one of the MSS. now in our possession. This collection was compiled about the year 1520, A. D., and was edited a few years ago by Dr. McLauchlan. In 1760 an association of gentlemen in Edinburgh, of which Profs. Hugh Blair and Adam Ferguson, were the leaders, commissioned James McPherson, who had previously published a small volume entitled, "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Gaelic or Earse language," to collect such ancient poems as might still be found among his countrymen. He immediate-



ly went to work and in 1762 published "The Poems of Ossian." "The first effect was startling. Never was the admiration of the British public more loudly or more lavishly expressed. Edition after edition was sold, and in a few years the Highland schoolmaster became a Highland proprietor. The plaudits of Britain were re-echoed over the Continent of Europe; and hardly were the poems published in London, until translations were made into French, Italian, German, and Latin.\* But no sooner had Scottish Gael come into repute than Dr. Johnston with all the zeal that bigotry could raise in his great mind, attacked both the personal character and the literary undertakings of the Highland schoolmaster. He was followed by a host of others, but strenuously opposed by as many more. And thus the contest continued for half a century. Among the most noted of both sides we find the names of Prof. Blair, Adam Ferguson, Laing, Pinkerton, Sir John Sinclair, Bishop Percy, Gibbon, and Hume. The chief arguments on the one side were: The ancient savage Caledonian could not have produced such poems; they could not have been orally transmitted through so many barbarous ages; McPherson was an impostor—and among those of the other side we find: Johnston's grandfather was hanged for some crime; Shaw was of low birth and had deserted the Presbyterian faith; and another of the objectors was known as a prodigal.

But let us now turn to the poems. Ossian's style has been compared to that of Burns; but we cannot see any other similarity than this: that both authors rush impetuously on from one thought to another and from one passion to another. In "Tam o' Shanter," for example, we are introduced, in the first few lines, to *chapman billies*, to *drowsy neighbors*, to some *takin' the gate* and others *bousin' at the nappy*, and are made to think of the long distances of the latter from their homes, and of their *sulky sullen dames*. Thro' all the poem the same rapid change of thought is observable. So is it in "Faine Soluis." In as many lines as before we have presented to us, Fingal and his chosen train, the falls of Roga, a sea scene in which is a bark bearing only one maiden, the landing of the damsel, her beautiful appearance and her sorrow. Again, in "Tam o' Shanter" regret emerges into joy; joy declines into dreadful anticipation, which advances into terror; terror resolves itself into disgust and then changes into admiration and enthusiastic joy; and all ends in fear and an appeal to the moral feeling. To compare with this we do not know that "Faine Soluis" is the best example we might choose from Ossian; but it will serve our present purpose. In it admiration falls into grief, which is roused to heroic valour; valour returns to admiration, and this is resolved into contempt; contempt dissolves in sorrow and bereavement. It may be said (by those who have not studied the subject) that all poetry has this characteristic. But let us take an example of equal length with the two above mentioned, from one of the other poets—say, Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." In variety of thought this is rich, though not equal to "Tam o' Shanter." But in passion it is very monotonous. The one feeling of remorse (having disgust sometimes as an attendant) runs through the whole of it. Thus Ossian's style of thought and diction is preeminently like that of Burns; but his thoughts are totally different. He chooses the heroic associated with the sad in love and chivalry; Burns, the heroic in connexion with the joyous and merry in love, wit and humour.

Every time we read Ossian we are forced to exclaim: This is not the work of one. By this we do not refer to the half-dozen or so of editorial interpolations by the young and zealous McPherson, but to the richness of imagery and figure that pervades every authentic line. We do not intend

to say that Ossian did not compose every *line*, but we hold that he must have borrowed a great part of his finest *ideas* from the works of his predecessors of the Bardic Institution—and we sustain this opinion by the simple fact that no other poetry has excelled (if any has equalled) his in the judicious use of figure. The following are examples picked at random:—

"Is treun sibh fein, a shùl nam blàr,  
Mar ghaillinn o ghàir a chuain,  
Mar stoirm a thachras ri sgeir àird.  
Bheir coille gu làr o chruaich."

"Bitheamaid 'san àmsa fo chliù,  
Is fàgamaid air chùl ar n-ainn,  
Mar dhealradh nan grèine gun smùir,  
'Nuair a cheilear fu dhùbhra a cheann."

*Tighmèra D.I. sq. 123 and 425.*

[Ye are strong, sons of the battle-field; strong as the tempest (arising) from the laugh of the ocean, as the storm that beats the crags (and) lays the forest on the mountain-tops prostrate.—Let us in the present be praiseworthy, and let us leave behind us our name, like the pure rays of the sun when he is lost in the twilight.] We will not endeavour to show that Ossian's style is like that of Homer or Virgil; every classical scholar will see that it is not. But it has been suggested that the heroes of the Celtic Bard are those of the Grecian and Latin poets. Fingal is the greatest hero of the one; Hercules, that of the others; the first had a sword with which he never required to give a second blow; the second, a club of the same character. But these seem to exhaust the few points of similarity; while the dissimilarities are without number. If we read mythology aright, Hercules was the son of a god, was the servant of Eurystheus, was more famed for his strength than for military prowess, and ultimately was deified. Fingal was the offspring of a hero of whose fame we hear but little, was a freeman on a free soil, was distinguished for military tactics, lived an exemplary life, and dying, moved off quietly to the *talla nan triath* whenever his praises were sung by the mourning bards. In other cases the supposed similarity between the heroes of these poets, depends upon as few *data* as this one. One great point of difference is that the Grecian and Roman heroes were dependent upon the gods for assistance, while the Highland warriors had strength, prudence and prowess enough to bring themselves through joys and adversities of all kinds.

The literary value of the Poems of Ossian is very great. We have already referred to the copiousness of figure and imagery found in them, which form good examples for students to imitate. Hugh Miller, than whom there were few in his day more competent to judge in such a matter, said of them that, whether "Scotch or Irish, authentic or not, these poems gave its character to the poetry of Modern Europe." Napoleon Bonaparte delighted in them so much that he frequently placed them under his pillow when he retired to sleep. He nourished his military prowess upon the bright example of Fingal. But further, the antiquity of the poems give them an historical value. We learn from Ossian what Caledonians were in Ossian's day; and not a little light is cast upon their mythology by this undesigned testimony. The Scot's ancestor of Fingal's day wore long hair and a long beard; displayed his feeling in the wildest manner; burnt "a fire of death" as some part of the religious rights of mourners; and must have lived long after the *stone* and *bronze* periods, for he wore a helmet of steel, wielded a steel sword, and cast a steel arrow. And when his life here was ended, he entered into *the hall of heroes*, where he enjoyed the fellowship of all the heroes of the universe, and from which he could look down on every battle fought among the sons of men.

\* Dr. McLauchlan: Celt. Glean. III.



# Dalhousie Gazette.

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PRIZES for excellence in intellectual effort have lately been stigmatized as "prizes for suicide." It is by no means a new thing to hear them decried on many grounds. "Study is its own reward" say some idealistic educationists. Prizes give a false estimate of ability; they are virtually a premium on cramming and thus vitiate the very object of a collegiate course say the self-made men and the passmen of our colleges. A third class of semi-philanthropic, semi-philosophical individuals declaim against prizes on moral grounds, maintaining that those who offer them are indirectly guilty of breaking the sixth commandment. Of these in turn. "Study is its own reward." Yes, and we wish that there were more young men in our colleges who rejoiced rather in the consciousness of intellectual strength than in the glint and glitter of honors. To possess a well stored and vigorous mind capable of using with power all the implements of thought is indeed the highest honor.

The true student will ever regard it his highest reward to find the truth and to be gladdened by the consequent exhilaration of spirit. But such a student may be found at the foot of the pass list, and whatever his position be he will always have gained his end in the consciousness of thought exercised and truth appropriated. This additional element mingles in the satisfaction of the prizeman, that in a particular competition he has distanced his fellows and fairly won the laurel. Why not, following out the principles of our idealistic friends, dispense with open competitive examination altogether? What is the meaning of the tables of results that appear on the board in the spring exhibiting in classes the relative standing of the students. Imagine a set of students, indoctrinated into the sublime idea that study is its own reward going up to their examinations separately, content to hear at the end that they had stood the test, that they had passed through the ordeal successfully—Smith who prided himself upon his ability and his brilliant scholarship on a level with Jones who is the numskull of the class. Such a condition of things would be abnormal and even undesirable. There is a desire among students to test their powers in fair

and open contest, and the man who worsts all opponents and comes out at the head of the list fairly earns his laurels. The success of a rival causes heart-burning and envy it is said. The only answer is this, these feelings cannot be avoided while the present plan of examination is carried out. Anticipations will be disappointed and turned into grief by the black and white of the examiner's return. But our observation has gone to establish, that there is a generosity and a heartiness among students towards those who are victors in their intellectual contests that is not excelled by men in any other sphere of legitimate rivalry.

The second objection to prizes is a more specious one. A partial induction of facts gives it a very good support. There have been men of great mental vigor whose energies were dormant during the whole of their college course, and who barely escaped being plucked, that afterwards developed into intellectual giants, while fellow students of superficial talent ran a brilliant college career and then suddenly died out. But it certainly would be an unwise generalization to say that the third class men are the men of ability, and that college estimates of men are invariably false. Somebody we believe has lately taken the trouble to collate the facts bearing upon this stock argument of the opponents of prizes, and the balance it appears is in favor of college decisions. That capacity of cramming and not capacity of thinking is often rewarded we cannot deny, and we are as decided in calling this an evil as the most violent opponent of the prize system. But it is an evil which can be and ought to be remedied, and each of the contending parties should be equally anxious to apply the remedy. It too often happens that examiners papers are mere tests of memory. There are some subjects it is true, that are more concerned with facts than theories or abstract reasonings; but a man who has made a fact his own by thorough study and investigation, will state it very differently from one who has merely memorized it from a book, and it shows great distrust in the sagacity and insight of the examiners to say that they are not able to distinguish between the two and make the award accordingly. Let the blame be laid at the right door. If the examiners and others who have charge of university education will rightly direct this instinct of competition, it will prove one of the most powerful levers in furthering the true aims and objects of liberal culture.

The hardest word that has been said against prizes is that those who offer them are increasing the number of suicides. Now, however energetic this may sound we have to say that there is little else than sound in it. Is it a fact that men of diseased bodies and enfeebled health are the prize-takers? To what purpose have we been lectured about the *mens sana in corpore sano* as an indispensable condition of success in intellectual effort? Are we to picture the prizeman henceforth as an emaciated being—a fit companion of the shades, and just ready to mingle among those intangible beings? Is it not a fact furnished by the statistics of longevity that students as a class are the longest livers? There have been students earnest and enthusiastic who have endangered their health by laborious and long-continued study, but we are



justified in saying that the result would have been the same had there been no such thing as prizes in existence. It was devotion to study and unquenchable thirst for truth, that caused them to burn the midnight oil and neglect the proper physical exercise. We have faith enough in the common sense of our average students to believe that no inordinate desire for honor will prevent them from taking the proper care of their material selves, and we know from actual experience that the men who do so are the successful men.

### Correspondence.

DEAR GAZETTE,—

Sweet is pleasure after pain, and especially delightful, after continued literary labour, is such recreation, as Christmas vacation brings to the hard working student who knows how to spend properly that festive period. Never did I enjoy the events of indolence more than during the last week of the past and the present year, which found me the happy inmate of a hearty, merry, characteristic English home, on the banks of the Tyne. All the tutelary deities of the season were invoked to our aid, and their shrines fittingly adorned. Over mantel and doorway clambered ivy wreaths; laurel and bay crowned pictures and mirrors; the green holly with its bright berries clung to cornices and festooned windows; while a large branch of mistletoe hung innocently in the Hall, beneath which base man might decoy unsuspecting maidenhood, and extort the tribute of success amid the screams of surprise.

Christmas spent in England you can readily imagine was a red letter day in our American lives, and appreciated at its true value. We seemed to be living in a book, and acting out what we had seen on the printed page for years. Here was the traditional roast beef grave with importance, and sending up a fragrant steam worthy the "long chine" of Homer's porkers, here that plum pudding whose praises we had often sung, but which we had never hitherto seen in the flesh, shaking its merry sides and offering tempting foraging ground for a hundred Jack Horners; we were warming ourselves before a veritable yule log, the "Cricket on the hearth" might appear at any moment, and we had heard the Christmas chimes ringing out on the frosty air. For the first few days we were thus like esthetical sponges absorbing lively impressions of men and things amid the social intercourse of our merry home circle: and then we set forth to "do" the surrounding country. Behold us mounted—friend Bulis, our worthy host and my humble self, on a trio of fox-hunters; our literary legs with some difficulty got properly adjusted, and our broad understandings fixed in stirrups: we prance before the door and get firmly settled in the saddle; the smile of beauty greets the movements of strength, and the hand of grace waves an adieu to the three braves as we strike upon the war path—for we are off to follow Hadrian's wall, and bathe our classic souls in the suggestive atmosphere of Roman ruins. The chain of forts, as you are aware, stretched from the Tyne, near Newcastle, in a straight line to the Solway. We soon found our road running right along the remains of the walls, the original stones in many places being exposed and showing their time-worn surface beneath our feet. We rode along the north side of the river, over a bleak moorland for about six miles, the wall and its accompanying fosse—varying from ten to forty feet in depth—being our only companions. Then we came nearer the valley of the North Tyne; the moor breaks into fields and groves with farm-houses and embryo villages.

As we descended the hill the scene grew in beauty, and, when we reached the bank of the river, we were prepared to find that the old Romans, with an eye for the beautiful, had lingered here 2000 years ago. The abutments of the stone bridge, which they threw across the river, were very clearly visible, and also what appeared to be a small fort. The huge stones lay about on all sides,—many still bearing distinctly the marks of the workman's chisel; pieces of arches, great cylindrical masses, short columns and square boulders were hurled in irregular heaps on all sides, many of them so beautiful—some even ornamented—that we often wished that we could transport them "to the land of the free." In the neighbourhood, we found more finished relics of the Latin occupation. A sandstone bust of Minerva without a nose, a warrior in armour wrought in stone, funeral urns of all sizes and shapes, mill stones with half legible numbers carved on on them; grindstones which looked very like their modern brethren, a pick-axe whose rusty outline evinced that little progress has been made in that branch of manufacture, and sundry other things, "too numerous to mention," showed that the followers of Agricola, and the soldiers of Old Severus, were not kept so engaged by our warlike British sires as to neglect the elegancies of life.

Tired with climbing up and sliding down hills, we at last seated ourselves on a projecting rock, and the thoughtful writer mused for a moment on Agricola and Prof. Johnson, wishing that he could meet them both at that moment, and feeling grateful to the one for making him in some degree acquainted with the other—the grey Roman fort was for the time changed into No. 2 Class Room at old Dalhousie, the dark hole in the wall was the black board, the white slab hewn by some Victor or Germanicus, the map of *Orbis Antiqua* and friend Bulis our genial professor.

Let us now, with as little abruptness as possible, move to another day and another place—Durham—about twelve miles south of Newcastle.

It is a town about one third the size of Halifax, and like Jerusalem "compactly built together," with narrow crooked streets, and by no means remarkable for cleanliness. We, first, with true pilgrim spirit, visited the Cathedral—a pile beautiful in itself and set off to the greatest advantage by occupying a lofty elevation in the very centre of the town. It is built in the usual shape, with a lofty central tower. Passing by meek eyed bishops in stone and biographical tablets recounting graces too oft conspicuous by their absence, we ascended to the summit of the tower, and gained a grand view of the town and surrounding country. The river Weir creeps sluggishly on its winding way through Durham, the horizon all around at intervals is defiled by colliery chimneys, the fields are still green, and the ivy clambering up the walls is bright as in summer; the smoke of Newcastle rises like a great iniquity on the north, and south—two miles away—we can see the battle-field of Neville's Cross, where Scotland's King bit the dust before the warlike Consort of Edward, of England. Down from our elevation of 230 feet we went by a descent of 327 steps, inspected the carving and rich windows of the venerable sanctuary more clearly, and than set out to visit Durham University. Perhaps all your readers are not aware, that we are now entering the third University of England—Oxford and Cambridge being the remaining two. About forty years ago it was felt that an University should be founded for the north, as Oxford and Cambridge for the south of England: this accordingly took place in the year 1832, and the institution was incorporated in 1837. It was modelled after its powerful sisters in the south, opened a Hall for its students, 1846, and until 1871 all were obliged to reside in the University. It has faculties of Arts, Theology, Physical science and Medicine, exacts no religious



test—save from its students in theology,—and has a matriculation examination. Its teaching staff is very small, consisting of a Prof. of Divinity and Ecclesiastical history, a Prof. of Greek and classical literature, a Prof. of Mathematics and Astronomy; two proctors; three tutors, readers in Law, Hebrew, History and polite literature, and one Prof. of Medicine. The students number about sixty, scattered over the various departments, about thirty of them living in the College and the remainder boarding in the town. The University buildings consist of the old Castle of Durham; its exterior still has a warlike appearance, with turret and keep, loopholes and remains of draw-bridges. The walls are scarred with devices and inscriptions—only one of which we could decipher as follows:—“*minima pars eruditionis est bonos nosse libros.*”

We were conducted through the venerable pile and found it full of interest. The dining hall is a very large room with lofty ceiling, framed of dark oak carved with quaint devices; around the walls are hung battle flags, helmets, various weapons, and portraits of great men connected with the College or See—among others that of Dean Wellesley—brother of the Iron Duke. The Council chamber we found hung round with tapestry of divers needle work, wrought by the fingers of pious nuns long ago—one set I observed represented in a series of bold pictures the life of Moses, proceeding from the banks of the Nile to “Nebo’s lonely mountains.” Paintings of various artists were present also—among others a large portrait of Hogarth, by himself. The last object of historic interest which attracted us was a bed in which the “Blessed Martyr” Charles I slept once during his chequered life. It being vacation, we could not gain access to the class rooms, but with student’s curiosity I climbed up to a window and surveyed one of those apartments of torture. A long coarse wooden table—worse even than those in Prof. DeMille’s class room\*—ran from end to end of the chamber; around it were placed wooden chairs of the strongest and most uninviting appearance; a large rough box in one corner seemed to be the Professor’s or Reader’s desk, and was a fitting completion of its rigorously chaste furniture.

The chimes of the old Cathedral were now calling the devout to Vespers, so we hurried to hear the famous choir which attends every day in the year at the Church Services. Its members are all fine singers—many of them paid high salaries in order to obtain their services. Twilight was deepening as we entered the sacred place, the gas jets twinkled far away along the rocky ledges, wreaths of evergreens crept up the massive columns, white robed choiristers flitted through the long aisles, and the far away notes of the organ came stealing on the ear, rising and swelling till they seemed to fill the place and eddying through the corridors die away in the distance.

When the singers came to the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* I got some idea of the pathos, and beauty which music could breath into them, and felt that such influences were fitted to make any being good who was open to beauty or alive to feeling. As the service closes with an anthem of Gounod’s, musically swelling, trembling and sinking into murmur of harmony, I blend my voice with its melody and let my good night be borne to you on the bosom of sacred song.

SPERTHIAS.

\* The “coarse wooden tables” of the time of Spertthias are no more.—Ed.

A GEORGIA woman is credited with having raised a large family, although not out of her teens. It was her mother-in-law’s family, and she did it with a keg of gunpowder planted in the cellar.—*Ex.*

## Dalhusiensia.

THE following is an extract from an Honour List recently issued by the students of the Theological Faculty of Edinburgh University,

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY—FACULTY OF DIVINITY.

Honour List.

Special prizes for pre-eminence in the growth of moustaches,

First Prize awarded to John Wallace, A. B.,  
Second “ “ E. D. Millar, A. B.,  
&c.

We are very glad to see our Dalhousie graduates distinguishing themselves in foreign lands. The above is certainly a most gratifying fact, and needs no comment!!

A DALHOUSIE COLLEGE CONVERSAZIONE, was held in Argyle Hall, on Friday evening, 21st ultimo, at half-past seven o’clock. The Hall was crowded with the *elite* of the city and most of the students. Sir Wm. Young, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, presided. Lecturers were given by the Very Rev. Prof. Ross, D.D., on Electricity; by Professor MacDonald, A.M., on Light; and by Professor Lawson, Ph. D., LL. D., on the Metals. Between the lectures, which were illustrated by experiments—some of them quite brilliant—came short recesses, during which the Spectroscopes, Microscopes, Gyroscopes, Vibrating Plates, &c., under the charge of some of the students, were exhibited in different parts of the Hall. Sir Wm. Young gave an eloquent and humorous closing address. We have scarcely ever seen better humor manifested by so large assemblages. As to the experiments, we must say, that the drawbacks incident to a temporary “get-up” and a crowded room prevented them from being nearly so successful as those performed in class. Professor MacDonald, notwithstanding the scientific and mathematical precision which characterises him, in his short and popular remarks on Light, made himself perfectly understood to all grades of education, put his observations in the most striking manner, and elicited the warmest applause.

THERE was no lecture last Thursday week to the Ladies’ class in Popular Chemistry. The daily lectures in this department have also been interrupted, as also, the lectures in Metaphysics, Psychology and Logic. We understand that our Professors are also human, for it appears they are liable to the same ills and epidemics which afflict the students and the rest of the world generally. We can sympathise.

As the Spring is coming in, our students would do well to look over our advertisements. It is generally most profitable to patronize those who patronize you.

WE can scarcely understand how it is that so many of the communications we receive for publication profess to be poetry. Often the simplest rules of Prosody are ignored, while very seldom the composition breathes the spirit of the Muse. Young writers should not be discouraged on account of failure in this kind of literature. It is the most difficult composition possible,—and to be even tolerable nearly requires a genius for it. Try prose and we predict your success ten chances to one.

WE suggest the propriety of appointing a Secretary for the Reading Room. As over a hundred different persons come daily into it, there is too often a lamentable confusion in the arrangement of the reading matter. We hint the advisability of not laying gowns on the tables, as is occasionally done. There is a stove in the room.



THE Champion Cane has lately made its appearance in charge of one of our Western Medicals. He evidently comes from a well-wooded country.

THE noise in the Medical class room that so frequently disturbs the Professor of Mathematics, is said by a Medical Student to be caused by a "flow of sole."

### Personals.

C. D. McDONALD, of our Editorial Corps, on account of the delicate condition of his health has been compelled to leave the University for his home in Pictou. We hope to see him return before the sessional examinations begin, prepared for the ordeal, and stronger than he now leaves us.

CHAMBERS, of class '76, we understand has been under the necessity of leaving Dalhousie for his home in Truro, on account of ill-health. We hope he may be able soon to return.

W. E. ROSCOE is studying law in the office of D. B. Woodworth, M. P. P., Kentville.

### College Items.

SNOWBALL FIGHT IN DUBLIN.—Our correspondent telegraphs that a riot of a serious nature, arising out of snowball throwing, occurred in Dublin yesterday. The students of Trinity College, to the number of about 500 or 600, were amusing themselves with snowballing the public from the back entrance to the College Park in Lincoln Place, and opposition having been shown by a crowd of roughs, a fight at once ensued. Sticks and stones were freely used, and the affray lasted for several hours. The students made repeated sorties, bearing down all opposition, but the roughs were incessantly receiving reinforcements, and returned to the attack. The police, who arrived in small numbers at first, endeavoured to arrest some of the students, but they were overpowered and beaten and obliged to retreat. Affairs ultimately became very serious, as the fight began to display symptoms of a religious party character, and the gates of the College Park were forcibly closed and guarded by a strong body of police, reinforcements of which had arrived. Numbers of the police and students have received injuries. The wounds of two of the former are said to be dangerous. The rioting was chiefly confined to Lincoln Place and Brunswick Street, where the students were opposed by the quay porters and roughs. A good deal of glass in the windows was broken, and the shops in the neighbourhood were closed, and business suspended for the time. The riot was ultimately terminated by the students being forced to retire, by some persons in authority, within the college walls, where they were detained until the excitement had subsided. Several arrests were afterwards made.—*Scotsman*.

PROFESSOR BEHN ESCHENBOURG, of the University of Zurich, died on the 23rd inst., after a long illness. He was exceedingly well versed in modern literature, and had made Shakspeare his special study.—*Swiss Times*.

PROFESSOR ARNOLD ESCHER VON DER LINTH has left a legacy of 10,000 francs, the interest of which is to be used in enabling students of the University and Polytechnic of Zurich, especially those without means, to take part in geological excursions.—*Scotsman*.

PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College, has recently returned from a voyage around the world.—*Tripod*.

In the Irish Universities there is one degree in Arts to every six students; but in Scotland there is only one to thirty students, and in the London University there is one to twenty-four.

In Scotland there is one University student to 860 of the population, but in England there is only one to 4020. If we suppose all the colleges in Nova Scotia outside of Dalhousie, to have nearly the same number of students as Dalhousie alone has, the number of college students in Nova Scotia is one to 1940 of the population.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has very generously donated the proceeds of his late lecturing tour in this country towards establishing scholarships for young men, wanting to pursue scientific studies.—*Chronicle*.

THE Girard estate is now valued at \$4,962,735. During the twenty-five years of its existence, the college has educated 1996 orphans.—*Simpsonian*.

THE wealthiest University in the world is that of Leyden, in Holland. Its real estate alone is worth over \$4,000,000. *College Herald*.

THE largest telescope in the world is soon to be set up at Lexington, Virginia, in connection with the University there. It is now in process of manufacture at Cambridge.—*Ex*.

THE *Yale Courant* says, "The *Record* erroneously states that Professor Tyndall gave \$500" to the Yale Scientific Club, to found a prize in the Scientific School, called the Tyndall Prize. The amount was \$250 instead of \$500, and was not given to found a prize but as 'a tribute of good will to the Club and a token to his good wishes for their success.' The Scientific Club will with this money and the proceeds of the lectures, establish a fund to be called the 'Tyndall Fund,' to be devoted to the assistance of those pursuing Scientific studies.

EDITOR'S TABLE, Notices of Exchanges, &c., unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

THE next issue of the *Gazette* will be out on the 29th inst.

NEW EXCHANGES RECEIVED, *Magenta*, Harvard, Cambridge; *Emory Banner*, Emory and Henry College, Virginia, *Annalist*, Albion College, Mich.; *Westminster Monthly*, Westminster College, Missouri.

READING ROOM.—We beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of European papers from Professor Lawson; also, the *Maritime Monthly*, from the Editor.

The GAZETTE is issued every alternate Saturday during the Session, by the STUDENTS of Dalhousie College and University.

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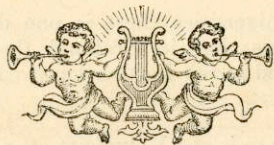
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