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No. 9.

OUR TUBINGEN KNEIPE.

GREGAND and I were—as was our wont—taking a quiet stroll after dinner along the beautiful, tree-bordered banks of the Neckar, chatting of home and “friends so dear,” now returning the “*Grusse Gott*” of some brown-faced peasant, now stopping to gather chestnuts or chase a lizard, when we were suddenly overtaken by Herr Mudd, a merry student from Hamburg, and informed in his laughing way that Parry, the whole-souled, jolly, beer drinking, hop picking friend and chum, from Aberdeen was to leave us on the morrow, and expected us all to meet him for a small *Kneipe* that very night at the Café Kommerel. This Café was our favorite haunt: here we took supper for two months night after night—holding sweet converse with *Lager Bier*, *Ochsen Augen*, *Coteletten* of all kinds, not forgetting *Kartoffeln in der Schall*—a favorite item of the departing Parry; here we met each other first, and over steaming mugs pledged eternal friendship, here we learned to “bead” a bowl, to smoke a weed and use the second person singular of the German Personal Pronoun; time would fail to register the triumphs which our education gained at the *Kommerelee*;—it was now to be the scene of our sorrow in losing Parry, the life, the soul, the *beer* of the party.

At half eight o'clock we gathered—“whistling to keep our courage up,” supper and newspapers were “reverently laid aside”—nothing but Lager is to be the meat and drink of this night—no stomach so disloyal as to receive any other visitor. Thinned by many a loss we rally like a forlorn hope about a long, oval table. Parry takes his place at the head and bows his glance sadly along its empty face; we take our places on his right and left and wait the word. “Bier”—and in the twinkling of an eye, a long, lank, military looking bottle stands before each of us, and the assembled company seem to be “presenting arms” to the honoured commander. Glasses are filled to the brim with a dexterity and beauty of foam-crowning which only long experience and love of the exercise can give: “*prosit, Meine Herrn*” rings down the line, is answered like its own echo, and then the first libation is poured out to the gods below.

Now Parry leads off by filling a huge goblet with his well known skill and delicacy, pauses to find his breath and then bursts into a farewell song. At the conclusion of each verse—“*prosit*” flies forth and all break into the chorus; then comes a pause for refreshment, the diminished bowls are filled, and Parry with a half frightened air—like a young father giving up his child at a christening—passes his darling beaker to Herr Schnail on his right. The present possessor of the *Kneipe* Thyrsus is a rollicking Austrian, who receives it with the exclamation, “Jesus, Maria and Joseph!”—the only trio which he seemed to know. He tilted himself back, unbuttoned his vest and sang about a pint of some sort of South German dialect, and then let us roar a chorus gathered

from our own sweet wills; then went up a cloud of “prosits,” “Parrys,” “Hochs” &c., and down went about half a gallon of best Ulm Beer. Now the *vis inertiae* of starting began to yield, tongues wagged more freely, and the smiles of the waiters became more child-like and bland.

The *Kneipe* cup now reached an American named Couchford—who had lately arrived. He was but in the A B C of things so he let off the first lesson, “*Ich Komme vor*” (I precede you) looking wistfully at Parry, while his paper collar getting loose tickled his ear. Then came the sweet and gentle rejoinder, “*Ich Komme nach*” (I follow), “*prosit*” waved again to the breeze and the juice of the kindly fruits of the earth meandered down a dozen eager throats. Now grew the merriment fast and furious, there goes off Cochwalk, a Scotchman, in praise of John Barley-corn, his nicely frilled bosom tracked over with beer, his cravat projecting like the handle of a frying pan from the back of his neck; there explodes Gregand, who I know went to Sunday School in his tender youth, with the touching wish “I want to be an angel,” which, from the way it was chorussed seemed to be the earnest desire of all present.

The flowing bowl had now completed the circuit of the festive board, and was ready to begin a second circumambulation. Parry's feelings rose with the number of bottles which now stood in long rows from end to end of the table. Herr Squeeze—a youth from the Gymnasium, rose and wished to drink England; this proposal roused Parry's patriotism, and he refused to let Britain go down any German's throat; he, on the contrary, wanted to find “Auld Lang Syne.” This wish he loudly expressed in German, &c., before he could begin to sing, Herr Syne's health was wildly drank and the hope expressed that he might long remain both “auld” and “lang.” Now order staggered and confusion alone was sober. The scene became highly variegated. Herr Squeeze was literally and physically full, and after reiterating his desire to drink England, hung the upper storey of himself from the window and drained off superfluous beer from the marsh of his personality, then like a squeezed sponge, returned to absorb again. Mr. Couchford felt uneasy, and after declaring that John Brown was a brick, challenged any man to call his statement in question. “Am I skim milk?” he loudly enquired, or “Am I a German?” He looked like Pilate venturing to ask “Am I a Jew?”—tho' I suppose Pilate never tasted Lager. His gigantic intellect then seemed to totter, his speech was mixed like that of the old Samaritans, and such remarks, as “who's Ochser Auger,” “Ich bin no fool, &c.,” burst from his oppressed bosom, till an eloquent snore wrote his epitaph. Herr Mudd, who had been sparkling as champagne for some time, now suddenly ceased effervescing: he gazed gravely into his worn out glass for a minute, then rose and with the seriousness of a patriarch embraced Parry—falling upon his neck, kissing him and weeping at the thought of parting. This was too

much for Parry with four bottles concealed about his person and he fell from his seat. The sympathy was awful to contemplate, the very table trembled, beer bottles fell over with grief and glasses tore themselves into fragments in dismay—the crockery bill which we paid next day showed all too plainly the depth of our sorrow. Cochwalk insisted on raising his fallen fellow countrymen, and in waking him out of his deep thoughtfulness, Herr Schnail declared Parry was fairer than Joseph or St. Ulilas, or anybody else, Gregand still longed to be an angel and stand with the angels, and Squeeze remained firm in his determination to gulph down Britannia. It was the time when deep sleep falls upon men, and the battle against Morpheus was fearful. With the aid and encouragement of Herr Kommerell, all were ultimately erected—even Couchfort, despite his affirmation that there was nothing lactic about him. Parry's fifth bottle was all up stairs in his system, so we illustrated the motto "united we stand—divided we fall," as we went solemnly forth for the last time with the gentle and joyous Parry. The stars were bright in the sky and the pinnacle of the old Cathedral seemed to be playing with the fleecy clouds which flitted past, the noise of our own revel alone broke the midnight stillness, along the quaint, narrow streets we escorted the gay Aberdonian, over the Neckar, in whose clear waters the star-light entangled itself like silver dust, beneath the long rows of chestnuts, by the statue of the Tübingen Poet, Uhland, with music fitful and laughter frequent, we went till Parry's bedroom brought an end to our last Kneipe in das liebe Tübingen.

SPERTHIAS.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE MEDICI FAMILY.

In the year 1453, Constantinople was the capital of an empire, now effete and worn out, which had once spread the terror of its arms throughout Europe, was implicitly obeyed from the shores of the Euxine to the coasts of Gaul, and had been renowned for its wealth, luxury, and magnificence. Of all the vast territories in the East over which Constantine the Great had reigned, nought remained to his namesake and successor except a small tract of territory on the shores of the Hellespont. The conquering Turks had absorbed all the rest, and the empire of the Sultans was fixed at Adrianople. Whenever a difficulty arose between the two powers, Ottoman troops showed themselves on the heights across the Bosphorus and Constantinople trembled. The Sultan was perpetually making unreasonable demands from the emperor, and charging him with impossible offences, which he bore with a meekness befitting his fallen state. Who could have thought that this derided, insulted, heart-broken man was a descendant and successor of the ancient Cæsars, who had ridden over the world conquering and to conquer; that this little strip alone was left of the mighty empire which stretched in one unbroken sweep from the Occident to the Orient sun, from Ultima Thule to the gorges of Mount Atlas; that these vain, debauched, effeminate nobles, and this poor, crouching herd of vassals, clients and retainers looked upon themselves as filling the place of the *Populi Romani* and *Conscripti Patres* of glorious old Rome; that this decayed and expiring state was the last link between modern Europe and the Europe of antiquity—the bridge across the mighty chasm of barbarian invasion and the dark ages! Nevertheless so it was. And now its hour had come, when it should disappear forever. Early in 1453 panic reigned throughout the doomed city, for Mahomet II., no longer brooking delay, had advanced to the assault. Then came the closing scene—a scene of horrors—the mounting upon the walls all

male inhabitants able to bear arms, the hurried repairing of old and tottering towers; the racking agony of suspense, or the terrible calm of despair in lordly mansions, on which art had lavished all her skill and treasure; the thunder of cannon against bulwarks built only to withstand the catapulta and the balistæ; and then the last fearful night; there were myriads of men waiting for the dawn—the Turks that they might mount to the assault, and the Greeks that they might perish with their faith and empire,—darkness reigned everywhere save in the crowded churches where the altar lights flashed down upon old men, and children, and beautiful women, prostrate on their faces, praying in terror; and the gathered peasants beyond the Hellespont listened in awe to the *Kyrie Eleison* as it wailed across the calm, cold, unfeeling waters. Constantine, the last Roman Emperor, sword in hand, leading his followers to the defense, died in a manner worthy his name and lineage, and with him the Eastren Empire,

For generations the Greek Empire had been the asylum of the arts and sciences. Driven from their seats by the ravages of the barbarians, they had taken refuge there, and Constantinople sheltered a large portion of the learning of the ancient world. It was the only spot in Europe where the mother tongue of the educated and refined was still the language in which Demosthenes delivered his orations, and where Plato and Aristotle still formed subjects of study and admiration. Whilst the Latins were feebly groping their way amongst the disputes of dialecticians, and the mummeries of superstition, many at Constantinople daily and nightly pored over works of classic authors. When the empire fell most of this class fled precipitately. Their sober, scholarly and retired pursuits had ill-fitted them for the rebuffs and disappointments of a wandering life in foreign lands, and they sought a quiet resting-place, where they could linger out the close of their career in peaceful retirement, and forget their own misfortunes and their country's ruin in the study of their books and MSS. This, Italy, then enjoying the only gleam of prosperity which has ever shone upon her since the sack of Rome, held out to them. She had recovered from the rude shock of barbarian invasion. Her disordered elements had gradually assumed shape and organization, and the fifteenth century found her divided into a number of independent republics, built up and supported by commercial prosperity, and enjoying unexampled liberty. Art flourished to a degree unknown in the rest of Europe, and in all the graces of life, wealth, refinement, and cultivation she held such an advanced position that she might still without presumption apply to the trans-alpine world the epithet of *barbarous*. Among these republics commerce had attained a position which the north-erns accorded to arms exclusively. Their proud patricians were not knights or barons bold, but wealthy merchants, who in course of time grew into merchant princes, and distinguished themselves as munificent patrons of learning. Proudest of them all were the Medici of Florence, occupying a high place in the republic, and a family whose representatives had filled many of its most important offices. Cosmo di Medici succeeded to the wealth and dignities of his father about the middle of the fifteenth century, and although the earlier part of his career was disturbed by those intestine broils which seem inseparable from a popular form of government, yet he triumphed in the long run over the malice of his enemies, and his long life was, to a large extent, passed in uninterrupted tranquility and prosperity. Nothing afforded him greater pleasure than the encouragement of learning and the society of learned men. So that to his efforts Florence owed her proud distinction of being the resort to which all the wittiest, wisest and ablest scholars, poets and artists of the day were gathered. Constantino-

ple's downfall filled Europe with terror and astonishment, but whatever scandal it may have caused to the orthodox faith, was compensated by the assistance it brought to the cause of learning. The philosophers who fled before the swords of the Janizaries were received in Italy with open arms, and their welcome was the warmer because they carried large stores of rare and valuable manuscripts, some containing gems of antiquity before unknown to western scholars. The fittest place to bear such treasures to, was the brilliant Medician Court—for court it might be called—where vast wealth spent on the noblest objects was supported by supremacy over a whole people, founded only in respect and affection, and not sanctioned by a single law. Here a characteristic hospitality greeted the learned exiles, and in the pile of precious manuscripts laid at his feet, Cosmo found himself more than rewarded for all the favours he could heap upon them. Many whose names had lent lustre to the lost years of the tottering empire remained as fixed stars to illuminate the Florentine Court, and by their instructions and example gave an impetus to learning which has carried it on without faltering to its present lofty position. The ancient classics became an all absorbing subject of thought and study, and the marvellous productions of long forgotten genius were dragged to light from the convents and castles where they had slumbered since the fall of the empire. Libraries, one of which is still, after a lapse of three centuries, the scholar's favourite resort, were founded, and the printing-press rapidly multiplied copies of the various works. The grateful Greeks did not fail to trumpet abroad praises in honor of their benefactor, and the kindness and encouragement Cosmo showed them, is the most enduring claim to immortality which the Medici family possess.

J. M. O.

FROM HALIFAX TO SHELBURNE.

The Government are at present receiving tenders for Mail service between Halifax and Shelburne.

If this item of intelligence does not interest anyone, perhaps a short account of a journey between these two places may.

I formed one of eleven passengers who took their seats in the coach at 6 o'clock, A. M., on a fine summer morning in the middle of the month of August. Such a large company required 3 horses to draw the coach, and with so many horses quick travel might be expected. Each person felt inclined to be cheerful; and so, after taking breakfast at 8 o'clock in a farm-house, proceeded to relieve the tedium of the journey by singing songs and cracking harmless jokes. Each person was obliged to furnish his or her quota. We made the woods echo with songs, and some of our lady visitors increased the universal merriment by their lively conversation. When arrived at Margaret's Bay, we passed close to the shore twice, each time obtaining a beautiful view of portions of the Bay. We reached Chester in time to get dinner at a late hour. Chester is noticeable for the cleanly appearance of its buildings. After one-third of the afternoon was spent, I got inside of the uncovered coach again, but did not experience any chilliness until nearing Bridgewater. This bridge, or one built when the town was settled, doubtless gave the town its name. A slab of timber extends along the middle of the bridge in the direction of its length. The bridge may

therefore be said to consist of two parts. Each part is of course as long as the bridge itself, but only one-half as broad. Collisions between teams partake of the nature of impossibilities. An inscription directs a driver to enter the bridge at his left hand; and when once he has done so, he can cross with his team to the other hand only by driving over the slab of wood.

One must stay at Bridgewater all night, willing or unwilling, before he can resume his journey. The fare for meals at Bridgewater, or at any other place which you pass before you finish your travelling, is very reasonable. Hotel accommodation, too, is granted to you for a price at which no person can grumble.

Next morning you must prepare to leave Bridgewater at 6 o'clock. Mill Village, Liverpool and Jordan River must be passed before you reach Shelburne that night. After leaving Bridgewater, and proceeding some distance, one of the passengers discovered that some of the luggage had fallen from the coach, and was nowhere in sight. The jolting of our vehicle had loosened the strap that bound the luggage to a particular spot, or had caused it to slip over the luggage. The driver left the coach in the middle of the road, mounted one of his horses, and eventually found every missing article about one-third of a mile in our rear. Sometimes when the horses were descending a steep hill, the traces became unfastened. Were such a circumstance to happen when four horses were being driven, my fears for the upset of the coach, or for the falling of the horse's would be very great. After leaving Liverpool one of our horses exhibited a very stubborn disposition. He refused to run up the steep hills, and no amount of flogging would make him change his mind. So one person got out of the coach, took with him a short rope with a little loop in it, coaxed the horse to open his mouth, put the loop over his tongue, or his teeth, and pulled the rope. If the loop was over the horse's tongue, of course the animal would have to stir, or his tongue would be pulled out; but, could not a less barbarous method of treatment have been adopted to cure stubbornness? We arrived in Shelburne at about 8 o'clock, P. M. Man is naturally a lazy animal,—so our Professors say. Our Mail drivers are examples of the truth of this statement, for sometimes they toss down mail-bags without even dismounting from their seat; and at other times, the mail-bag that the driver has to bear away from a settlement is ingeniously fixed upon a long pole in such a way, that the driver by driving close to the pole can snatch it off without materially slackening the speed of his horses.

Shelburne is often reached at an unseasonable hour by taking passage from Halifax in the steamer. But then a person's expenses are reduced by one-half; he is almost continually in sight of land, sees numerous sail-boats with red sails, conveying to the shore sea-weed and eel-grass which will enrich the soil of farms, and has a splendid view of the coast of several counties.

EITHER—OR.

Sweetheart, pretty sweetheart,
Thou hast no heart I see,
Nothing but an empty place
Where it ought to be.

Or, my pretty sweetheart
There is a heart in thee,
But you've put it in a place
Where it should not be.

UBERSETZER.

Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 28, 1874.

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CONTENTS.

Our Tubingen Kneipe.....	65
The Fall of Constantinople and the Medici Family.....	66
From Halifax to Shelburne.....	67
Either—Or (Poetry).....	67
Editorial.....	68
Mount Chocorua and North Conway.....	68
Correspondence.....	70

It is undoubtedly a true saying that "some men are born for great things," and we feel inclined to add that is no less true that some are also born for *mean things*. With a feeling of sadness, yet of necessity, we find it our painful duty to give publicity to the fact that some of the latter class have found their way into our old and venerable Halls of Learning. Their number we gladly believe to be comparatively small, but yet too large for the good of our Institution, and especially of our Reading Room. During the last four or five weeks papers and valuable periodicals have disappeared from our tables. The whereabouts of some of them we have fortunately ascertained, and we have our suspicions in regard to others,—and we may add, pretty well-grounded suspicions. Some of our Professors have kindly given us Papers, Magazines and Reviews. Professors DeMill, McDonald, Johnston and Lawson have our grateful thanks for their valuable contributions. These contributions, together with our exchanges are sufficient to fill our shelves, give them a very respectable appearance, and to furnish all our students with a large amount of good literature,—some of it of the highest character. But what is done with it? Why, some students carry off the best of these papers and periodicals before they have lain more than a few hour upon the shelves, and either keep them altogether, or return them in a mutilated condition. Now, look at the results of such conduct. It makes the Reading Room practically a failure. In our College we have 106 students. Now suppose the number of those who carry off papers to be six, and we hope there are not more, there are 100 almost, if not entirely, deprived of privileges for which they have paid, and to which they have an undoubted right. The editors of the GAZETTE have charge of all reading matter that comes to the room, and are supposed to see that the papers are properly arranged, and kept in order. This duty they have endeavoured to perform, and until very lately found little difficulty in doing so. Papers were laid out when received,

and after remaining on the table for a reasonable time, were filed away where they could be referred to if necessary. Then the shelves were always well filled. But now, as soon as put on the shelves they disappear, the most valuable ones taking the lead. There can be no excuse for any student who takes away papers, &c., for it has been explained that they were to be left in the Room, and such a notice was even written on some of them. But what are the results? Those who give us valuable Magazines or Reviews will not be inclined to continue their kindness, and who can blame them? The editors will not put the best exchanges on the shelves to be carried off immediately, and who can blame them? Several have lately offered us valuable magazines, provided they be left in the Room. We could not, as formerly, say they would be, and we did not get them. Thus, too, by the selfish conduct of a very few, about 100 students are deprived of their just rights.

Such periodicals as the "Contemporary Review," "British Quarterly," "Blackwood's Magazine," &c., &c., are useful not only to students of this year, but also to those who will succeed them. If properly taken care of they could be filed away, and even bound, and thus be of use to students who shall attend Dalhousie in future years. They contain articles that will be read with interest and profit long after their authors have died. In them are found productions from the pens of the ablest writers of our age, and these facts only serve to increase the crime,—for crime we must call it,—of taking such periodicals in the manner lately practised by some of our would-be gentlemen, who may be taken as a type of the man who would grow fat upon the meat snatched from his neighbour's plates, of the man who is not troubled with any share of the spirit of the "Good Samaritan."

It is the duty of all students who are deprived of their just rights by the disappearance of good literature from our shelves, to use their influence to have the pilfering stopped, the guilty parties known and watched, and at the least, to be made to feel uncomfortable,—if they have not become too degenerate. Until Papers, Magazines and Reviews put upon the shelves are left there, the Reading Room will fail to perform her most important function. Students, be gentlemanly, be honest, but above all be *honorable*, and do not bring disgrace upon the name of your Alma Mater, and cause her to blush for very shame that she has ever enclosed you in her fostering embrace.

MOUNT CHOCORUA AND NORTH CONWAY.

THE fine prospect about Winnipiseogee only fanned my desire to see more of the wonderful in Nature. To gratify this I moved from Centre Harbour in the direction of North Conway, passing the Ossipee Mountains with a shaggy fleece of clouds rolling in tatters from their crooked ribbed sides. I also neared the desolate Chocorua, crouching in shape not unlike a monstrous walrus, the head turned and pointed as if watching against some approaching danger. This pinnacle, bleached and defiant, is a challenge seldom accepted, even by the most adventurous pedestrians. The entire altitude is only thirty-four hundred feet, yet the steepness of its ledges

and the absence of any path render the scaling of it no ordinary achievement. Except, perhaps, Mount Adams, of the Washington range there is in New Hampshire no peak so sharp as this Chocorua, which drives its spike far into the settling cloud or rends the drifting scud.

The natural wildness of the place was to me intensified when I chanced to meet a hunter, and drew from him his knowledge of the past. In rustic, animated style the Mountain Ishmaelite told the tragic story of Cornelius Campbell. This sturdy Lowland Scot seeing his political party foiled by the dethronement and exile of "bonny King James" in 1688, his proud spirit refusing to bow to the governing principle of nations that "might makes right"—moodily turned his back upon friend and foe, kindred, party and his native Scotland. With a lovely wife, a young family, and at the head of a discontented company, Campbell crosses the Atlantic to seek his fate or fortune, indifferent which. They wandered far beyond all traces of European settlement in the young Colonies, and finally settled in a secluded vale at the foot of this gloomy mountain, for here Nature was congenial. The forest monarchs bowed before the plaided chieftain. The great bear obeyed his dread voice, for he spoke through an iron trumpet with words which appealed to the deepest feelings of Bruin's nature—to his very heart. The fox quietly presented his robe in return for the distribution of moose steak which had been specially prepared and furnished gratuitously. Everything prospered until one day the young son of an Indian prophet, strolling near the dwelling of the Scot, unwittingly swallowed a quantity of fox poison, then hastened home to tell the tale, to sicken, and to die.

The story of an Indian's revenge is ever the same. At such times the red man's character displays its worst feature, exhibiting more cunning than the fox, more stealth than the wolf, and more ferocity than the merciless bear. In the prophet's heart rancor banished past friendship. When Campbell returned one evening from the hunt, he met one of the most soul-crushing spectacles that ever awaited returning man. His house was a heap of coals and ashes; his children, recently a joyous group, were strewn tomahawked about the ruins; and his wife, beauteous even in such a death, lay pinioned to the ground by the spear of the savage. Stunned, conscious of nothing but his bereavements, the woodman passes through sad days and weeks, he knows not how. What an avalanche of woe was that which overwhelmed such a spirit as his! But now again he shoulders his gun and roams the forest; yet he sees not the moose in yonder glade, and the cariboo crosses his path unscathed. His eye rolls fiercely in quest of other game, till high among the broken rocks some moving object fixes his attention. Yes, there stands the old prophet measuring his ground with jealous glance. Campbell's gun is lifted. Revenge now nerves his arm. The muzzle covers the Indian's heart; an ounce of lead is climbing the mountain on its fatal errand. The murderer is being murdered, but with dying hand upon the wound he holds back the dark glowing soul while uttering his curse against white men, grain and cattle; then his remains come dashing from crag to ledge a mangled mass, consecrating to his memory the mountain which still bears his name; for Chocorua was the prophet's name, and he left it, with his blood, a legacy to these cliffs. The story is ended, the teller vanishes and the traveller is left to his own thoughts. As for the "curse" it appeared to operate with dire effect. Crops failed, herds died, men sickened, so that in a few years the colony was entirely removed. Since then, however, the discovery of the poisonous nature of a spring in the vicinity has shaken all faith in the power of the malediction.

Nine miles further and we are at North Conway, noted for its scenery. The village itself is on a level bank about thirty feet above the meadows of the Saco river. The plat

extends some four or five miles in length by three in breadth. It is a short task to give the dimensions and describe the framework of the secluded village. West, it is guarded by the long Mole Mountains, East, the rough, less lofty and bending Rattlesnake range wall it in. South, Chocorua raises his bald head and gets a peap at its meadows. North, and North West, the view is closed by the range of the White Mountains proper, crowned in the centre by the dome of Washington. While North East, its base distant only two miles, swells the symmetrical Kiarsarge with its finished cone. Far to the South the hills soften away in a succession of smaller and smaller mounds or humps which may resemble a sea serpent's back.

But not the slightest suggestion of the loveliness of the place is given by the most accurate report of its mountain guard. The man who sees North Conway, as the sun, behind the Mole Mountains, shades the vale, but sheds higher splendor, tinging the edges of the mists that settle in the ravines of Mount Washington with rose colour and flooding the upper half of the Rattlesnake range with purple sharply ruled from a basis of deep bronze green below, understands why no description can do justice to such luxuriant beauty. So exquisite is the view at times that any poet of ordinary powers, while beholding this favored place swathed in dreamy charm, could easily fancy himself in a little suburb of Paradise.

Words thrown together at random and compared with the sentences of Shakspeare scarcely show a wider difference than scenes of nature. Hills and streams, trees and fields, in their ordinary arrangement convey no intellectual impressions. Nature is furnished by one tree, if not by another, by a stream, whether it lop in musical cascades, or flow calmly oceanward; by the mountain, regardless of the slope of its wall, or the shape of its crest. But for aesthetic enjoyment, the disposition and proportion of material are all-important. This only can lift land into landscape. We often find scenes having one or two instances of combination which satisfy the eye, and appeal to the mind as being a rhyming couplet in nature's song. Occasionally we find a whole stanza in rock and stream, hill and dale, dip and cone, which obeys the scansion of beauty. But the scenery of North Conway may be termed a grand natural poem. It has been finished to the last line by the omnipotent artist. Every arc of the circle, which the eye breaks off at a direct gaze, is a picture ready for the canvass.

Among many curiosities about N. C. I can but mention a few. The "Ledges" are perpendicular, often over hanging, granite walls six hundred and fifty feet in height. The "Cathedral" is a cave with massive archway, rudely rounded and so high that a cloudy veil hid from my sight the upper part of the entrance. "Diana's Baths" are a succession of short falls in a mountain stream; loose fragments of rock rolled by the eddying torrent have worn deep excavations in which the water is as transparent as air, thus forming baths too pure to be defiled by any heathen Goddess.

The poet's notion that where there is a "house of prayer, the devil's sure to build his chapel there," is not always wrong. Near the natural cathedral already mentioned, near also to Diana's Baths is a dismal cavern, called the "Devil's Den." On entering, the traveller meets with a cold reception. The mouth is not broad, the air within is damp, the roofing low, and the floor broken. If the den has such an occupant as the name indicates, he was absent at the time of my visit, though if any person from the entrance observed me moving through the pit by sulphury matchlight I will not vouch for the correctness of their conclusions as to who or what was inside.

A severe and an unusually sudden thunder storm varied the scenery on the last day of my rest in N. Conway. Like

contending giants two clouds came sweeping down the mountains from nearly opposite directions each muttering in deep tones his rage. One shot a fiery dart as a challenge to his rival, who with brow of blackness moved to the encounter; a huge painted bow slung, Indian like, over his shoulder. Soon each front was a target for an opponent's shafts. The mist of battle darkened the sun. The deep caves resounded the flashing discharges. The field was drenched with the cold washy blood. The struggle was short, however; for fate, as usual gave her verdict the way the wind blew. The combatants, having dropped their heavy burdens of complaints and exploded their elements of discord, now saunter away in perfect union.

The storm is over, and quiet once more reigns. Half the wonders of such a tempest bursting from what an hour before, was a cloudless sky, has never been told even by the imagery of Byron.

And when the sun almost instantly shines out again, the scene is one of fresh beauty. Scores of torrents come dancing downward over the naked rocks, often leaping hundreds of feet and alighting a pyramid of spray. In one direction the more distant rivulets appear to hang motionless like silken threads, in another, they flash in the sun like lines of flame.

Correspondence.

OUR EDINBURGH LETTER.

Dear Gazette:—We should not make up our minds hastily on any subject; and when our opinions do not coincide with those of men of thought and experience, we should hold to them and express them with fear and trembling—I have great hesitation, therefore, in saying anything against the curriculum in the Arts and Science Faculties of Dalhousie. Nor do I intend to enter into any criticism in this letter. You have not sufficient space, and I have not enough time. But having while an Arts student at Dalhousie, formed opinions on this subject, which longer thinking and a wider experience have greatly strengthened, and knowing that my opinions are shared by at least a large majority of those of our graduates who have had the opportunity of studying the Universities of other lands, I intend this evening to write you some account of the Degree system of Edinburgh as compared with our Alma Mater's, that your readers may have the means of judging if there are any points in which it would be wise for us to copy our older sister.

Perhaps the greatest difference between the Edinburgh system and ours is in the number of subjects which are requisite for a degree. For the ordinary M. A., a certain amount of successful study in Latin, Greek, Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Rhetoric and English Literature, Mathematics and Physics, is required and nothing more. Chemistry, French, Political Economy and History are all optional subjects and valueless so far as the degree is concerned. In Science the student passes an easy entrance examination in six or seven subjects, which he has the power of choosing from among ten, viz.: English, Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Mechanics, Logic and Moral Philosophy. He then proceeds to the study of Natural Philosophy, Botany, Zoology and Chemistry; and when he has proved himself proficient in these, he is allowed to choose one of three classes and may complete his course by further investigation of either higher Mathematics and Physics, or Experimental Physics and Chemistry, or Zoology, Botany, Physiology and Geology. Except so far as the entrance examination is concerned (and it, though stiffer than our Matricula-

tion, is nevertheless, comparatively easy) a Science man needs know nothing of Latin, Rhetoric, Modern Languages, Logic and Psychology, Ethics and Political Economy or History.

For a degree with honours, the subjects are not multiplied, but a more thorough knowledge of them is required. The Edinburgh system is thus midway between ours and that of the German Universities; and while it has not the tendency to one-sidedness in education, with which the latter is to some extent chargeable, it is not so likely as ours to favour superficial work. I can't at present enter into a discussion as to how many and which of the classes in our courses should be omitted. That some should, however, I am quite convinced. I don't think I can reproach myself with having been a lazy student. But I always wished during my course that I could concentrate my energies on a few subjects, instead of scattering them over so many. In studying, extent must always vary inversely with depth, the many with the much. If I wish to dig deep I must dig in only one or two mines; and all the observation which I have been able to make, seems to show that, within certain limits, and these not the limits authorized among us, the man who has studied *multum, non multa* is better developed than he who reversing the process has studied *multa, non multum*. Some may perhaps object that such a reform as is here hinted at, would render a degree too easily taken. So it would if the amount of knowledge required in individual subjects remained the same. But that need not be so, and the possibility of its increase is a decided advantage. Thirty *per cent.* of knowledge, which is the amount required in Dalhousie as well as in the Arts Faculty of Edinburgh, is far too little. Why should it not be fifty or sixty? With so many subjects that would be too much, but the more you decrease the number of subjects, the more can you raise the standard of necessary excellence in them. In the Science and Theology Faculties of Edinburgh possibility has borne a fruit of actuality. The degree in the former requires sixty *per cent.* that in the latter, seventy-five.

There is a second difference which I may mention, and it has reference to the time and mode of Examination. According to our system a man is examined by the University, at the end of each session, in the work of that session. Not so here. Examinations are held both in spring and fall, and they have but slight reference to class work. The Classical works, for example, required by the University are not those read in the class; and even in such subjects as Metaphysics the lectures are at least not the one thing needful. Nor is a student here compelled to take subjects and examinations in a certain order. He has three examinations to pass, one in the Classical, one in the Mathematical, and one in the Philosophical Department, and he takes them up in whatever order and at whatever periods of his course, suits him best. There are certain advantages and certain disadvantages in a system like this. The only disadvantage of any moment seems to me to be, that many students are not capable of choosing for themselves the best order of study, and are likely to make mistakes. (In Edinburgh "use and wont" usually determines the choice.) The great advantages seem to be that it allows a certain freedom to individual taste, and that, in inducing a man to ground himself thoroughly during the winter, and read specially for examination during the summer, it lessens the temptation to cram to which our students too often yield.

I have just time to refer to a third point of distinction. In Dalhousie, prizes are given for merit in University Examinations. In Edinburgh they are purely class affairs, and are determined by class work solely. The degree and perhaps a fellowship is the only reward for merit in the University Examinations. Prizes are competed for in various

ways, generally by written examinations scattered over the session, but often by a combination of written and oral exercises. In the Philosophy Classes I think the Prize competition system is best developed. In Prof. Calderwood's, for example, oral examinations are held twice a week, written examinations thrice during the session, short essays are written about once a month, and one or two long essays must be prepared. The Class Honours are decided by the excellence shewn in all these testing processes. There is not the distinction here, which holds in Dalhousie between regular and occasional students. So far as class prizes are concerned all are on an equal footing.

I am afraid I have written you a dry letter, which many of your readers will not very highly appreciate. But I know that many of our students and many of our graduates think a reform in our system is necessary, and it is therefore right that we should be looking about us and learning what is done in other Universities and in other lands. The useful function which the *Gazette* may discharge, is that of a medium through which any of our men may describe to all the rest his experience in the working of systems different from our own, so that we may all know the facts and judge from them. For my subject therefore, I need not apologise. For my imperfect and defective treatment of it I beg to be excused. With kind regards to all the old fellows,

I am, etc.,
MAC.

Edinburgh, March 9th, 1874.

Brindisi, March 2nd, 1874.

DEAR GAZ.—I know your kindly feelings toward your wandering children. You used to like to hear from them after they had left your fostering care, and I am sure you have the same tender heart as of old.

I will not trouble you with a high-flying voyage across the Atlantic. A selection of the Sixth Reader, with which we are all familiar, says that "it is delightful to loll over the railing and watch the porpoises at play," but I could not see the beauty of it, though I ran to the rail and tried the leaning over more than once. As for the porpoises, they must have been somewhere else, for the only sign of life across the broad ocean was the sea-gull, with its shrill, wailing cry, sounding as if all other life had departed, and it alone were left to ring the funeral knell.

It was delightful, however, when land appeared, and one could see instead of porpoises, the green hills of Erin, or later still, the Welsh coast and the banks of the Mersey, and hear instead of the sea bird's cry, and the roar of the waves, the clanging of the bell buoy, and the rattling of carriages on the streets of Liverpool; and not least among the delightful things was the feeling that your dinner was now your own and that you could bid defiance to Neptune to take it from you.

I will not take up your time, dear GAZETTE, with writing about a pleasant week spent in Edinburgh, nor another one spent in getting a glimpse of the treasures of science and art which are in Paris, but let me say a word or two about the last three days, from Paris to Brindisi.

Leaving Paris at 3 P. M., Wednesday, 25th ult. the first fifteen hours of the journey may be here passed over in silence, as it was by the train in darkness. When Thursday morning dawned, the Jura range of Alps were seen coming up in clear outline on the morning sky, and ere long we were among the mountains crossing the Saone and passing up the valley of the Albarine with its wild and imposing scenery, the valley of the Rhine was reached, broad and fertile, and flanked by lofty hills. The Rhine is crossed and the train enters the valley of the swift flowing Isere with its narrow vale, walled by mountains which in some places

rise almost perpendicularly over a mile in height. Past the ruins of an old castle which was once the frontier bulwork of Savoy against France. Up the narrow valley of the Circ, which in many places is little more than a mere ravine, into parts of which the sun never shines, up the road by which Napoleon led his army when on his way to Italy, we reach Modane the end of the valley, and we must bid the little corporal good bye. This road winds up the steep passes, over the top of the Alps, runs through the heart of the mountain. Soon we are a mile underground and in thirty minutes from leaving France, come out in Italy. Over four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The grade of descent on the Italian side is very steep, and gives an excitement to the ride as the train dashes down through short tunnels, across deep gulches, to the valley of Piedmont, and at nine o'clock reaches Turin. The first days ride is ended and a glorious one it has been. In the midst of these scenes of grandeur, one feels little in themselves, but big with wonder at the power of nature's architect.

It is all very well, dear GAZETTE, to talk of the elevating ennobling influences of the arts, as architecture, painting, poetry and music, but if a little of the time that is often spent in exclusive devotion to such things were spent in viewing these vast temples which God Himself has planned, and which His own hands have reared, and in studying the originals which His fingers have painted, instead of pouring in sickly wonder over minatures and daubs which man has tried to produce,

"Th' world would be the better o't."

The second day's ride from Turin to Bologne was as different as one can imagine. Through the great fertile plain of Lombardy, one vast flat country the whole way, while in the distance in the south rose the snowy peaks of the Appenines. It was a day of the deepest interest, however. This is historic ground, and has been the stage of eventful scenes ever since the ancient Lombards waged war with Rome.

Shortly after leaving Turin the train crosses the battle field of Marengo, where Napoleon defended the Austrians in 1800. An open plain, no hillocks here to fortify, no ravine in which to lie in ambush, room for fair open fighting, where work must win the day.

Next comes the battle field of Trebia, where Hannibal defeated the Jumas at the beginning of the second Punic war, but the battle field tells no tales, the stream flows on, and the sun and moon roll on as quietly as if they had never witnessed these scenes of darkness and blood. Next Placenza which ranked high in olden times among the league of the Lombard towns, then Parma and Modena, founded by the ancient Etruscans and Gauls, conquered by the Romans, and taking a forward place among the struggles of the Italian republics and at night Bologna is reached, where in addition to the secularhistoric interest a new feature is added, for the council of Trent held one of its sessions here.

The third day's ride from Bologna to Brindisi, was different from either of the others, as regards its scenery; on the left rose the light blue waters of the Adriatic, on the right fertile and picturesque hills and valleys, clad with orchards and groves of olives, figs and almond trees, till after passing Mont Garganus, the train enters the great Apulian plain which extends to Brindisi, and here a crowd of associations cluster. This was the landing place of the Romans on their way from the east. Here Virgil died, and it was coming here that Horace had such a terrible time of it. Here the fleets of the Crusades used to assemble; but the gangway will soon be drawn, dear GAZETTE, and the boat is about ready to start. Wishing yourself and your numerous family a pleasant and successful ending to your winter's work, I must close.

E. S.

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