

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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WHOLE No. 101.

LIFE.

Roll—roll—roll.

The waves go rolling on,
They wreath their crests, they fling their spray,
Their turmoil never is done.

Toil—toil—toil.

We all are toiling on,
And hearts grow sick and heads grow gray,
And worrying never is done.

Pass—pass—pass.

Thus life is passing on,
And there may be worrying all the day,
But the day will soon be done.

Rest—rest—rest.

Where pain is never known,
And loud are the harps and sweet the lay,
Before the great white throne.

D.

PROSODY.

ENGLISH prosody has been much confused by the use of classical terminology and by classical ideas. A system of purely English or accentual scansion scarcely exists. Of course, practically, and for every practical purpose every one understands it, but I have not yet seen a good theory of it. I think perhaps Coleridge had the truest insight into the music of his native tongue when he said that the measure of *Christabel* was on a new principle, namely, that every line should have the same number of accents, the number of syllables being various. In that wonderful poem there is no such thing as feet properly speaking. A classical line is marked by definite laws into certain portions which are called feet. An English line is not to be so divided; that is to say, the point at which such a division may be made is not determined; all that is determined is the nucleus, so to speak, of the foot, which is the accented syllable. In Latin and Greek every syllable had a certain value and a

number of syllables of the requisite value made a foot. There was a distinct division mark at the end of the last syllable of the foot.

Its movement is a march, a minuet. The movement of English poetry is like the flow of the waves, a continuous unbroken rise and fall, or if you break it you may break it anywhere. Who has determined where a wave begins and ends? Is it at the crest or in the trough or the breast or the decline? Thus it is with accented rhythm. To divide it into feet introduces a set of conceptions entirely foreign. An accented syllable constitutes what is called a foot, and the question to which of two accented syllables the unaccented syllables between them belongs is affected by no law or principle under heaven. The fact is that they cannot properly be said to belong, to be connected with either. For example, in the line—"Take the good the Gods provide thee," every one of the unaccented syllables is connected in reading more closely with the accented one which follows them than with the one which precedes. It might be scanned as

Take—the good—the Gods—provide thee—
without offending the ear in the least. To scan English poetry scientifically then is simply to state the number of syllables in the line, and what ones are accented.

The varieties of regular English verse may be reckoned five, viz: two in which every alternate

I have a fancy at this moment that the classical scansion may be of Oriental origin. For it is not native to the Latin as is well known. The rhythm of Sanscrit poetry is accentual. The Greeks, of all the Aryan nations, are alone in this respect. That they in pre-historic times learnt much from the Phoenicians is universally admitted. Now observe the difference between Aryan and Shemitic syllabification. It is often a nice point to determine where an English syllable begins or ends. The vowel sound is its nucleus, but the consonants may often be joined to the precedent or subsequent vowel indifferently. But in Hebrew and kindred dialects the vowels play an altogether different part, the consonants are everything; and as the syllables always begin with a consonant, they are as integrally distinct from each other as bricks in a pile. This kind of syllable would, I imagine, lend itself more readily to a rhythm of quantity than of accent or tone. The difference in syllabification exactly corresponds to that between the rhythm of accent and the rhythm of quantity.

syllable is accented, and three in which every third syllable is accented. To these we may give the old names without fear of confusion, thus: Trochaic measure is that in which the odd syllables are accented, and Iambic that in which the even are accented. The difference in character of these two measures is curious. The latter is solemn and stately; the former is light and easy. Yet this effect seems to be produced by the difference in the beginning and ending of the lines. The line from Dryden given above goes just as trippingly on the tongue—and how trippingly it goes!—in the one way as in the other. This further confirms the theory that the idea of feet is irrelevant in English prosody. Again, in Anapaestic measure the 3rd, 6th and 9th syllables are accented; in Amphibrachic the 2nd, 5th and 8th; in Dactylic the 1st, 4th, and so on. Or if we object to these names, we may adopt the nomenclature of musicians, and speak of double and triple measure, first, second and third varieties. Apart from established prejudices I should prefer these names as less suggestive of foreign conceptions and better representing the facts of the case. These measures have also each a character of its own. Read for the first, Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib;" for the second, "The Old Oaken Bucket;" for the third, "The Bridge of Sighs." This poem is not, however, purely Dactylic. The principle of the matter seems to be that the farther from the beginning, and the nearer the end of the line the accent is placed, the more solemn and staid the measure is. The double measure is more solemn than the triple from other reasons. The Dactylic should on this theory be the lightest measure of all. If we may judge from the above named specimen, it seems just that as the overdone sublime is the ridiculous, so the hyper-frivolous is capable of wild weird pathos and sublimity. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" suggests the same thing. They are tragic as the laugh of him whose brain reels. But the music of Scott's songs in this measure, such as "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," and "Where shall the lover rest?" is of a far other ring.

These five measures represent the normal structure of English verse. But its irregularities are within certain limits innumerable. Two things are impossible to it; first, to vary the number of accents in a line; second, to put three unaccented syllables together. These irregularities may be divided into two classes; occasional and systematic. An occasional irregu-

larity is the insertion or omission of unaccented syllables. We may have no unaccented syllables as in "Break—Break—Break." Or we may have some left out as in A. A. Watt's "My sweet one, my sweet one," which is an iambic tetrameter with syllables three and seven left out. It occupies such a position as such a line should. The effect of these variations is often very fine. They break the monotony, and by the slight jar they make us more sensible to the harmony following. They are like the resolution of a discord. A similar but even finer effect is produced by varying the position of the accent, and especially in iambic measure by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. The finest example of it that I know is in a well known hymn, "When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls," &c. The stanza is one of the most musical in English poetry. "Hail holy light," everybody quotes.

A beautiful example of systematic irregularity, or to speak more properly, of a more complex regularity, is Byron's song, beginning—

There be none of beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me.

Of these lines the first and third consist of eight syllables, of which are accented the third, fifth and seventh. The other half of the stanza consists of four similar lines with an occasional omission of an unaccented syllable. It cannot be trochaic tetrameter for in that case this line—"The charmed ocean's passing," and others would be impossible, it would be dropping an accent. The second and fourth lines have six syllables each, of which the third, fourth and sixth are accented. This would accent both syllables of the word "magic." But examine the fourth line; perhaps the accent on the fourth syllable is lighter than the others. The difficulty in the second line can be obviated somewhat by pausing a little after the word "magic;" a rhythmic pause. These subtle rhythms require a very fine ear. Few poets attempt them. When Scott said that Mat. Lewis had the finest ear for the melody of verse he had ever known he added by way of clincher "finer than Byron's." Even Byron has bungled this shorter line in his next stanza thus, "Her bright chain o'er the deep." The words "Her bright" are too heavy, we cannot bring out the accent on "chain" or "o'er." But the mate of it is perfect,— "As an infant's asleep." I think Scott's own ear was

very much finer than Byron's. He is more accurate in keeping to his measure, which is an argument, unless we suppose him to have counted his syllables. As an example of rich, sensuous melody, I know of nothing at all to be compared with his "Soldier, rest," in the "Lady of the Lake."

A much more simple example of peculiar measure is the hymn beginning—

There is a happy land
Far, far away.

There are in the first of these lines four distinct rhythmic beats in six syllables, and in the second three beats in four syllables. The accented syllables are the first, second, fourth, and in one of the lines the sixth.

Another beautiful example is the hymn beginning with these lines:—

I know not the hour when my Lord shall come
To take me away to his own dear home,
But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

The first two are of ten syllables, the second, fifth, eighth and tenth being accented, and the third is a regular anapaestic tetrameter. It differs from the preceding in having one unaccented syllable more in the first and last beat. This gives a swell to the line that has a magnificent effect. McD.

NORTH.

NORTHWARD ho! in June, a month which has been eulogized *ad infinitum*, so that the infinitesimal fraction of praise which I could add would make it no more famous.

Truro is the starting-place. At two o'clock that town is left behind by a couple of students, whose faces show that business is not the sole object of their mission. These students are the heroes of this short history. We considered ourselves more happy than the majority of Truronians that day. Four days of drive through the country are in prospect—a trip through one of the most pleasing parts of our Province. No lumbering coach, no insensible iron horse to puff its black smoke into our faces unless we shut the window and suffocate. We had a light, firm, airy, jolt-preventing, comfortable, cosy, soothing, pacifying, ease-producing, sleep-inspiring wagon; well-painted and attractive, drawn by a horse sensible and sensitive, capable of understanding our feelings, and of sympathizing with them; knowing when to slowly jog along in order to

give us an opportunity of gazing upon the scenery around, and aware when to exhibit his powers of trot to perfection.

The life of all students is composed of many common factors. There are the common college toils and college recreations, college songs, college fun, college peculiarities of all kinds. Especially is this the case with students attending the same college at the same time. They have in addition, a common interest in professors and fellow-students, each of whom forms a subject of harmless criticism (students never descend to base gossip). We had all these common interests along with those that belong to the close companionship of months. No lack of conversation. Frequently the ever-changing scenery engages more than usual attention. Here it is the babbling brook dancing onwards towards the Bay of Fundy, pleasing the eye with its sparkling brilliancy, and gratifying the ear with its enlivening music; there the mountain clothed from base to summit with that perfection of green which is found only in June.

We cross the track of the Intercolonial Railway seven times; once one hundred feet below the rails, and shortly after, thirty feet above them. In the former case we passed beneath Londonderry Bridge, in the latter we rode on the top of a snowshed. The bridge spoken of is said to be the highest on the I. C. R. It consists of six spans supported on piers one hundred feet high. One shudders at the bare thought of the dreadful catastrophe which would attend the displacing of a rail or the breaking of a car-wheel. Much moralizing was created, but such as would be new only in the "time of Nimrod or Chedorlaomer." Near the snowshed crossing we rested our horse for half-an-hour, amusing ourselves by hearing the sheep patter over the roof of the snowshed, and by shouting into the artificial caverns. Between the two crossings just mentioned, the railway forms a curve, usually called "the bend," in order to communicate with the Londonderry mines. The carriage road in length one mile, corresponds to about four miles of rail.

We were well started again at six, and drove without any noteworthy incident till we reached Folly Lake and Mountain. We greatly admired the bold scenery, till a blinding flash, a sudden clap, and the upset of heaven's buckets distracted our attention. By mutual consent the discussion of landscape beauty was postponed, and we endeavoured to keep ourselves dry. We came

to a hospitable barn-floor, just as the shower was ceasing, however. We waited to see if the weather would brighten sufficiently to allow us to proceed. Meanwhile we engaged in conversation with the owner of the barn. The beauty of the country round and the state of the crops were talked about, while our new-found friend received from us city news, and in return gave information respecting the most noted inhabitants of the locality. The sky beginning to look propitious, we set out once more; but before we had travelled four miles, rain compelled us to take shelter for the night.

Next morning at breakfast, strawberries were produced, and we were invited to partake. We were not urged to eat. Strawberries on the 20th of June have a specially soul-stirring deliciousness which they do not possess on the 20th of July. We left after having committed depredations on a honeysuckle vine. The sky was bright and clear that morning; the preceding night's rain had given everything a charming freshness. The Valley of Wallace River appeared beautiful. The stream in some places wound between high banks, but more frequently it was lined by a strip of interval, clothed with grass which must have rivalled Erin's.

Wallace Harbour is reached by eleven o'clock. We drove up through the village till we came to the Bridge, near which we established our headquarters. We were very heartily welcomed by an old lady, who evidently could appreciate genius and education. No amount of labour on our behalf seemed too great for her, and she succeeded admirably in entertaining us by an account of her forty years' experience of this country, compared with her life in her British birthplace. The peculiar people of the neighborhood were discussed. Few persons discover peculiarities more quickly, or appreciate them more fully than country folk. Their observation is acute, and in many cases their insight into human nature is more accurate than among some who make greater pretensions as character students. We rose at 9.26 next morning. After breakfast we sauntered round a little, then began our journey anew. We started for Foxe Harbour Point. We were told that the distance was four miles. After driving a mile we were informed that Foxe Harbour was four-and-a-quarter miles away. Another mile passed, the distance was said to be between three-and-a-half and four miles. This want of uniformity proved a defect in the road system. I do not

know how far Foxe Harbour is from Wallace Bridge, but I know that before reaching the former place we thought it necessary to rest ourselves and the horse and take some dinner. We found the gentleman, of whose hospitality we partook very intelligent as well as kind; so we persuaded him to buy a rake, (my friend was agent for rakes and mowers). We pursued our course, speaking to every body we met, and calling at nearly every house. Some persons did not say that they were very happy to see us, but their faces expressed their sentiments.

From Foxe Harbour to Pugwash required the remainder of that day and part of the next. Throughout the whole distance we kept in view Northumberland Strait and P. E. Island on the right; while on the left was a gentle slope of well-cleared and cultivated land. Hay is raised to a large extent—one man cuts from 300 to 400 tons yearly. We spent the night at his house; and were entertained till twelve o'clock with tales of his adventures. In his youth he dug for gold in California. On his voyage thither, he was tossed about for ten months in a sailing vessel. "Roughing it" on the sea and in the western wilds was faithfully depicted, and illustrated by many a joke and many an account of stern reality. He spoke of the large number of Nova Scotians who go to the United States, where they are compelled to work harder and with less certainty of success than if they remained at home. Certainly our Province would be more prosperous if our young people had a greater love for their birthplace.

In the morning we were greeted at Pugwash by a dismal rain storm. After seeing the lions we returned to Wallace by a different road, proclaiming along the way,—“The new model iron Buckeye with adjustable box,—the new model Woodframe improved,—and the Ithaca wheel-rake of which there are four kinds, but ours is the best, because it has a patent lever so that a boy 12 years old can work it.”

Wallace Bridge is reached before dark, and our success is the chief topic of the evening. The forenoon of Saturday was occupied in putting together a rake and mowing machine. 4 p. m. finds us at Wentworth with damp clothes. During a shower we had raised an umbrella which was immediately placed in the bottom of the wagon shattered and useless. We mourned for it, because the rain did not cease when our protection was lost, but we decided to submit to

the inevitable. At Wentworth we took the train, and after an hour's drive were in Truro.

In our tour we met with many different phases of character, and we would advise those having a fondness for the study of human nature, to take a trip through the country as agents.

J. W.

SHOULD CANADA BE SEPARATED FROM BRITAIN.

ALL prudent men will be disposed to deprecate any change from the present political regime, unless it be apparent that under the proposed order of affairs the prosperity of Canada, and happiness of her people will be enhanced.

As a part of the empire of our beloved Queen, we enjoy all the freedom of republicanism, unalloyed by such baser elements as often tarnish modern republican governments. Our nearest neighbors have become notorious for degraded public morality. Mexico is seldom better than in a state of anarchy. France is ever troubled by the strivings of parties and individuals for the highest places.

With, if not the best, one of the finest constitutions in existence, we are allowed to make and execute our own laws and levy our own taxes. For the head of the government system we are indebted to the motherland; and while that position is, as now, suitably filled there should be no desire to engage in the exciting game of a presidential election.

Under the protection of one of the most powerful and honored states in the world, we are not endangered by the greed of nations stronger than ourselves. Cousin Jonathan can only covet the St. Lawrence, and Russia dare not appropriate Halifax to be a trans-Atlantic "base of operations" for that fleet that is such a trouble to her. The mercantile marine in its goings far and near is safe, while it bears the "meteor flag" of the mistress of the seas. Yet if England should embark in any warlike enterprise, Canada is under no obligation to aid. The benefits of our present connection with England are many and great; the disadvantages arising from a separation would be proportionate, and the advantages few and insignificant. Let us first enquire whether the British Government is willing to cut Canada loose. If not, a declaration of independence would be a vain thing. We could not resist Britain as New England did a

century ago. Next suppose a separation accomplished. A republic would, probably be established, and many of the troubles that befall and are befalling the United States would be our lot.

The cost of government, and consequently taxation, would be increased. Means of defence would be necessary—an army and navy—for even in these times the only way to have peace is to be prepared for war. Our position would not compare, as to security, with what it now is. Of course there is the alternative of annexation to the States, but that is too repugnant to the mass of Canadians, for we are a loyal people.

All that is needed to make us a great nation and a part of the greatest empire on earth is patriotism. When we fully realize that it is more noble, and more profitable too, to seek the good of the state than to benefit self, there will be no cause for the question which we have under discussion. I may be allowed to add to my poor prose a ballad from a late number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, dedicated to the advocates of "separation" and "annexation," and entitled

EMPIRE FIRST:

List not to the dubious word,
Guard ye 'gainst the deed of wile,
Buckle on the liegeman's sword,
Keep your fealty free from guile.
Stand Canadians! firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! we'll hold our faith and truth,
Trusting in the God above.

Stand Canadians! firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain raised us to our rank,
Mid the nations of the earth.

Stand Canadians! firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head.

Her broad shield and stalwart arm,
Stand Canadians! firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

O, triune Kingdom of the brave,
O, seagirt Island of the free,
O, Empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands are all with thee!
Stand Canadians! proudly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland!

C. S. C.

Jan. 18th, 1878.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 8, 1878.

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IN the Calendar of Dalhousie College for 1876-7, we read that the *University Prizes* "are awarded to those *Undergraduates* who stand first in the several subjects at the Sessional Examinations, provided they occupy positions in the *First* or *Second Class*, and have *passed* in all the subjects proper to their year." In the corresponding paragraph of the Calendar for 1877-8 we find that "these Prizes will be awarded to those *students* who stand first in the several subjects at the Sessional Examinations."

The difference between these two statements indicate that *three* important changes have been made with regard to what we commonly call *Class Prizes*; (1). All students, whether *Undergraduates* or *Generals*, are allowed to compete. (2.) They are to be granted without regard to *absolute* standing. (3.) It is not necessary that students *pass*, in order to obtain them. With regard to the last two changes we have nothing to say at present; but we think that if the first has really been made, our rulers have committed a serious mistake. Not that we are envious because *General Students* are to have a chance to compete for prizes, provided they

could be admitted on fair ground; but we deny that they can be admitted on such ground, and, on that account, think that they should not be permitted to compete at all. *Undergraduates*, in order to be such, are compelled to study a certain number of prescribed subjects, and make what we call a *pass* mark on each and all of those subjects at the Sessional Examinations. In order to accomplish this, a student of ordinary abilities must be diligent and attentive during the whole length of the Session, seeing that each Professor apparently attaches as much importance to his own particular subject as if it were the only one in the Course. On the other hand a *General Student* has no specified subjects, and can take whatever class or classes he chooses; and we can imagine one of these, inspired by a one-sided ambition, spending a whole Session in the study of one solitary subject, for the sake of the honour of standing first in that particular subject at the Sessional Examinations, and receiving a *prize* as the reward of his winter's exertions.

We think, moreover, that this system, notwithstanding that our *class prizes* are by no means of infinite value, would have a tendency to lessen the number of *Undergraduates*, and increase proportionally that of *Generals*. Whether this result would be a benefit or an injury to the *College*, "we will not assume the province of determining."

So far as we are concerned, we have no objections to the awarding of prizes to *General Students*. On the contrary, we should be happy to see our College rewarding diligent students of all classes; but let not the same prizes be competed for by both *Undergraduates* and *General Students*, not that the former are afraid to enter the lists with the latter; but because, as we have seen, the competition cannot be entered on a fair basis, without which any competition, whatever its object, cannot be just. If this mistake has been intentionally made, let it be similarly revoked as soon as possible, in order that all may have justice.

LAST week saw our little political pot—now cooled down to a gentle simmer—boiling over. We stood calmly looking on, while the one party was vehemently swearing by Jones' beard, the other by Richey's. We would gladly have inserted a digit into the pie, but an authoritative voice shouted "hands off." We boast of the justness of our representative system, yet we assert that a system which deprives any large and important class of men of the franchise needs cobbling. According to the law now in force, a man, whatever his position may be, is not allowed a vote on a political question, if he cannot show that he is the owner of some assessable property. This regulation gives every negro owner of a five-acre lot on Hammond's Plains the right of voting for the election of a Representative for the Ottawa Commons, whereas it deprives of the same privilege, clergymen, men of the legal and medical professions, professors, school teachers, and students in Law, Medicine, Theology and Arts, unless they happen to be property-holders. There must be something wrong in a representative scheme like that. A liberal education, putting the very lowest value on it, ought to be considered as high an electoral qualification as the possession of a limited amount of personal or real estate. A reform is needed. Who will take the lead in it? Who will give education its proper influence in Dominion politics?

WE have not assayed to give much advice, so far, to our fellow-students, partly because such is almost always without any good result. The reason that suggestions are so generally neglected is not that they are regarded as impracticable. In the minds of many students there is one overshadowing thought,—examinations—and every thing else must yield.

It is well to have at least one definite idea. But when it absorbs every other interest, when the man is changed to a machine, and it is grind, grind, for ever, it is of importance to know what the grist will be. It's well to make resolutions

and carry them out. But resolutions of any and every kind will not make life a success. The man who refuses positively to read anything in College except what affects his standing in class, may carry off his "hard earned degree," but will soon bring contempt upon himself and his Alma Mater. Nothing disgusts sensible people with colleges so much, as students deplorably ignorant of common subjects, yet skilled in arming every sentence with a quotation from a "barbarous tongue." We have excellent books in our library which will neither terrify by size nor contents. Nothing will improve digestion more quickly than the reading of a racy chapter after dinner. In the course of the winter the amount of information gained in this way would be immense, and we are quite convinced that class-work will not suffer in the least. To those who have never followed this course we say, try it.

DRS. MCKENZIE and BAYNE have begun their Course of popular lectures on Physics and Chemistry. Every Monday evening finds classroom No. 6 crowded with young men and "maidens fair," listening to the "words of wisdom" that "flow from the lips" of the learned lecturers. The efforts of those gentlemen to popularize Science in Halifax, and spread abroad the light of her knowledge, are worthy of great praise, and we are happy to see that they meet with so much success.

IN looking over our exchanges, we notice in almost every one of them references made to "Glee Clubs." In nearly all American and Canadian Colleges there exist institutions of this kind. These clubs provide the music at the college entertainments, and take part in the proceedings on "commencement" days and other occasions. We would like to suggest that the Dalhousie boys should start a glee club. We see no reason why we should be without one. There is no lack of musical talent among our students. Any of our professors can testify to that fact. We have abundant material for a

powerful club. Some of it is raw enough, certainly, yet with organization and practice that difficulty would very soon be overcome. With the aid of a properly organized club the students of Dalhousie would be able to hold entertainments to which the public could be invited. Thus they could push themselves forward into greater prominence, and exercise a much wider influence than they do at present.

MORE than half of that part of the Session allotted to *study* has passed away. It is needless to say that it will not return, and hard work for the future is the only remedy feasible. Those students who have faithfully toiled from the beginning of the term will "gang their ain gait" without advice or warning, but to those whom procrastination daily robs, who leave hard work to mellow as they would an apple, and to whom the present is ever gloomy, but the future bright and full of sunshine, we would say, "Beware, beware, trust her not, she is fooling thee." A man who leaves a heavy task till his mind becomes more adapted to the work may probably keep his conscience quiet, but what excuse can he urge who puts off from day to day what is daily growing harder. Close application till Spring would, in most cases, prevent plucking, "that bane of College life," and remember, if you don't give it, that white sheet on the board will make you wish you had.

A WEEK IN PHILADELPHIA.

FROM early childhood it has been a desire of mine to visit this "city of Brotherly Love," and as we had a short vacation during Christmas week my desire has been gratified. So much has been written about this city in connection with the "Centennial" of last year, that it may be a stale subject to some of your readers; but the attention of visitors was then so much engrossed with the exhibition that they paid but little attention to the city itself. What little I may have to say at present will be principally concerning the city as it looked during Christmas week, its public buildings, (especially those of historic note), its art galleries and its permanent exhibition.

The city of Philadelphia occupies an area of nearly one hundred and thirty square miles. Its extreme length is about twenty-three miles, and its average breadth about five. It is situated on the west side of the Delaware River, immediately north of its juncture with the Schuylkill. It was founded in 1682, and has been growing ever since, so that it is now the second city in the United States in population and importance. The population is now over eight hundred thousand. As New York is a city of business, so Philadelphia is truly a city of homes. It has a larger number of houses and covers more space, in proportion to its population, than any other city of importance in America. Almost every one there seems to have some place to which he can give the name of home. Owing to the system which has been followed in laying out the city, and in naming the streets numerically, the stranger has no difficulty in finding any place he may wish to visit. Commencing at the Delaware River, the streets running north and south are named by numbers. These numbers are to be seen on the lamp-posts at the street corners, which is a great convenience in the evening, when those on the houses on the corners could not be seen. In the numbering of houses, one hundred numbers are allotted to each block. If, for example, you should want to find 1835 South Street, you know at once that it is on South Street between 18th and 19th. All the most important streets are paved, and the sidewalks are broad. Street-cars are being driven by steam in place of using horses as heretofore. Continued driving on the paved streets soon wears the horses out, to which fact that miserable condition of these aforesaid quadrupeds sufficiently testifies. Shop windows were beautifully arranged and attracted crowds of admirers. Shops seemed full of purchasers, as every one tries to save up some money with which to buy Christmas presents.

Let us now take a look at some of the Public Buildings. The first which attracts our attention is Independence Hall. It is situated on Chestnut Street, below 6th. As you enter by the main entrance and turn to the left, you see the room where the Declaration of Independence was signed. The original document is to be seen in a fire-proof safe; we also see the chairs and table which were used at the time. On the walls we behold portraits of the signers; in the room directly opposite to this, are to be seen many relics of antiquity. It indeed seems strange to speak of "relics of antiquity," as

America is still so new a country. It is well, however, that these relics which are not more than a century or two old should be preserved that "generations yet unborn" may behold them. This room of which we speak contains portraits of the following distinguished persons, viz:—George II. and III., Anne and Mary, Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Franklin. There, also, is the wooden frame which supported the bell which proclaimed liberty throughout the land. The bell itself is hung up in another part of the building. It was imported and hung up in the steeple of the State House in 1752. On the first trial ringing it cracked. On this bell we find the following: "Proclaim Liberty throughout the Land, and unto all the Inhabitants thereof." Representatives of the thirteen Colonies, as our readers are aware, met in July, 1776, in the State House, and debated the question of Declaration of Independence. We read that Independence Square and the streets in the vicinity were packed with people anxiously awaiting the opening of the door of the Chamber. At last John Nixon stepped to the threshold, holding the Declaration of Independence in his hand, this Liberty Bell then began to ring; cheers followed, cannons pealed. The bell continued ringing for two hours. This bell was afterwards taken down and replaced by a new one. The old bell, however, is still kept in the building where the Declaration of Independence was read and signed. Old Congress Hall, where the Senate and House of Representatives met, is situated on the same block as Independence Hall. Not far from this building is Carpenter's Hall, where the first Congress of the United Colonies met. None of these buildings are remarkable for architectural beauty.

Perhaps two of the finest buildings in the city for architectural beauty are the Masonic Temple, which is a massive structure, and the Y. M. C. Association building. The churches, although very fine, do not equal those of New York. Perhaps the oldest one is the old Swedish Church, near the Delaware River. It was built in 1700. Christ's Church (Episcopal) is remarkable by the fact that Washington, Franklin and Adams once had pews there. Calvary Presbyterian Church and St. Mark's are both fine edifices. West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church is remarkable for its very tall spire. The First Presbyterian Church on Washington Square is only remarkable as the church over which Albert Barnes presided. The Jewish Synagogue on

Broad Street is a fine structure. The church which however attracts the stranger's attention is the Cathedral of St. Peter. Its dome can be seen from almost any part of the city. It is situated on 18th Street. The church was finely decorated on Christmas morning. Over the altar one sees a painting of the Crucifixion by Brumidi.

Next let us take a look at Girard College. It is situated on Girard Avenue, and was the gift of Stephen Girard. As you enter the main building the first thing that meets your eye is a life-sized statue of Girard. The grounds are large, and are said to cover an area of about thirty acres. Besides the main building there are some ten or twelve large stone buildings, and a chapel is in course of erection. About 700 boys are at present in the Institution. The first cost of the grounds and buildings was about two millions of dollars. Large amounts were afterwards invested from which there is now an annual income of more than half a million of dollars. This, of course, more than pays the running expenses, and the fund constantly increases from year to year. On the grounds is a fine monument erected to those of the Graduates who fell in the late war. A peculiar regulation is, that according to Girard's will, no clergyman of any denomination is allowed to enter the buildings or grounds. I doubt if there is another college in the world that is so well endowed, at least by one man. Girard is said to have been immensely wealthy, was liberal in giving to every good cause and work, and this college is a standing monument to him. While speaking of colleges let me mention as one distinguished for architectural beauty the University of Pennsylvania. It stands out by itself on a slight elevation, and presents a fine appearance as one approaches it. It was built at a cost of about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Several buildings have since been added.

The "Public Buildings" and new Post Office are now in course of erection, and will both be handsome edifices when completed. The former is situated in the very centre of the city, where Broad Street and Market intersect. It occupies a whole block, and like an old Roman house has an open area in the centre. When this building is finished it will make this part of the city a very important one. The "Arlington" and the "La Fayette" hotels are fine structures and quite near to the public buildings.

(To be continued.)

MAUD MULLER.

It is with that reverence and humility characteristic of students, that we venture a simple criticism of the Christian Poet's most popular poem. I hear the notes reverberating through the corridors of time, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." George Stewart, Jr., the popular writer for "Belford," says that it is reported that Whittier himself dislikes his *Maud Muller*. This affords us some excuse for a modest expression of our own dislike for certain portions of this musical ballad.

There is a perplexing duality of principle in the character of Maud Muller. Of course our good clergyman has told us repeatedly that all human beings are a compound of good and evil. Peter, the faithful Apostle, denied his Master. Macaulay says that it is related of William Nevison, the great robber of Yorkshire, that he, like the famous Robin Hood, gave largely to the poor what he had taken from the rich; but notwithstanding these human inconsistencies, it is unnatural to find so strange an intermixture of low motives and noble emotions as are to be discerned in the character of Maud Muller.

We have first the Maud Muller with whom the Judge fell in love. While she raked the meadow sweet with hay, she sang to the accompaniment of the soft rivulet that flowed from the spring across the road,—and yet there was a sadness in the strain. Her soul was filled with a feverish longing for companions whose sympathies were in accord with her own. Although we are scarcely commanded to love all men, many of us must humbly confess with the quaint Elia, that we are a bundle of prejudices—the veriest thralls to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. Maud Muller was discontented.

"A vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast:
"A wish that she scarcely dared to own
For something better than she had known."

Just then the Judge, riding down the lane, reined in his horse beneath the shade of the elm tree, and asked the maid for a drink. He was evidently a physiognomist. He saw nobility stamped on every lineament of that beautiful face. He believed with Tennyson that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood;"

But the aristocratic tendencies of his family prevented an expression of his sentiments. As he

rode up the hill he turned to catch another glance from those long-lashed hazel eyes. No wonder he mused:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet,
"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Would she were mine and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay."

How Maud Muller's subsequent conduct shocks our views of consistency! The noble girl in love with the Judge marries the lazy, ignorant croaker,

"Who sits by the chimney lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug."

In the opening of the *Vicar of Wakefield* Goldsmith says: I was ever of opinion that the man who married and brought up a large family did more good than he who remained single and only talked of population. If this be true of man it must of necessity be equally true of woman. This utilitarian view may have induced Maud to marry the ignoramus. She must have known nothing of the truths contained in *Locksley Hall*:

"Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing
Coarse to sympathize with clay."

"As the husband is the wife is,
Thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature
Will have weight to drag thee down."

It is beyond the region of probability that Maud Muller, the Judge's ideal of grace, beauty and nobility, should marry such a one. For her to profess a liking for him is as unnatural as the Fairy Queen Litanian's love for Bottom the Weaver. No wonder Whittier dislikes his unnatural child.

A. W. M.

HALLOWEEN.

TO-MORROW'S tasks are conned, and as I sit alone in Old Brown Hall, thoughts naturally wander homewards to former companions and scenes. To-night chiefly comes before me Dalhousie, with its serious and jovial pastimes. And though I have not cacoethes scribendi, nor an ambition to satisfy by gloating over my own very words in print, yet feel that I owe a little to our GAZETTE, which, fortnightly, finds its way to our sanctum, and amid pressing studies reminds of former times and fellows. I will not bore you with a trip east or west or any point of the compass, making its readers wish that the earth were a plane, and that the journey had

continued, but in straggling words and incidental thoughts give the substance of a response to the toast "Halloween," at its celebration by our C. I. P. For you must know that under another flag we are more loyal to our Queen, our country and its institutions. Though many, in the light of modern civilization and christianity would banish customs and pastimes apparently meaningless, to us they are dear, on account of their ancient origin, their time-hallowed observance; because they link us to the long ago of our nation and mother country. Halloween is one of these. Though observed in most European countries, in England, and chiefly in Scotland is this a national pastime. All are familiar with Burns' poem on its rustic celebration, when

"Some merry, friendly, kintra folk,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou' their stocks,
An' haud their hallowe'en."

It is, as all know, a feast held on the eve of All Saints' day, or All Hallows, the first of November, and therefore called Halloweve, or as the Scotch say Halloween. Hallow, connected with its cognates, hale, whole, heal, holy, means holy, and so Hallowe'en is the same as holy eve.

The origin of the feast is ancient and therefore obscure. Some of its sports are mentioned in Theocritus; and in Commentaries on Claudius Cæsar we read of "Nuces in pretio et religiosæ," as omens of futurity according as they would in the fire "lie or fly." At the feast of Pomona, the goddess of fruit, when the summer stores were opened, young men and maidens burned nuts to divine their future matrimonial relations. This is one source of the origin of the pastime. It was customary for the early Christians to celebrate at night the deaths of martyrs, which originated that present custom. Ancient Druidical sacrifices are another source. The fires of ancient Halloween among the Britons were lighted from the sacred fire of the Druids. Thus a heathen feast of Rome became a Christian one in connection with the death of martyrs or saints. This in the various countries of Europe became amalgamated with other feasts, and by the early British Christians with Druidical customs.

Thus Russia, Germany, England, Ireland and Scotland have some common and peculiar sports on this night. Nearly all agree in having nuts and apples, and predicting to its youthful observers their future weal or woe of wedded life.

Goldsmith speaks of "religiously cracking nuts." These nuts were among ancient Romans

sacrifices to propitiate a deity to foretell future wedded life. The idea of sacrifice died out, but that of divination remains.

"Two hazel nuts he cast into the flame,
And to each he gave a lover's name,
Those glowing nuts being emblems true,
Of what in wedded life we view."

If the nuts burn together, it is an emblem of future mutual love; if one flew off, the person it represented would prove unfaithful. In England and Wales the remnant of the Druidical customs remained, in kindling fires on the hill tops. In some counties a triangular cake called "dumb-cake" was baked and eaten. In Scotland it took a more superstitious form, for particularly on that night warlocks, witches, shüchs and fairies were abroad. In Burns we may find a good list of the sports of the Scottish Halloween, from pulling stocks of kail to dipping hands in the "luggies three," after which "wi' merry sang an' friendly crack

They parted off careerin'."

J. M.

Our Societies.

A LARGE representation of the Kritosophian and Excelsior met on the evening of the 18th ult. It was the second of our union meetings, and passed off very pleasantly. The entertainment opened with a reading by R. Emerson. C. S. Cameron followed with a sensible paper on "Men Wanted." Mr. C. evidently means to be ready for a vacancy. James McKenzie recited a piece without a name. As the thread was being unravelled, different titles seemed to be suggested as "She's so young she cannot leave her mother." But one after another faded before the shadow of "Whiskers." The moral inculcated was immensely appreciated. Then came "Every man to his Fancy," an excellent paper by J. H. Cameron; selections in poetry from Lord Macaulay by J. L. George; a song by A. Rogers. "Summer fruit and Autumn leaves," an original paper by J. L. George, brought down the house repeatedly by shadowy allusions to living creatures. Through the mists could be faintly seen students of the past.

J. K. McKnight gave short but appropriate selections from Tennyson. R. D. Ross followed with a fine old song rendered with good heart. He was ably assisted by a chorus. C. McLaren's

reading was very valuable to all intending public speakers. H. H. McGee ended the programme with a recitation full of fun.

The evening was one of the most enjoyable spent by our students for a long time. Nothing tends more to create a bond of sympathy between those of the different years than such meetings. The order was excellent, and reflects credit on those present. We have one remark to make about Mr. R.'s chorus. There is a great temptation to drum with feet and knuckles to strengthen the jingle of a song. But it always offends those who take no part in it, and is not generally accepted as a compliment.

Dallusiansia.

Prof.—What tenses take the augment?

Elongated Freshie.—The preterite tenses, sir.

Prof.—What do you understand by the 'preterite' tenses?

E. F.—Just those that take the augment, sir.

THE Professor in Physics drew a representation of Newton's telescope on the board, when one of the stiff-necked "incorrigibles" remarked *sotto voce*, "Who's going to break his neck to look up that?" forgetting that in telescopes as in *Juniors* more than the perpendicular position is indulged in.

He was in the company of several fair ones the preceding day. Dalhousie's walls are bare, so no wonder if his thoughts reverted to handsome apartments and he dreamed "of fair women" and a brave-hearted man playing the agreeable. When the Prof. asked him the Latin for *morning*, the change was too sudden, to come down to ordinary prose was impossible, he answered, "*Aurora*."

Prof.—"I know not whether I am living or dead," translate into Latin." *Soph.*—"Nescio utrum vivus an mortuus sim." *Brother Soph.*—"Should it not be 'mortuum' neuter gender?" *Prof.*—"Why so?" *Bro. Soph.* (musingly)—"Because if I am dead I must be without life." *Prof.* acknowledges that the inference is a very natural one. Dust rises.

A JUNIOR and a Freshman were pommeling each other in the gymnasium in a manner not quite similar to Sayers, and both naturally got quite warm at their play, very warm in fact. Heat passes from the body that has the highest temperature, and you may imagine how warm that Junior was, for, after having a fall against a red hot stove, he arose quite cooled.

Ask a Senior this question:

My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable,
Or is it some *historic page*
Of kings and crowns unstable,

and ten to one he will tell you that the latter surmise is correct, that is if he don't get "riled" at the mode of address.

THE Prof. who tells "what men have done" at the close of a lecture, remarked that the history of Norway, Sweden and Denmark was *almost* unprofitable. The Seniors think not *almost*, but *altogether*.

A FRESHMAN speaking in the Debating Society with corpus elegantly braced up against the wall nearest the Parade, cleverly referred to a remark made by a gentleman on his left. He at least, wasn't hard of hearing.

OUR Modern Language Tutor, in the German Class, mentioned an epigram of a famous writer among the descendants of Arminus, "Why does ——— go about with his head uncovered? Because his cranium is like an empty pot." This produced a powerful impression on the mind of a Senior whose name it shall be nameless, but his initials — G. Accordingly when translating an English sentence he uses the word *Topf* (Eng. *pot.*) for *Kopf* (Eng. *head*). Our worthy Senior kept quiet, but the remark of the Tutor caused him to "smell a mices." It not unfrequently happens that the two are synonymous.

Now many of our students are getting their photographs taken, and mustaches are being sedulously cultivated for the occasion.

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