

J. G. Mack

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## THE MINSTREL'S FATHERLAND.

(Translated from the German.)

Where is the minstrel's fatherland ?  
 Where th' sparks of noble spirits flew ;  
 Where flowers for Beauty's garland grew ;  
 Where joyous hearts with vigor glowed ;  
 Where love for all that's sacred flowed ;  
 There is my fatherland.

How named,—the minstrel's fatherland ?  
 It mourns sons slain by tyrants' hand !—  
 And now it groans' neath foreign strokes,  
 Though once 'twas called the land of oaks ;—  
 The *free* land, the German land !  
 Thus is named my fatherland.

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland ?  
 That tyrant's thunders it doth shake ;  
 That Sovereigns make the people quake ;  
 That sacred promises are spurned,  
 And that its cry aside is turned ;  
 Therefore weeps my fatherland.

On whom calls thy fatherland ?  
 It calls on Pity—dumb with wonder—  
 With desperation's voice of thunder ;  
 On Liberty to free the land ;  
 On Retribution's vengeful hand ;  
 On these calls my fatherland.

What would the minstrel's fatherland ?  
 It would remove all servile thrall ;  
 The blood-hound chase from palace-hall ;  
 And plant proud sons on freedom's land,  
 Or *bed* them free beneath the sand,—  
 This would my fatherland.

What trusts the minstrel's fatherland ?  
 It trusts in its most righteous cause ;  
 In people true to freedom's laws ;  
 And hopes for vengeance from above,—  
 For swift will come avenging Jove,—  
 Thus hopes my fatherland.

There is the minstrel's fatherland !  
 There th' sparks of noble spirits flew ;  
 There flowers for Beauty's garland grew ;  
 There joyous hearts with vigor glowed ;  
 There love for all that's sacred flowed ;  
 There is my fatherland.

## FRAGMENT OF AN ANTI-DEMOCRATIC SPEECH.

\*\*\* I denounce with all my heart, and with all my soul, the blasphemous falsehood—"Vox populi vox Dei." That *vox populi* is most often the *vox diaboli* ; it is at best a *vox asinorum gregis*. I refuse to come before "the people" as before a tribunal for the settlement of questions of right and wrong. I will recognise no authority in the *ipse dixit* of a fool. And a fool is a fool, though he be multiplied a million times, folly is folly still, though it be bawled from a million throats. Wrong is not transmuted into right by assertions infinitely repeated, nor does justice become injustice, though pelted with innumerable curses. Though men may be comparatively wise and virtuous when acting as individuals, they are prevailingly wicked and foolish when their action is collective. Men, when in company with others, make speeches and do deeds, from the commission of which they would shrink with disgust and contempt, when alone, and without the stimulus of example or approbation. The moral and intellectual atmosphere of a crowd, the influences generated by the massing together of men in action or opinion are always oppressive and degrading. The good tendencies of human nature shrink back and are stifled, the evil tendencies burst forth shamelessly, intensified by contact with sympathetic forces. Poor fallen humanity, whatever may be its private feelings, is in public ashamed of its better elements, and proud of its depravity. Reason and righteousness may prevail, where two or three are gathered together, but vanity and evil passion are the ruling powers of a great assemblage. The collective expression of the opinions of many human beings is but the outburst of the desires of the weakest and meanest, and the worst of their number. And shall I then, I a reasoning spirit, bow down to the bellowing of the vulgar herd of fools, to the spiteful bray of a horde of magignant blockheads ; to the general embodiment of the selfishness, silliness, weakness, and wickedness of human nature ; to the many-headed monstrous being, in whom the vices and follies of separate individual men are combined and intensified ; to that which is the exaggerated expression of their insolence and their ignorance, their brutish obstinacy and their fiendish malignity ; which is pervaded with a more than Gothic grossness, and a more than Vandal barbarity ; which is mean, cruel and cowardly ; contemptible to wise men, a sweet savour to the Devil, an abomination in the sight of God ; savage, stupid and capricious ; illiterate, illiberal and narrow-minded ; merciless, mean-spirited and ungenerous ; which shifts to the shoulders of the wise the blame of those misfortunes, which its own folly has wrought, and arrogantly takes to itself all credit for the good, which their wisdom has accomplished ; which is neither humbled by its mistakes nor contrite for its sins ; which adores its own vile and degraded self, and offers oblations to its own insatiable vanity ; which feareth not God and honoureth not the king, yet claims to do no wrong though it break the ten commandments, and to rule by right divine, though it serve the purpose of the

Devil; which howls for freedom with the writhing impatience of truculent selfishness, and for equality with the levelling envy of intolerant self-conceit; which is sordidly self-seeking and defiantly barbarous; hating learning, despising culture, and sneering at refinement; traitorous and unpatriotic, unholy and profane; wherein there is naught that is honest or just or lovely, or kindly or reverent, and all that is envious, jealous, uncharitable, ungrateful; which is capable neither of piety, nor of sympathy, devoid of humility impervious to religion, dead to goodness, deaf to experience, and impregnable to reason? Shall I bend the knee to this tasteless, soulless, unreasoning body of human corruption and depravity? Must I acknowledge its foul passions and selfish desires and senseless caprice to be the measure of good and evil, the standard of right and wrong? By heaven, I will not, I dare not prove thus untrue to the trust, which the Lord has committed to me, his reasoning creature! May I be *anathema maranatha* if I thus sin against the Holy Ghost! To men God has given reason, that they may, through investigating the relations of men and things, approach to the knowledge of that divine utility, which, as being man's chief end, makes known his chief rule of action. And to them also has he given "revelation" for their direction and assistance. Whatsoever then is the dictate of right reason, guided in its researches by revelation, is the good and the useful. This is the *vox Dei*, which it is man's duty to seek to know, and knowing, to obey. But this is not the voice of the people. That is the mere utterance of man's selfish passions and rebellious vanity—foolish, shallow and shortsighted; not the voice of reason, which is prudent, enlightened and self-denying. The voice of the people is not the voice of God, and to God alone, and not to the people, is due reverence. I will worship the Lord God and him only will I serve. And to his service I will be guided—not by passion-driven popular opinion, but by that right reason, which he has given to be not slothfully used, and which is itself made after the image of the Perfect Intelligence.

"BON GUALTIER."

### CONFUCIUS.

Of all the great men whom China has produced the name of only one is familiar to us. There were cunning inventors who gave us the mariner's compass and gunpowder, who found out a way of writing, and formed an alphabet with a letter for every word, who made types and built printing presses, from whom we have received lanterns and umbrellas, whose skill provides our tea cups and supplies their contents, but we know nothing about themselves, when or how they lived, or what brought them to that land where inventions cease. There were mighty men of old, the stories of whose valiant deeds are now vaguely deciphered from time eaten monuments, or spelled from dusky books; but we "barbarian" cannot join with the "heathen" Chinese to celebrate their praise. The ancient records show that there were historians and astronomers at a very early age, and legislators are mentioned who laboured and wrote two thousand years before Christ; but they are strange to us, and no echo comes from beyond that wall of seclusion which China has thrown about herself. Many of their names have passed forever into the land of shadows, and many are known only to their countrymen; but one stands forth for universal gaze, and is itself a synonym for all that was wise and good in that old civilization and philosophy of which China is justly proud—to it we turn.

Confucius or Con-fu-tsee was of noble origin—a descendant of the imperial family of Chong. His birth is placed in the year 550 B. C., which would make him a contemporary of Solon and Pythagoras in Greece, and of the Jewish Pro-

phets Haggai and Zechariah. From his earliest years he was marked by extreme precocity in thought and action; so rapidly did he acquire knowledge that it seemed to be innate; he was a source of wonder to his friends, and great hopes were cherished respecting his future life and usefulness. The amusements in which youth usually engage had no charms for him; he was serious and grave, preferring to listen to the discussions of men rather than join in the pursuits of children; he was constantly inquiring about religious things, and pondering over the principles which lie at the bottom of all morality. When only three years old his father died, and he was brought up under the care of his grandfather, a man eminent for his wisdom and piety. The words of the old sage were treasured up in the heart of the child, and were like seed planted in his heart which bore rich, ripe fruit in after years. It is related of him, that hearing his venerable teacher, one day, sigh deeply, he went to him and said—"may I without forwardness ask why you are so sad? Perhaps you fear that your posterity may depart from your virtue and dishonour you by their vices." "Where have you learned to speak after that fashion?" said Coum-tse. "From yourself," replied Confucius. "I attend carefully to you every time you speak, and I have often heard you say that a son who does not by his virtue support the glory of his ancestors does not deserve to bear their name." When about fourteen years of age he became a pupil of a celebrated teacher, Teem-se, under whom he applied himself with great diligence to the study of antiquities, especially to "The Five Volumes"—the works of the two legislators of the nation, Yas and Chum, which he describes as "full of profound knowledge, not to be attained but by the wise and learned." These old books of canons and philosophical speculation became the means of calling forth all the energies of his powerful mind, and set him on the path of independent research. Towards the completion of his studies, in his nineteenth year, he married, and despite bridal visits, honeymoon tours, and the thousand distracting concomitants of a young wife, continued his researches so perseveringly, that at age of twenty-one he was considered complete master of the literature of his language. For the next three years he set himself to arrange his acquisitions, to find what was truth and what error, and build a structure of science and morality, by which men might ascend to a perfect life.

Having discovered this more excellent way he began to prepare for teaching it far and wide, wherever vice was to be crushed or virtue to be sustained. Finding his wife and domestic bonds incompatible with life as a Reformer, he divorced the one and shook off the other; he devoted himself, and all that he had, to the great work of reclaiming mankind from evil, and showing them where the good could be found. Single handed he plunged into the millions of China, preaching everywhere temperance and justice, showing that there are nobler feelings than selfishness, and pointing to moral possessions far more precious than gold; he described true magnanimity and greatness of soul, and how men are raised by them above deceit and hypocrisy. His fame for piety and learning soon spread throughout his native kingdom of Loo. He detailed the duties of rulers and of subjects, took various offices of state, performed their labour properly—showing how it should be done—and then resigned them to their former occupants, leaving an example for their future guidance. He became for a time chief councillor of the King. Under his wise direction abuses were corrected, court life purified, inefficient officers removed and strict justice administered, so that by the end of three months such concord and satisfaction prevailed that the kingdom seemed one great family. Such marked success provoked the jealousy of the neighbour Princes, and the King of Isi adopted the following expedient to stop the new rule which Confucius had set up. A great number of young girls of

extraordinary beauty, who had been instructed from infancy in all the accomplishments of their sex, were sent as an embassy to the King of Loo and his grandees. Negotiation went on for an indefinite period with the fair diplomats; balls were given every night and shows held every day, till the whole court was corrupted by the beguiling enchanters. Amid luxury and pleasure the strict moral *regime* of the philosopher melted away, and his stern voice of reproof was drowned by the music and dancing of sinful revellers. Leaving Loo, he travelled from kingdom to kingdom of the great Empire. Everywhere he found vice lifting up her brazen face, and virtue ashamed hiding her head; the old were hardened in their evil practices, so, settling in a distant Province, he began to gather the young about him, and tell to them the story of a holy life. In poverty and neglect he struggled on, among a careless, godless race. He was persecuted, attempts were made to kill him, yet he bore up, doing what he thought was right and fearing nothing but the wrong. Many of his learned acquaintances had fled from the corruption of cities and the injustice of kings to the mountains and deserts, seeking happiness in solitude. Seeing Confucius fighting alone against a nation they begged of him to cease from his hopeless labour, and join them in their scholastic retirement. Nothing in heathen literature is finer than his big hearted, noble reply, "I am a man, and cannot exclude myself from the society of men and consort with beasts. Bad as the times are, I shall do all I can to recall men to virtue; for in virtue are all things, and if mankind would but embrace it, and submit themselves to its discipline and laws, they would not want me or any body else to instruct them. It is the duty of a good man first to perfect himself and then to perfect others. Human nature," said he, "come to us from Heaven pure and perfect, but in process of time, ignorance, the passions, and evil examples have corrupted it. All consists in restoring it to its primitive beauty; and to be perfect, we must re-ascend to that point from which we have fallen. Obey heaven, and follow the laws of him who governs it. Love your neighbor as yourself. Let your reason, and not your senses, be the rule of your conduct; for reason will teach you to think wisely, to speak prudently, and to behave yourself worthily on all occasions." Preaching such truths, gathered from his own thoughts and from the maxims of the ancient heroes, he ultimately had success. Three thousand acknowledged his doctrines; seventy-two of these, of superior attainments, were his more immediate disciples, and ten stood around him, above all others, thoroughly understanding the system of their Great Master. Those who became sufficiently advanced, went forth as teachers; soon six hundred of these were scattered over the land, spreading his lessons of temperance and justice.

In training his followers Confucius divided them into four classes. The first of these were to improve their minds by meditation, and purify their hearts by learning the truth and cultivating the moral virtues; the second were to study logic and the art of persuasive expression; the third were occupied with the science of government, the nature of laws, and the duty of rulers; the last class attended to the best method of preparing moral discourses, so as to be at once instructive and popular. Thus laboring, through darkness and doubt, through discouragement and much weakness that great Soul spent its power. The edifice he had reared stood while his arm was strong to uphold it; but with his failing strength he saw the tide of evil rushing back, and the torrent feebly stemmed, crushing all in its path, his heart was broken by grief, and as his disciples gathered around him in sorrow he broke out weeping and said, "the mountain is fallen, the lofty machine is shattered and the sages are all fled away." The iron had entered his soul and from that time he began visibly to decline. On the seventh day before his death he

exclaimed: "The King will not follow my maxims. I am no longer useful on earth. It is time that I should quit it." Having uttered these words he fell into a lethargy from which he never rallied. He breathed his last in the arms of one of his disciples, having reached the age of seventy-three. Not till he had passed away did his countrymen know what a great man he had been. Many who had neglected him in life mourned over his death. The King of Loo, on hearing of the sad news, burst into tears crying, "Tien is not satisfied with me since he has taken away Confucius." The whole empire rose up to reverence his memory. Temples and palaces were built in his honour, to which the learned go to this day to pay him homage. Over their massive portals are inscriptions:—"To the Great Master," "To the Wise King of Literature," "To the Saint," &c. His sepulchre was built in a pleasant spot on the banks of the river Lu, where he often resorted with his disciples. His descendants are traced down through more than two thousand years, and are honoured with the title and office of mandarin, are exempt from the payment of all taxes, and, as a recognition of the great learning of their ancestor, every man applying for the title of Doctor must first make a present to a mandarin traced in a direct line from Confucius.

GILL.

(To be concluded).

CAMBRIDGE.—Probably the highest University-honor that is attainable is the Senior-wranglership at Cambridge. Many of the most eminent men in England have held this honour, such as Sir J. Herschel, (Senior, 1813), Astronomer—Royal Airey, (Senior, 1823), Bishop Colenso, The Bishop of Carlisle; Canon Kingsley, Earl Derby, Vernon Harcourt, M.P., &c., and hence the annual competition is regarded with great interest in England. The London *Times* speaking of the successful candidates, in the late examination at Cambridge, says the successful competitors for honors and the trips are from all parts of England, the counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire being more largely represented than the rest; Scotland has eight or ten representatives; India and Australia three each; America, China, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Mauritius, one each; Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and Jersey have each got some honor-men in the trips.

The senior-wranglership was gained this year by Robert Rumsey Webb of St. John's College,—a competitor from its great rival, Trinity, being second wrangler. G. L. Rives, of New York, who received his primary education at Columbia College, and has previously distinguished himself at Cambridge was fifth wrangler. Henry Fielding Dickens, a son of the great novelist, was also among the wranglers.

ONE year ago there was no public school in Rome; now there are fourteen day, and eight night schools with a total attendance of more than six thousand. Encouraged by the new government, nearly every city in Italy is building up public schools. Turin, Florence and Milan expend annually for this purpose, each about \$200,000, and Naples, \$100,000.—*Cap and Gown.*

THE total number of undergraduates entered upon the books at the University of Oxford at the beginning of the present year was 2284, showing an increase of 45 on the past year. Christ Church, Exeter, and Balliol are the most numerous attended. Christ Church has 233, Exeter 167, Balliol 160.



other, but keeps straight forward. When the cry of "Fire!" resounds through the street, and everyone but himself is in rapid motion, he is at quite a loss to know what to do; too dignified to run, and too much alarmed to walk slowly, he at last breaks into a round trot, reaching the scene just in time to see the smoking embers of his office, now burned to the ground. But it is a much more ludicrous scene to watch him cross a street when slippery with the ice of winter. Cautiously he places foot before foot, and creeps along with an air of affected indifference, making for an oasis in the shape of a handful of ashes blown there by some charitable wind; he has just reached it, when—alas! his foot slips, and his dignity and massive frame are together fallen in the dust.

Perhaps the funniest of all the characters is the Imitator, the man who makes a practice of copying from his betters. Scores of such persons are to be met with in every town. Silly youths must, forsooth, finger a pipe, because it is fashionable for the wealthy to sport their cigars. If the man of good breeding lolls gracefully through the street, the apish lad forthwith staggers in imitation; and if the one is easy and familiar, the other is impudent and impertinent. And what is true in social, is true in literary life. For every poet there are hundreds of verse-makers; and for every true wit, an innumerable host of would-be jesters. The faults of good writers might be forgiven and forgotten, were they not so constantly raked for by baser imitators, who professing to adopt the style of some great master, pick out his vices, and leave his virtues, which are too great for their limited intelligence. The productions of these copyists are generally, in their own way, even more remarkable than the originals; strange then that the world should be so blind as to consign them to oblivion!

Undoubtedly, too, the inconsistent man is a funny fellow. There is no character which he will not personate, no virtue which he has not countenanced, nor vice with which he is unfamiliar. In church he is a saint, in the public house a fiend; on Sundays he is benevolent, and on other days miserly. His political views are the most complicated possible. Amongst Conservatives he is a staunch Tory, and with Liberals a firm Whig. He decides between two rival speakers by acquiescing with the views of each; and after preaching morality, practices immorality. He has a marvellous knack of reconciling the greatest contradictions; and is consistent only in one thing, viz.: in being always inconsistent.

Besides these characters, there are numbers of other funny individuals in society; thus there is the suspicious man, the absent-minded man, the conceited coxcomb, and the bustling busybody; but upon these, and such as these, time forbids us to enlarge.

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## Brevia.

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Most thinking men must be sick of the everlasting cant of "equality," "civil and religious liberty," and such like idols of popular political philosophy. Of course there is mischief in the capricious bestowal of privileges. But "Privilege is a substitute for equal law, when that law could not be applied

without clashing with higher and more general principles." Of course man should be something more than an obedient machine. But then individual freedom is apt to become the tyranny of strength, cunning, and recklessness, over the weak, the unwise, and the well-behaved, and the sacrifice of the welfare of society to the interests of private persons.

The Golden Mean is the path of the wise, but when men run to one extreme they cannot settle into that path until they have been violently dragged to the other extreme. If a pendulum be at one side of a clock it will not hang straight until it has swung to the other. The partisans of liberty and equality need no help for the presentation of their side of the mirror of truth. It already bulks too largely and too clearly in the sight of man. Their star is already in the ascendant. They and their doctrines are floating down on the stream of success, and need no help from favoring winds. Their scale of the balance is already too heavily weighted and should rather be counterbalanced by additional weight thrown into its rival. And it is well that the other view of the question in dispute, should be heard, and stated with vehemence, even with extravagance. Let the case of its supporters be heard, and weighed judicially with the statements of its opponents.

Liberty is incompatible with civilization, as equality is inconsistent with justice. Curtailment of freedom is the essential process of civilization, and inequality is the chief element of justice. There can be no national culture unless by restraint of individual tendencies of development, and no national happiness without abridgement of individual powers of self-gratification. And no administration of laws can be just, which does not treat differently and unequally, men whose qualities and circumstances are likewise different and unequal. It would not indeed be well that men's judgments should have no scope of exercise in determining the propriety or impropriety of action. And in the regulation of certain personal affairs, not easily controlled by external authority, that scope of exercise may be properly allowed. But these judgments are so liable to be swayed by the baser and more selfish impulses of human nature, that they cannot be trusted, when the desires of their owners clash with the higher interests of persons, or with the welfare of society. Nor would it be well that ministers of justice should be guided only by capricious common sense or vague opinion of the fitness of things. But it would be worse, were the general principles of law and policy, which throw light on the entanglements of social relations regarded rigid and inflexible as commands of "eternal right," were the judges and legislators to be enslaved to the laws which are their handiworks, and which should be their guides, were they bound down to mete out an indiscriminate and unmodified measure to all sets of circumstances having one common element, however different in general nature. It can never be just to brand men as equally guilty for a fault which some circumstances make venial for one, and which other circumstances make heinous for another. It can never be just to inflict in the name of equality, punishment, which is much to one man, and little to his more guilty fellow sufferer. For if equals be added to unequals the wholes are unequal, and only by adding unequals can their inequality be diminished or destroyed. Only when objectively unequal is treatment truly equal, for justice is based on *apparent inequality*.

"LOVE" is the very vague name given to many very diverse and complex feelings. Most of these feelings may, however, be resolved by analysis into one or more of five simple natural affections. 1st. Sympathy, which is perhaps only a strong phase of pity. 2nd. Admiration, felt for those whose beauty of form, goodness of heart, or greatness of mind gratifies that longing after perfection, which is the divine seed,

ready to germinate in the breast of every man made in the image of God. 3rd. Gratitude to persons who have given pleasure. 4th. Desire of such pleasure. 5th. Self-regard, vicarious or extended to persons whose personality is closely connected with that of self, especially when that connection is recognized by the outside world. Self-love is self-regard simple, is not properly a moral affection and is merely an instinct. That love, so called *par excellence* by novel-writers is, when felt by a man, partly desire of divers pleasures, which are afforded by the *maris et feminae conjunctio*, and partly admiration for the personal qualities, and most often for the beauty of the woman. When felt by a woman it is chiefly gratitude for flattering attentions, partly desire, and partly admiration. When this love develops by fruition into wedded love, it is complicated by the additional elements of gratitude for satisfaction of desires, and extended self-regard engendered by community of interests, and sinking of separate personalities. The love of parent for child is chiefly vicarious self-love felt towards a being who was and is, to a certain extent, a part of self, partly complacent admiration for good qualities, which are gradually exaggerated in the lover's mind. That of child for parent is made up of the same elements, with the added feeling of gratitude. That of kinsfolk for one another is nothing more than outbranching self-regard. That felt by friends is exceedingly varied. Sometimes it is simple gratitude. Sometimes sympathy, sometimes admiration, sometimes a combination of two, sometimes of all. Admiration is almost invariably a constituent of any one of those compound feelings, to which the name of love is applied, and may be styled as love's chief element or base.

CHILDREN are fond of martial music, gay dresses, brilliant pageants, and gorgeous ceremonies. So was Scott, so was Wilson, so was Southey, so is Disraeli. So are all great men, and they are not ashamed to confess their liking. So likewise are all men who are capable of original thinking, and are vigorous enough to despise the fashionable cant of the shallowpates who form intellectual society, falsely so called. There are indeed some few men, who feel no pleasure from sights shows, and ceremonies,—Mammonite grubs and "practical" asses, coarse-grained tasteless blockheads, with as much brains as a calculating machine, and as much heart as a grindstone. But there are very many contemptible creatures who pretend that they feel no such pleasure because forsooth it is childish and unintellectual. And the precious noodles actually strut about with airs of superiority, and sarcastically rebuke those who are courageous enough to show their natural and laudable emotions. Their disease of intellectual affectation is peculiarly a disease of hobble-de-hoys, animals who are neither men nor boys, but very much afraid of being thought childish, and very anxious to appear altogether manly. The big boobies think to make themselves men in the eyes of both elders and juniors by ceasing to do everything which they did when they were children. They ran after marching regiments and Freemason's processions when they were boys, and they therefore, in order to become men, profess a superb contempt for noise and glitter, and a superfine incapacity to receive aesthetic pleasure. If they really become men, with manly capacities and manly originality, they get rid of this affectation with other boyish follies. But in this blessed nineteenth century most men seem never to get beyond the stage of hobble-de-hoyhood. Aesthetically speaking they remain hobble-de-hoys for ever.

RADICALISM, like the measles, afflicts every man during some part of his life, and like the measles attacks most men when they are young. As with the measles so with the Democratic fever, the older the patient the worse the disease,

and the more lasting its effects. A young thinker is always a Radical, but his growing mental power soon enables him to expel the poison from his system. His enlightened mind easily recovers from the radical fever, just as his vigorous body easily recovers from the measles. When a boy, he is captivated with the boyish follies of democracy, but when he becomes a man, he puts away democratic opinions with other childish things. But the unlucky dog whom the disease spares till he has reached middle age, must play the fool during a more tedious convalescence. The poor fellow's hopes of recovery can indeed be none of the brightest. As his body has not sufficient vitality to repel the measles, so has his mind no elastic force whereby it may work itself clear of the whiggish taint. He may bless his stars if he be a whole man again before he be called to give up the ghost. But he can never again become a good honest Tory.

## Correspondence.

DEAR GAZETTE:—The University of Edinburgh has a high literary reputation, and has gathered fame from the excellence of its Medical School, but for nothing is it more renowned than for its noisy and riotous students. In Auld Reekie the winter is comparatively mild, but there is generally sufficient snow to give the students a few opportunities of having snow-ball riots, and in some cases these riots have assumed so serious an aspect as to have been quelled only at the point of the bayonet. During the past winter, however, there was but one fall of snow. It lasted for one morning only, and melted away before more than fifty panes of glass had been broken. The recent well-contested Rectorial election has been the only chance which they have had for giving vent to their love of riot and disorder, and as the Palmerites were exceedingly disappointed at their defeat, this opportunity only produced a longing for a second. It was scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that the meeting for the installation of the Lord Rector was characterised by uproar and confusion.

About sixteen hundred students assembled to greet Sir Wm. Stirling-Maxwell. A few went to hear his opening address, the great majority to prevent its being heard. In itself the address was neither very good nor very bad. It contained some very excellent remarks, but on the whole was scarcely worthy of a man of Sir William's eminence and learning. It was of no great consequence, however, what its quality was, for whether good or bad, it was not heard. Showers of pease, thundering applause, vehement hisses, the sound of many voices, and even music leaping upon the enchanted air, all combined to prevent the Lord Rector's words from reaching any persons who were outside of a favored circle within a few feet of himself. No two sentences were read without an interruption. Either a cock crew or a dog barked, or a great "Oh!" resounded through the Hall; and the students evinced their keen appreciation of the ridiculous by laughing loud and long at each of these exhibitions of wit, although our Nova Scotian ears could detect no sufficient cause of laughter. Perhaps the most amusing part of the ceremony consisted in the highly artistic performance of "the Band." A few of the Medicals (I think) had provided themselves with musical (?) instruments. One had a tambourine, another a penny-whistle, and a third the melodious bones, while trumpets of all kinds were very abundant. The *artistes* modestly took their seats in a somewhat retired

corner, and thinking that there should be something to break the monotony of cock-crowing, dog-barking, Oh!-crying, and lecturing, introduced at the end of every paragraph of the lecture a highly original, and, no doubt, to one of cultivated taste, a pleasing symphony. Never was there a more appreciative audience. The words of the eloquent lecturer, dropping like honey from his lips, were unnoticed, while those who should have been eager to catch them as they fell, rewarded with a round of applause his rivals, the musicians. Any extraordinary noise in the rear of the Hall was considered by the students to be quite sufficient reason for rising to their feet, turning their backs upon the Lord Rector, and crying lustily "Put him out;" while every witty comment on the address, which among all this confusion was being read, elicited audible assurances of admiration.

Meantime the professors sat with their countenances at first expressive of amusement, then of dissatisfaction and finally of righteous indignation. They seemed to think that this great disturbance was a little "too much of a good thing." Prof. MacLagan especially testified to the intensity of his disgust by leaving the platform and himself ignominiously expelling from the Hall one of the youngest and most orderly of the students. Prof. Masson too, with the assistance of his eye-glass, frequently looked daggers at the leader of the musicians; and at length, his love of order getting the better of his judgment he descended from the platform and made for the Heathen Chinees. He had reckoned, however, without his host. The students rose to their feet, and calling upon him to return to the platform, at length forced him to obey their polite request without having had his peace-making efforts crowned with even so much success as had attended those of his daring but misguided predecessor.

Such was the character of the first Rectorial Installation which I had the pleasure of attending. The theme is not inviting and I pass on to another incident in the history of the University of Edinburgh much more pleasing to record. The fiftieth anniversary of Sir Robert Christison's professional career was celebrated by a grand banquet on the 23rd of February, and it may not be uninteresting to take a brief glance at the chief incidents of his life. Born in 1797, he received an excellent primary education and entered the University at an early age. Here he studied through a complete Arts course, and having afterwards distinguished himself greatly in that of Medicine, he took at twenty-one the degree of M. D. He then studied for a short time on the continent, and in 1822 was elected to fill the Chair of Medical Jurisprudence at Edinburgh. At that time this subject had not reached the importance which it possesses at the present day, but the young professor's researches soon gave it a high position, and his class, which in 1822 numbered seven, in 1832 numbered ninety. During these ten years, however, he did greater things than these; for while he labored so strenuously as to make himself one of the first medical Jurists of the day, he wrote and published also his great treatise on Poison, which was at once adopted as a standard work, and so far as its principles are concerned has still, I believe, no rival. In 1832 he was transferred to the Chair of Materia Medica and for forty years he has shewn the greatest ability as Professor in that department. His services to the University have been in all respects of the utmost value. As a professor and as a member of the University Court and Senatus he has long occupied a most prominent position. He has at all times exhibited the most lively interest in the students, and among the many proofs which he has given of its reality, not the least is the fact that during the last eleven years he has held the position and discharged the duties of Captain of their volunteer corps. Honors have flowed in upon him from all sides. Oxford has bestowed upon him the degree of D. C. L. The Royal Society has made him their President, and the Queen has

recently conferred on him a Baronetcy, while he has received many other marks of distinction of less importance. His mental powers, naturally great, have been strengthened and prolonged by strict attention to the wants of his physical system; and now though a hoary-headed man, the days of the years of whose pilgrimage are three score years and fifteen, his eye is not dim nor is his mental or physical force abated.

I fear that in this letter I have associated two narratives which ought rather to have been separated. Since, however, chronological order has prevented logical and Rhetorical sequence your readers must not blame

Your Correspondent.

MAC.

## Dalhusiensia.

The cackling of geese, in ancient times, saved Rome, it is said. But a junior Chemistry student, troubled with the noise of the bipeds, thinks the only effect in modern times is the "loss of their feathers before the warm weather.

"Vandalic jimps, whom nature in burlesque,  
But too unkind, has formed devoid of taste.  
Let not ambition mar the modest desk,  
With checkered names in darkness doomed to rest"

Boys, it is certainly hard for ambitious juveniles to live and die in obscurity; but it is not so bad after all, as handing your names down to posterity engraven only on the desks, where your fair unknown fames shall be everlastingly associated with nothing but the vandalic instincts of the engraver.

On Friday evening, 8th inst., a scientific entertainment was provided for the friends of "Dalhousie," we believe, at the suggestion of the Governors. A CLASS of students received an invitation, as only a limited number could be accommodated in the building. The entertainment commenced by the exhibition of Microscopes and microscopic specimens, which were placed on tables in the Library. Among these was a Polariscopes. Adjourning to the Chemistry Classroom the audience was entertained by three lecturers on light. These were illustrated by well-drawn colored diagrams of the solar and a few metallic spectra, of the spectroscopy, &c. A large spectroscopy, the property of Professor Macdonald, was fixed in a suitable position for the comparing of the spectra of the principal metals with the continuous spectrum of a large lamp—the substitute of the sun. A smaller one was on the table, also for the purpose of viewing these spectra. Principal Ross explained, popularly, the solar spectrum. Professor Macdonald followed on the Theory of Spectrum Analysis, which he treated, as he does everything he touches, in a masterly manner. Professor Lawson showed the Application to Terrestrial Chemistry in a very interesting series of experiments which were concluded by the examination of the spectra and absorption of the spectra of a few metals whose salts were volatilised in alcohol flames. Experiments in Electricity in the Library closed the entertainment, which was continued on the evening of the 15th inst.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Hospital for the Insane.

Since last issue, subscriptions have been received from the following:—E. H. Owen, M. H. Goudge, Rev. J. D. McGilivray, R. P. Grant, W. D. Hall, Prof. McKnight, W. Duff, Alex. McKay, Hon. J. Howe, Sir W. Young, W. H. Waddell, S. Graham, H. Black, S. H. Black, Rev. J. Hogg, Rev. A. Stewart, Mrs. J. MacGowan, J. Mitchell, A. H. Patterson, Hugh McDonald, J. Graham.

