

# THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

VOL. 1.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 8, 1869.

NO. 2.

## Dalhousie College Gazette,

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 8, 1869.

### EXPLANATORY.

(NO. II.)

Explanatories, like apologies, being generally considered humbugs, are often left unread. We were fully aware of this fact in writing our first, and we thought, as well as sincerely hoped, that it would be our last.

Circumstances, however, alter cases, and we are compelled to make our unwilling pen drag its slow length along, and fill half a column with another *one*—an explanatory, not a pen.

The chief *circumstances* in this case are the students of Dalhousie College, who—actuated, no doubt, by the most generous and self-denying motives—wish us to say that the honour of conducting the *Gazette* does not belong to them. We think that we are as devoid of egotism as the editors of any journal can possibly be, but now, perforce, we must praise ourselves a little, and state that to us alone, all the credit,—and we hope there will be much—of issuing and carrying on this paper belongs. Unlike many editorial announcements this must *not* be taken *cum grano salis*.

The liberal support that we have, so far, received has induced us, as you may see, to lay this issue of our periodical before you enlarged to *twice its former size*.

[For the *Dalhousie College Gazette* we claim the honor of its being the first Provincial paper whose second number has been made in size double that of the first. We have no idea of stopping here however. We prophesy, and it remains with the public to verify us, that in a short time our journal will consist of *twelve pages*.]

### THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

(Translated from the German.)

CONTIUED.

10. E'en went thou there your crown to fling  
And say, "Who e'er shall 't bring me  
Shall wear it, and henceforth be king."  
A prize, so dear, I'd gladly flee,  
For what those boiling waves conceal  
No living soul can e'er reveal

11. Many a bark, caught by its stream,  
Down to its depths has gone  
Their shivered keels and masts are seen  
Saved from the fatal yawn;  
Like to the tempest's awful sound  
They hear the billows louder bound.

12. And boiling up it scethes and roars,  
As water thrown on raging fire,  
And up to heaven the white spray soars,  
As floods on floods press higher.  
Like thunder's rumbling near they come  
All foaming from th' abyss of gloom.

13. But see! from yon dark heaving lap,  
There rises, swan white, now 'tis bare—  
An arm, and now a glittering back;  
It swims with might and anxious care.  
'Tis HE, and high in his left hand  
He waves the golden goblet gained.

14. And long he breathes, both long and deep,  
And greets the heavenly wished-for light;  
Those joyous words, swift-flying leap—  
"He lives! 'Tis he! He's braved its might!"  
From the dark gulf, through blinding spray  
The valiant youth has braved his way.

15. He comes! the crowd encircling rise,—  
Before the king, he loyal, falls  
Presents to him the golden prize—  
The king his lovely daughter calls,  
With sparkling wine she fills the can  
While thus the valiant youth began,—

16. "Long live the king! May he rejoice  
Who breathes the rosy light of day  
Down there is death's terrific voice,  
Let no one tempt the gods, I pray,  
And never wish to see revealed  
What they in wisdom keep concealed.

17. "With lightning speed it drew me 'baft;  
Then on me plunged the torrents gush,  
Which heaved from out the rocky shaft,  
Then on me poured its mighty rush;  
And like a top it whirled amain:  
I ne'er could stand the like again."

17. God listened to my feeble cry,  
When all my hopes for life were gone.  
A ledge of rocks, projecting high,  
I grasped, and life and goblet won;  
For in the ledge the goblet shone,  
Or else it were forever gone.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## NIGHT THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

What renders a thought beautiful? We may all be able to recognize a beautiful thought when we meet it in our readings, as well as be able to enjoy, to a greater or less extent, the pleasures of poetry, when we recite or hear it recited; but the analysis of a thought, or the giving verbal expression to an emotion, requires the exercise of two very different faculties, the possession of one constituting the philosopher, that of the other, the poet. The faculty of enjoyment is peculiar to all, but that of presenting a rationale of this fact, is peculiar to a few only. The philosophic and poetic faculties are alike in being to the interpreters of consciousness, but different in the manner and objects of their interpretation. The one interprets consciously, the other unconsciously. The philosopher interprets with a view of ascertaining the law under which any thought is conceived; the poet, in order to express. The latter conceives a beautiful thought, and gives it verbal expression, it is the province of the former to analyze it and indicate the law to which it owes its conception. The one, under the inspiration of the moment, ejects a thought from consciousness, the other replaces it, and shows its connection with other thoughts in the mental world. The poetic art may be said to be destructive, the philosophic, constructive.

The term beautiful, was no doubt, originally applied to external objects, to which, primarily, our whole vocabulary of words was restricted, but in course of time, as certain thoughts were found to elicit feelings similar to those elicited by external objects, the same word came to be applied to them. The objective serves as the measure and interpreter of the subjective. As all our knowledge is derived from the action of external objects on our consciousness, whether real or not, so also all our pleasurable emotions are under the same conditions, and as all the knowledge which we have, after any length of time acquired, is just our original knowledge increased by the revelations of experience, so the pleasurable emotions which a beautiful thought elicits is just that originally elicited by an external object.

Between the beautiful in thought and the beautiful in object, a distinction is recognized, the former being generally termed subjective beauty, the latter objective. This distinction will appear warrantable, from the fact that the latter requires, as essential to its existence, the immediate presence and direct action of the object, whereas the former is independent of both of these conditions as sensation is antecedent to conception, so is objective beauty, or that pleasurable feeling which we regard certain external objects as capable of eliciting, antecedent to subjectation, or the beautiful in thought. The latter owes its existence empirically to the former, as all conception owes its relative existence (of the absolute we know nothing) to sensation.

We shall first investigate the nature of what we have termed objective beauty, and then the question regarding that of subjective, will admit of an easy solution. We trust the gentle philosophic reader will bear with us.

We call attention to the article entitled a "Familiar Talk with Science," which appears in this issue, and which will be read with interest and profit by all. It is from the pen of a gentleman favourably known in the literary world. We feel sorry that want of space compels us to insert so little of it in this number, and we can only promise that it will have the preference in our next.

## NOTES ON CAPE BRETON.

(CONTINUED.)

The settlement of Little Narrows lies along the north side of St. Patrick's. The waters connecting the Little Narrows with Whycocomagh Bay is called St. Patrick's channel, which is separated from Bras D'or Lake proper, by the peninsula of Watchabaktcht, a peninsula of about 21 miles in length, chiefly settled by Highlanders from the small island of Bara, one of the western Isles of Scotland. They are almost all Roman Catholics, possess the distinctive hospitality of the Highlander, with a mixture of Irish devotion and sensitiveness. They maintain that the inhabitants of Bara originally came over from Ireland, and have for this reason a distinct sympathy for that people. They have a truly patriotic regard for their native Bara, and even make it their boast that the honesty of Bara men eclipses that of all other places.

On the southern side of Watchabaktcht there extends a range of mountains, about three miles in length, the highest part of which is near the extreme end. Two years ago a mine was opened in this mountain, which promised to yield a payable supply of gold, but it has since proved a failure. The mountain is chiefly covered with hard wood, and possesses a fertile soil. From the clearing in the Northern side of the mountain you can obtain, on a clear day, a very fine landscape view. Away to the west 40 miles, you can see Indian Rear Mountain to the west of Whycocomagh, like a dark cloud lining the far horizon. The mountains on the east of Whycocomagh running down by the Little Narrows figure quite distinctly to you, while here and there along their oblique sides, a small green clearing forms a pleasant contrast to the dark, woody area adjacent. Directly opposite you (two miles across the channel) lies Baddeck, the capital of the County, with its score of white houses contrasting with the thick wood which extends five or six miles to its rear.

About five miles to the north of Baddeck rise Crowdis Mountains, called so from the name of the original settler. They form the commencement of a chain extending to Cape North. Away to the north east lies Baddeck Bay, and to the east further you see the lofty hills overhanging St. Ann's settlement. To the east about six miles is Boularderie Island, a strip of land about twelve miles in length, forming on its northern side the Great Bras D'or, and on the southern the Little Bras D'or Straits. It is a fine Island, its settlers chiefly Scotch, the most of whom settled there forty years ago. Opposite the south side of Boularderie head is the settlement of Boisdale, settled by people from the Island of the same name, on the west of Scotland. Between Bras D'or and Bara Straits, connecting Little Bras D'or with Bras D'or Lake Proper, lies Senacdie. Such a wide landscape view is quite refreshing to one accustomed to scenery bearing no point of resemblance whatever. On a calm evening, when not a ripple disturbs the glassy expanse of water before you, the scene is quite impressive. The lofty hills which figure so gigantically before you, induce upon your mind their own repose and solemnity, and give rise to a series of feelings which have no precedent in your former experience. Nor do the at times multitudinous forms of clouds which form so conspicuous a part of Cape Breton scenery, sailing overhead diminish the pleasure which the mountainous landscape inspires. It is interesting to watch their massive volumes moving slowly across the summit of the mountains, and projecting their dark shadows upon their sloping sides. Almost every day affords some feature which interests the dilli-

gent observer by its novelty, and supplies continued gratification to his esthetic nature. In respect to the Bras D'or Lake it is worthy of remark that the tides and winds are subject to irregularities. You may note the wind blowing from three different points of the compass at the same moment. This is owing to the funnel-shaped form which characterizes the different outlets to the Lake.

Returning to Whycocomagh we shall make it the point of departure on a different route, via Broad Cove and Margarie to Baddeck. The road for some distance passes along the banks of the Indian Rear River, which flows into the Whycocomagh Bay. It is quite a small stream and possesses little interest, unless it afford us an excuse for remarking the peculiarities of Cape Breton Rivers. They in general are very shallow, but most probably were at one time very deep. The bed of the river is very horizontal to its very banks, from which the side of a mountain, or at least a very high hill forms a steep ascent. The river, which unless very near its mouth more resembles a large stream, has worn out for itself a middle trough, on both sides of which, extending to the steep banks, there is a level space, covered generally with grass. This forms a very available resort for cattle, were it not that at certain seasons of the year it is attended with a chance of losing them, for in spring and towards the autumn of the year, the heavy rains, and in the spring the melting of huge banks of snow upon the mountains adjoining the river, cause a flood of its waters, which, rushing along, has been known to carry herds of cattle with it, to the ocean. The high banks of these rivers and their artificially formed beds, which in some places are covered with a greyish-white pebble, make them very attractive. After a drive of about 15 miles, passing through Ainslie Glen, a wild, rugged looking place lying between two opposing mountains, you reach Lake Ainslie, a sheet of water twelve miles in length and averaging three in breadth, it has an outlet to the gulf the south west branch of the Margarie river. The banks of the Lake are very high, and gradually ascending. There are large clearings on both its sides. The most plentiful fish inhabiting its waters is the Eel, which is caught in great numbers. A very large animal, which attracted considerable attention, was seen some months ago in its waters, the circumference of its body was said to be 18 inches, and of proportionable length. Some suppose it to have belonged to a school of Eels sporting themselves in the water, which appears a very probable conjecture. On the side of the Lake and connecting with it, is Loch Bhan, containing perhaps an area of half an acre of water, fronting upon which is the residence of the Rev. Mr. Gunn, a worthy old Kirk divine, whose hospitality has almost passed into a proverb.

#### THE USE OF DEBATING CLUBS.

All Clubs have their uses, and none of them we venture to say a greater one than the Debating Club. They have been the nurseries of the greatest orators and debaters, and the advantages which accrue from them should be made available by every person who aims at usefulness. Some of these advantages we shall enumerate.

First—They tend to promote a taste for general reading. A debater, in order to be able to debate with credit must be thoroughly posted up in the subject of debate. To secure this he must read. The student, especially, from the fact of his time being almost wholly taken up with particular abstractions needs this general reading all the more than any other. He is apt to slight second-

ary considerations from a sense of duty to primary. His studies undoubtedly ought to be held of highest value to him. The preparation of his class lessons has the first claim on his attention, but not to the exclusion of all others, for the simple reason that his class books do not contain all that it is necessary for him to know—the kind of knowledge afforded by them being more or less theoretical.

Secondly—The Debating Club awakens thought. When a person has formed his opinion on a subject upon which he is going to debate, he is often surprised in coming to the Club, at the many suggestions struck out by the other debaters which he failed to see in his private meditations. The action of different minds on a subject is essential to a conception of it in all its relations.

Thirdly—The Debating Class tends to foster a habit of clear thinking. It has been well said that no person can be said to have a distinct idea of any subject until he expresses it by writing or speech. Let a person but make the experiment and he will find that the conception and expression of a thought are two very different things. In expressing an idea the mind must hold it up to view for a certain length of time, and in this very act it acquires distinctness and lucidity.

Fourthly—The Debating Class creates fluency of expression and secures that self-confidence which is essential to effective public speaking. Experience proves that a very indifferent speaker may by practice and perseverance become a very effective one. Practice certainly will not supply a dearth of ideas or knowledge. These must be presupposed or practice avails nothing, except in producing the mere empty declaimer, who is wisely regarded as a nothing. Knowledge and thought are essential before practice can confer on the speaker the least of its good results.

Here are the all important points, then. First, know, then think, then debate. This is the grand secret of success. Let every reader ponder them.

Again, when a person rises with the intention of expressing ideas which he has been continually revolving in his mind, the chances are ten to one that he will fail to do so. Supposing him, however, to succeed but indifferently the first time, the second time his success will be more encouraging, and convince him that a little more practice is all that is needed to make his endeavours a perfect success.

#### "A FAMILIAR TALK WITH SCIENCE."

Light and air are two good things: two necessities of existence to us animals, possessing eyes, and lungs; two of the things prayed for by sanitary philosophers in the back streets of Halifax, where, we fear, they might as well be crying for the moon.

Light and air, then, being two good things, what happens when they come together? Spirit and water combined says the toper, are two good things spoiled! and how do light and air mix? Pick out of Granville Street the busiest of men, and he will tell you that he loves the sky-blue in its proper place, and when in the spirit to love. There is not a scrub in the whole world who would not think it necessary to show pleasure—yes, and feel some indication of it—over sunset colours, when by chance he treads the fields upon a summer evening. We all look up at the stars and feel that they would seem much less the confidential friends they really are, if they were shining down upon us with a rigid light. There is a

beating human pulse which answers to our hearts in their incessant twinkling. And then the rainbow! Light that might pass down to us, and give us light, but nothing more, gives sight and blesses it at once. Its touch converts the air into a region of delightful visions, ever changing, ever new. To reach us it must penetrate our atmosphere, and it is a fact that He who made the universe, so made it that, in the whole range of nature there is not one barren combination. Light must pass through the air; and from a knowledge of the other laws of nature, it might confidently be proclaimed, that in addition to the useful purposes of each, and their most necessary action on each other, beauty and pleasure would be generated also by their union, to delight the creatures of this world.

It is not our design just now to talk about the nature of the atmosphere; to attempt any analysis of light, or even to mention its recondite mysteries. But in a plain way we purpose to look into the reason of those changes made by light in the appearance of the sky, those everyday sights with which we are most familiar.

Blue sky itself, for example. Why is the sky blue? To explain that, we must state a few preliminary facts concerning light, and beg pardon of any one whose wisdom may be outraged by the elementary character of our information. There are some among our readers who may find it useful. In the first place, then we will begin with the erection of a pole upon a play ground, and like boys and girls, we will go out to play about it with an india rubber ball. The pole is planted at right angles to the surface of the ground. Now, if we climb the pole and throw our ball down in the same line with it, it will run down the pole and strike the ground, and then jump back again by the same road into our fingers. The bouncing back is called in scientific phrase, reflection; and so we may declare about our ball, that if it strike a plane surface at right angles, it is reflected immediately back upon the line it went by, or, as scientific people say, "the line of incidence." Now let us walk off, and mount a wall at a short distance from the pole. We throw our ball so that it strikes the ground quite close to the spot at which the pole is planted in the earth, and we observe that the said ball no longer returns into our hand, but flies up, without deviating to the right or left (in the same plane, says science) beyond the pole, with exactly the same inclination towards the pole on one side, and the surface of the ground on the other, as we gave it when we sent it down. So if there were a wall on the other side of our pole, exactly as distant and as high as our own, and somebody should sit thereon directly opposite to us, the ball would shoot down from our fingers to the root of the pole and then up from the pole into his hand. Spread a string on each side along the course the ball has taken, from wall to pole, and from pole to wall. The string on each side will make with the pole an equal angle: the angle to the pole, by which the ball went, is called, we have said, the angle of incidence; the angle from the pole by which it bounced off, is called the angle of reflection. Now, it is true, not only of balls but of all things that are reflected; of light, for example, reflected from a looking glass, or a sheet of water, that "the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

The light that shines back to us from a sheet of water, has not penetrated through its substance, certainly. But now, let us be Tritons or sea-nymphs, and let us live in a cool crystal grot under the waves. We don't live in the dark unless we be unmitigated deep-sea Tritons. The deeper we go, the darker we find it. Why? Now let us be absurd and suppose that it is possible for light to be

measured by the bushel. Ten bushels of light are poured down from the sun upon a certain piece of water, six of these, we will say, reflected from its surface, cause the glittering appearance, which is nothing to us Tritons down below. But light can pass through water, that is to say, water is a transparent substance; so the other four bushels soak down to illuminate the fishes. But this light, so soaking down, is by the water, (and would be by any other transparent substance) absorbed, altered, partly converted into heat—when we understand exactly the correlation of physical forces, we shall understand the why and how—we only know just now the fact that all transparent bodies do absorb and use up light; so that the quantity of light that entered at the surface of our water, suffers robbery, becoming less and less, as it sinks lower down towards our coral caves.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.

The Editors are not to be held as responsible for the opinions of correspondents, or as in any way endorsing them.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, Feb. 1st, 1869.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—“The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.” These words were written long ago by a man whose name is heard within the walls of almost every college, and who attained to the highest paths of eloquence,—a man who perhaps experienced the emotions expressed in the above elegant sentence.

Cannot the study of literature now a days afford the same “nourishing” influence to young writers as it did to those long ago. “Yes,” must be the answer.

The sheet for which this is written is your praise-worthy enterprise—an undertaking which I sincerely hope may be crowned with success.

The advantages in having such a paper as this connected with a University are many. It enables students to express in a public way their views on any subject, other than political or denominational. An exercise of this kind not only “nourishes youth,” but enables young writers to advance at a more rapid rate, to that perfection in the literary art, to which all who make literature their profession aspire. Collegiates can venture an article for its columns, without that timidity, which they would experience, were they writing for a periodical, having a larger circulation. This is the benefit of having a journal in connection with a College. It is a means to an end.

Your *Gazette* has had a fair beginning,—it has been noticed favourably by the press. Now let all the students join “hand in hand,” and make it a success. By showing yourselves capable of conducting it with ability, you will not only benefit yourselves, but greatly benefit your fellow students, and make the college from which it derives its title, an ornament to our Province,

Yours, &c.,

A GENERAL STUDENT.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, Feb. 4th, 1869.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—You said in your first number that you would “willingly open your columns to any expression of opinion on the merits or demerits of the paper, or the manner in which it is to be conducted.” Taking you at your word I have been induced to send you a few of my thoughts concerning your *Gazette*.

From the time that the Prospectus—that remarkable

production—appeared, until the Monday on which you issued your paper, I was, in common I believe with many of my fellow students on the thorns of impatience, waiving, and anxiously waiting, for the appearance of that sheet, which, by a train of fortuitous circumstances was so materially to benefit our “Alma Mater” and to profit ourselves.

You may imagine my surprise on finding that the periodical which was to “give practice in writing to all willing to contribute to its pages,” was in size about equal to a sheet of foolscap paper, and contained THREE ARTICLES. The typographical and punctuational errors were perhaps unavoidable, and of them I will say nothing. I certainly believe with the Prospectus that the Gazette may benefit many, but I think that you, Messrs. Editors, went wrongly to work in issuing it as you did. Why not have called a meeting of the Students and laid the matter before them? By doing this you would, no doubt, have received their sanction and support, and then the paper would not have had that opposition it now has. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Gazette HAS BEEN ISSUED, wrongly or not, and issued probably at some pecuniary risk. I am not one of those who would blindly say “down with it, down with it.” I am more inclined to say “give it a trial.” At the same time I think that you, Messrs. Editors, should be requested to correct the impression which has gone abroad that the paper is conducted by the College. If you do this I think you will find that much of the opposition will die out. I am sure that none of us desire to throw cold water upon a scheme that may be productive of good, and I think it would be better to support it, than to let it go down.

This letter has already reached such a length that I would feel guilty in occupying any more of your space. Let me say, in conclusion, that, if possible the Gazette should be enlarged, and articles inserted on a greater variety of subjects, and at a more limited length. Hoping that you will not take these thoughts amiss,

I am, Yours, &c.,

SENIOR.

HALIFAX, 6th FEBRUARY, 1869.

*Editors of Dalhousie College Gazette.*

DEAR SIRS,—The want of a good literary paper has, I believe, been long felt in this city, which is so far behind its sister-cities in this respect. When you issued your *Gazette* I hailed the enterprize with pleasure, and felt rejoiced that the University, of which we are so justly proud, and whose name heads your paper, had in it young men capable of issuing and carrying on a periodical, small though it be. I saw in the *Gazette* promise of better things. I saw a flourishing literary journal arising from it, and as I have said before, I felt pleased that such was the case.

At the same time, Messrs. Editors, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, nor do I wish to do so, that you committed many mistakes in issuing it, which I am quite willing to attribute to inexperience. With this last thought in view I have determined to send you a few hints of my own on the subject.

In the first place let me say that your first number bears too many marks of haste on its face. These may, of course, arise from inexperience in correcting proof, and probably will never occur again. And here let me say, in passing, that my remarks must not be taken as censuring you, Messrs. Editors, I believe that your enterprize is very commendable, and far be it from me to do or say anything that will create another impression.

I send you this as a private communication, and you can please yourselves about inserting it in your columns.

Proof should be carefully read and re-read. It is an old saying that printers are incomprehensible beings, and you never know what strange renderings they are going to give to some of your chaste ideas. I remember many anecdotes on this point, but I shall inflict none of them on you.

Again, I think that the small variety and great length of the articles in your first number is not to be commended. The latter point, especially, is one that should be rigidly guarded against in a small paper like yours. Allow me, in all deference, to hint that you should make a rule that articles inserted should not exceed a column and a half in length. I have had some experience in your line of business, and have always found that this is absolutely necessary. By doing this you will also ensure greater variety, and the public must have variety. Johnson called the public an ass, but it is an ass that requires plenty of satisfying food. It wants not only quantity but quality from its caterers.

I had intended to say a few words about the size of your paper, but, on reflection, I think I had better not. I can only hope that the support you will receive will soon warrant an enlargement, and while speaking of this I may say that I think your issue was too small. To my own knowledge, many persons wanting to purchase a copy had to go empty away from the book-stores. This should be corrected. Strike off a larger number this time, you may depend on a ready sale. People will patronize you, if only to encourage your enterprize and public spirit.

Space, I know, must be valuable in a periodical like yours, and I am afraid that I shall be convicted of preaching what I do not practise, by sending you so long a letter. Perhaps after your next number appears I shall have something more to say. In the meanwhile I enclose my card, and am

Yours, &c.,

CIVIS.

(We thank Civis for his hints and shall be most happy to hear from him on any subject.—Eds.)

## Tales.

### THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

The Earl of Hornbrooke was a Nobleman who possessed vast estates in that most wealthy county of wealthy England—Lincolnshire. In the splendour of his mansions, and the appearance of his person, few could equal him. His rent roll exhibited a sum total, very neatly written, of two hundred thousand pounds, besides half a million in the funds, which I had nearly forgotten. Eighteen years before the period in which our tale opens—Julia Moorgate,—the city belle—the toast of a season—became the Countess of Hornbrooke.

The wheels of time, stopping at no impediment, rolled on. With their revolution came the connecting link, which was to unite forever the chain of love which had been thrown around the happy pair, for unto them a child was born. It was the very image of its mother. The same dimple was impressed on its chin, the same auburn hair curled over its forehead, and the same peculiar smile played around its little mouth. It was christened Julia Moorgate Lascelles. Days, weeks, and months rolled by, and each succeeding minute brought with it an ever increasing fondness for the little Julia. Fourteen years soon passed away, and the little girl of three summers

became the young lady of seventeen. She was still the heiress of the estate. She retained all those charms which had characterized her as a little girl. Is it then a wonder that numerous suitors—members of illustrious families—should have offered her their hand and fortune?

At this time amidst much company assembled at Hornbrooke Castle—for the Earl was fond of all the festivities of social life—was one, Charles Egremont by name, whom, as he is about to play an important part in my tale, I must beg leave specially to introduce to my readers. He was tall and elegant in figure, and with that air of affable dignity which becomes a noble, and which adorns a court—none of that affected indifference which seems to imply that nothing can compensate for the exertion of moving, and “which makes the dandy while it mars the man.” His large and somewhat sleepy grey eye, his clear complexion, his small mouth, his aquiline nose, his transparent forehead, his rich brown hair, presented, when combined, a very excellent specimen of that style of beauty for which the nobility of England are remarkable. Gentle, never loud, ready, yet a little reserved, he neither courted nor shunned examination. His finished manner, his experience of society, his pretensions to taste, the gaiety of his temper, and the liveliness of his imagination, were fully developed, although he had but yet entered on his twenty-second year. When we add to all this that he was lineally descended from one of those proud families of proud England who so often boast “that their ancestors came over with William the Conqueror,” may he not be regarded as a worthy suitor for the hand of the Lady Julia by even the haughty Earl, her father? and thus he was regarded. Yet while the Earl considered a union between the two as something that would even do credit to the fame of his house, still the daughter had such a strong hold on the father’s affections, that it was only after much deliberation that he was induced to give a formal assent.

Time wore on. The day was fast approaching when the stately mansion was to lose its brightest ornament. The Derby intervened. This possessed the greatest interest and attraction for Ralph, as it does for all English noblemen. On this occasion Ralph had even a greater interest in the struggle. The old Earl of Lincoln, his father, had backed “Bluenose,” the general favorite, so heavily, that his estates and his income depended on the issue. The day arrived. “Bluenose” came in third. The Earl was ruined. Maddened by the thought he put an end to his existence, and Ralph Egremont succeeded to the empty title.

As soon as decorum would allow he went to Hornbrooke Castle. How cold was his reception! How disdainful were the looks that frowned upon him from the old Earl! At the first intimation of the intended marriage the Earl informed him that his mind was changed. What a spot it would be on the escutcheon of his noble house if his daughter, who had rejected Dukes and Marquises, should marry the son of a beggared suicide! Could he ever look back with any degree of satisfaction on his conduct if he sanctioned anything that would tarnish the name of Hornbrooke—a name preserved unsullied through many generations;—so much for the Earl. How was it with Julia? The flame of love which had been before raging in her bosom was now by no means extinguished. Indeed the action of her father was simply so much fuel serving to increase its fury.

To return now to Ralph. Is it any wonder that he was at a loss how to proceed? The positive refusal of the father hung over him, but the consciousness of having the

unfeigned love of Julia, and of his seeming inability to live without her, had a great effect in determining his future procedure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### DOMINION WOLVES.

The events which form the subject of the following sketch occurred during a sojourn of three months with a surveying party in one of the wildest districts of our Dominion. We were occupied in tracing the course of a hitherto unexplored river, which unfolded to us a succession of scenic effects, such as would have delighted an artist and poet, and which they only could describe.

It would be difficult to convey to the reader who has not bivouacked out in the woods, the luxury of those evenings around the camp-fire.

After a deal of story-telling, we all turned in for the night—that is, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and fell asleep with our feet towards the fire.

The stories told upon the evening I have in my mind, had all been about wolves, some of which rapacious creatures were said to be then in our neighbourhood. Owing, perhaps, to my imagination having been excited by these tales, I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that wolves were pursuing me; I knew they were gaining on me: I could hear their howls growing more and more distinct. There is a point of agony at which all dreams must have an end—I awoke with a terrible start, and found myself bathed in a cold sweat, and a prey to a sense of terror for which I could not account. Instead of the cheerful blaze which I had seen ere I fell asleep, all was now cold and dark. The fire had sunk to a heap of red embers. I could not distinguish one of my sleeping companions. Good Heavens! can I be still slumbering? There, again, is the long low wailing howl which I heard so distinctly in my dream,

I sit up erect, and listen. What is that sound? a rustling among the brushwood—some of the party stirring? No. All are silent as the grave. I am the only one awake in the camp. Once again! Surely I am mistaken. I thought the fire was nearer to me, just in front; and so it is. What, then, can be those two glimmering lights a few yards off? now they are moving! I awake the nearest sleeper—an American named Silas Wood. The man starts to his feet, rubs his eyes. ‘What is it?’ ‘Look there, Silas.’ He looks, and as quick as lightning, seizes a burning fagot, and hurls it with all his force and an unerring aim. The gleaming lights disappear with a rustle of the brushwood—a sharp, short bark close at hand, and then in a minute or two, the long low wail in the distance is heard.

Silas then stirred and raked the burning embers, and throwing on an immense heap of dry brush, in a second the Egyptian darkness is dispelled by a bright flame which leaps up six feet into the air, and brings the sleeping figures and the nearest trees into full relief.

‘Silas, what does it all mean?’ I asked.

‘It means, squire,’ replied the American, speaking with his usual deliberate drawl—‘wolves!’

‘Wolves!’ I re-echoed. ‘Then these two gleaming lights that I took for glowworms, were’—

‘A wolf’s eyes, squire; and I guess his friend warn’t fur off, awaitin’ kinder anxious to hear tell of their scout. Hark! if the darned things ain’t groanin’ and lamentin’ over their disappointment, as sure as my name’s Silas Wood.’

Once more the long low howl, inexpressibly sad and fearful, was heard at a greater distance. Now that I knew

what it implied, it made the blood curdle in my veins.

'I shall never forget a wolf's howl,' I exclaimed, 'I heard the accursed sound in my dream as plain as I hear it now. But are we not in danger?' and I began mechanically to pile up more wood on the blazing fire.

'No fears now, squire,' replied the Yankee coolly; 'the cowardly critters darsn't come anigh a fire like that. Besides, I reckon the feller I scared so with that 'ere burning chip, has told 'em it's no go by this time. They're as cunnin' as humans, is them critters. Ay, be off, and a good riddance to ye, ye howling varmints!' he added, as the low wail was once more heard dying away in the distance.

Notwithstanding the assurance that the wolves were retreating, I took great pleasure in seeing the fire blazing up brightly, for I knew that in that consisted our protection. 'I suppose we have had a narrow escape?' I said to my companion, who, besides myself, was the only one awake in the camp.

'I reckon I've seen a narrower, then,' replied he. 'Why that 'ere skulkin' scout darsn't have give warning to the rest of the pack as long as a single red ember remained. The critters is dreadful afear'd of fire.'

'Well,' I rejoined, 'I am not at all sorry I awoke when I did. But as we're the only two awake, suppose you tell me this narrow escape you allude to—that is, if you don't feel sleepy.'

'Me, squire? I ain't sleepy, not a morsel, I couldn't sleep a wink, if I tried. I feel too kinder happy like to have cotched that darned sneakin' scout sich a lick;' and the Yankee laughed, quite tickled at the recollection. 'I guess he had it right slick atween the eyes. I knowed he felt it by the bark he gave. Well, squire, it will give me considerable satisfaction to narrate to you my adventure with the tarnal critters. I guess, squire, it be a matter of ten years agone that Deacon Nathan had a raisin' away down to Stockville, in Vermont, where I was reared.'

'What is a raising?' I asked.

'Well, I guess it's a buildin' bee,' rejoined the Yankee.

'And, pray, what is a building bee,' I enquired, 'for I am as wise as I was before.'

'You see, squire, when you wants to get anthing done up right away in a hurry all to oncet like, whether its flax-beatin', or apple-parin', or corn-huskin', and the Neighbours all round come and help work, that's a bee; and a buildin' bee, or a raisin', is when they want to set up the frame of a house or a barn.'

'Oh, that's a building bee, now I understand.'

'Well, I guess it were a pretty big barn that Deacon Nathan was agoin' to raise, and so we had a considerable sight of boys, and a regular spree, and when it came to draw towards night, the deacon he says to me: 'Silas,' says he, I don't kinder feel easy leavin' this here barn unprotected during the dark watches of the night. The heart of man is desparately wicked, and there's some loafers in the village, and there's no end to boards and shingles lying about; and so, Silas what'll you take to stop here all night?'

'Deacon,' says I, 'what'll you give?'

'Well, you see the deacon was everlastin' close where money was concerned; so he puts on a long face, and screwed his lips together, and he says very slow: 'Would a dollar, Silas, be about'—

'Deacon,' says I, 'taint worth my while to stop for that; but if you like to make it four, I don't mind if I do.'

'Silas Wood,' says the deacon, 'ain't you unreasonable? How can I rob my family to that extent?'

'You see the deacon was a remarkable pious man, and whenever he sold the men sperrits, or shoes, or flannel, or other notions out of his store, for about three times their vally, and stopped it out of their wages, he always talked about his duty to his family. Well, we chaffered and chaffered for a considerable spell, and at last we concluded to strike a bargain for two dollars and a pint of rum. The boys was a pretty well a'most cleared out, when Dave Shunyser comes to me and says: 'Silas,' says he, 'be it true you're agoin' to stop here all night?'

'I reckon I ain't agoin to do nothin' else,' I says.

'Take a fool's advice,' says Dave, 'and do nothin' of the sort.'

'What for?' says I.

'Cause,' says he, 'there's several refused; and the deacon knowed you to be a kinder desperate chap, or he wouldn't have axed you.'

'Why, man alive,' says I, 'whar's the danger to come from?'

'Why,' says Dave, 'ain't you aheered there's been wolves seen in the neighbourhood? Didn't the deacon tell you as how he lost two sheep only the night afore last? You darsn't make a fire, cause of the shavings; and the barn ain't boarded up.'

'Dave,' says I, 'don't you think to pull the wool over my eyes in that fashun, and then have it to say you circumvented Silas Wood. I reckon I can read you as easy as a book. You'd like to arn them two dollars yourself. Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Two's company: if you like to stop with me, and help me to drink the Deacon's rum, you're welcome; and I don't care if I share the brass into the bargain.'

'Says Dave: 'I wouldn't stop a night in this here barn as it is, not for a five hundred dollar bill. Remember, Silas, I've warned you as a friend;' and away he went.

'Well, squire, I wan't goin' to let Dave scare, 'cause I knowed he mas sweet on a gal called Rini Parkins, that I were keepin' company with, and would have been considerable rejoiced to have it to tell how I had funk'd; and as I hadn't heerd tell of no wolves in them parts, I jest thought he said that by way of banter.

'Well, I made myself comfortable in the barn. It was all boarded up on three sides, and partly the fourth; there only was a gap left for the door, big enough to let in a wagon load of hay. It was'nt cold, being a fine night in the Indian summer. So I kept a strolling up and down, taking a look out now and agin, to see if there was any body lurkin' about with an eye to the boards and the shingles, but there warn't a soul stirrin' but myself. Every now and agin, I'd mix myself a little grog, till the rum was all gone, and then I began to feel everlastin' sleep; so I thought I'd just lie down awhile on a big pile of shavings, there was in one corner of the barn. Well, squire, I dropped off, as you may suppose; and I guess it were along of what Dave Shunyser said, I got to dreomin' about wolves, till at last, blame me, if I didn't dream there was one in the barn huntin' about, just like a dog, sniffing here and there, till at last he come to the pile as shaving where I was.

## TIME.

The heart may live a life time in an hour  
And well embrace  
A lifetime's energy, and strength, and power,  
Within that space.

We do it wrong, Time, by one rule to reckon;  
For by our state--

As our stern fears deter, or fond hopes beckon—  
Should it bear date.

A minute's agony appears a day.

Years of delight  
Seem, traced by memory, having passed away  
Transient as light.

With love Time flies, hate makes it linger;  
Says youth, "Be past."

Age, pointing to its sands with eager finger,  
Murmurs, "Too fast."

## A NEW METAL.

We clip the following very important and interesting article from the London *Athenæum*, of January 19th, received by the Steamship *City of Baltimore*,—

Those who have followed the chemical investigations of the Master of the Mint, and noted their sequence from the date of his first communication to Thomson's *Annals of Philosophy* in 1826, to the present time, will not have been surprised by his papers read last week at the Royal Society. After what he said thirty years ago as to the nature of Hydrogen, and after his "message from the stars" on the occluded Hydrogen of a meteorite; a new paper, "On the Relation of Hydrogen to Palladium," comes in logical order. Mr. Graham has not yet arrived at the point of laying before the Society an ingot of that highly volatile metal Hydrogen, but he states that "the idea forces itself upon the mind that Palladium, with its occluded Hydrogen, is simply an alloy of this volatile metal in which the volatility of the one element is restrained by its union with the other, and which owes its metallic aspect equally to both constituents." This idea he confirms by a series of experiments, in which Palladium is charged with 800 or 900 times its volume of Hydrogen gas, and to this compound substance he gives the name of *Hydrogenium*. May we not regard this result, worked out with the cautious accuracy which has always characterized Mr. Graham's researches, as a step towards the ingot of Hydrogen? Faraday once solidified different gases before the eyes of a thousand wondering spectators at the Royal Institution. Is it reserved for any one of our living natural philosophers to show us the solidification of Hydrogen?

It appears from the details of the experiments, as read in the paper, that the density of Palladium when charged with Hydrogen to the extent mentioned above, is perceptibly lowered; that the mean density of *Hydrogenium* is 1.951 or nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; that its tenacity and electrical conductivity are less than in Palladium, but the conducting power being 5.99, is yet considerable, and "may be construed to favour the metallic character of the second constituent of the wire;" that is, of the Hydrogen. On the other hand, *Hydrogenium* is more magnetic than Palladium,—as 48 deg. to 10 deg., and, as Mr. Graham remarks, "must be allowed to rise out of the class of para-magnetic metals, and to take place in the strictly magnetic group, with Iron, Nickel, Cobalt, Chromium, and Manganese. This fact may have its bearing upon the appearance of *Hydrogenium* in meteoric iron, in asso-

ciation with certain other magnetic elements." It will be understood from the foregoing brief sketch, that the results obtained by the Master of the Mint are of first rate importance, and we may venture to predict that Hydrogen will play a conspicuous part in experimental science for some years to come. May we assume that Mr. Lecky, and those other zealous astronomers, who have recently discovered amazing floods of Hydrogen in violent motion all round the Sun, are co-operating with the chemists who investigate Hydrogen, within the walls of their Laboratories?

(As the foregoing extract is not only interesting to students, but to all who take an interest in scientific discoveries, and as it is not likely to appear, for sometime at least, in any other of our provincial papers, we have, for once, broken through our rule of not inserting selected articles, and given it a place in our columns.—Eds.)

We ask the kind forbearance of our readers for any typographical errors which may occur in the original tale, entitled "The Earl's Daughter." It was not ready for publication until late Saturday evening, so the proof has not been corrected. We have crowded out several other articles to make room for it, as, coming as it does from the pen of a well known literary gentleman, we felt that it would be more interesting to our general readers.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Write legibly. Write on one side only of numbered half sheets. Mind your stops! Have your articles handed in to one of the Editors, or sent to the Office, on or before the Wednesday immediately preceding the issue in which they are to appear! If mailed, address *Editors Dalhousie College Gazette, Dalhousie College, Halifax*. Pay the postage!!

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Literateur." Thanks for your hints. Two of them, you may see, have been anticipated. Action on the other depends on the support the Gazette receives.

"Tertian's" letter cannot be inserted in its present form. If the personalities are removed we have no objection to give it a place in our next.

"Professor McDonald, St. Francis Xavier College." Your note received. Thanks for your subscription. All of our first issue has been sold. If possible we will procure you a copy.

"J. M. D." (Pictou.) Thanks for your subscription and kind wishes.

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