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FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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BRIBERY.

Our paper has been steadily advancing in public opinion and is daily gaining that share of support and sanction which we in all modesty think is due to it. We claim to have fulfilled all the promises made in our Prospectus and first issue, and even to have exceeded many—witness the increase from four to eight pages. There was one promise, or rather rule, to which we intend rigidly to adhere, and which has been most clearly enounced several times. It is to keep all articles bearing on local politics out of our columns. We certainly thought that it would be plainly understood that we would in no wise break through this law, but we were mistaken. About a fortnight ago we received a request from a sect of one of the parties into which our Province is at present so unhappily divided, that we would allow a certain number of articles advocating its *peculiar* views to appear in each issue. This request was enhanced by a liberal offer of the gold which perisheth. Dust is proverbially blinding—gold-dust particularly—but still this did not so get into our eyes as to blind us to the fact that our principles of honour and integrity should not be sacrificed to any consideration—pecuniary or otherwise. Therefore the offer was rejected. In pursuing this course our private political views were not consulted, we only regarded the question, “Is it right to receive a bribe for admitting any articles whatever into our columns.” Looking at it in this light, but one answer *could* be given and that we gave.

We think that this statement of facts is due to ourselves and to our readers.

☞ A novel incident has occurred in McGill University, Montreal. The students of the Medical Faculty—numbering about sixty—being unable to settle a difference with the Professor of Anatomy, have *struck*, and at present refuse to attend any classes. The senate have determined to support the Professor, and so matters remain. This is the first *strike* in the history of a Colonial College.

SMILES.

Smiles melt the hate of foeman into love,
Smiles borrow anguish from the sorrow smitten
Amongst the millions of the blest above,
Eternal smiles on every brow are written.

In this our world, where care and grief are rife,
How sweetly beams the smile of tender kindness,
Without its light how darksome oft were life
Through which to group our weary way in blindness.

Yet some there are who seldom wear a smile,
Whose hearts are charged with bitterness and malice;
Who in the thirst of selfishness and guile
Drain the foul dregs of envy's poisoned chalice.

Others but smile on those they would cajole,
To cheat the simple with a show of feeling;
As fishermen attract a finny shoal
By torchlight o'er the teaming ocean stealing.

Brighter by far than brightest gems of earth,
Smiles shed soft radiance on the brow of beauty;
Decking our dear ones with a wreath of mirth
That cheers our hearts amid the toils of duty.

REMEMBRANCE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

I think of thee
When through the grove
The nightingale
Sings forth her love
When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
In twilight's glow
Of glimmering light
Where fountains flow
Where thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee
With pleasant pain,
With longing heart,
Tears fall like rain,
What thinkest thou of me?

Oh! think of me
'Till we unite
In yon bright star!
By day and night
All times I think of thee

NIGHT THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

III.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

The power of transferring our own feeling to objective phenomena is characteristic of the human mind, the admission of which, together with the principle of association, is, we think all that is necessary to a solution of the question before us. The proposition—the sky is beautiful—stands precisely in the same position and is amenable to the same explanation as the proposition—the fire burns—or, the day is gloomy. Beauty, pain, gloom, are in each case feelings of the mind—qualities of animated existence only; but nevertheless transferable to material existence by laws as determinate as those which render their existence possible at all. Consciousness primarily reveals these qualities, but almost simultaneously with its revelations associations are formed and through them personifications, whereby every object in nature assumes a personality suggestive of all the qualities which we have ever experienced.

The whole material world is a permanent combination of sensations of resistance of colour and of sound. The perceptive operates antecedent to the associative faculty, and therefore the manifestation of æsthetic feeling implies a more or less advanced stage of experience. Experience must first elaborate the conditions of certain pleasurable feelings which being constantly experienced in conjunction with the permanent sensations constituting the object or scene, give rise to a permanent association in which the presentation of the object whether visually or auditorily is instantaneously followed by the experience of the pleasurable feelings previously associated with it. The instantaneous character of the suggestion takes away from the object its objective reality, and it is perceived coloured as it were, with the æsthetic conceptions which in reality it only suggested. Let us take an instance. In the expression—the sky is beautiful—the really objective, so to speak, element is its blueness. How then does it lose its quality and become possessed of another—that of beauty? We shall explain it on the principle we have enunciated. Blue sky we have always seen associated with a fine day and a fine day has always been found to produce certain physical pleasurable feelings which we come to associate permanently with it. Now the blue colour, and all the other sensations which are inseparable from our conception of a day together with this physically pleasurable feeling form from their constant association a group of possibly inseparable sensations and feelings, each one of which on its future presentation will instantaneously suggest all the others. When I look at the sky, then, and call it beautiful, the process which takes place in my mind is this. Its blue colour instantaneously suggests all the pleasurable feelings with which it has been associated, the vivid suggestion of which for a moment obscures the visual appearance of the object, while the feeling assumes for the time a real existence, and is attended by those pleasurable sensations which characterize the beautiful.

The permanency and universality of the feeling is equal with that of the human constitution, between which and any element of objectivity whatever there exists the same. The fact of there being some objects which all mankind agree in calling beautiful, implies the possibility of a similarity of circumstances and of nature. Where this is absent we have presented to us the condition under which an arbitrary or variable association is possible. In other words in so far as a similarity can be traced between the physical, moral, and intellectual natures of man, just in that degree have we given the conditions under which a

standard of beauty claiming universal recognition is possible, and in so far as this is absent have we given the condition of an arbitrary or variable association.

Beauty, then, is not an attribute of objects by nature but by association, not by virtue of an original impression, but by reason of an empirical process. But you answer, this is but removing the difficulty a step further away, for when you have reduced the feeling to its lowest form of subjectivity, are there not certain objective conditions under which the feeling is alone possible, and whose absence implies its negation?

As a possible feeling of the mind, it is independent of all objective conditions, but as a conscious feeling it demands the existence of certain external conditions the absence of which imply its negation. We can conceive of nothing out of relation. We are impelled by laws empirical, however, we maintain, in their origin, to think and to feel in relation to some objective condition.

If, then a feeling exists only as it is consciously realized, and if such a realization demands the existence of certain objective conditions, the feeling of the beautiful must in this light be regarded as both subjective and objective. But we have shown the objective to be but a projected subjective—the outward as receiving form and existence from the inward—all external nature as the creation of an internal mind, and, therefore, when we say that the feeling cannot be consciously realized, but in relation to certain objective conditions, we simply imply the prior existence of a permanently recurring class of sensations, of the law of whose permanent recurrence we know nothing.

NOTES ON CAPE BRETON.

(CONCLUDED.)

We shall make Baddeck our starting place for Sydney. The day which was to carry us to Sydney dawned drearily. The face of nature which the day before was a joy to look upon had in the few hours of a single night become gloomy and forbidding. The day before all was light and life and joy and bright anticipation and gorgeous castle building. This day threw a gloom over all things; demolished our castles, and nipped our fair hopes in the bud. But still we hoped, and as we hoped, hope grew strong, for in less than two hours, and just as we had stepped on board the "Lady of the Lake," (we were too late for the "Neptune," which is a boat superior both in size and accommodation to the "Lady,") hopeful indications began to appear. The thick fog began to retreat. Sol shone out gloriously. The great mountains, robed in their inimitable verdure, rose in the distance, and by the time we were off Boularderie Island, there was spread before us one of the grandest landscapes that ever mortal eye gazed upon. The waters of the Great Bras d'Or danced in the joyous sunshine, the zephyr from the mountain heights blew softly upon us, and bore in its refreshing coolness the warmth of coming summer. It was spring-time; the landscape was certainly vernal, but wonderfully suggestive of what it would be. We are not satisfied with the real, we fly to the ideal which it suggests, we have never seen perfect beauty. What beauty there is in the real instinctively suggests an ideal after which we are ever aiming, but never attaining. A vernal landscape suggests a summer one, and a summer landscape suggests a fairer, grander one than ever mortal gazed on. It may have no existence, and it may have a more real existence than the landscape which we see daily spread out before us, and which we are accustomed to call real. The ideal may be the only true real, and what we call the real but temporary and transient. The same law prevails in

life as in scenery. We are not content with our present attainments. What duties we have done suggest higher duties to be done; what noble sacrifices we have made suggest nobler to be made; what beautiful actions we have done suggest more beautiful to be done. We are ever aiming after the ideal, and the higher the ideal, the nobler the real.

But we are on board the steamer just entering the Little Bras d'Or Strait which connects the Bras d'Or Lake with the Atlantic Ocean. The Bras d'Or Strait is quite an object of curiosity. It is extremely winding, and about five miles in length. We soon pass Point Aconi, and in four hours are at the entrance to Sydney Harbour. It is wide and spacious, and quite safe for vessels of a very large size. We remain half an hour at what is called the Bar, or North Sydney—a stirring little place, built along the shore. Much more shipping business is carried on here than at Sydney. After a six miles sail we arrive at Sydney, once the capital town of the Island. Viewed from the water it has a very dilapidated appearance, but once you are landed, and stroll up the principal streets, it assumes a more hopeful aspect. It resembles Arichat very much, except that the houses are more compact. There are some very handsome private residences in the suburbs, and many very pleasant walks. We were unfortunate in not seeing Sydney to advantage, for during the time we were there it rained almost daily, and all things were tinged with mud and gloom. It contrasts very strongly with the Bar in the quiet which prevails, and seemed to us a delightful spot where one tired of the wear and tear of the world might settle down on a small income, to pass his life quietly away. It contains five churches, and very neat school buildings, and efficient schools. Little and Big Glace Bay are outlying villages of great importance, as sites of coal mines.

Now we leave Cape Breton, we cannot but prophesy for it a great future. Its scenery offers manifold attractions for the poet, and for all who can appreciate beauty and grandeur. Its mines will draw to it men of enterprise and capital, for in its mountains are treasures of undeveloped wealth; the fertility of its soil will lure to its settlements good farmers, under whose skill broad and verdant meadows shall flourish; and what now bears woods and weeds shall yet blossom with all that is useful for man.

A FAMILIAR TALK WITH SCIENCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Now, why is the sky blue? Not only does the air absorb light, it reflects it also. The particles of air reflect, however, most especially the blue ray, while they let the red and his companions slip by. This constant reflection of the blue ray causes the whole air to appear blue; but what else does it cause? Let us consider. If air reflects, or turns aside, or hustles out of its place, the blue ray, suffering the rest to pass, it follows as a consequence that the more air a ray of light encounters, the more blue will it lose. The sun's rays in the morning and the evening falling aslant, as we have said, across a great breadth of our atmosphere, must lose their blue light to a terrible extent, and very likely reach us with the blue all gone, and red lord Paramount. But so, in truth, the case is; and the same fact which explains the blueness of the atmosphere, explains the redness of the sunrise and the sunset. It will now easily be understood, also, why the blue colour of the sky is deepest in the zenith, faintest when we look over the horizon: why the blue is at noon deeper than after mid-day; why it grows more intense as we ascend to higher eleva-

tions. From what we have already said, the reason of these things will come out with a very little thought.

Now, let us see whether we are yet able to make out the philosophy of a fine autumn sunset. As the sun comes near the horizon, he and the air about him become red, because the light in that direction has been robbed of the blue rays in traversing horizontally so large a portion of the atmosphere. The sky in the zenith pales, for it has little but the absorbed or diffused light to exist upon. Presently we see a redness in the east, quite opposite to the sun, and this redness increases until the sun sinks from our sight. In this case, the last rays of the sun that traverse the whole breadth of the atmosphere, reflects from the east, from vapours there, and more especially from clouds, come red to our eyes; no blue can be remaining in them. From the west, where the sun is setting, the rays come from the surrounding air, and from the clouds, variously coloured: they lose their blue, but there remains the red, green, orange, yellow, and the purple rays; and some, or all of these may make the tints that come to us, according to the state and nature of the clouds, the atmosphere, and other circumstances that may modify the process of refraction. The sun has set; it is immediately below the horizon, and its rays still dart through all our atmosphere, except that portion which is shielded from them by the intervening shadow of the earth. That shadow appears in the east, soon after sunset, in the shape of a calm blue arch, which rises gradually in the sky, immediately opposite to the part glorified by sunset odours. Over this arch, the sky is red, with the rays not shut out by the round shadow of our ball. As the sun sinks, our shadow of course, rises; and without it there can be only the diffused twilight, always blue. When this arch, this shadow of the earth—has risen almost to the zenith, and the sun is at some distance below the horizon, then the red colour in the west becomes much more distinct and vivid, for the sun then shoots up thither its rays, through a still larger quantity of intervening atmosphere; so that the redness grows as the sun sinks, until the shadow of the earth has covered all, and the stars—of which the brightest soon were visible—grew numerous upon the vault of heaven. When stars of the sixth magnitude are visible, then, astronomically speaking, twilight ends. The length of twilight will depend upon the number of rays of light that are reflected and dispersed, and, that again, will depend entirely upon the atmosphere. Where there is much vapour, and the days are dull by reason of the quantity of kidnapped light, then compensation is made by the consequent increase of twilight. In the interior of Africa night follows immediately upon sunset. In summer the vapour rises to a great height, and pervades the atmosphere; the twilight then is longer than in winter, when the colder air contains less vapour, and the vapour it contains lies low.

Now, since the appearances at twilight depend on the conditions of the sky, it follows that our weather-wisdom drawn from such appearances, is based upon a philosophical foundation. When there is a blue sky, and after sunset a slight purple in the west, we have reason for expecting fine weather. After rain, detached clouds, coloured red, and tolerably bright, may rejoice those who anticipate a pic-nic party. If the twilight show a partiality for whitish yellow in its dress, we say that very likely there will be some rain next day; the more that whitish yellow spreads over the sky, the more the chance of water out of it. When the sun is brilliantly white, and sets in a white light, we think of storms; especially so when light, high clouds that dull the whole sky become deeper near the horizon. When the colour of the twilight is a greyish red, with portions of deep red passing into grey, that hide the

sun, then be prepared, we say, for wind and rain. The morning signs are different. When it is very red we expect rain; a grey dawn means fine weather. The difference between a grey dawn and a grey twilight is this—in the morning, greyness depends upon usually low clouds, which melt before the rising sun; but in the evening greyness is caused by high clouds, which continue to grow denser through the night. But if in the morning there be so much vapour as to make a red dawn, it is most probable that thick clouds will be formed out of it in the course of the operations of the coming day.

Refraction of light has a good deal to do also with the twinkling of the stars; though these may go to the explanation of that phenomenon, other principles of which do not concern our present purpose. The air contains layers of different density shifting over each other in currents. The fixed stars, are, to our eyes, brilliant points of light; their rays broken in passing through these currents, exhibit an agitation which is not shown by the planets. The planets are not points to our sight, not points to our telescopes; being much nearer, although really smaller, they are to our eyes of a decided measurable size; so being in greater body, we at most could only see their edges scintillate; and this we can do sometimes through a telescope, but scarcely with the naked eye.

In rainbows, light is both refracted and reflected. You can only see a rainbow when the sun is low, your own position being between the rainbow and the sun. The rays of light refracted by the shower, into their prismatic colours, are then reflected by the shower back into your eye; and so from the principles we started with, it will be clear that while a thousand people may see, under the same circumstances, a rainbow of the same intensity, no two people see precisely the same object, but each man enjoys a rainbow to himself.

Of haloes, and of lunar rainbows, of double suns, of the mirage, or any other extraordinary things, developed by the play of light and air together, we did not intend to speak. Our discussion was confined to such an explanation of some every day sights as may lend aid to contemplation sometimes of an autumn evening, when

. "The soft hour
Of walking comes; for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature."

Do you not think the man hopelessly deaf, who professing to converse with nature, does not hear the lessons which she is forever teaching?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editors will in no case undertake to return manuscripts.

No communication or article will be inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author.

The Principal of Kings College—Many thanks for your letter and enclosure.

Robert Shaw, B. A. (Charlottetown)—We shall be happy to hear from you at any time. Thanks for your letter and subscription.

Student (Dalhousie College)—Your article declined, with thanks.

G. M. (King's College)—Thanks for your good wishes and Subscriptions.

WHAT I SAW IN SCOTLAND.

Seventeen years ago I witnessed a strange adventure, and so thrilling was it, that it has clung to my memory ever since with awful tenacity and vividness. I will endeavour to relate it as clearly as possible, that you may be able to understand fully the true position of each of the actors. First, allow me a few preliminary remarks of explanation. I lived in good old Scotland till I was nineteen years of age, and then, with my mother and father, crossed the stormy Atlantic to Nova Scotia. When in my native land I lived near a place called St. Kildians. This town is in the north of Scotland, situated on a rugged site overlooking a beautiful harbour.

Further north, about ten miles, is a small tract of country, hilly, barren and very dreary, and sparsely populated. The mere log huts, which shelter their sturdy inhabitants, form a strange contrast with the gloomy country around. It is bounded by a rocky shore, and cliffs of granite of immense extent, tower high above the frowning sea beneath. On the 14th of Sept., A.D., 1852, the "Iron Duke," or the "hero of a hundred fights"—as he was fondly called by his grateful countrymen—died. On the 18th of November his remains were borne through mournful, crowded streets, to St. Pauls, and laid by the dust of Nelson—his old companion in glory. That 18th of November was a public holiday, and on such days all who can, endeavour to get away from the "dust and din" of a city, and as the saying is, "to get a mouthful of fresh air."

I made arrangements the day previous with two comrades, to have a sail to the north, and view the wild scenery of the place of which I have just spoken. The morning dawned, fresh and beautiful, with a wind very suitable for our purpose, and by nine o'clock we were moving off from the quay with light hearts and boyish satisfaction. There were four of us in the boat, my two companions, the boatman and myself. We glided along smoothly, and soon turned a point which shut out from our view the houses and steeples and smoke of our native St. Kilda.

In about thirty minutes we were passing St. Kildians. The town appeared as if it were asleep, the streets were deserted, and a foreigner could easily see that something unusual—something solemn—was the cause of it.

We glided on and soon left St. Kildians far behind us. We now amused ourselves by firing at the water fowls which whirled above our heads. We picked one up, and found it was a gull. Our old boatman appeared perfectly familiar with the habits and history of the Gull. He told us that in the very rocks we were nearing, they had nests on the shelves, where they laid quantities of eggs, and in procuring these by suspending themselves over these high precipices, the inhabitants of that dreary district, of which I formerly spoke, procured a scanty and well earned sustenance for their families. The conversation continued, and grew more interesting; many questions were asked the "old Salt" concerning the different birds which were flying above us, and he seemed familiar with the history of each. Time flew on, and we were rapidly nearing the long-talked of cliffs. As we turned a point we came in sight of immense flocks of birds, distant about two miles; they whirled suddenly up and down, one flock would fly back to the shelves of the rock, while another would wing its flight away out over the broad, deep Atlantic, until its sharp figure cut on the blue sky was entirely lost to our view. The scenery was now splendid. We were opposite one of the highest and grandest peaks of that long line of rock in which many thousands birds have nests almost innumerable. Ever around this peak wing the never tiring Gull, and we seemed to glide under a live roof of birds fly-

ing in all directions: their breasts clean and white as the new-fallen snow.

Opposite this peak we anchored. We again took up our fowling pieces and we would all fire into a flock together, and down would fall some half a dozen birds or more. But we soon scared them all away till none remained to fire at. We laid by our guns, and made "game" of the good things we brought with us for a lunch. The scenery was sublime, and I think it owes its grandeur more than anything else to the height of that immense wall of rock which guards the entire northern shore of "Caledonia stern and wild."

Here, too, is a striking contrast between the ever-moving sea and the solid grim appearance of that wall of stone, against which it lashes its fury almost unceasingly.

But as we were surveying the beauty of the scenery around us, and enjoying our lunch, what was our horror on observing a human being walking on the edge of that cliff opposite us, at such a giddy height.

(To be Continued.)

ANCIENT SPECULATION.

It is interesting to contemplate first beginnings. The first blow struck in a work whose prosecution is of great importance seems to have something in its very sound peculiar to itself. The first principle laid of a system whose future development moves the world has a charm from its very primogeniture. About the origin hovers an attraction which belongs to no stage of subsequent growth. Towards this we naturally turn; this prompts the first question. Proportionate to the greatness of the subject is the interest excited by its birth, hence no class of enquiries has so large a part of its attraction attendant upon the first blush of its appearance as that pertaining to mind. Our intellects find high pleasure in attending to the first struggle of man to free himself from the ignorance which naturally fetters him; in tracing his slow progress in untried paths; his mistakes, his discoveries, his failures, his successes. The seventh century before the Christian era saw a distorted devotional feeling riding triumphant over Reason. Man bowed without question to the shrine of arrogant superstition. The trickery of priests extorted obedience from the deluded multitude. The credulous people with rare exceptions believed the sayings of their religion without enquiring into their correctness or demanding reason for their credence. Things were believed to be in truth what their senses declared them to be, and where mystery occurred man adored. Time passed; the darkness became less dense. Mind moved. As the rising sun first lights the eastern hills so the first gleams of philosophic truth seems to have come from the east. Through the thick beautiful foliage of oriental mythology they struggled and irradiated the shaded intellect beneath. The simple and natural, yet sublime and difficult question was asked, "What is the prime principle whence creation emanated?" The enquiry was legitimate, but not their mode of answering it. Religion was interrogated for a reply. The Hindoos declared their God Brahma, who existed in the three-fold state of Brahma, the Deity of rest, Brahma, creating or active, Vishnu, the preserver, and Sceva, resolving all back to unity to be the origin of all existence. The Egyptians acknowledged the mystery overhanging the question and represented their God as a veiled unknown. The Persians saw a unity in Time whence creation came. We notice these theories only because of the question raised, and pass on to Greece the future home of Philosophy, where it received the fullest discussion. After centuries of blind faith in the myths and fanciful theories of religion when the oft-recurring truths of nature gave the lie to the tenets of my-

thology, men began to search for truth. Early prejudices and creeds long fettered the wings of thought, ignorance impeded the flight and often caused it to hover between old convictions and new observations. But the multiplied facts of every-day life soon forced conclusions upon the minds of thinkers, and opinions began timidly but unhesitatingly to differ from that so long held. Religion was rejected as an explanation of phenomena, and reason exalted to the judgment seat, belief based on sufficient grounds expelled the faith of the devotee.

We shall endeavour briefly to trace the growth of knowledge, observing the erection of the splendid structures of speculation, their duration and decay. The Ionian colonies of Greece first claim our attention. Change of country and intercourse with foreigners tends to dispel false views, leads to other points of view from which with less prejudice, things may be observed more impartially, and with better judgment, we may arrive at conclusions nearer the truth.

Communion with strangers, even if nothing superior in knowledge to ourselves, is of great benefit. Different though coordinate thoughts are obtained, and new methods of reaching results learned, and thus minds of one type, brought in contact with those of another, arrive at heights which neither alone would have scaled. Such influences seem to have produced such effects upon the Greeks of Asia Minor. They were well acquainted with the Phœnicians, and met Lydians every day. These Phœnicians were the sailors of the age, widely known as a daring practical race of men, less bound by religion than their friends on shore, untrammelled in thought, and free in fancy as the winds which bore them from port to port. Their creed was what facts would seem to warrant. They used their eyes more than their imagination. Their knowledge was pre-eminently empirical. Meeting such minds as these, the idealistic intellect of the Greek suffered considerable modification. They descended from the fairy land of imaginative causes, and instituted a search after some material beginning. Their attention to commerce forced them to become close observers of nature, and taught them habits of patient research. Facts alone were deemed worthy consideration. Truth was what was sought. Experience was the test, sense the instrument, matter the object with which they busied themselves. The physical world was all to them, it was to be studied, it was complete in itself, it would be found to harmonize in all its phases. Among the cities of the Ionians, Miletus was the most celebrated. Among its leading men Thales was the greatest, among its scholars he had no companion. His birth is placed in the year 603, B. C. He is the father of philosophy. He is universally recognized as the first guide into the dim, bewildering, and unsatisfactory, though not wholly profitless domain of ontological science. A humble disciple with the great book of nature spread before him he began the attempt at reading the lessons it contains.

As with unwearied assiduity he turned page after page and scanned its contents with eager eyes the same truth expressed in different language, and illustrated in endless variety, was presented to his mind. Change he found taught in every line. Every object repeated it. The ceaseless roll of the Heavens above, now bearing on their bosom dense dark clouds, like floating Alps now draped in that indescribable commingling of colors which would stay the progress of the day to their longer exhibition, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the appearance, growth and disappearance of the moon; the earth never so well dressed as to don the same habiliments on the morrow; the rise and progress of vegetation; the birth, life and death of animals and men; the different phenomena hovering round the

same objects; water appearing as ice and steam; wood becoming smoke and ashes; all profoundly impressed him with this truth. Bewildered by the number, complexity and variable nature of the objects presented to his view, and prompted by a universally operative philosophical principle, Thales strove to classify the material phenomena offered for his inspection to find their points of resemblance and beneath the modes or forms of existence to detect that element of which all phenomena were but the mutable states. He felt that the prime principle of Being could not vary as its appearances did. It must be capable of assuming different phases in order to produce the infinite diversity observable, yet it must be always essentially the same. His query now was "what is that which will meet these requirements?" Going in quest of it, Thales thought he found it in water. Its apparent omnipresence probably struck him at first. An inhabitant of the sea shore, he seemed to float upon the "vasty deep"—the ever-flowing oceanus, the heavens were charged with moisture; the earth has its every pore permeated by this all-diffusing element. Vegetable life was always found in conjunction with it. Animal vitality was known to be dependent on it. The breath seemed but an attenuated form of water. Its power of existing in different states also strengthened his belief in moisture as the first principle of all things. All phenomena might be grouped into liquids, solids, and gasses, each of which found a beautiful representative in the state of moisture, as water, ice, or vapour. This is about all that can be spoken with precision of this thinker. The details of his system are lost. The principle of generalization which he followed, is just the natural course of mind. Identity and difference are the right and left hands of intellect. By them we classify rise from particulars to generals, press towards a unity. To reach this unity in physics, identify it, prove its reality and applicability, was the effort of the first speculatists. Probably early impressions influenced Thales in his selection of water as the one element of existence. The mythological account of creation made the gods of nature spring from Oceanus and Terra, divinities of the sea and land. It is doubtful whether he had any notion of a Divine mind, above elements, or believed the gods themselves owed their origin to moisture. It is difficult to believe that he could reduce all to a physical *arche*. Some notion of spiritual essence far removed above material substance, would seem to intrude upon his mind. One glance in upon himself, one act of reflection, one inquiry into his own being would appear sufficient to convince him that something which no variation of moisture would produce, exists in man. We must, however, try and imagine the novelty of all such investigations to Thales. A difficulty mastered, we wonder why others cannot do it, and a question answered seems very easy of solution; knowing we are often uncharitable towards the less enlightened, the greatness of our own advantage, blinds us to the disadvantages of others: hence with our clear views of the Universe, with all crying out for an Intellectual First Cause, we can learn it is possible, nay probable that he had no idea of any scientific principle beyond the material one he propounded. The step taken by Thales was important; not so much for the truths at which it arrived as for its direction and the tendency it gave for thought. The minds of thinkers were set to discover and trace this fundamental element. "What is?" was the question asked by many an anxious enquirer, and over the consciousness of their inability to satisfactorily answer it, we have the laughter of Democritus, the moody melancholy of Heraclitus, and the deep despairing cry of Xenophanes.

(To be Continued.)

AMONG THE HILLS.

The story of the "pale young daughter" relating the manner in which she came to Bear camp, and found a pleasant home there, forms the subject of Whittier's new poem. The poet introduces us to his subject by picturing to us a scene of autumnal beauty, rendered all the more beautiful by the disagreeableness of the preceding summer.

"For weeks the clouds had raked the hills
And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the hills complaining."

The figure used in the first line is well suggested by the features of the scene into which the poet is transporting us. The clouds are represented as "raking the hills" He personifies the clouds, and makes them express his own feelings. Again, the "woods are sad" and the "brooks complain." The poet merges his own personality in the objects before him, gives them a spiritual existence, and commences with them as real animate beings. But the weather breaks up, for

"A sudden night storm tore
The mountain veils asunder."

The manner in which the clouds overhang the mountains, suggests the idea of the "veil." The sun soon shines forth, which the poet expresses thus:—

"And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow, pierced the water."

It is not so much the brilliancy or appearance of the sun that convinces him of his shining, as the shadow of the mountain piercing the water, and in this the poet is true to the features of the scene he describes. There is a subtle analogy implied in the shadow's piercing the water. The poet can as easily make a shadow pierce as a brook complain. Colour is an attribute of body, as also motion, and these qualities in the shadow immediately suggest a material force, and so far as we know, material forces only can pierce.

Now a hostess appears accompanying the poet, and they are driving down through the beautiful hills and meadows, watching

"The rivers of gold-mist floating down
From far celestial fountains,
The great sun flaming through the rifts
Beyond the wall of mountains."

The thickly falling mist suggests a river, and its flowing down some place whence it flows, far above where all our celestial things dwell, hence a "celestial fountain." Again, it is gold mist, because "the great sun flames through the rifts, beyond the walls of mountains" and makes the mist resemble a golden river flowing down.

"The shadows lengthening down the slopes,
About our feet were falling."

Then they pause and admire the beautiful rural scene which smiles around them. "The maple bending o'er the gate" the "fair democracy of flowers" smile on "porch and trellis." The flowers are democratic, because they "equal cot and palace." and they smile because they suggest all these pleasant feelings which we associate with flowers. Properly speaking, it is only *persons* who can be said to smile, it is the attribute of animated existence only,

and to make it the attribute of anything else, is at once to destroy the distinction between spiritual and material existence, which is the very thing the poet does, and the tendency of the human mind to do so, is the very circumstance on which depends the possibility of figurative language at all. The tendency to personify is universally characteristic of the human mind. Poetically speaking, all creation is an animate existence, in which every object has all the qualities of a spiritual being,—they walk, they smile, they sing, they hear, they see, they feel, they act. Upon the admission of this principle, the attribution of power to all material phenomena will necessarily follow, to explain which, no other theory need be resorted to, than that which recognizes the universal tendency of the human mind to personify material existence. The phenomena of an axe cutting or the fire burning is explicable on the very same principle as that which explains the phenomenon of a flower smiling, or a brook complaining. But we must proceed with the poet while he introduces to us a “human flower of childhood” who is represented shaking “the sunshine from her tresses.” The sunshine is materialized, so to speak, in a manner similar to that which we have already dwelt upon, in our analysis of the shadow piercing the water. It assumes, in the poet’s eye, a bodily form, which she is represented as shaking from her tresses. Our couple are very observant, they see around them “signs of fancy and of shrewdness.”

“Where taste had wound its arms of vines
Round thrifts’ uncomely rudeness.”

Taste, a feeling, is here, personified, and represented as winding its arms around “thrifts’ uncomely rudeness.” The appearance of the vines climbing the farmhouse, suggests the idea of taste. The farmhouse is “thrifts’ uncomely rudeness.” Taste and thrift are here seen combined, not however, as oxygen and hydrogen, for this would be scientific, not poetic, but as two lovers or friends embracing each other, for this evidently is the conception that flashes on the poet’s mind, as he beholds the combination before him.

Now, the sun-brown farmer appears “in his frock” and greets them with a shake hands, while Mary, our “fair pale daughter” comes “white aproned from the dairy.” Then follows a charming description of “womanly completeness” in which nature and art again combine in character, as we have just seen them do so in scene.

“Not beautiful in curve or line,
But something more and better,
The secret charm eluding art,
Its spirit, not its letter.
An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,
The warmth of genial courtesy
The calm of self-reliance.”

(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.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Permit me to express the pleasure with which I noticed the advent of your literary enterprise. Yours is, I believe, the first attempt to start a genuine literary periodical in connection with our Collegiate Institutions; and I wish its projectors every success in their laudable undertaking. If your efforts should develop into a literary journal of some repute in colonial society it would be only a just reward of your courage in its inception. From the perusal of one or two of your articles I have been not a little impressed with their boldness of thought, to

which attribute of the mind I have no objection, if it be indulged in reverently towards well-received oracles of the past. Anything, too, bearing upon a true classification of the sciences, has special attraction for me. It is in connection with this topic that I would offer a few remarks.

In your last number there is a thoughtful article entitled “The Object of Science.” Although the nature and ends of science are clearly presented, the relative importance of some of the sciences is not so clearly established. M. Comte, Mill, and Buckle have each aided in claiming a pre-eminent place for the rudimental science of Sociology. The first of these authors is its most prominent exponent, to introduce which into the family of the Sciences he would exclude those which seek to discover the phenomena of mind, the attributes of the soul, and man’s relation to the Divinity. Your correspondent, while he acknowledges the absence of uniformity in the phenomena which this science reveals, thinks that “no inherent difficulty is presented to prevent Sociology from occupying the same position as Astronomy.” This is a bold comparison; since Astronomy is universally acknowledged as belonging to the exact Sciences. I shall not allude to the atheistic tendency of many of M. Comte’s views regarding human knowledge, but will ask for further space in your columns for a paragraph or two on the merits of this modern teaching.

I will premise by asserting that reasoning concerning morals and human conduct is ever attended with uncertainty as compared with reasoning respecting the phenomena of nature. Human actions do not present so invariable an aggregation of facts, from which to establish general principles. Man’s will is not always subjected to the control of reason. It may be demonstrated to a man that such and such a course of action is right; but his will is inoperative. His intellect cannot exercise its legitimate functions, because opposed by inclinations to pride, selfishness, sensuality, or some other passion or propensity.

I have said that there exists a marked distinction in the relative accuracy of reasoning within the several spheres of thought. This distinction is not recognized by the class of thinkers to whom I have adverted. In this particular the logical system of the eminent living writer, John Stuart Mill, is defective. Mr. Mill (and in this he is at one with Comte) while he acknowledges the greater complexity of moral than natural causes, makes the will to be restrained and bound in by mental states and counteracting circumstances, the balance of which is the secret of causation. But Mr. Mill’s theory does not appear to recognise the constant operation of a Divine Providence, nor the supernatural and moral government of the Universe by an Almighty mind; or if it does, it makes the Creator to be as subject to immutable law, as it makes moral agents to be subject to an immutable tendency by an existing condition of mind or of events. And although M. Comte expounds a system of social progress concurrently with the progress of science, it is not such a progress, as the book of inspiration enunciates. The moral world is to be subjugated to the sway of Him who has bought it with His

blood, and who now wields His sceptre over it, How then can the progress of society be reasoned upon from the theory of ever-recurring monotonous manifestations of human actions? May it not rather be weighed and predicted by the higher laws of moral regeneration and activity, *symbolized* by the mathematical law of geometrical progression.

Yours sincerely,

THOS. F. KNIGHT.

Halifax, February 7th, 1869.

Tales

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED.)

A dense fog now arising, Julia, at the earnest entreaty of Ralph, went below. He walked about the deck for some time, and at last, going forward, seated himself on the rail near the bow. He sunk into a deep reverie. The wind was increasing, but he heeded it not. At length he was interrupted by one of the officers. "This no place for you, sir, go below, the other passengers have long ago retired." Ralph made a motion as if to obey, but only moved a few feet and again sunk into the train of thought which had been occupying his mind. He was not long in this position before the vessel received a shock, which shook her from stem to stern. All hands mustered on deck to ascertain the cause of the concussion. Nothing could be discerned, in the dense fog, but the hull of a large ship, moving rapidly past. The facts of the case were soon made known, and the fears of the passengers somewhat allayed. The stranger had struck the *Himera's* bow. The damage to the vessel was immaterial. The wind going down and the storm abating, things resumed their usual orderly state aboard the ship. With the first morning light Julia sought the deck, expecting to find Ralph. She was disappointed. However, nothing could be more natural than that he was making reparation for the loss of sleep that he had sustained. At last she became alarmed. It was nine o'clock—breakfast hour—and he had not yet made his appearance. She ventured to make an enquiry concerning his whereabouts, but no person could trace him any farther than the first of last evening, when the passengers had gone below to avoid exposure. At last she went to the captain. One of the officers who happened to be present, asked for a description of him. It was given. The officer appeared agitated. Julia seeing this, became greatly alarmed. A gentleman answering to that description, said the officer, was seated on the rail, just before the collision. The true situation of affairs at once broke on her mind. She went below, reached her own room, and locked the door. Then she flung her arms above her head with a wild cry of agony—half sob, half moan—and fell heavily on the floor. Now she was alone, the terrible cry of her despair broke forth. It was indeed despair—not pining girlish sorrow—utter despair. She neither fainted nor wept, but crouched on the floor, swaying to and fro, her small hands tightly clenched, her whole frame convulsed with a choking agony.

"O God!—O God—let me die," rose up the almost impious cry of the stricken heart that in happiness had rarely known thanksgiving or prayer,—while moan after moan broke the stillness. She breathed no word—not even *his* name. All that she felt then was a longing for silence—darkness—death. "O God!" she moaned, forgetting her

usual form of prayer—alas for Julia, in forms only had she learned to pray—"O God! have mercy—have mercy on me." Let us speak no more of this hour's agony. It was such as no human being has ever witnessed, or ever will, for the heart's most terrible struggles must be born alone. But a few have felt it—God help those few. He only who gave to mortal nature the power of thus loving, can guide, and sway, and comfort in a like hour. Into that poor torn heart entered misery unknown before; and its chambers no longer swept and garnished, became the habitation of legions of evil thoughts—to be exorcised thence no more.

CHAPTER II.

At Hornbrooke Castle Julia was soon missed. At breakfast time her maid came down and said that she had knocked several times at her mistress' door, and had been unable to procure admission, or to obtain any response. This was the more remarkable because Julia was habitually an early riser. The Earl became alarmed, the Countess went quietly off into a fit of hysterics. The anxious father went himself, to the door, and knocked loudly several times. In vain! Becoming now thoroughly alarmed, he summoned a servant, and ordered him to force the door. It was done. He entered, and perceived at a glance that Julia was not there. A letter addressed to himself, lying on a conspicuous portion of the toilet-table, soon caught his eye. Hastily he tore it open, and read:—

MY DEAR, DEAR FATHER,—Long before you see this, I shall be far away from the shores of England. Impelled by an unconquerable love for Ralph, and knowing well that you would never consent to a union between us—without which I could never look forward to happiness in this world—I have taken the step of leaving my home and proceeding with him to a foreign land.

Forgive me—forgive me—O my father. Remember the love you once bore to me, and, as of old, in your prayers, ask God to bless your child. And my mother, how my heart sinks when I think of her; surely she will not forget me, her only child. My tears flow as I write. They, at least, will show you that I am still—as I always have been
Your affectionate, loving daughter,

JULIA.

In our next will appear the first of a series of articles entitled "A Talk About Nerves," from the pen of the author of "A Familiar Talk with Science," which is concluded in this number.

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