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### ANALOGY.

It is a common remark that no two objects in the world are exactly alike. Perhaps, however, the converse also holds true, and with equal correctness it may be affirmed that none are entirely dissimilar. A greater or less degree of likeness exists between all bodies. Some so closely resemble each other as to be scarcely distinguishable; others, again, have comparatively few qualities in common. The term *Resemblance* has been applied to denote external similitude or similarity in outward and visible qualities.

But this similarity or difference between objects need not necessarily be confined or restricted to outward qualities. We may have *internal* as well as *external* resemblance. Under the greatest possible outward diversity there may exist similarity, nay, perhaps actual identity of laws or principles. Again: objects the most unlike in appearance may produce exactly similar effects. To represent this we have a specific term—*Analogy*.

The distinction between Resemblance and Analogy is easily seen, and must be carefully borne in mind. Both consist in identity: the former in outward appearance or qualities, the latter in external laws or effects. Analogy is but a more subtle form of Resemblance. Both have their origin in the same law of mind, viz: Identity and Difference; both are in some respects alike. Without attempting a play upon words we may say that Resemblance *resembles* Analogy, inasmuch as both depend on a degree of likeness: the former external, the latter internal. Analogy is thus only a finer kind of Resemblance. In proportion to the subtlety of the identity is the fineness of the Analogy, and the pleasure experienced by the mind in its discovery.

Metaphysicians have given various classifications of Analogies. One of the most simple is that of *Scientific*, *Inventive*, and *Poetic*. The last class has been still further divided into *Poetic Proper*, and *Illustrative*. Not content, however, with these simple English terms, the Latin language has been called upon to supply further names for the different kinds of Analogy. From this source we have the words *Fructifera*, *Lumenifera*, and *Poetica*. Having obtained this abundant supply of designations, it remains to consider the peculiar import of each.

Scientific and Inventive Analogies closely resemble each other, as also do Poetic and Illustrative. Still there are shades of difference existing between them. A purely Scientific Analogy occurs where the same law is seen to hold

in "different regions or departments of the universe." All that is needed to this kind of Analogy, it will be observed, is simply resemblance in law—not in outward form or appearance. The law must be the same, or produce similar results or effects. Examples are numerous. Let us select one or two. The principle which causes a drop of water to assume a spherical form is the same with that which regulates the planets in their motions through infinite space. The lid of a tea-kettle rises and falls in obedience to the same law which makes the iron horse thunder along the railway track, and causes the huge steamer with its hundreds of passengers and tons of freight, to walk the waters like a thing of life. The law, the *ratio*, is the same in each case, and the true Scientific Analogy is the discovery of this fact. What an exercise—worthy the most profound intellect! With these laws and their application every school-boy is familiar; but it took a Newton to generalize the one, and a Watt to elaborate the other.

Suppose now this observed similarity or identity in law to be applied to secure practical results,—this gives us *Inventive Analogy*. To this the grandest inventions of modern times are due. A Scientific Analogy is applied to the accomplishment of human purposes. It is no longer purely Scientific—but Inventive. Examples of this are innumerable. The great inventions of the age supply excellent instances. The steam engine has already been referred to. An equally good example is furnished by the electric telegraph. Since the deluge men have been familiar with the appearance of lightning. But never to the mind of the boldest did it occur that such a fiery steed could be tamed and made subservient to human ends. The ancients would have deemed it almost impious to attempt to make a servant of that which they regarded as the manifestation of the anger of the gods, or to turn to practical account the brandishing of Jupiter's sword. But what do we now see? This same element in daily, hourly, use! Wires are laid connecting places thousands of miles apart, and over these messages are constantly passing with a rapidity greater than that of light itself. Nay, we are not content to stretch telegraphs merely over the land; the very ocean must be spanned, and Britain and America shake hands across the broad Atlantic. Yet we Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century possess no new law of nature to enable us to work such wonders. No change has been made in her operations. That which is to-day our constant messenger was known to the men of six thousand years ago; to Noah in the ark, doubtless even to Adam in the garden. It is not that nature has been more liberal to us than she was to them; but that we have discovered and applied to practical uses a law unknown to them with all their superior wisdom in other respects. Thus it is that we are able, or will in a short time be able, to surpass even the wild fancy of him who dreamed of putting a girdle round the earth in twenty minutes. Who can over-estimate the importance of such Analogies? Let him reflect

what would be the condition of the world if deprived of their results.

An *Illustrative Analogy* is where a law observed to be the same in different departments is used for the purpose of illustration or explanation. The world of matter being much more familiar to us than that of mind we are naturally led to seek from the former Analogies to assist us in understanding the latter. Hence it is that we find this species of Analogy often employed to convey the finest and most important moral truths.

All writers on Ethics use it to a greater or less extent. It furnished Paley with the basis of his Natural Theology, and Butler his more famous Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion. We find the inspired writers making frequent use of it to illustrate and enforce their doctrines. Witness that sublime analogy employed by the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his famous and beautiful argument for the doctrine of the resurrection: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him. \* \* \* \* So also is the resurrection of the dead." The whole Bible abounds with examples of such analogies. All Scripture emblems belong to this class; as for example such passages as these: "As the hart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." There is a beautiful similarity in laws pervading the whole of these. But it is needless to multiply examples. In the words of our blessed Saviour Himself, we will find the Illustrative Analogy frequently occurring. Listen while He who spake as never man spake, addresses his disciples: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. \* \* \* \* Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Or, again, as He bids them dispel their gloomy doubts and fears, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith." Can we wonder at the power which these words possess even at the present day? Human nature is the same now as it was then, and consequently, our minds perceive the beautiful Analogies implied in these utterances as clearly as did those of His hearers.

Several of the figures of Rhetoric have their origin in Analogy; especially those which imply comparison. Resemblance alone, gives us the simile; Analogy, the metaphor; and if sufficiently extended, the allegory. Of this last, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress affords perhaps the best example.

We thus see that much of the beauty of literature is due to Analogy. Both prose and poetry are largely indebted to it. But this leads us more fully to consider the fourth class of Analogies, namely *Poetic*. Here the identity in laws is taken notice of, not for the purpose of illustration or illumination, but of ornamentation. The Poetic differs from the purely Illustrative Analogy in that the similarity between the laws is more difficult of discovery. It is not plainly and easily seen, as in the other kinds of Analogy, but is instead often a mere creation of the mind, or capable of being perceived by the mind only when in the ideal state. Those who possess strong powers of imagination excel in the discovery of these subtle Poetic Analogies.

Hence it is that every man cannot be a poet, even though he should climb Parnassus. Something more than mere elegance of expression and refinement in thought is needed to constitute the true master of song. He must possess, in addition to these qualities, the rarer ones of skill in detecting subtle Analogies, and dexterity in using them. Unless he have these qualifications, the assistance of the nine muses themselves, with every other advantage real or imagined, will never make him a poet worthy the name. He may be a rhymester, but a poet—never.

It is in this species of Analogy, then, that the great charm of poetry lies. Examples are innumerable. The difficulty is not to obtain, but to discriminate. We shall limit ourselves to a few from the more familiar poets. These may serve as specimens of the whole class.

In the opening lines of Longfellow's "Evangeline," which will never cease to be read with delighted interest by Nova Scotians at least, occur the following fine examples:—

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the  
twilight,

Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest.

\* \* \* \* \* "Acadian farmers,—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven."

Or again, in his "Golden Legend":—

"The night is calm and cloudless,  
And as still as still can be,  
And the stars come forth to listen  
To the music of the sea.  
They gather, and gather, and gather,  
Until they crowd the sky,  
And listen in breathless silence,  
To the solemn litany.  
It begins in rocky caverns,  
As a voice that chants alone  
To the pedals of the organ  
In monotonous under tone;  
And anon from shelving beaches,  
And shallow sands beyond,  
In snow white robes uprising,  
The ghostly choirs respond.  
And sadly and unceasing  
The mournful voice sings on,  
And the snow white choirs still answer  
CHRISTE ELEISON!"

Mrs. Sigourney gives us a fine example in her "Coral Insect":—

"Ye build, ye build, but ye enter not in,  
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin;  
From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
E'er its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye  
As the kings of the cloud-capped pyramid,  
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,  
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,  
While the wonder and pride of your works remain."

It is impossible not to admire the beauty of the fine Analogies contained in these lines. Take them away, and the several extracts sink to the level of mere common-place descriptions. In the use of Analogy then, lies the grand power of the poet—that which enables him, above all other men, to give utterance to his ideas in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The classification under the Latin terms *Fructifera* (fruit bearing), *Lumenifera* (light producing), and *Poetica* (poetic), should now fall under our consideration. But little time, however, need be devoted to the explication of these. They correspond in signification exactly to the kinds of Analogy already discussed. *Fructifera* includes the two classes of scientific and inventive; *Lumenifera* is a synonym for illustrative; while *Poetica* and poetic



Analogies are as closely connected in meaning as the terms themselves are in sound. As the English names have been sufficiently explained above, there is no need of entering upon any definition of their Latin equivalents.

In taking leave of the subject, we may remark the great importance of Resemblance and Analogy. We have seen that many of those rhetorical figures which adorn and enliven literature, have their origin in Resemblance, and that the chief charm of poetry is due to Analogy. Illustrative Analogy affords a still more important result—reasoning. All parables and fables may be resolved into a species of argument, founded upon Analogy. Butler's famous work is an excellent example of the force of this kind of reasoning.

Ability to discover subtle Analogies has already been referred to as that which specially characterizes the poet. But this power is not wholly confined to him. To a greater or less extent, it is common to every one. All do not possess the poetic faculty; but all have some degree of dexterity in detecting hidden analogies. Doubtless many a beautiful thought is thus hidden in some mind where we at least expect it, as the fairest flowers are often found in some unfrequented nook. In such a case, one might well say with the poet:—

“I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.”

We may all be poets in our own humble way, not by obtruding upon others the products of our fancy, but by ourselves revelling in them. Thus we will be, in a manner, independent of Longfellow and Byron, of Scott and Tennyson, of Milton and Shakespeare. Each one may say for himself

“My mind to me a kingdom is.”

and this thought will do much to elevate him, and make him feel that superiority which intellect gives.

From the influence of such analogies the mind, perhaps, is never free. The reason is obvious. All nature abounds with them. Every object we can see bears a resemblance to something else, either in external or internal qualities. Very many are symbolic of moral ideas. This has been happily expressed by a talented author—“Do not the heavens symbolize greatness, vastness of idea, expansiveness of thought and of feeling? Does not humility find its symbol in the lowly shrub or in the still lowlier flower? Do not some flowers court the shade and seek the hiding places of creation? Some, again, pine in the shade, and flaunt garishly in the day. Does not purity find its emblem in the lily, and faithfulness in the sun flower? The rose is said never to be without its thorn, while moralists have not failed to remark that certain flowers do not give out their fragrance till they are crushed. The parasitical plant robs the tree round which it clings of its strength, and the stronger falls by the weaker. The oak breaks but the willow bends in the storm.”

What a boundless field of enjoyment and improvement is thus opened up to the human mind! and how much gratitude should it excite towards the Great Creator, who has not only given us such wonderful mental powers, but has placed that which calls forth and trains them, not in some obscure, unattainable region of thought, but in objects by which we are continually surrounded. May we not see in this a fresh proof of His beneficence and wisdom? Happy is he who can trace in everything the marks of the Divine Original—

“Whom, what he finds  
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower;  
Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak  
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God!”

## TALK ABOUT NERVES.

(CONCLUDED.)

The connections of the sympathetic with the spinal nerves and the fifth, account for the pain felt in remote parts when the cause is in the internal organs. Tic, which is an affection of the fifth nerve, is almost always so caused, and is never relieved by cutting the nerve, because the pain of an injured nerve, wherever the seat of injury may be, is always referred to its extremities. A man after his leg has been cut off will feel perfectly his knee, ankle and toes! and he will sometimes use his hands to lift his lost knee over the one he has left.

The nerves of the special senses come from the brain. There is a distinct nerve on each side for the sense of smelling, seeing and hearing. The nerve of taste, as we have mentioned, is a branch of the fifth, as it would seem to render that system quite complete. Their peculiarities are indicated by their names. They are quite insensible to pain. Irritate the optic nerve, and the consequence is a flash of light. The sensitiveness of the eye is given by branches of the fifth, and its movements are regulated by three nerves from the brain, which are exclusively distributed to the muscles of the eye. Altogether no less than six nerves are supplied to this important organ. The optic nerve, being the only nerve of sight, makes us uncommonly sceptical when the mesmerists talk about reading with the pit of the stomach. Sympathy will do a great deal and convey pain to any part, but there are no connections between the sympathetic and optic nerves. Here again we may remark the peculiar sensibility of each part. You may pass your finger over the eyeball with little or no inconvenience; but a grain of dust will incite a copious flow of tears to wash it away. There is no such thing as common sensibility. The sensibility of the skin is one thing, that of the eye another, that of the stomach another. The cause of this difference we know not: the reason of it is obvious, and its perfection is a beautiful proof of that wisdom which has fitted man so well for his situation in the world. By it we are defended, as by impregnable armour, from the thousand external objects which would otherwise assail us. Let the fifth nerve be paralysed—the eye will see well enough by means of the optic nerve, but it will no longer feel the particle of dust upon its surface. They will collect, will inflame, and will ultimately destroy the eye. But supposing our knee or ankle joints were sensitive to the same degree, we should be unable to bear the weight of the body, far less to walk. Yet were they not sensible at all, we should want a guide to the amount of pressure and of exertion they can bear with impunity. If the skin of the hand were not sensitive, we should take hold of red hot irons like the poor soldier, and burn ourselves. But were the membranes which cover the internal organs as sensitive as the skin, every vital function would be attended with pain. Existence would be agony.

I have now briefly described three sorts of nerves; first, the spinal nerves and the fifth from the brain, which form a system sufficient to supply all the voluntary movements of an animal that has to seek and grasp its food; the system being rendered complete by the singular fact of the fifth nerve giving off one branch endowed with a special sense—taste. Second, when the food is caught and swallowed, another system, the sympathetic, presides over the offices of digestion and nutrition. Third, superadded to these are the nerves of the special senses—sight, hearing, and smelling; a distinct nerve, or rather a pair of nerves for each.

There is yet another class, perhaps the most interesting of all, called respiratory nerves, four in number, which

arise from a very circumscribed part of the brain where it is prolonged into the spinal cord; have very extensive ramifications, and whose office it is to regulate and combine all the parts which are concerned in the act of breathing. Breathing is not merely the expansion and contraction of the chest. In simple drawing in of the breath, the nostril must be distended, the tubes leading to the lung must be kept firmly open by muscular power; the heart must at the right moment contract, and send the blood into the lung to be purified. Numerous muscles are employed in this process. When breathing is difficult, additional muscles are put in exercise. The patient takes hold of something that, by fixing the arms, the muscles which go from the arm to the chest may raise the ribs, and all the muscles of the body give their aid. The harmonious action of all these parts is secured by their nervous energy being derived from the same source. One of these nerves emerges from the skull just in front of the ear, and regulates the movements of all the muscles of the face and eyelids (these parts derive sensibility from the fifth). Another goes to the muscle of the eye. The other two supply the heart and lungs, and all the parts connected with their functions.

The first action of a new-born child, and the last of the dying man is to breathe; and, during the passage from the cradle to the grave, every movement of the body affects the respiratory organs, and every emotion of the mind is outwardly expressed by that agency. It is no poetic fiction which describes the bounding heart of woe, or the sinking heart of sorrow. All passions of the mind exert an influence more or less powerful on the heart and on the breathing, and the muscles of the face, being supplied by a respiratory nerve, sympathise with their condition; and the quivering lip and the spasmodic twitch of the throat reveal the agony which pride strives in vain to conceal. No anatomy could depict all the changes of an animated countenance. But, we may, I think, draw one broad distinction between those mental emotions which have an exciting, and those which have a depressing influence on the heart's action. Laughter is, perhaps, the best instance of pure healthy excitement. The muscles round the mouth relax, and the involuntary muscles expand it into a smile; the man draws a full breath, and sends it out with jerks, and so agitated are the muscles of his sides and throat, that he is incapable of voluntary action, and holds his sides to steady them.

In weeping, the mouth is drawn aside, not from the relaxation of the circular muscle as in laughter, but by the strong action of the antagonistic muscles, particularly one which draws down the angle of the mouth! inspiration is quick and jerky, expiration slow, because the flow of blood to the lung is languid. All the other muscles are affected spasmodically by mental emotions, as pain, rage, fear, &c., but our knowledge will not enable us to explain why one muscle more than another should be the exponent of a certain passion. Yet, so sure is the sympathy between the heart and the mind, that long-continued grief has been known by its depressing influence to weaken the heart so much that its walls have yielded to the pressure of the blood, and the sufferer has died not only figuratively, but literally of a broken heart.

We will here quote a few lines from Sir Charles Bell:—

“Let us contemplate the appearance of terror. We can readily conceive why a man stands with eyes intently fixed on the object of his fears, the eye-brows elevated to their utmost, and the eyes largely uncovered; or why, with hesitating and bewildered steps, his eyes are wildly and rapidly in search of something. But, observe him further; there is a spasm on his breast: he cannot breathe freely, the chest is elevated, the muscles of his neck and shoulder are

in action, his breathing is short and rapid, there is a gasping and convulsive motion of the lips, or terror on his hollow cheek, a gulping and catching of his throat; and why does his heart knock at his ribs, while yet there is no force of circulation? for his lips and cheeks are ashy pale.

So in grief, if we attend to the same class of phenomena we shall be able to draw an exact picture. Let us imagine to ourselves the overwhelming influence of grief on woman. The object in her mind has absorbed all the powers of her frame, the body is no more regarded, the spirits have left it, it reclines, and the limbs gravitate; they are nerveless and relaxed, and she scarcely breathes; but why comes at intervals the long-drawn sigh? Or, why is the hand so pale and earthy cold? and why, at intervals, as the agony returns, does the convulsion spread over the form like a paroxysm of suffocation?”

The answer to the questions in the above quotation is, that the heart and lungs suffer with the mind. These bodily expressions are, to the feelings and passions, what language is to thought, and their utterance is universally understood. The actor and the painter must be correct in the anatomy and physiology of the passions they would delineate, or they will fail in enlisting the sympathy of the spectator. The mixed crowd in a theatre do not know why they are hushed to silence by the power of the actor. It is the truth of his voiceless language that awakens the same feeling in their hearts. In these cases we are the subject of an involuntary imitation, in the same way that one man yawning will set a room full of people yawning too; and that, as the passion gives rise to the outward sign, so the sigh or expression will awaken the feeling in the mind. Burke says, “I have often observed that in mimicking the looks and gestures, of placid, or frightened, or daring men, I have involuntarily found my mind turned to the passion whose appearance I endeavored to imitate.”

If this theory be correct, it readily explains why an error in the painting, or a wrong gesture in the actor, mars his work. Sympathy must be perfect. A more important question suggested by it is, can we not—by controlling the outward sign of passion—master the passion itself?

For, over these actions of the body the mind has a control, though unequal and imperfect. A suffering man may restrain the movement of the body, but he cannot preserve the colour in his cheeks, or the natural tone of his voice. A villain may habitually sneer at all softer passions, but his pallid features will betray him.

There remains yet one nerve of the respiratory group to describe. It is given, exclusively, to one muscle of the eye, whose office is to turn the eye upwards. This is its only use, and to it, perhaps, we must attribute the definite direction which has been given to all religious aspirations. The negro, savage, and the enlightened Christian both look upward when they address the Deity: whose abode in the highest heaven they would thus seem to seek. The action is involuntary, the muscle being perfectly independent of the will; so that, when the mind is absorbed in meditation, and the opposing voluntary muscles are passive, the eye is turned up by its agency. It is the expression of direction in its highest form, and of rapture; the eye always assuming this expression when the voluntary powers fail. It is an old idea, originated, I believe, by a Latin author, that the dying infant is looking homewards, when the eye is thus directed. It sometimes gives an expression of suffering; but it only indicates the loss of consciousness to external impressions.

On the integrity of the nervous system, in connection with the brain, depends essentially our life. Nervous energy and life are identical. The brain is composed of many parts, exquisitely delicate in structure, the minutest



part of which is essential. From it all the nerves—except the sympathetic nerves—derive their various endowments, and therefore we must ascribe to the different parts of the brain, different powers. But to those divisions, according to which phrenologists map out the skull into minute fractions, anatomy gives no countenance; more especially as the projections on the skull do not always correspond with the form of the brain itself.

## NIGHT THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

### V.

#### THE MATERIAL.

A clear conception of the relation which existence sustains to consciousness must be regarded as a most important philosophical acquisition. The question which presents itself for solution expressed interrogatively is this. Is consciousness commensurate with existence? In the expression: I feel or am conscious of pain, for instance; does the pain exist only as we are conscious of it? Again, in the expression: I am conscious of seeing a tree; does the tree exist only while it is before us, whether sensibly presented or mentally represented? Preparatory to answering this question we shall present an analysis of our conception of material existence in the course of which our theory of existence will gradually unfold itself. Matter as known to us, is known by its qualities, and since we cannot be conscious of a quality but as a mental product, it follows that matter as known to us can only be conceived of as a permanent combination of mental attributes which upon principles which we shall just now indicate, come to be regarded both as objective and absolute existence. But how, you ask, does a mental attribute which is purely a subjective creation acquire a character of objectivity?

The law of association is quite adequate to its explanation. When the infant just ushered into the world, of which it yet knows nothing, first opens his eyes, the optic nerve becomes instantly affected, the result of which is the sensation of color, which we hold to be the true object of vision. Although the tactual sense is the first to be affected in the order of sentiency, the infant has not yet formed any connection between his feelings of pain or pleasure, and external objects. This connection is the result of a more advanced stage of experience. But does not the conception of colour, it may be remarked, necessitate and presuppose the existence of body in which to inhere? Such a question is the result of a confusion of the effects of a long term of experience, during which the law of association was continually operative, with a time when these empirical results were isolated and lacked that permanency of existence and recurrence which alone admits of the action of that law. Color is independent of body, its supposed objective inherency is the result of a long state of co-existence with the object. Color must be regarded as the object of vision, just as feeling as the object of the tactual or smell of the object of the olfactory nerve, all of which are only active organic affections or sensations. This once admitted we have a solid enough foundation upon which to construct an objective world by known mental laws. The admission that color as originally given must be conceived of as external to the organism, cannot be regarded as detracting in the least from its subjective character, or as warranting any ascription to that sensation of priority of existence as a color. In what form color would exist prior to the excitement of the optic nerve we have no means of ascertaining. It becomes known to us as do all our sensations, as a relative sentient existence; of its absolute exist-

ence we know nothing, except that beyond consciousness, a feeling or sensation is relatively non-existent, and has no significance to us whatever. We are inclined to attribute the conception of its absolute existence at all to a false inference from the unbroken uniformity of our sense-presentations. Feelings first given in consciousness can again become the objects of consciousness by the law of suggestion, whose operation is dependent upon the character of the associations formed. And here again the same question recurs as to the locus of the recalled sensation, feeling or thought during the interval of its first and subsequent experience. If a feeling which we have never before experienced is non-existent until consciously revealed, there is nothing in the character of its subsequent revelation to warrant a different inference.

Having now obtained our conception of colour, which must be regarded as independent of body, and as certainly a state of the optic nerve, as feeling is a state of the tactual, we shall complete the association which gives us an objective world. It is not at all necessary according to this theory, however at variance its admissions may appear to our present conceptions, that body be presupposed before the sensations of color or touch became consciously existent. All our degrees of resistance and all our varieties of beauty become objective through association with the sensation of color, which although organically conditioned, as all our sensations are, must, like them be conceived as equally subjective. The true antecedents of the varieties of colour must in this light be sought for in the optic nerve; an examination of the changes observed to take place there during the consciousness of any particular color would be based upon such a metaphysical conception of that quality as we are advocating. We see thus how the accuracy and method of our physical inquiries are dependent upon our metaphysical conceptions. For, if color is independent of body, how can body be regarded as causatively related to it? It cannot, unless at the sacrifices of principles which, we think, rest on too sure a basis to justify such a sacrifice or without involving ourselves in a plain contradiction.

The infant now extends his hand, but finds that his efforts are resisted. In this feeling of resistance he acquires his first idea of body. He again extends his arm, and experiences the same feeling, while every repetition of the act produces similar experiences. But during his successive experiences he invariably observes conjoined with them a particular color, which, from its constant observed association with the feeling of resistance, becomes inseparably conjoined with it, and at all future times suggestive of it. This inseparable combined association of two sensations is all that is involved in the expression—colored body.

## AMONG THE HILLS.

(CONCLUDED.)

After these expressions of love on the part of the young farmer, we would naturally expect some concessions on her part, which she makes thus:

“She looked up in his face of pain  
So archly, yet so tender:  
‘And if I lend you mine,’ she cried,  
‘Will you forgive the lender?’”

It is a loan only! It is her modesty that speaks here and prompts him to ask his forgiveness for such a disclosure. But every barrier is now broken down, the streams of affection swell up spontaneously from her inmost heart, while she speaks these consoling words to the as yet doubtful heart of the farmer.

"Nor frock, nor tan, can hide the man,  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman waits  
Behind this silken armour?  
I love you: in my love alone,  
And not my worth presuming,  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May day blooming?"

Here is a full disclosure. She can now trust her young heart to his keeping. Until now, we never would have expected anything serious. Her previous conduct was so light and indifferent, that we are almost unprepared for this result. She had evidently fortified herself with apparent pride and indifference, in order to test the young farmer, on whom, now that she finds all that she expected, she lavishes her smiles and caresses. She sustains all throughout, the character of a wise and prudent young lady.

"And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter,  
There looks no happier home than hers,  
On pleasant Bear Camp Water."

Then follows a beautiful domestic scene, which concludes the poem.

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks  
The careful ways of duty,  
Over hard stiff lines of life with her,  
Are flowing curves of beauty.  
Our homes are cheerier for her sake,  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.  
Unspoken homilies of peace,  
Her daily life is preaching,  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching."

Every action derives its importance from the motives which prompt its doing. What a difference do we observe in the performance of the same action! One person performs it from mere routine, and with the sole aim of getting it done, however imperfectly, while another regards no act as too paltry not to demand attention and care. The former are "the hard stiff lines of life," the latter "the flowing curves of beauty." No action in life is unimportant, the great and the little are invisibly related, and carry with them silent, but all-powerful influences. Actions speak louder than words,—"unspoken homilies of peace" carry with them a greater influence than many a brilliant oration,—the "still refreshment of the dew" is more effective than showers of rain, and the beauty of all this teaching is, that it is all done unconsciously. There is a striking truth in that assertion of Carlyle, that conscious work implies disease and degeneracy, while true greatness ever manifests itself unconsciously. As the innocent little child is unconscious of the beauty that sparkles in his eyes, and draws all hearts to him, so does genius, in its loftiest flights, appear to be wholly unconscious of the power by which it chains every heart.

While she adorns her sphere, he fills his equally well.  
He

"Has the steady force of will, whereby  
Her flexile grace seems sweeter,  
The sturdy counterpoise which makes  
Her woman's life completer.  
How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies born  
Of fashion and convention.  
How life behind its accidents  
Stands, strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all,  
The losing and the gaining."

She has a true insight into what constitutes the dignity of life, and clearly distinguishes the real from the acciden-

tal. She can respect "manliness" wherever she sees it, in comparison to which the "follies born of fashion and convention" appear but "poor pretensions." If the possession of "manliness" were always associated with a particular dress, as it is always with a particular manner, a respect for the outward would be universally and laudably entertained, but the different forms which manliness is known to assume, allows of no such association. There are certain permanent circumstances however, attending its exhibition, with which the quality becomes permanently associated, and which we come to regard as always suggestive of it: were it not the case, the quality could not be detected at all. These permanent circumstances suggest, in our poem, a life that is "strong and self-sustaining," while the manifold forms of dress in which manliness may appear, are here called its "accidents." The external certainly, must to us be always the measure of the internal but the justness of the association formed between the two, must always depend upon the universal and permanent character of the external, otherwise, it is a false association.

To regard outward pomp and show as always suggestive of great qualities is the result of a false association, while on the other hand, regarding poverty of dress and life as always suggestive of the same qualities is also the result of one equally false. Our "fair, pale daughter," in this had formed a just association, and the admiration which her conduct is all throughout calculated to elicit, is felt to be well awarded, and we are led with the poet, as he concludes, to wish it well.

"If often,  
To rugged farm-life came the gift  
To harmonize and soften;  
If more and more we found the truth,  
Of fact and fancy blighted;  
And culture's charm and labor's strength  
In rural homes united—  
The simple life, the homely hearth,  
With beauty's sphere surrounding;  
And blessing toil, where toil abounds,  
With graces more abundant."

### EXPLANATORY.

(NO. III.)

Perhaps the most difficult part of an Editor's work consists in what is technically termed *making up* the paper—selecting articles for insertion, and rejecting others. We have most certainly proved this to be the case in this our last issue. A very large number of contributions was on hand, out of which we had to select a comparatively small number, and to do so at the risk, perhaps, of offending some of our most valued friends. We have done what we could to please all parties. We have devoted so much space to the "Talk about Nerves," since we felt that it would be an injustice to the author of that article to leave it unfinished. "Ancient Speculation" and the "Earl's Daughter," however, it was not possible to conclude, and we hope that their Authors, and our readers generally, will pardon us for allowing them to be crowded out. Good articles will keep. Still we are sorry for this. May the time soon come when we will have compressible type! Then, and not till then, will we be able to give satisfaction to all.



## Poetry.

## MY FATHERLAND.

(Translated from the German.)

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

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

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

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland?  
 It calls on Pity,—dumb with wonder,—  
 With desperation's voice of thunder;  
 On Liberty to free the land;  
 On Retribution's vengeful hand;—  
 These call my fatherland.

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

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

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

## YOU VOWED TO LOVE FOREVER.

Yes, you vowed to love forever,  
 In the forest's lonely shade;  
 And oh! I thought that never  
 Was a vow more earnest made:  
 The stars looked from their dwelling  
 Adown the emerald spray,  
 And my heart so warmly swelling,  
 Danced joyously as they.

Then the wind lost all its sighing,  
 And seemed of love a part,  
 A voice in bliss replying  
 To the song that filled my heart.  
 A song so deep and tender,  
 That prophesied of years,  
 Robed evermore in splendor,  
 And never wet with tears.

Ah, why such trusting gladness?  
 I spurn that forest shrine,  
 And there's nought but deep, dark sadness,  
 Where once all looked divine.  
 For you are false, false-hearted,  
 Despite that sacred vow—  
 Oh, would, when last we parted,  
 I had known as much as now.

## Correspondence.

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

## INTEMPERANCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie College Gazette:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been reminded by the punctual arrival of your very neat and interesting paper that I promised you an article some time ago. After due deliberation I have concluded to enlighten your readers upon the subject of Intemperance. Now I am aware that a great many persons try to make other people believe that they are particularly wise by turning up their noses at anything upon the subject of Temperance, and I am aware that a very great quantity of nonsense and claptrap has been spoken and written upon this text, and that in a very intemperate strain. But I give you credit for being above the weakness referred to. Moreover, my subject is not Temperance, but *Intemperance*, so that I hope this article won't be thrown into the waste basket until after you have at least glanced over it. After you have done so you can put it into the *Gazette* or burn it, which you choose.

Temperance means to mix or moderate, and its contrary the subject of our present remarks, signifies something un-mixed or unmodified; and I purpose drawing attention to a few points in which we are not in the habit of moderating or mixing our conduct with the opposite ingredient mis-named *common* sense. Of course I don't mean you or myself—we have plenty of common sense—but I refer to our *neighbours* when I speak of persons who are deficient in this very valuable commodity. Let me see with whom I shall begin—aye, there is neighbour Tompkins—we don't think he is a bit better than he might be, and our aunt can very well remember when she refused to marry his grandfather because his profession of scavenger was not considered very respectable. But he won the affections of a less ambitious damsel, was industrious and careful, and gave his son a fair education, so that he was able to keep tolerably straight bar room or tailor's shop accounts. In this manner a fair fortune came into the hands of the family, increased by extensive speculations in the slave trade, blockade running, or some other more honourable avocation, and now Tompkins number three belongs to one of the first families and lives in a grand house at the south end or North West Arm, far too great a man to recognize his poor relations, and too *intemperately* proud to think of his humble origin; and we (that is our neighbours, not ourselves) are too intemperately jealous to admit that he and his fathers deserved success from their patient industry and steady application to business, even though the said business may have been of rather doubtful respectability.

Ere we leave neighbour Tompkins we may take a glance at his wife and daughters (I beg a thousand pardons, I mean the ladies of his family). Well! Madam and the Misses T. are dressed in the highest height of fashion. No matter how absurd the attire of the fickle dame, it must be imitated by those intemperate worshippers at her shrine, and so one day they occupy the whole sidewalk with skirts so expansive that we can't help imagining that there must be some framework concealed beneath the extensive exterior; a few days afterwards they sweep the streets with trains so long that they have often to walk back and look around the corner to see what dog or lord of creation has dared to retard their progress with his sacrilegious foot; and now they perambulate our fashionable thoroughfares in an attire much resembling in configuration the outlines

of a camel's back. A few years ago they sported head gear not differing widely in appearance and magnitude from an ordinary sized old fashioned copper coal scuttle, and to-day they have perched upon their heads a pretty little bunch of flowers and ribbons which they dignify by the name of a bonnet.

Now don't run away with the idea that the practice of following Dame Fashion is altogether reprehensible! No! but she should be pursued at a respectable distance. In this as in everything else there should always be what men of good sense admire, and that is temperance.

But we must not run off under the delusion that an intemperate devotion to fashion and dress is confined like curiosity to the daughters of Eve. We see it in the lords of creation as well—creatures in the shape of men who would like to be women if they could, but when they can't, do their best to be as effeminate as they possibly can, are to be met with every day. There are few creatures on this earth so contemptible as a confirmed and incurable fop. Remember that a proper attention to neatness in attire and personal appearance is a thing very pleasant to behold. But this intemperate devotion to dress—this spending of valuable time in practising attitudes and smiles before a looking-glass (bad enough in a woman) is simply execrable in one daring to call himself by the proud name of a man, or attempting to palm himself off for one of creation's lords.

Another and very common form in which intemperance exhibits itself is an unreserved admiration of devotion to a particular political party. With one man Conservatism is the only principle that can stand between our country and destruction. He can see nothing but anarchy and confusion in store for his native or adopted country unless *his* party holds the reins and drives along the chariot of State. And then he sifs like an old-fashioned coachman flourishing his dangerous looking whip if any person dares to mount the box without *Tory* in brass letters on his political badge. A neighbour reads the future through altogether different spectacles. He is a Radical of the ultra school, and can see no hope of the "tree of liberty" bearing fruit in the down-trodden soil of his native land unless *his* party gets into power. If certain Reforms are not conceded there is nothing but anarchy, rebellion and bloodshed looming up in the future. And so those two honest friends will march to the election and immediately discover all the meanness, dishonesty, and immorality of which frail humanity can be guilty, embodied in each other in the superlative degree. Thus it turns out that neighbours, good and kind friends heretofore, become the most bitter and implacable foes, from an unrestrained use of intemperate language. One man sees great benefits about to arise from Confederation—benefits so great that he has no patience with the poor idiot who, just as honest as himself, is an ardent Anti-Unionist, and so they begin abusing each other. One is a dolt, worse than an idiot, because he can't see the grand future that opens before our country on account of this celestial, this heaven-born scheme. The other can't find superlatives sufficiently strong, or vituperation sufficiently filthy with which to assail the traitors who for Canadian gold have laid open our fair country to the inroads of the spoiler. With one party the Hon. Joseph Howe was, a short time ago, a raving demagogue, and with the other he was one of the gods come down to earth in the form of man. Now the scene has changed. The raving demagogue is a high-souled patriot, and the god-like hero is a black-hearted traitor. And yet he is the same Joe Howe that he always was—the same man who fought the battles of the people, and wrested from unwilling rulers the great boon of responsible government. But the reason why he appears in such

varied aspects is simply because men view him from different stand-points, and won't permit their opinions to be modified by a glance from another position. Blinded by intemperate passions and prejudices they roll along their political course, and either *can* not or *will* not see anything in a moderate light. Thus they are not able to understand why all men do not feel exactly as they do themselves in reference to this or any other point upon which their feelings are strongly enlisted.

I set out with the intention of pointing out the dire effects of an intemperate application to study and its opposite idleness and frivolity, as well as various other phases which intemperance is wont to assume, and show how really absurd and pernicious many of them are in their effects. But as this communication has already expanded far beyond the length which I anticipated in the outset, I shall draw to a close with a half-promise that you may hear from me another time; meanwhile, lest you may think me intemperately tedious,

I remain,

Yours, very truly,  
Vox.

The closing lecture before the Dalhousie College Debating Society was delivered on Friday evening last, by Dr. Lawson. The subject was *Air*, and it was treated in that able manner which pre-eminently characterizes Dr. L. We are sorry that we have no space to give an extended report; suffice it to say that the Hall was crowded—that the audience was most interested and pleased—and that the experiments, ably performed by Messrs. Abbinett and Lindsay, were very brilliant.

#### FAREWELL.

This issue of our paper is the last that we will lay before you this term. For the last three months much of our time and energies has been devoted to the duties devolving upon us in our editorial capacity—duties by no means light nor sometimes pleasant. As we looked only for a reward to public-sanction and approval, we have been most amply paid. To those gentlemen who have so far aided us by their advice and contributions we tender our warmest and most hearty thanks, and "we hope for a continuance of the same favours" when the *Gazette* re-appears in a new and enlarged form—on the first Monday of November next.

We would earnestly ask all our Student friends to use all their influence during the ensuing summer to promote our success and increase our circulation next Term.

Space, that inexorable master of all editors, forbids us saying more. We can enter into no rhapsodies on the subject of parting—no hopes, no prayers, can now emanate from our pen, but we must conclude by again expressing our gratitude for that aid and assistance, which

"Has cheered our hearts,  
Amid the toils of duty."