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HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 22, 1869.

ANCIENT SPECULATION.

(CONTINUED.)

Following in the footsteps of Thales came Anaximines. He considered the prime element of his predecessor as partaking too much of the concrete material to be the substratum or cause of all being, animate and inanimate. He looked at himself, inquired into the mode of his own existence. "How do I live" was probably his question. The process of respiration as the proximate means, struck him as the ultimate principle of life. Air he thought was the ἀρχη Generalizing from himself, he regarded the universe as a grand organism, owing its origin to this element. Observations similar to those made by Thales, may have led him to adopt this theory.

The boundless diffusion of air, extending without limit, filling the vast sphere of the heavens, penetrating everywhere, seemed to proclaim it the universal principle. It was the life-giver. Every breath was an abstraction of a certain amount of vital energy from this inexhaustible reservoir of being. This first principle, in order to produce different phenomena must be active, positive, an energy, Life. This was a great advance on the theory of Thales. It is strange how Thales could account for phenomena by the modes of a material principle, without either endowing it with life or recognizing an intelligence controlling it, and using it as a base for his diverse operations. Whether he noticed this dilemma and saw his theory between its horns, we cannot affirm. If he was forced to assume a hypothesis, he would probably hold a Deity to rule, and cause the phenomena, of which water was the essential element. This would be the most natural course for one just turning his back on creeds and questioning nature for himself. Cicero accordingly ascribes to him some such opinion.

Succeeding Anaximines, and adopting his doctrines, we have Diogenes of Apollonia. He advanced far beyond the physical elements of the two former, and deduced a wider and deeper meaning from the proposition of Anaximines that air is the origin of all being. Striving to analyse the fact of life being contingent upon air, he felt that there must be some invisible essence, something beyond the sensible breath which is the ἀρχη sought. Air was but the ethereal medium for its operation. It existed before air. This principle, wrapping itself mysteriously in air, and working wonders, he held with Anaximines was the universally operative power. He went further and propounded the view that in order to produce the marvellous and perfect results witnessed in nature, intelligence was indispensably necessary. This intelligence he called the soul of the universe. It was not only the supporter of his life, but his instructor. This principle showed its knowledge in its mode of operation. All nature abounded with evidence of this. The relation between means and end, cause and effect, adaptation of supply to wants, of agents to their spheres of action, of animals and plants to their mode of life and circumstances, all inculcate the same lesson. The grand regularity and beautiful harmony everywhere apparent, could not be the result of an unintelligent principle. This conception of an intelligent ἀρχη was a great leap forward. It was as far as could be gone without giving up the notion of a physical first principle. Hence Diogenes may be denominated the last of the physical school of philosophers.

Almost contemporaneous with Thales was Anaxamander. Ignorant of this thinker's cast of mind with only the fragments of his written philosophy which we have, we should probably labour in vain to arrive at a result, in any way satisfactory. He enunciated the vague formula "the Infinite is the origin of all things."

Were we to take this statement and attempt to extract any rational idea from it, we should certainly fail. It could not mean infinite intelligence, since such a theory was not reached till long subsequent to this time. Let us briefly notice the man. We recognize him as a clear and penetrating mathematician, a skillful geometrician. His mind was exact. He dealt with verbal abstractions, symbols. He formed a system of problems in geometry. He proceeded in his speculations not by the patient tortuous windings of the metaphysical mind, but by the short, deductive steps of the mathematical. He considered the element of water, chosen by Thales, to be in itself, too concrete to be the principle of all phenomena. In computations, he found that classes, parts of the universe, admitted of general formula, how then could that which contained all, be an individual thing? He then set himself to obtain a general whence all particulars could be elicited. This he found to be all things. This he did not regard as a complexus of the objects seen in nature, so much as an ever energizing unity, which from its own internal power could evolve the diverse phenomena observable. In order to produce the infinite appearances of nature, he affirmed this principle must be infinite. A limit cannot be imagined to the production of phenomena, hence their source must be infinite. He makes all contained in it. The changes we see are just changes among the parts of the whole. All is in essence the same. In this abstraction of Anaxamander, we see the first of a tendency to lift a general expression into an entity, a tendency which culminated in Plato. An indefinite mathematical formula, "The All" was treated as a substance, a something which by its desintegration would give finite objects. This ap-

pears to be the most simple, in fact the only mode of explaining his phrase "the infinite is all." It was not an ideal, but a physical abstract unit. It was all existence. It is difficult, if not impossible to understand how Anaxamander could suppose this verbal "all" by any movement to give forth phenomena. What was the "all?" He seems to mean all things, all finite phenomena grouped in a unity. Now can this sum, though infinite, possess any power which any one of the individuals composing it did not possess? But he held this unity, this complexus to be an energy. Whence comes the power? The physical "all" is as important as any one of its material parts. Anaxamander does not answer this. What we have stated is a brief summary of what is known of the tenets of this thinker.

Pythagoras. Proportioned to the influence exerted by this philosopher, is the obscurity in which his views are shrouded, and the fabulous accounts given of himself. A mathematician, his method was deductive, and his inclination towards abstractions. He laid down the proposition "Number is the principle of all things." This was what admitted of their phenomenal existence. Unity, he declared, was the first fact of the universe, it was perfect while plurality was imperfect. All plurality depended on Unity. Number was omnipresent, ruled over all. To us this seems the same error as that Realism which made a name an entity. It was a symbol, an abstraction apart from individuals exalted to an equality with the objects which admitted of its use. The mathematical mind of Pythagoras dealing with abstract formulæ, accustomed to the complete and marvellous results certain from the very nature of numbers, knowing the strange combinations which they are capable of undergoing, and the perfect laws obtaining in that department, naturally strove to fix the wonders of the universe on a numeral base. Enamoured of his beloved science, he would find proofs of his view in the world around him. The laws of nature operate with mathematical precision; the Beautiful is reducible to fixed proportions; Music is produced on the principle of numbers.

(To be Continued.)

AMONG THE HILLS.

(CONTINUED.)

The most carefully finished piece of art does not please us so much as a scene in which an element of negligence prevails, constituting the picturesque. There is the picturesque in character as well as in scene, and as a few verses preceding we have an "inborn grace" and "culture" blending in harmonious proportions in the same charaeter. We have the "secret charm" manifested in the "inward grace," "eluding art." All our warmest and most universal feelings associate more readily with the forms of nature, while art, from its more or less local and exclusive character, does not admit of so permanent an association. It is in the permanency and universality of the association that the "secret charm" which eludes art, lies. There is a certain negligence of character, so to speak, which we admire. in contradistinction to a stiff, cold formality. He says—

> "Not beautiful in curve and line,
> But something more and better."

We do not contemplate the "beautiful in curve and line" and a beautiful character with the same emotion. How true the poet is here to the laws of the human mind! Her natural goodness and talent is improved and set to advantage by "culture and appliance." What a charming picture! Is the poet indulging in ideal conception? The great art of the poet lies in taking advantage of the prepossessions of mankind. Amiable qualities always command our admiration, and give rise to those pleasurable emotions which constitute the feeling of the beautiful. In the verses that follow we have an instance of the exhibition of a feeling, so common among a certain class of people, as it is false and blind, viz: the regarding the merely accidental, in the light of the real,—the making the apparent smallness or greatness of an action, the measure of its worth and nobility. Under this false impression, "queenly womanhood is outraged by condescending to sell "fresh-churned butter." It is therefore, a piece of daring on the part of our hostess to declare the object of her errand. Truly, not at all. What incompatible connection can there possibly exist between a good action, however trivial, and a great mind? All work is honourable. A noble mind is great in little things as in great things, for it is not the quantum, so to speak, of the act, but its quality that reveals its greatness or meanness. And so she leads the way with "housewife pride" and discloses her "goodly store." Our poet and hostess now set off for home, and while on the way, she discloses to him her simple story, hearing, as they walk along, the "early cricket's sing," and the stream splashing "through my friends narration." While the hostess relates her story, the sound of the murmuring stream is heard.

> "From school, and ball, and route she came,
> The city's fair, pale daughter,
> To drink the wine of mountain air
> Beside the Bearcamp Water."

Observe the subtle analogy implied in "the wine of mountain air." Looking at the expression, independent of the laws under which it is conceived, how strange it appears. But its truth will appear by a little analysis. Wine is known to invigorate the system, the mountain air is known to produce the same effects. A similarity of effect suggests a similarity of cause, therefore the poet perceives wine in mountain air, a poetical truth altogether at variance with the facts of science. Poetical are nevertheless as real as scientific truths, for the laws by which the poet strikes out his analogies are as universal and permanent, as those by which scientific truth is arrived at. The laws of association and suggestion are certainly as universal as those of observation and perception There are arbitrary scientific truths, as well as arbitrary poetical analogies, both being possible by virtue of possible dissimilarity of circumstance and nature. Whittier's analogies are defective in this respect—they are more or less arbitrary, and lack universality. It is true his suggestions must be regulated by the habits of the poet, hence it arises that we can nearly always predict the tastes and habits of the poet from the nature of his analogies. Who, but a poet, who has himself experienced the invigorating effects of wine would strike out such a vinous analogy as that implied in the "wine of mountain air"? What Good Templar could give him credit for it? What a large class of mankind there are, who could not at all appreciate its beauty, and upon whom it would have effects quite the reverse of those which it is the power of poetical analogy to produce! But we must proceed.

Our "fair, pale daughter" amid the pleasant scenery of Bearcamp, and in the enjoyment of the invigorating mountain air, soon catches the "bloom of the clover," for

> "Health comes sparkling in the stream
> From cool Chocorna stealing.
> There's iron in our northern winds
> Our pines are trees of healing."

Observe again the scientific character of the analogy in the third line "there's iron in our northern winds." To the mass of mankind this would not be regarded as poetry at all. As a condition of its appreciation, it requires a certain amount of intellectual training, in other words, it is not an analogy based upon associations which we have all been forming from our earliest infancy, but is formed under circumstances in which only a certain class are placed, and is therefore very exclusive in its character. Such analogies as an essential condition of their appreciation and popularity, demand the education of the masses, and even then, can only be regarded as very much inferior in poetical power and intensity, to a more universal class of associations, whose inception and progressive inseperability are being carried on from earliest years, and at a date long prior to the age when the conditions of intellectual cultivation are presented.

Our "fair, pale daughter" now sits down beneath the broad elms, and beside her, with "forehead bare," the young farmer stood "upon his pitchfork leaning." He too, is a picture of manly completeness, in his face, there is nothing "mean or common," but he is "strong, manly, true," and has the "tenderness and pride, beloved of woman."

Now the two lovers begin to test their affection for each other, and the lines that follow reveal how artfully the test is applied. Looking up to him, and laughing, as if to avoid betrayal, she says:—

——"You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter"
But "be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready—
Some fair sweet girl with skilful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

The young farmer is extremely annoyed at her apparent indifference—"'Tis well," say he,

"For one like you
To choose for me so lightly."

Our young farmer does not conceal his anger, even in the presence of the "pale, fair" lady, for he "bends his black brows" and "sets his white teeth tightly." He here reveals the candour and honesty of his character. He does not see the game that is being played all the while, or what a tool he is being made by the artful little fairy before him, not for any bad purpose, but to maintain her own respect for herself, and to make way for the floods of affection which, now pent up in her bosom, will soon outflow upon him. "You think," says he,

"Because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell thee love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness."

This is another form of the old saying—love is blind. Still it is not a blindness in which the lover shares; but is the misfortune of others who cannot see the loveable qualities which charm the lover. He now gives vent to all the innocence of his nature, and to the intensity of his passion,

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheek of sundown's blushes;
A motion as of waving grain;
A music as of thrushes.

Her rosy cheek suggests the reddened glow of the evening sky—"sundown's blushes." How natural the conception of such an analogy would be to him! Her light, agile movement suggests the waving motion of the grain, and her voice "the music of the thrushes." The reddened glow of the western sky, ere the sun sinks to rest, the waving of the grain in the summer breeze, the music of the birds making the air vocal with their songs,—all these were scenes and sounds with which he must have been familiar from childhood, and with which his most pleasant feelings must have been associated.

He is not, however, so far gone as we would imagine, for he can bear the idea of her leaving him, although it *will* make him miserable, and cause him to feel like a prisoner pent up in a dungeon, beyond whose walls he sees all that is near and dear to him, but from whose company he is to be forever shut out.

"What care you that these hills will close
Like prison walls about me."

But as he gazes on the fair one before him his love becomes stronger, and inspires him with confidence.

"I dare your pity or your scorn
With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

This is undoubtedly a bold stand. Is this the language of love? The perfection of the poetic art consists in the poet's facility to merge his own personality in the character which he depicts. There is a philosophic calm of feeling and expression pervading this whole poem, which appears to mar the animation and unstudied expression in which warm feeling generally manifests itself. But in some natures affection flows like a gentle stream meandering through green meadows and fragrant flowers; in others it is a mighty torrent, rushing down the mountain side, whose force nothing can withstand, and whose presence no art can conceal.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NIGHT THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

IV.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

We have seen how by the laws of association and suggestion, objective beauty becomes possible, and how those very laws, while they allow its possibility, at the same time destroy its reality, and reduce it, in its ultimate analysis to a subjective feeling, whose consciously attested existence, again implied the priority of a certain class of permanently recurring sensations. How this permanent recurrence acquires its objective character, we shall explain at some future time, but the law of its permanence must be regarded as an ultimate fact, which sets at defiance, all possible explanation. Upon its permanence and universality however, we can erect a standard of beauty, demanding universal acknowledgment, whereas, did it lack these qualities, such a standard would be impossible. Why the proposition, the fire causes pain—or some other object is causatively related to pleasure, is universally true, we know not, but once the knowledge given, and consequent upon it, there is material afforded for the action of laws, the longer the term of whose operation, the more independent do they become of the empirical conditions which were the occasion of their action. Perception must furnish the material for association, while at the same time it gives rise to the first manifestation of esthetic capability. Man becomes an esthetic as soon as he becomes a sentient

being. The pleasurable emotions with which the presentation of qualities of goodness or amiability are attended, are subsequent experiences to those which the infant experiences by the rocking of his cradle for instance, but that they are so *entirely* different, as to warrant the necessity of an inherent distinction between them, we cannot conceive. The conviction of such an inherent distinction has led some to regard the latter as a sensation-feeling, and the former as a mind-feeling. Are there any grounds for such a distinction? It may be urged in its behalf, that there exists a marked difference between the two feelings, that while the one is an emotion, the other is a mere feeling. This is a merely nominal distinction, for an emotion is simply a very strong feeling, and is generally the effect of a number of combined pleasurable or painful feelings. Nor does the assertion that we are so constituted as to receive pleasure from the contemplation of goodness, greatness or kindness, appear more plausible, for given the capability of feeling physical pleasure, and the law of association, and the contemplation of such qualities with pleasurable emotion will logically follow. These qualities are regarded as the direct objects of the feeling of the Beautiful, not, however, we maintain, by constitution, but by association, as much so as are the external objects with which they themselves come to be associated. In other words, just as objective existence, so to speak, must be regarded as only suggestively invested with beauty; so, also, the feelings which are regarded directly as the objects of the feeling of the Beautiful, are only so suggestively, and therefore indirectly. The proposition, amiability is beautiful, is not an ultimate fact, which is incapable of analysis, but is arrived at by the laws of association and suggestion, equally so with the proposition, the sky is beautiful. We have already divested objects of all beauty, we shall now treat qualities in the same manner, and present beauty in its ultimate analysis, as revealed to us in the form of a sentient pleasure. Beyond consciousness, it is a possible feeling, originally given in consciousness, and in its ultimate analysis, it is a relative sentient feeling; at a more advanced stage of experience it becomes a qualitative feeling; and finally it assumes the form of an objective feeling. These stages must of course be regarded as but general, and sometimes inclusive of one another.

Let us now analyze the qualitative feeling:—amiability is beautiful, or expressed concretely, an amiable person is beautiful. In our intercourse with persons during the periods of infancy and childhood, certain acts are done and certain words spoken to us, from which we experience a feeling of pleasure, these acts and words we invariably observe conjoined with certain features in the countenance, and certain motions in the body of the person doing them, which from their constant association with the pleasurable feelings experienced, become permanently conjoined with them, so that on every future occasion, they become mutually suggestive of each other. We designate the features of countenance which we observe to be conjoined with the acts and the feelings, amiable, and the person who possesses them, an amiable person. Hence, in the expression, an amiable person is beautiful, it is not in the person, nor in the amiability, that the beauty resides, but in the pleasurable feelings which we experienced in a state of conjunction with the person and the quality, and of which they are suggestive. Beauty, then, in its ultimate analysis, may be defined to be a pleasurably sentient feeling. Beyond this, we cannot go, for at every attempt we re confronted by insuperable difficulties peculiar to all ultimate facts.

We have said that the sentient pleasurable feeling to which beauty in its last analysis is reducible exists beyond consciousness in the form of a possible feeling. But let us clearly understand what this involves. A possible feeling apparently implies a contradiction, for its state of possibility necessarily excludes its existence as a feeling during that state, unless we distinguish existence as latent and conscious, and vindicate the propriety of the expression, possible feeling, under cover of its latency. The supposition of latently existent feelings is possible by virtue of an application of the law of causation, an analysis of which we may submit at some future time; its validity, therefore, depends on the sincerity of that law. We prefer the expression possible to that of latent existence, because existence is only known to us in relation to consciousness, and the word possible expresses nothing regarding its existence of which in truth nothing can be asserted during its state of possibility, but an anticipation of its future possible recurrence to consciousness, when the conditions under which formerly realized are present. It contains a future, and not a present reference.

TALK ABOUT NERVES.

Few expressions are used in a vaguer sense in general conversation than the term Nervous. By a nervous person we understand not a person in whom the nervous system is strong and healthy, but the reverse:—that his nerves are subject to excitement or irritability. It is the condition which renders a person timid, which induces a lady to sit near the door of a church, and endure the discomforts of an uncushioned seat and a cold draft at the back of the neck for fear a gallery should tumble down, or an alarm of fire be given, all of which arises from a weakness of the whole bodily frame: although that weakness may not develop itself in any other way. Another form of nervousness is produced by any one particular nerve becoming acutely sensitive, as the nerve of the ear or the eye. This increase of sensibility may vary in degree from the instructed power of a seaman's eye, or a musician's ear, to an intolerance of light or of sound which amounts to disease.

The first thing to observe in the nervous system of man is the absolute identity of its arrangements in every individual. Unlike the blood-vessels—of which we may sometimes find an artery wanting, and the blood conveyed to the part by neighbouring branches without any impairment of function—we never find a nerve in one person which is wanting in another. If even the most minute branch be deficient, owing to injury or disease, the loss is irreparable. No other nerve or nerves can supply its place. For, though to outward appearance, they are all alike, each delicate fibril has its own delicate task to perform, which no other can perform for it. The source of the various powers which the nerves possess resides in the different parts of the brain and in that prolongation of it down the back called the spinal cord. By tracing up the fibre of a nerve to its origin we can discover what office it has to perform.

Let us take the nerves of the hand and the arm. All the little tendrils which are distributed to the skin and muscles of the limb, gradually meet together, forming larger and larger trunks, until they enter the canal at the centre of the spine. There we find that each bundle of nerves is divided into two to join the distinct parts of the spinal cord. In other words, by tracing them up to their origin, we find that the spinal nerves arise out of the roots called, from their position, the anterior and the posterior roots; and experiments teach us that these two roots and

the nerves continued from them have quite distinct properties. The anterior roots have no feeling; they may be pricked, cut, torn, without giving pain; but they excite movement in the muscles to which they are distributed. The posterior roots, on the contrary, are sensitive, but have no power to excite movement. All the nerves which come from the spine—thirty-one on each side—are formed in this manner. So that these movements of the body which are involuntary are produced thus—the extremes of the sensitive nerves being irritated by some external stimulus, convey the sensation to the spinal chord and moter nerva to the brain, producing corresponding movements in the muscles,—this is called reflex action.

The roots of the nerves are protected from injury by their situations in the canal formed by the bones of the spine, through distinct holes in which the nerves severally emerge between thick layers of muscle. Yet they are frequently injured by accident and disease. A broken back causes complete paralysis of all the parts whose nerves arise below the seat of injury. But it is not unusual for disease of the skin to paralyze one set of roots, while the other retains its power. The consequences are sometimes amusing. We have heard of a French soldier who one day took the lid from a frying-pan when it was nearly red hot and never felt that it was burning him. In this case, the posterior roots were paralyzed. When a man's legs are affected in this way, he will be able to walk only while he sees his legs, and directs his movements by his will. Let his attention be diverted for a moment and he falls down.

These spinal nerves have, on their sensitive roots, a small swelling called a ganglion; and the fifth nerve, which arises from the brain has also two roots, on one of which is a ganglion, being in every respect similar to the spinal nerves. These together form a nervous system, which is essential to all animals who have to seek their food. It supplies the arms and legs for moving in search of, and grasping the food, and the mouth and tongue, and other organs which are exercised in swallowing. So complete is this system in itself that the nerve of taste, instead of being a special nerve, like the nerve of the eye or ear, is a branch of the fifth nerve; taste being absolutely essential to the selection of food. Sight, smelling, and hearing are additions to this system in the higher animals, and have their special nerves.

The sympathetic system consists of a number of ganglions placed among the abdominal organs, and on either side of the back bone, with tendrils connecting them to each other, and to the spinal nerves; giving branches to all neighbouring parts, especially to the internal organs. The arrangement of these ganglions may be compared to a row of strawberry roots on each side of the spine, with their connecting tendrils; only the ganglions are not roots. The system has no origin; it is spread over all the body, but its centre is in the pit of the stomach, where a blow is more immediately fatal than on the head itself. Boxers know well enough, the blow which most effectually doubles up their opponent.

Wonderful are the offices which the sympathetic system fulfills in the animal economy. By the vitality which it supplies, processes are carried on by the various organs which no chemist in his laboratory can rival. The stomach selects the nutritive parts of the food, and rejects the unprofitable. The food is converted into blood; the liver and kidneys eliminate various particles, and that wonder of wonders, nutrition of the whole body, takes place; the same material being formed, at one spot into bone, at another into muscle and nail—into all the various parts of the body, each in its place.

(To be Continued.)

Poetry.

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.

Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying—
See that never thread lie wrong—
Let not clash nor clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb,
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the steady mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be better, still be fairer,
For the servant's use: and rarer
For the Master to behold.
Work away!

Work away!
For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us
Far away
Smile the soft savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between;
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade,
Jungle, swamp and thicket shade
Give to day!
O'er the torrents fling your bridges
Pioneers! upon the ridges
Widen, smothe the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there.
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk of day,
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hasten us, for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,

Night and day!
WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and Work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and Prayer and Work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way.
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings, she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present,
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own. For Lord and Peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our Holiday.
Work away!

MIGNON.

(Translated from the German.)

I.

Do you know that fair land where the citrons grow,
Where beneath the dark leaves the oranges grow,
There the zephyrs blow soft from the calm blue sky,
And myrtle and laurel bloom modest on high,
There my heart fondly turns with a tear and a sigh.
Do you know it? Oh tell!
For there my beloved, I would with thee dwell.

II.

Do you know that fair home? Its roofs rest secure,
On columns that Time's with'ring blast shall endure;
Its bright rooms and halls, in memory's light shine,
And statues that virtue's fair image enshrine,
Speak thus in the tones of a summer clime,
"Poor child? Have they harm'd thee? be calm and resign."
Do you know it? Oh tell!
For there, my Protector, I would with thee dwell.

III.

Do you know that fair mount, whose top rests in clouds,
Whose pathways the mist of the valley enshrouds;
Where the mule creeps along on his dark cloudy way,
And the Sun, for a while, keeps his joy-giving ray;
The dragon hides there, in his dark, secret hole,
And streamlets o'er rock and bold precipice roll?
Do you know it? Oh tell!
Let us go, Oh father, let's go there to dwell.

☞ The Y. M. E. C. & M. I. Society have most kindly placed their fine Gymnasium at the disposal of the Students of Dalhousie College, on payment of a nominal fee. A notice of this Society's fine premises will appear in our next.

Correspondence.

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

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Allow me to inform the public of a matter that occurred at the first of this session in connection with our University.

Prior to our last vacation the Students sent a petition to the Commissioner of Railways asking him to grant them return tickets for one first-class fare—as has always been done since the re-organization of the College.—This was refused, and on that account many of our number were prevented from going home to enjoy their Christmas holidays at their own firesides. If I am correctly informed, a similar request was made by the students of Acadia College, which was also refused. And why should not this privilege be granted us? It was granted to the Teachers' Association, assembled here last January for the same object as that in which we are engaged—the forwarding of education. It was not withheld from the delegates of a Temperance Convention, which met in this city at the first of this month. Is Temperance more important than Education? and is not collegiate education the most effectual means to raise up hosts of qualified advocates? Mr. Longley shows *many evidences* of his zeal in promoting the cause of total abstinence, but did he know the self-denial many of our young men have to exercise in their eagerness to obtain a superior education, I think, perhaps, he would not deny their requests.

Apologizing for taking up so much of your valuable space, and hoping that your paper will receive that share of public patronage which is due to it,

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
FRESHMAN.

Dalhousie College, March 12th, 1869.

McGill College, Montreal, March 5th, 1869.

EDITORS DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

MESSIEURS,—At an informal meeting of the "Burnside Literary Society" it was announced that the Reading Room had been furnished with a copy of your paper. The Secretary was directed to acknowledge the receipt, to express the pleasure its reception afforded, and the most ardent wishes for its success and extended influence.

Allow me, Gentlemen, to congratulate you on having been the first, so far as I am aware, among the educational institutions of our Dominion, to extend an influence in this form, beyond your own walls.

With such talent among the students, and such literary ability among the Professors, I do not wonder that Dalhousie College is not content to be the first in Nova Scotia alone. It is a matter worthy the earnest consideration of all well-wishers' of their country's prosperity, that at home

equal to those abroad, educational facilities, professional or otherwise, should be afforded.

When I see on the Board of Governors, men who have lived for their country's good, and have been so signally rewarded, even by Her Majesty, I trust that this defect will soon be remedied.

With the kindest wishes for the prosperity of your Paper, your College and Country, I remain, on behalf of my fellow-students,

Respectfully yours,

FRED. W. KELLY

Sec. *Pro. Tem.*

Original Tales.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED.)

The old Earl was thunder-struck. Even in his darkest forebodings he did not imagine that Julia would leave her home, and—above all—disgrace *his* name by eloping with the ruined Earl of Lincoln. He knew that never again could he with haughty pride, boast—as he so often did before—that on the fair fame of his house, no stain had ever rested. He felt that it would have been almost better to have sanctioned the union, than to have it currently reported that his only daughter,—his heiress—driven by his harshness and cruelty, had been compelled to leave her home. How now he cursed that "freedom of the press—that glorious privilege of our own dear country—that defender of our rights and liberties—that upholder of justice that warden of the British Lion,"—which he had so often, and so justly exalted in the House of Peers. In France, with his influence, *and gold,* the press would be dumb—the rumour confined to but a few. At home he well knew, that ere a week had elapsed, the story, with a thousand exaggerations, would be over the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. In the democratical papers, column after column of leaders, filled with remarks about the "bloated and demoralized aristocracy"—would appear, while periodicals, well affected towards existing institutions, would crowd out other articles to make room for mysterious little paragraphs, couched in choice and delicate language, headed "Elopement in High Life," or "Great excitement in Aristocratical Circles." Is it any wonder that, with such a picture conjured up by his brain, the Earl felt himself near the verge of madness. When he had at first perused her impassioned utterances, and saw the paper still wet with her tears, he *did* feel his heart yearning towards his only child, but when, on the other hand, he reflected that through her, he would never again be able, as he did before, to hold up his head so proudly, among his equals, when he thought how others would now triumph over him, as he formerly did over them, should it be a matter of surprise, that in such a man, the stern haughty feelings triumphed over the loving ones, and that with an oath he forbade all mention of his daughter's name henceforward in his family.

This step by no means met the approval of the Countess, She was not at all convinced by the arguments of the Earl, powerful as he thought them. In her heart, haughty pride did not overcome the natural affection for the child she had borne. Although ordinarily weak, and inclined to give in to the opinions of her husband, now she felt a lion's strength within her, to do combat for her daughter. Opposition always sent along the Earl at a more headlong pace. Little accustomed to it, he could not bear it now. To differ from him, was to quarrel with him. And so daily an estrangement was growing up between the pair, who for so many years had lived together, without a word to disturb the mutual unity and harmony. This grew to such an extent that ere long they occupied separate apartments, and only met at the formal seven o'clock dinner, when but few words, which common courtesy required, were exchanged. Meanwhile the Earl became possessed of the idea that his wife knew of the whereabouts of Julia, and was holding clandestine correspondence with her. This notion was daily becoming more firmly rooted in his mind. All natural affection for his daughter had become blotted out, and a desire to wreak vengeance on those who had made him "hang his diminished head in shame" alone possessed him. He was walking one day through one of the halls, moodily meditating on a plan to become possessed of the whereabouts of Julia,—information which he thought his wife was keeping from him—when he saw a half-witted boy,—son of his house-keeper—coming towards him. This boy, the Earl knew was often employed as a messenger. Calling him, he asked him his business. The boy replied that he had a letter from the Countess to post. A plan at once darted across the Earl's mind. Telling Harry—for this was his name—that he had a letter to post, which he might as well take, he ordered him to step into his study. The Earl then went into an adjoining room, and, after a short absence, returned, carrying something white in his hand—a handkerchief saturated with some liquid, which diffused a faint, peculiar odour through the room. Harry's eyes were fixed on him suspiciously. With a sudden dart, he placed himself behind Harry's chair, and half encircling the lad with one arm, pressed the saturated handkerchief to his nostrils with the other. Harry made one or two abortive efforts to get away, but the Earl's iron arm held him remorselessly, and in a few moments the lad's eyes softly closed, his head drooped backward, while an expression strangely sweet and solemn, diffused itself over his face, which but a moment before had been troubled with a dim suspicion of the Earl.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT I SAW IN SCOTLAND.

(CONCLUDED.)

We watched the boy eagerly. In a few minutes we saw him suspended by a rope, over that high cliff, and the sight brought tears to our eyes. Lower and lower he dropped as does a spider descend from a ceiling by his web. Presently he stopped, and then commenced twisting and twitching, and he was soon swinging backward and forward at a rapid rate. One or two more desperate springs and he gained the shelf of the rock. There he stood for an instant. We soon saw the object of his perilous undertaking, for he began to gather the eggs which lay around him, and put them into a pouch which he carried for that purpose. What an insignificant speck he seemed on that massive wall, and what a shapeless mass of flesh and bones would that active form become, should he make one mis-step!

He held the rope in his hand, that he might have more scope. But alas! in his eagerness to reach a nest, but a few feet distant, he lost hold of the rope and it dangled free, beyond his reach. He only knew the true peril of his situation. What could he do to gain the cord, on which depended his life? What a horrible death seemed to

await him! There was a remedy but six or eight feet distant, yet it was beyond his reach. How could he once more grasp it? Oh the agony he must have endured, as he stood there, shut out entirely, as it were, and forever, from the busy world!

There dangled the rope, just in front of him, and the water flowed from his eyes, on account of constantly looking at it, and his sight resting on the ever-moving sea, so far beyond. One act and he might end his life, and terminate his misery,—one act, and he might gain the rope. This was his only hope. Here there was a salvation, if not too perilous to be available. He could clearly see that it was his duty to act, for if he remained inactive, he would then be his own destroyer, and turn away from a salvation apparently extended to him. He must regain the rope by a frightful spring. His mind was made up.

Laying his old patched cap by his side, he knelt on that solid floor in prayer, his hands, hardened by honest toil, clasped before him. I could easily imagine what his prayer was. Hurried and disconnected, no doubt, yet fervent, if ever prayer was fervent, he asked for aid and strength during those trying moments.

He stood erect, and ready for the spring. Oh how that young, brave heart must have fluttered, as he stood there on the edge of the shelf, looking down on the breaking waves, which perhaps would clasp him in his downfall, and occasion the destruction of that body in which his heroic spirit dwelt, and which he loved so well.

He gave a glance around him, and dashing the flowing tears from his eyes, *the boy sprang*. All now depended on the dexterity of his grasp.

We in the boat held our breath, and for an instant the ever-rolling sea seemed to stand still. It indeed was a trying moment, even to the spectator.

Spontaneously, in another moment, a shout of thankfulness burst from our lips, when we saw the boy clinging to the rope. He is saved, heaven be praised! With the agility of a squirrel, he ran up the rope, and gained the top of the rock. There he fell on his knees, and again clasped his hands, and raised his voice in prayer, or rather it must have been pure and holy thankfulness to his Maker, for his preservation from the horrible death, that seemed to await him so unavoidably. He then arose and walked away, and was soon lost to our sight. This, then, reader, is the adventure I witnessed, on that memorable holiday. I feel as if I have succeeded, but feebly, in bringing it before you, in its thrilling reality, in which it appeared to me. On looking at my watch I found it was late in the afternoon, an hour had passed away almost imperceptibly It was then quite time that we should leave, so we set sail and glided away.

☞ We have received the fifteenth Annual Report of the Halifax Young Men's Christian Association—a Society which has done a large amount of good in this city. The affairs of the Association seem to be in a prosperous condition. No less than 127 members were added last year. A "Building Fund" has been commenced, and an earnest effort is being made to raise $20,000 for the erection of a building "which would be a credit to the city and testify to the liberality of the Christians of Halifax." The Reading Room which is always stocked with the newest papers and magazines, and the library, which contains 1460 volumes, are open every day except Sunday, from 10, A. M., to 10, P. M.

☞ The Second Session of the Medical Faculty of Dalhousie College will be opened on Monday, 3rd of May, when an inaugural address will be delivered in the Convocation Hall, by Dr. W. J. Almon, President of the Faculty, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The Faculty has been organized and affiliated to the University for the special purpose of affording instruction in the *Primary* Branches of Medical Science, so as to enable Students to become thoroughly prepared to carry out their studies and to complete the medical curriculum elsewhere. All information can be obtained on application to Dr. Reid—the Dean of the Faculty—at his residence 98 Argyle Street, opposite the Grand Parade.

☞ Mr. Abbinett has been pursuing the study of Practical Chemistry in our University at no little risk to himself, and profit to the Scientific World generally. This gentleman, in the course of an enquiry into the nature and properties of Chlorine has discovered a very curious fact. It is that a stream of Chlorine will cause a gas jet, or any other flame except a hydrogen one, to assume no less than three distinct and vivid colours, all visible at once, viz: green, purple and white. We believe that Mr. A. is the first who has noticed this curious fact, and given it to the world. We leave the explanation of this to some of the savants of the Dominion. Even Mr. A. has not attempted to explain it. We have no doubt that our worthy fellow student could be induced to read a paper on the subject before that most indefatigable society—the Nova Scotia Institute of Science.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the *Dalhousie College Gazette* beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All articles intended for insertion must be handed in on or before the Wednesday immediately preceding the issue in which they are to appear.

2nd. The author's name must accompany all MSS.

3rd. MSS. must be legibly written on one side only of numbered half sheets.

4th. The Editors will *in no case* return MSS.

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