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THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

(Translated from the German.)

CONCLUDED.

19. The mountain deep lay under me,
Far down the purple-coloured gloom;
And though no voice broke on the ear,
The eye locked on impending doom:
'Twas all alive with monstrous forms,
And dragons roam that hell of storms.
20. A frightful medley swarmed the deep,
In hideous, dark array:
The spiny ray, the lub-fish leap,
The frightful balance prey.
Threat'ning, their grinning teeth they showed,—
Hyenas of the deep—abhorred.
21. And there I hung, in anxious fear
From human help removed away;
No sympathising heart was near.
In ghastly solitude I lay,
Far from the sound of human cheer
'Mong monstrous shapes,—in sadness drear.
22. Shivering, I thought they crawled quite near;
And then a hundred limbs were seen
To snap at me—all pale with fear.
I lost my hold, and luckily then,
The eddy whirling up, conveyed
Me to the surface of the tide.
23. The King at this was sore amazed
And spake aloud. "The goblet's thine—
This ring beside, in gold encased,
And pearls, I shall for thee design,
If thou wilt bring 't to me again,
And tell the mysteries of the main."
24. His fair young daughter's heart was moved,
And to her father fondly goes,—
"Father, his valor has been proved;
He's triumphed over all his foes;
Then let your heart contented rest,
The knight has proved himself the best."

25. The King thereat, the goblet raised
And hurl'd it o'er the boisterous sea—
"If thou wilt bring 't to me," he says,
Thou shalt my bravest courtier be.
By this my daughter's hand thou'lt gain;
E'en now she pleads for thee in vain."

26. His soul its high-born courage shows;
Light from his dark eye flashing shows;
His lovely cheek, all-flushing glows.
The fair young girl grows pale—reclines.
He yearns the costly prize to win;
For life or death he plunges in.

27. The boiling surge roars fell and loud;
Its awe-inspiring voice they hear.
The fair young girl steps from the crowd,
With loving look, then anxious fear.
The wild waves roar—forever roar,—
The youth, alas! returns no more.

THE OBJECT OF SCIENCE.

The great object of science is the ascertainmnet of causes—the search after the ultimate,—the making of generalizations,—the resolution of plurality into unity. Take water for instance. Its antecedents or causes are hydrogen and oxygen, which chemists call simple bodies, because with the means we have, a further analysis is impossible. I see a cloud of vapour, it is an effect or consequent: its antecedent or cause is heat, which is itself an effect, whose cause is fire, we shall say. This is again an effect, the analysis of which is the aim of science. Now, suppose these effects which we regard now as incapable of analysis, be afterwards found to be capable of reference to one grand law, the object of science will then be accomplished. But will scientific enquiry then cease? Will there not rather be this grand law as an effect or consequent, to which we must suppose an antecedent to ascertain which science must still apply its resources? In fact, the work of science will never cease. It need not be daunted by appearances of impossibility, for what one age has regarded as impossible of achievement, a succeeding one has made possible, further, has made actual. For this reason no possible limits can be assigned to human knowledge. It is endlessly progressive, eternally self-creative. When the grand ultimate unity after which it aims, is reached, and all the intermediate causes and effects registered, science shall have assumed a reliably predictive character. The future is but the effect of causes operating in the present. Ascertain these causes and prophecy becomes possible—science becomes prophetic. Even now, in some of its departments, it has already assumed this character. In Astronomy and Physics, this is particularly true. The science of soci-

ology least partakes of this character, because, of all the sciences, it is the least generalized. It has difficulties, peculiar to itself, which together with the small degree of attention bestowed upon it, place it much behind the rest of the sciences.

Astronomy is the most perfectly generalized of the sciences, the Physics comes next, in which may be included Chemistry, then Physiology, while Sociology has but lately assumed the name of a science. This is the order in which M. Comte classifies the sciences—an order which is as natural as it is beautiful. The phenomena of life apparently are not characterized by that uniformity which is observed among natural phenomena, but in reality, we think, no inherent difficulty is presented to prevent Sociology from occupying the same position as Astronomy. The fact that circumstances do, and in future, may possibly arise, which must to a greater or less extent, modify existing general laws, is a peculiarity which marks the progress of every science, in its approach to perfection, and therefore, cannot be regarded as peculiar to one science more than to another. These modifying circumstances can be ascertained, and the conditions under which they take place, observed, and this method continually adopted until a more general law is ascertained.

Considering the many general laws which are now ascertained, and how slowly they diminish in number, and increase in generality, the time when these shall give place to one general law, in which unity and generality shall meet, appears distant. Patience must be exercised, and if the progress of science has taught one moral lesson, it has taught this. This quality has characterized its most devoted followers. Kepler was one of the most persevering, and Newton was one of the most patient of men. The short life of man precludes him from devoting more than a few years to the interests of science. When the light of a great discovery, perhaps, is dawning upon him, and when a few hours more would have revealed it to the world in all its entirety, the noble devotee is obliged to leave his work unfinished. This is one of the causes which renders the progress of science towards perfection gradual, but it is a cause which suggests its own remedy, viz: the more general adoption and application of those grand rules unfolded in the Inductive Philosophy of the illustrious Bacon.

The work which that illustrious philosopher achieved in the cause of science can be estimated most correctly by the progress which science, governed by the laws which he enunciated, has made since his day. By an accurate observation of the sequences which take place in the mental and material worlds, laws which were before general, have attained a greater generality, while new uniformities have been observed giving rise to new sciences. Generalizations now are only regarded as reliable and worthy of the honoured name of scientific when based on undeniable fact, the beautiful uniformity of whose recurrence, alone gives stability and permanence to what was regarded at first as a mere conjecture. Hypothesis is thus accorded a place, subordinate to observation, hasty conclusions must patiently submit to the slow and gradual disclosure of facts, and while faith in the operation of the great laws of the Universe is cherished, the exercise of patience gives to that faith all its reality and beauty. Scientific progress thus bears a most interesting and important relation to moral improvement, and while its direct object is the unfolding of the laws of the Universe, its indirect, (although equally great) object is, the cultivation of all those qualities which dignify and adorn the moral nature of man.

NOTES ON CAPE BRETON.

(CONTINUED.)

Quite near Loch Bhan is the settlement of Broad Cove. It is an old settlement, and contains some very fine interval lands. The term interval in C. B. is a beautifully expressive one, being applied to valleys generally rich in pasture, lying between opposing mountains. A drive of about five miles brings you to the extreme point of Cape Mabou. As you near the Cape the wide expanse of sea which breaks upon your vision excites feelings of mingled wonder and delight. There it lies before you like a "giant in his wrath," wreaking its Tritonian rage upon the broken rock-bound coast. Away in the distance, like a cloud in the horizon, you may see quite distinctly the East Point of Prince Edward Island. Cape Mabou is composed of three conically shaped hills, separated from each other by intervening gaps. There are some very fine clearings adjoining the Cape. Great numbers of codfish and mackerel are here caught every summer season in the waters surrounding the Cape.

Returning to Broad Cove and driving fifteen miles inward you enter the fine settlement of Margarie, lying along the Margarie river, one of the most attractive streams in the Island. It lies in a beautiful valley walled in by mountains on all sides. It is quite an old settlement, and everywhere you see evidence that the brawny arm of labour has been doing its work. The settlers are composed of French and Scottish emigrants. Large meadows of ripening grass waving in the summer haze, coming so fresh and cooling across the hills; the neat and comfortable looking houses; the stream rippling gently by; are features which, belonging exclusively to Margarie, tend to make it one of the most attractive settlements. Salmon are caught in abundance in the river in the month of July. Pleasure-seeking anglers from all quarters flock to the river at this time, and deem it worth a long journey on dusty roads to spend a week on the inviting banks of Margarie river.

About twenty miles from Margarie is the Loch Law, so called, according to some, because the settlers are very fond of wrangling; according to others because the bird Lune is found in the woods adjoining, and that therefore the proper name is Loch Lune. Loch Law is an object of attraction to most tourists, nestled as it is far down in an interesting narrow valley of opposing mountains which rise with surprising abruptness to a height of about six hundred feet. There reposing in an undisturbed calm between these dark mountainous walls, it reflects far beneath the blue zenith above, or the dark rolling clouds that pass betimes over the summit of the mountains. The public road passes close by it at the base of the mountains, screened from the summer sun by overhanging trees. The lake is not more than thirty yards wide, and forms the source of the Middle River, which flows into St. Patrick's Channel.

Middle River Settlement is not more than five or six miles from the Loch, is a very flourishing settlement, and produces some of the largest hay crops on the Island. It is situated in the valley through the centre of which flows the Middle River. Hunter's Mountain, part of the chain extending to Cape North is on the east, and Geranger's Mountain forms the western boundary. The settlers are principally Scotch, from Kintail, in Scotland.

Separated from this settlement by Hunter's and Crowdis' Mountains lies the Baddeck River Settlement, or Big Baddeck, as it is called, to distinguish it from Little Baddeck. It is a very fine settlement, settled chiefly by English loyalists. Crowdis' Mountain rises on the north, completely covered with a growth of hard wood. The summit of this mountain (and the same remark applies to almost all the

ranges in Cape Breton) is quite a level plateau of about five miles in breadth, and contains, it is said, excellent land; but the absence of water, which cannot be arrived at, even at a great depth, completely negatives its fertility and is discouraging enough to prevent any one from commencing farming operations there.

A drive of five miles brings you to Little Baddeck, or Baddeck the County Town. It is situated on a gradually ascending declivity, fronting the entrance to St. Patrick's Channel. It is forty years ago since the first person settled there, it has been gradually since as the country surrounding become settled, and is still reinforced by enterprising young speculators chiefly from Nova Scotia. A pleasant little place it is to spend four or five summer months, with its far reaching extent of water in front, which from the variety of aspects which it presents, as a storm or calm rests upon its bosom, is peculiarly interesting. A grand scene is spread before the spectator as he looks abroad upon its calm surface, frilled down to its edge with sloping green meadows, and eminently suggestive of those grand, solemn thoughts which border on the mysterious and the infinite. Oft we have gazed with unspeakable pleasure upon its bosom on many a calm summer's morn, and thought on the mystery of its being, of the little port that was growing upon its banks, and contrasted the noise and stir that now mingled with the roar of its waters, or was heard echoed back o'er its bosom, with the time when that roar was only responded to by the sea-gull's shrill cry, when no human eye gazed upon its placid waters, and the achievements of human toil and enterprize induced us to picture a not at all unsuccessful future for Baddeck, and to regard the time as not very far distant when the little village shall assume the dimensions of a great and flourishing city.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

The hero of Tennyson's famous, but somewhat unique, poem, Locksley Hall, in his wild ravings against his cousin Amy, for having jilted him, after uttering all sorts of ungallant things regarding her, and vowing all sorts of mad things in respect to himself, at last thinks of betaking himself to India.

"The shining orient where his life began to beat,"—where his father perished in the "wild Mapratta battle," and where he himself was rather rudely nurtured and brought up; or wandering still farther off:

"On from Island unto Island, at the gateways of the day;"
and there marrying a "savage woman" who should

"Rear his dusky race;"

but again, on second thoughts, he shrinks from such an issue:—

"Mated to a squalid savage, what to me were sun or clime?"
I, the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time:

and he accordingly resolves upon a wiser course, to stay where he is:

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

With the particular idea here we have nothing critically to do; although it does seem to us rather overwrought and extravagant in the circumstances, or for the occasion. We do not see why the young man should be at such fever heat, and being so, why his thoughts should take so philosophic a channel, or assume so imaginative a cast; unless indeed it was the poet himself that was pouring his own molten and burning thoughts into this particular conduit, and uttering his high imaginings for his special artistic

purposes. But leaving all this out of view, we take the poem as it is, and the thoughts as we have them, and we shall detain our readers for a little while upon them, for their own fine import and artistic expression. We fear, however, that like all Tennyson's fine things, the portions of the poem we may select, have become so familiar and hackneyed by quotation, as to have lost much of their effect, except upon such minds as have the advantage to come in contact with them for the first time. This, however is the penalty that all fine writing has to pay for its very excellence.

We take the following stanzas, near the commencement of the poem, which every reader of Tennyson must have by heart:

"Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long results of Time;
When the centuries behind me, like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed."

How many at this present hour may be wandering about the beach, or by wood and wold, or,

"Following the plow upon the mountain side,"

or in any other circumstances, "nourishing a youth sublime" with these very "fairy tales of science;" to whom the past is like a fruitful land, with its treasured riches, and gathered experience, and the present is like that aerial line of the horizon, promising a future, finer, brighter, and more ideal than anything which the present day discloses. Science has indeed its "fairy tales." What wonders does it not unfold, surpassing those of fairy land! Does it not accomplish by its own beautiful laws what formerly fairies were invoked to perform, in the want of better agency? Has it not put a girdle round the world, which Puck said he could do in forty minutes? Has it not slain the dragon of ignorance and superstition, as St. George did that fabled one that was infesting all the land of Faery? Can it not throw up a palace of fairy-like structure, though not quite with the suddenness and expedition of the Genius of the lamp? Have we not the "open sesame" of knowledge, which unlocks bolts and bars, that would yield to no other touch? Have we not our iron-horse, if not our hippogriffs, to make our transits through the air? Is not the Chemist the Magician, and the Astronomer the prophet? Fairies were fabled once to know the virtues of all plants, and Gnomes could point out to the inhabitants of earth's surface, the precious metals that slumbered in its bowels. Botany has rendered the skill of the former superfluous, and Geologists, that of the latter unnecessary.

"The fairy-tales of Science, and the long results of Time."

This world has existed now some six thousand years—and if no longer—and it has taken all those years to bring about the results that we see. Since the time of Bacon, the great High Priest of science, however, science has made more progress than it did in all the centuries previous, and its advancement now will be in an immensely accelerated ratio. The hero of our poem, accordingly, in a continuation of the lines we have just quoted, proceeds:

"When I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see;
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

What a foresight was that! but perhaps he could see no farther than any of ourselves. But who cannot project his mind into a future that will exceed all that now is, as much as our present exceeds those ages of simple ignorance when the earth was believed to be a plain, and when the sun went down, it was thought, behind mountains? Who can tell what discoveries will follow upon those already made, and that are making every day? But we must not dwell too long upon any one line or couplet, albeit, a single line

is a text for a chapter or a treatise. We take another stanza, without all respect, however, to the laws of association in the young man's somewhat disordered mind.

"Men, my brethren, men the workers, ever reaping something new :
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they
shall do."

Burns struck that key note better than Tennyson. He foresaw the time when

"Man to man the world o'er,
Should brothers be for a' that."

Is there not too much of sentiment in Carlyle's idea of work being the panacea for every evil—and in Gerald Massey's exaltation of labor, in his fine lyrics, and all that is said of the dignity of labor, valuable as it is in its own place? We should be proud of nothing, but always feel our dependence upon that Being "from whom all good gifts do proceed"—and who alone can bless "the work of our hands."

The poet catching fire—or our raving soliloquist—singular combination of poetry, philosophy, and love!—repeating himself:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see," &c.
goes on:

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

Observe the effect of the imagination transferring to one thing the attributes of some other thing quite different:

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce."

Because the heavens fill the sails of commerce, they themselves "fill with commerce." And notice how the sails, and the very air which fans them, become idealised in the vision of the poet—"magic sails"—"the purple twilight;" and the argosies are seen dropping down the rivers, purple under that "purple twilight" with costliest merchandize.

But the ardent youth not only saw all this, but—strange order and law of progress—following such a vision of ships and commerce!

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly
dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder
storm."

We cannot say we are clear upon the meaning of the poet in this grand description. Does he mean by the

"Nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,"

balloons fighting like iron-clads, with the standards of the peoples waving from them, and, as it may happen, "plunging through the thunder storm?" Is this the poet's vision of the future? Shall war not happily cease before that time? Instead of heavy "monitors," are we to have "airy navies"? Instead of "turret ships" are we to have ships steering clear of turrets? Instead of Congresses and protocols are we to have the quarrels of nations decided in this fashion in mid air? That is not a very philanthropic vision truly. But it is relieved by what follow: such a state of things is only to usher in one every way desirable: the poet's vision took in all the ages

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were
furl'd

In the parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

The poet seems to foresee a federation somewhat more extended than any known or contemplated in our day. But mark the effect of this kind of parliament and federation:

"There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

The "common sense of most" holding "a fretful realm in awe" has been wellnigh realized at the present day in England, but in no other nation that we are acquainted with in this world. It is pleasant to contemplate the earth "lapt in universal law," slumbering in a sort of Elysian bliss. But when will that be? Not till the Millennium we are afraid. The visions of poets do not take in, we fear, the scriptural conditions of that future.

The lover goes off into his hysterics again, and it is at this stage of the poem that we have the sage resolution to go to Cathay and get married to the "Savage woman," from which fate, however, he is saved by a better sense of what is due to his own dignity. He "the heir of all the ages," to do this is out of the question. The inheritor of such untold treasures to throw himself away on one so poor in the same kind of commodity would be indeed madness. We may separate, however, the expression from its accompaniments, the thought from its connection, and while critically we deem the exaggeration of the one grotesque, we may regard the rhetoric of the other perfect. "The heir of all the ages" is a thought worth taking note of and remembering. That is indeed true riches. To have all the ages for our ancestors, or to be put in possession of the wealth which in themselves and their learning they have accumulated, is to come into greater possessions than were a Cræsus or a Crassus to leave us his hoarded fortune. Who would not rather be the possessor of such riches than all the wealth of "Ormus and of Ind?" There are riches better than these—but we can but allude to this at present. Meanwhile we have to do with the thought of the Poet, and we confess it affords in itself a tempting theme on which to descant, did space permit. We must defer this, however, till some other time. The thought of "mating with a squalid savage" sets the youth off at a head-long pace:

"I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon."

Did the moon stand at gaze, or the people looking at it? The moon does indeed seem to stand at gaze, even as we look up to it in its ordinary transit through the heavens—how much more in the case of such a miracle—but this was surely not the poet's meaning. That, however, by the way.

"Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
Through the shadows of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as when life begun;
Rift the hills and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun."

It was surely time to call a halt. The youth feels that the fountains of his inspiration are not yet dried up within him—that his love for the muses had not perished in the shipwreck of his love for Amy, who had been so unfaithful to him.

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration swell through all my fancy yet."

This was fortunate, and if the poet was the subject of his own Trochaics, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that it was so.

"Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree
fall,

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunder bolt.
Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go."

Like Byron, he was to bid his native land "good night."

A concluding word. Tennyson's poetry is too often like his own "Palace of Art;" however perfect, it is Art; you are surrounded by the forms of Art, its symbols, its quaint devices; you feel its controlling presence; you seldom feel quite free, with the breezes of heaven about you, the impulses of nature around you, wandering at will by wood and wold, by flood and fell. This does not apply to his great poem, "In Memoriam," or to the "Idyls of the King;" the former, with its opal lights of thought and fancy, the latter with its antique grace, and steeped in the very element of the chivalresque.

Tennyson is the analyst among poets. He distils thought and sentiment and feeling. He handles essences. All the volatile elements of nature are at his call. He paints the rainbow subtler than it is. He speaks of "purple twilight," not of purple skies. He is the metaphysician among poets, though in a far profounder sense than the metaphysical poets of a former age. He lays bare the last rind of thought and feeling, and sees, and lets you see, what is beyond it, what is under it. His figures are never very obvious; they are for the most part unexpected; they strike you when you see them; they would most likely never have struck yourself, or perhaps any other mind. But we are forgetting, our subject is not Tennyson, but a part of Tennyson, Locksley Hall.

A FAMILIAR TALK WITH SCIENCE.

(CONTINUED)

Furthermore, besides reflection and absorption, there is one more thing that light suffers; and that we must understand before we can know properly why skies are blue, and stars are twinkling. That one thing more is called reflection. A ray of light travels straight as a dancing master's back, so long as it is in air, or water, or glass, or any other "medium" as the books say, of a certain unvarying thinness or thickness, fineness or coarseness, or, according to the school-word "density." But if a ray that has been travelling through warm and light air, suddenly plunges into air cold and heavy, it is put out of the way by such a circumstance, and in the moment of making such a change, it alters its direction. Still more, a ray of light that has been travelling in a straight line through air, is put out of its course on entering the denser medium of water; it is dislocated, refracted very much, alters its course, and then continues in a straight line on the new course, so long as the new medium continues. In the same way, a ray of light which travels through a medium that becomes denser and denser very gradually, would be perpetually swerving from its straight path, and would travel on a curve. Our atmosphere is heaviest upon the surface of the earth, and becomes lighter and thinner as we rise; the ray, therefore, from a star, comes to us after travelling in such a curve. But we see all objects in the direction of a perfectly straight line, continued in the direction which the rays sent from them, took at the moment of falling upon our sense of sight. Therefore we see all stars in a part of the heavens where they really are not. We see the sun before it really rises. Light entering a denser medium is refracted *from* a line drawn at right angles to its surface, entering a lighter medium it is refracted *towards* that line. Light entering a new medium at right angles—that is to say, not *aslant*—continues its course unaltered.

There is but one more fact necessary to fill up the small measure of preliminary knowledge necessary for a general understanding of the phenomena produced by the mixing of light with air. Light, in its perfect state is white, but the white light is a compound of other rays in due propor-

tion, each ray being different in colour and different in quality. So it takes place, because their qualities are different, that grass reflects the green ray and absorbs the rest, and, therefore, grass is green; while orange-peel reflects another ray, and swallows up the green, and all the rest. These colours being in the light, not in the substance coloured; in a dark room it is not merely a fact that we cannot see red curtains and pictures; but the curtains really are not red, the paintings really have no colour in them, till the morning came, and artfully constructed surfaces once more in a fixed manner decompose the light. Beside the colour of these rays, from which light is compounded, there are combined with them other suitable principles which act mysteriously upon matter. Upon the hard surface of a pebble there are changes that take place whenever a cloud floats before the sun. Never mind that now. The coloured rays of which pure white light is composed are usually said to be seven—Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red; and they may be technically remembered, in their proper order, by combining their initials into the barbarous word *Vibgyor*. These are called prismatic colours, because they were first separated by the passing of a ray of pure light through a prism. In that passage light is much refracted, and it happens that the contained rays all disagree with one another as to the extent to which they suffer themselves to be put out by a change of medium. Violet refracts most, and Red least; the others stand between in the order in which they have just been named, the order in which you see them in the rainbow. So the rays after refraction come out in a state of dissension; all the rays—made refractory—having agreed to separate, because they are not of one mind, but of seven minds, about the degree to which they should be put out by the trouble they have gone through.

Now, we have settled our preliminaries, we have got our principles; the next thing is to put them into practice. Let us first note what has been said of the absorption of light by transparent bodies. The air is one of the most transparent bodies known. On a clear day—when vapour does not mingle our atmosphere—mechanical obstacles and the earth's figure form the only limits to our vision. If the atmosphere had no absorbing power, only direct rays of the sun, or rays reflected from the substances about us, would be visible; the sky would be black, not blue; and sunset would abruptly pitch us into perfect night. The air, however, absorbs light, which becomes intermixed with its whole substance. Hold up your head, open your eyes widely, and stare at the noon-day sun. You will soon shut your eyes and turn your head away; look at him in the evening, or in the morning, and he will not blind you; Why? Remembering the earth to be a globe, surrounded by an atmosphere, you will perceive that the sun's rays at noon-day have to penetrate the simple thickness of the atmosphere, measured in a straight line upwards, from the earth; but in the evening, or morning, its beams fall *aslant*, and have to slip through a great deal of air before they reach us; suffering, therefore, a great deal of robbery; that is to say, having much light absorbed.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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

SCIENTIA VINCET.

Throned on the depths of yonder sunny skies,
An angel spirit watches o'er creation,
Gazing on mortals with unslumbering eyes,
That scan the bounds of earth's remotest nation.

Gifted with powers beyond her bright compeers,
She works her wonders with a mighty magic;
And lights the smile that flashes through the tears
Of weeping history, else so darkly tragic.

She weaves strong spells against a deadly foe,
Who reigns in realms which sunshine never reaches;
Gilding his palace with no radiant glow,
Nor struggling feebly through its ruined breaches.

There wrapt in night reclines the shadowy form
Of Ignorance, in dusky length extended;
While the low moanings of a gathering storm,
Sound in his ear with rolling thunder blended.

He shrieks and crouches in his gloomy halls,
And fruitless charms in frantic terror mutters;
Louder the tempest sweeps around his walls—
Stirr'd by the blast his pall-like mantle flutters.

When will thy glorious triumph be complete,
O Spirit, watching on thy throne of glory!
When will thy foe lie vanquished at thy feet,
The lifeless hero of a poet's story?

NIGHT THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

II.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

When we see a beautiful object or scene spread out before us, the feeling, it will be admitted by all, called forth by either is that of admiration, and we in common language attribute the beauty to the object or scene. Now the question is: Is this beauty a quality of the object or scene on which we gaze, or is it not, but the result of the operation of the law of association? That popular opinion favours the theory of its being an inherent quality of the object or scene, does not decide the matter, for however certain its decisions may be on questions of a merely practical nature, they are little to be relied upon when passed on questions purely speculative. Popular opinion centres in the present and the palpable. To take it as a guide in the solution of questions which demand analysis and involve general principles, is as absurd as it would be to expect the prudence and sagacity of manhood from the ignorance and inexperience peculiar to childhood. We all may admire the simplicity and innocence of the child, but it must be admitted, that such qualities so far as they imply the absence of the reflective and analytic faculties, are incompatible with the existence of philosophy or science. Childhood and youth are favourable to the growth of poetry. Philosophy must seek the conditions of its possibility when the mind's hold on external things has been diminished by time, and when the activity of the imagination has given place to the calm of reflection.

The advocates of the theory that beauty is a quality of objects allege, in proof of their position, the fact of its being confirmed by the universal consciousness of mankind. But the disclosures of science should certainly convince such theorists that the intimations of consciousness are not

to be taken as faithful delineations of facts. This is recognized in Sir William Hamilton's Law of Parcimony, wherein he distinguishes the derivative phenomena of mind from these that are "primary and universal." For instance the qualities of heat, cold and colour are now generally regarded as subjective or affections of our organism, in violation of the general belief of mankind. Many instances might be adduced from Physics illustrative of the same distinction between the consciousness of a fact and the fact itself, if it were necessary. If then, the above named qualities which popular opinion regards as objective realities, cannot be scientifically regarded as such, why argue for the objectivity of beauty upon the same grounds? Besides, the universal belief of mankind is at variance on the matter, a variety of national opinion existing as to what constitutes the beauty of an object. What elicits that feeling of admiration peculiarly the power of beauty to produce to one person, fails to do so to another; and what one nation regards as beautiful, does not merit that appellation in the decision of another.

A landscape upon whose expanse of ocean and scene no sooner does one look than his whole being is suffused with an instantaneous consciousness of delight and admiration, to another is the eliciting cause of painful and disagreeable sensations. We would think it scarcely possible that a sunshiny day of summer, which to almost every mind brings a flood of pleasing and delightful sensations, and render it the source of an almost universal enjoyment, should be contemplated by some with the bitter consciousness of painful and sad feelings. That such is the case we know, and will cite as beautifully illustrative of the fact the following lines from the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold:—

"And slight withal may be the thing which brings
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever; it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Here these objects which our almost universal experience compels us to regard as the occasions on which we become conscious of those agreeable feelings which constitute the feeling of the beautiful, are regarded as the "things which bring back on the heart the weight which it would fling aside forever;" or to express it philosophically, are regarded as the causes of painful feelings which can never be considered as entering into the composition of the feeling of the beautiful. We can conceive of the advocates of beauty as a quality of objects, maintaining that the fact of the variety of opinion regarding the beauty of objects is not inconsistent with the theory of its objectivity, on the ground that the principle of association may modify and even completely annul the original feeling of the beautiful, and render what was once the occasion of pleasant feelings the cause of feelings of a very opposite character. But this concession could not prove decisive of the soundness of the theory, for experience proves also that objects which were once cause of disagreeable and painful feelings, may possibly become the occasions of all those pleasant feelings which characterize the feeling of the Beautiful. In this latter case, the principle of association must be regarded not merely as the modifier, but the creator of beauty, and if it can be shown adequate to this, in one case, which it certainly can, why have recourse to a theory which at best is only partial in its solutions, and which is brought to the solution of cases bearing a marked similarity to those for the explanation of which the principle of association is found admirably adequate?

Correspondence.

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

King's College, Windsor, Feby. 16, 1869.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I have just had the pleasure of reading the second number of your small paper, the *Dalhousie College Gazette*.

I am very much pleased with the undertaking; it shows spirit, and determination, and deserves the sympathy and patronage of all lovers of Literature and Science; and I feel confident you will, in your laudable and praiseworthy enterprise, have the support and well wishes of all students and gentlemen of mind and spirit. It cannot be doubted that such a sheet will be of incalculable benefit to the students of the University and all who read its pages; it will afford the students opportunities of expressing their ideas without being exposed to the same satire and criticism that they would, should they appear in a paper of a more extended circulation.

While Classics, Mathematics, and Science should be studied with zeal and industry; the former because they make us acquainted with the eloquent, elaborate, and pathetic declamations of distinguished men of olden time. Mathematics, because they so nurture and train the intellect as to make it capable of digesting truth; and Science, because it opens to us the wise forethought of the Creator, the magnificence and regularity of creation, and its complete adaptation to our wants and requirements; yet they should not entirely monopolize our time and attention. Literature should hold a pre-eminent position, for by it our minds will be refreshed, our thoughts elevated, our imaginations enlarged, and our admiration of the beautiful increased; and in closing, Messrs. Editors, I wish you every success in your work. I am certain you will find it a pleasant and attractive occupation, and in time be recognized among the promoters of the liberal arts.

A STUDENT.

MENTAL CULTURE.

The first of a series of lectures before the Dalhousie College Debating Club, was delivered on Friday evening last, by Matthew H. Richey, Esq., before a well filled hall. Mr. Herbert Bayne, the president of the Society, occupied the chair. The theme of the lecturer—the culture of the human mind—was treated in his usual able and eloquent manner. In the course of his prefatory remarks he disclaimed all pretension to originality, observing that he who claimed it should be looked upon with some distrust.

The rewards that await a well-trained mind, were dwelt upon at considerable length, and in a very pleasing manner. In some points, such as physical strength, man was inferior to many of the brute creation. It was in his intellect that his superiority was manifested. The animals of

the nineteenth century were not superior to those of the former ages, but man, as each succeeding century rolled on, profiting by the experience of those who had gone before, increased in knowledge, in wisdom, and in power. The lecturer then contrasted the so-called greatness of those heroes who have deluged the world with blood, with the eminence attained by men of science, philosophy, polity, and every department of literature. He referred to the cultivation of the intellect as incumbent on every man, and pointed out the utter worthlessness, and even misery of wealth without learning. If such a one loses his money, he loses his all, but one who has enjoyed the blessings of education, has always a never-failing fund of enjoyment left him.

He referred to the disastrous consequences that would, and do ensue, from want of proper qualifications on the part of our professional men. To obtain pre-eminence in any path of life, unremitting labour was necessary. The men who enjoy the highest positions in our own motherland, could not trace a pedigree to the Conqueror, but by dint of study and determination had raised themselves to their present high position.

In conclusion, the lecturer advised all to take proper means for the preservation of their health while pursuing their arduous labors.

On motion of Mr. E. D. Miller the unanimous thanks of the Society were tendered to Mr. Richey, for his able and instructive lecture.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editors will in no case undertake to return manuscripts.

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

J. D. Tremain, Esq., (Port Hood) your letter and enclosure came safely to hand. Many thanks.

Student (King's College) thanks for your good wishes. We will be very happy to receive contributions from you, at any time.

"Student" and "Scotsman:" We cannot undertake to insert your articles, on account of non-compliance with the above condition concerning anonymous contributions.

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Tales.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED.)

While meditating he happened to glance at the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, and casually noticed that the packet-ship *Himera* was to sail at five o'clock the next morning for Australia. A new thought entered his mind. Would it not be better in the enjoyment of one another's company to seek a foreign land, than apart from each other to live in misery at home? He speedily decided in the affirmative. He formed his plans. Then, however, a difficulty arose. How was all this to be communicated to Julia? He was deprived even admittance to her presence. Love laughs at blacksmiths. Taking the paper he marked the advertisement in a peculiar manner. He gave it to a servant, who, he knew would not betray him, to deliver to his mistress.

On opening the paper Julia's eyes at once caught the advertisement. A magnetic communication seemed to take place between their minds. The same idea that, as a last resort, had flashed across Ralph's mind, involuntarily entered her own. But how was she to see Ralph to make the necessary arrangements? Suspicion had been awakened in the mind of her father. On again looking at the advertisement she saw the figure—

11.

What could this mean? The ship was to sail at five o'clock the next morning. One thing only could be understood.—They would have to start at eleven that evening. But where should they meet? Another glance revealed this:



A large tree just outside the Lodge gates, at once suggested itself.

Everything was now apparent. Making her maid her confidante, she procured a servant's dress, which she put on. At half past ten she set out. She walked fearlessly by the spies who were stationed in various places to notice the movements of herself and Ralph, and being regarded as a servant, was neither molested nor questioned. On arriving at the place of meeting, she found Ralph waiting. Few words were said, for thoughts too deep for utterance suppressed all speech. Rapidly they drove towards the sea-port, where the *Himera* lay. They arrived at one, and went immediately on board. Fatigued with her hasty journey, and sensibly feeling her loss of sleep, she retired to her cabin, and soon forgot her anxieties and fears in a deep sleep. Meanwhile the ship was got under way, and when Julia awoke at noon, she found herself in the noble vessel, gently gliding over

“The open and the free,
The ever, ever-sounding sea.”

She sought the deck. Her first thought on awaking, was of Ralph; the first object that met her eye when she came on deck was his manly form. The shores of Old England—their native country—were dimly visible in the distance, and fast receding from their gaze. Solemn thoughts crowded in their minds. They were leaving the land of their birth, perhaps for ever. They were on the way to a far distant—to a scarcely civilized—country, having only their mutual love to cheer and guide them.

DOMINION WOLVES.

(CONCLUDED.)

‘Well Squire, I can't call to mind how I woke exactly, but the fust thing I remember I was sittin' right up on the pile of shavings, tryin' to make out, as well as I could in the dark, if there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I could see clearly; but at last I heard a slight rustle, and thought I saw somethin' move. Thinks I, that's Dave Shunyser, or some of the boys come back to frighten me. They shan't have it to crow over me, so I says out ‘Is that you, Dave?’ There was no answer, but I heard a rustlin' and a patter just like a dog's paws, and I could see the critter, whatever it was, crawlin' towards the gap in the boards. Then it stopped, and kinder turned its head, and I cotched sight of two twinkling lights, and, thinks I, it's a stray dog; when the critter gave a spring out of the barn, and sot up a howl. Squire, I shouldn't have been scared with one wolf, but that howl was answered from the woods, maybe a quarter of a mile off, by another, which I know'd could only have come from a pack of no less than fifty hungry devils. I had presence of mind to think of two things, to remain and die by these ugly hounds, or take to my heels and save my life. I know'd I hadn't a moment to lose, and knowin' this, I jump'd out of the barn, and scud with all the legs I had, and the terror in my brain gave to my legs a quickness that I never thought could be in them. I made for Rini Parkins' fathers' house, which was about two miles off, and I tell you these two miles were the two shortest miles that ever I travelled. I heard the wolves yelping as if they were hind me. Oh what yells! Squire, I had almost swooned away, but my active legs saved me. I reach'd the house. Now, I thought that they would be all asleep, and I must awaken them. I knock'd, knock'd again, my heart beating almost louder than my knocks. I heard a motion, a step then, and then a voice that I knew, and that brought courage to me. ‘Sam!’ I sung out, ‘let me in, the wolves are chasing me,’ ‘you're all right here, my boy,’ and the door opened, and my friend caught my hand, and gave it a squeeze that set me in good spirits. He gave me a chair, stirred up the fire, and sat down with me, and commenced tellin' yarns of the olden times.

While our minds were dwellin' on the days that were long ago, and the fire was blazin' up in grand style, that would cheer the heart of a Greenlander, a noise was heard at the door, then a rubbing, we listened. Now, Sam was a wondrous brave fellow, ‘I'll let the beggars know what they are about’ he said, and walked coolly, Squire, as cool as if he were sittin' down to his dinner, and opened the door. There was a wolf, growlin' as if to make a jump on my friend, but Squire, d'ye know what he did, but catch him by the tail and swung him round and round, and then threw him about twenty feet from the door, shut the door, and walked over coolly to the fire. Just then we heard such screamin' and howlin' as I niver heard afore. ‘Let's go to the door,’ Sam says. ‘No, that's more of the dreadful critters,’ I said, ‘They'll have our lives.’ Sam could not resist the temptation to see what all this screamin' was about. ‘Bring me a brand of fire,’ says he, ‘quickly, or else these thieves will be on us,’ I pluck'd a bran' and ran to the door, my heart well nigh quakin' all the time. Sam seized it, and as quick as he threw the rascally wolf, threw the blazin' bran' among the wolves. No sooner did they see it, when they set up a howlin' and squire,' concluded the Yankee, laying his hand seriously on my sleeve, “they ran off for the woods, yelpin' like so many mad dogs.”