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FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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ANCIENT SPECULATION.

(CONTINUED.)

Heraclitus made intelligence universally diffused, ready for inception by the correct sense. Reason is wholly dependent upon sensation; without it the mind could have no real knowledge. The omnipresent ether he made the vehicle of Divine reason. It is the ultimate source of all knowledge. This air inhaled gives us consciousness, when the senses are inactive this mind shut in from communication with the reason does not operate. In his view of mind Heraclitus is the antithesis of Parmenides. They are the first representatives of two classes of thinkers which have existed to the present day, viz; the Sensationalist and Realist. With Xenophanes, Heraclitus bewailed the perplexity which filled the minds of men, but he attributed it to the imperfection of human reason, not of sense. He thought man lacked a sufficient supply of the Divine ether or reason. Heraclitus held that all man's knowledge is acquired divinely from Deity through the medium of sense, and as only portions can be thus obtained, it is necessarily incomplete. But he allowed that by many comparing and adding their attainments, an approximation to perfection might be made. He thus made human knowledge to be imperfect in degree, not in kind. In physics he said nothing permanently exists. It is and immediately ceases to be. All is coming and going—a continual flux and reflux. The symbolical element of all things he asserted was a warm dry vapour, an ether which he considered typical of spontaneous energy. As a physical element this is a more subtle choice than the moisture of Thales or the air of Anaximenes. Everything contains latent heat. It seems literally omnipresent. Its radiation may have suggested lofty origin, a heavenly agent, an effusion from deity. The marvellous effects it produces would almost warrant this conclusion. Like a giant it lifts the veil of darkness from the face of nature, dispels the gloom and cold damp which seem to work for the destruction of life. Its presence is life, and its total departure is followed by death. This heat he considered never the same: it increases or decreases, bursts into flame, burns bodies to ashes, then retiring in a circle of intensity, resumes its latent condition. This perpetual motion, these states never present, always becoming, he asserted to be God. Motion is inseparable from life. Changes go on in the world, effects are produced, the universe must be vital. Its motive power is the heat. This principle is restless from its very nature. Its constant action is what gives rise to phenomena. To gratify itself this life takes forms, this heat produces the appearances of matter, which from the restlessness of their cause are ever varying. He considered this principle active from a certain antagonism within itself, it operated in pairs, positive and negative, which, from their necessary opposition, emit the phenomena of nature. This dualism he made the producer of all things.

Athens had now become the seat of Ionic Philosophy. The gay, curious and versatile scholars of that city were

busily discussing the questions raised by the opposing schools, and eagerly listened to any new expositions of an old tenet or new explanation of phenomena. Its central position, the fame of its schools, and its importance, attracted crowds of ambitious youths within its walls. Clazomenæ, in Lydia, added its quota to the throng rushing towards the literary capital. Young Anaxagoras, seized by a desire of learning, could rest with nothing short of Athens. Possessed of wealth, he spent it all in educating himself, and purchasing books. After years of study, he found himself inferior to none in knowledge, and scarcely superior to a beggar in worldly goods. Learning all his teachers could impart, he began to prosecute independent inquiries. His renown as a thinker grew wider. Students came, disciples hovered at his side. The names of Euripides, Pericles and Socrates among his pupils would alone make his name illustrious. Surrounded by the leading young minds of Greece, his soul burned with zeal for truth. Prudence was sacrificed to conviction, and with fearless speech he denounced the mythology of his country. The envy of rivals, and the blind faith of the people soon brought a charge of impiety against him. He was tried and condemned to death. The extreme penalty of the law was only arrested through the eloquent defence of Pericles. Philosophy had now to deal with two grand questions "the origin and nature of the universe, and the mode and certainty of knowledge." To both of these Anaxagoras gave solutions radically different from those of his contemporaries. He declared that naught could begin or end. All is indestructible. Matter is eternal. Denying the existence of one element or principle, he proclaimed an infinite number. Casting his eye abroad, and scanning creation, he was conscious of infinite variety. Was this variety what it appeared to him? His senses answered affirmatively, and his reason corroborated their statement. To deny this would be to make all knowledge a delusion. The evidence of sense then must be accepted, but as soon as its testimony is admitted, we get a countless number of elements, of distinctions. Thus he reached the idea of multitudinous first principles. The All instead of being a unity, was made the many. Now how or by what power are these elements combined, mingled, made into the *kosmos*? Fate, a principle hitherto acknowledged, he denied; chance he affirmed was but another name for the unknown cause of these results. This power he declared to be Intelligence, *naus*. This he exalted to the throne of the universe. This was the arranger of these inert elements into the world. Rejecting the view of Xenophanes, he separated that intelligence from matter and made it operate through its own will upon the material. This is a grand point reached. Here the partition is first set up between a divine mind and its sphere of action. This leads us from the material encumbrances of pantheism, and enables us to see God and his works in their relation, and not as both parts of some unsatisfactory unity. Here is the first cause, subordinate to which are all phenomenal causes. Here first is perceived the great gulf which yawns between mind and

matter. It is interesting, at this stage of our progress, to glance back at the advance of speculation. The plain, physical element of Thales was succeeded by an animated material one of Anaximenes, that by an intelligent one of Diogenes, and now the author of all is recognized not as a principle but as the governor and disposer of all principles. Such a process in such a direction shows to what results the mind naturally tends, and whither its legitimate inductions will bring it. Here we think we possess an argument which is valid against the atheist, powerful against pantheism, and a support to the belief of the God of the Bible. For Anaxagoras was reserved the glory of wedding in a consistent and harmonious union, the rival schools of Ionia and Elea. The former was ever groping through the objects of matter towards some unity dimly shadowed forth. This one when reached, however, was physical. How then could matter resolve itself into the multifarious forms observable? This felt difficulty led to the bestowal of life and intelligence upon this material *arche*. They were convinced of the necessity of a first principle. To account for this transformation of itself into the Many, was the difficulty. The Eleatics on the other hand held that the Many was the most prominent, and must constitute the *arche*. With them the Many was the One. Their query was how to resolve the Many into the One. These were the two facts of the schools; to reconcile them was the work of Anaxagoras. This he did by making Mind the Unity of the Ionians, and Matter the Many of the Eleatics. The analogous psychological questions dividing the schools were singularly harmonized by him. He put forward the view that since certainty is not real, sense can only gather appearances, hence it cannot tell of the realities which underlie these. It is true in as far as telling what is given to it, but as it knows only how the object presents itself, and not the object itself, it cannot report of the thing essentially. In addition to sense he placed reason as a corrector and regulator. Put one hand in very warm water and the other into an ice solution, then thrust both hands into a vessel containing tepid water, the first pronounces it cold the second hot. Reason sits in judgment and corrects both. Anaxagoras we thus see separated from the strict realist and sensualist. Reason he made dependent on sense for materials, both combined to produce certainty. He thus coupled the ranges of philosophy. Instead of One or Many, he held both One and Many; for Reason or Sense, he substituted Reason and Sense.

This edifice reared by Anaxagoras was the most comprehensive, complete, and harmonious which Greek speculation had yet constructed. No advance was made on this till the time of Socrates, when a new mode of investigation was pursued.

(To be Continued).

Good News.—About 100 copies of No. 6, vol. 1 of the *Gazette*, containing the celebrated essay on Analogy, (published by request of the professor of metaphysics) have been discovered in the printing office. We have been often asked for a copy of this famous issue, but have always been obliged to return the melancholy answer, "not one on hand." Now, however, they can be obtained, and in consideration of the large Freshmen and Sophomore classes, each member of which will certainly consider it necessary to possess one. The price per copy has been reduced to three cents. *Verburn sap.*

Correspondence.

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

KILTOMANIA.

Dear Gazette,—

Halifax has another of its periodical fits. A complete revolution has taken place in manners, speech and dress. Every boy now wears a Scotch cap, and "whistles over the lave o'it," and the lovely maidens dress in plaids—broaches, &c., and sing "My Donald wears a bonnet blue." People who were born in Kent try to prove that if their ancestors were not natives of Sutherlandshire, they had at least been as far north as Inverness. Even the large importing houses display the tartans of each clan in their windows, and you are always politely asked before making purchases, "to what clan you belong?" There is not a copy of Burns or Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, in Halifax, unsold, and the *real Scotch* have lent every one in their possession. Poor John Highlandman is now a fine good fellow, and even ladies who formerly pouted their lovely lips at the name of a 'Hielanman,' now make no objections to a proposal in that barbarous dialect called the Celtic.

Everybody imitates them. Nurses quiet their charges by singing of the Kilties, and only wait their slumbers to join the subjects of their songs. No music is now played but such pieces as "Charlie's welcome to the Isle of Sky," "Bonnie Dundee" and "Blue Bonnets over the border." The most fashionable dance is the "Highland fling" or "Scotch Reel," and the most endearing epithets are Laddie and Lassie.

To show the change, we will relate an incident.

A young lady of our acquaintance, two years ago, said she would as soon marry an Arab, as a man wearing Kilts and hose, and as all ladies are said to speak their minds truthfully, we believed her. A few evenings ago, we met her at a party, in company with several officers of Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders. She was particularly attentive to a large and martial, though not poetical son of the Heather. She was extolling Jane Porter's Heroes to him in rapturous style. Pressing his arm, and looking at him with affectionate appeal, she said: "Brave Sir Wm. Wallace, can I be your Marion?" "Tut Lassie," said he, "I should be the first to talk of 'marryin.'"

My laughter at the loss of so much affection, caused the child of the Mist to act unpleasantly towards me, but I told him there were very many good jokes in the *Gazette* at which people could laugh. To see these would-be Scotch walking the street, or hear them sing, is truly amusing. Shades of departed heroes forgive these imitations of Bruces and Gows.

If this were the first time in our history the people acted so, we would have nothing to say, but every new regiment has the same effect. As our brave Scotch friends may soon leave (though we hope not) and as other rude tribes were put in the general catalogue with Celts before, and as they may be replaced by a band of Sepoys, or a tribe of Indians from Red River, we would advise all concerned to be prepared for the next arrival, by studying Hindostanee or Mohiean.

Such fickle changes in a city is below contempt—yielding everything to catch beaux—and selling nationality at the altar of a "good match." Well might an American, if here, exclaim, "Paradise of Captain Jinks—Elysium of snobbery—Eldorado of shoddy—Halifax, all hail!

MONTROSE.

BERMUDA.

I.

The existence of Bermuda was made known to Europeans as early as A. D. 1515, by Juan Bermudoz, master of a Spanish Merchantman, who sailed past within a mile's length of the shore, but was prevented from landing by the rising of a storm. The present name of the group, it will easily be seen, is derived from the name of this shipmaster, and though long disused in favour of the appellation of Somers' Islands, has at length had its claims to be preferred both for the sake of euphony, and of justice to the real discoverer, fully recognized.

The numberless rocks and reefs which girt the Island about, and the fury of the storms, so very frequent at that time, long frightened every one from trying to land, though as it lay near the track pursued by homeward-bound West India ships, they often passed within sight of it. So many were the shipwrecks, and such evil report did it obtain therefrom, that it became a sort of scarecrow to seamen, was called by them the Isle of Devils, and supposed to be the peculiar domains of his Satanic Majesty; Shakespeare calls it the "still-vexed Bermoothes" an epithet no longer applicable, as there has been no storm of any magnitude for the last thirty years. In 1594 the crew of a French ship of war, which had been wrecked near the island, dwelt there for five months, and managed to support themselves on the hogs, which were very abundant, till they escaped in a small cedar vessel. These animals were left by Ferdinand de Camelo, to whom the King of Spain had made a grant of the islands. This adventurer landed on the south shore, and took formal possession, but never attempted any settlement. Fifteen years after, a ship proceeding to Virginia with Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and upwards of a hundred sailors and emigrants on board, ran ashore on one of the rocks, and her crew had to disembark from their sinking vessel. They remained on the island for nearly ten months, living in tolerable comfort, but troubled with mutinies, which Gates and Somers had much difficulty in suppressing; and after much labour they built two schooners, in which the whole party was safely conveyed to its original destination. The real value and fertility of the Bermudas being now known, they were granted to the Virginia Company for settlement, but that august body soon made them over to a hundred and twenty noblemen and gentlemen, who obtained a charter, as Lords Proprietors of the Somers Islands. They made the division, which still subsists, into tribes or parishes, and besides laid out 400 farms, of about twenty-five acres each, to be tilled under a system like that of the French and Italian metayers, the produce of the land being equally shared between the proprietor and tenant. The eastern end, although the most rocky, and least fertile, was chosen as the place of settlement, and in the summer of 1612 the town of St. George's, long the only one, and the seat of government, was founded by sixty persons, sent out under one Moore. The early days of the colony were troublous, and blood would have been shed but for the firmness and good sense of the Governor. Settlers rapidly flocked to the new colony, and in twenty years it had a population of three thousand. But the oppressive form of government, and the evil dispositions of too many of its subjects, kept the country in a perpetual fever, and the Governors, for the most part men of stern and haughty character, were compelled to resort to high-handed measures, in order that they might maintain their authority. As the Island was largely peopled by Puritans, the civil and religious dissensions and contests which agitated England, during the middle of the 17th century, found an echo in its remote dependency. Shortly before the civil war began, the jails of Bermuda were filled with dissenters, but when the Parliament gained the command of the sea, the positions of the two parties were reversed, and a Puritan Governor and Council ruled the land. After the Restoration, the people, now become numerous, began to chafe sorely at the vexatious petty restrictions imposed by the Company; the most obnoxious being that it was forbidden to private persons to catch whales, or cut cedar trees. The discontent was so general and loudly expressed, that in 1685 the Home Government abolished the charter of the Company with little opposition from the latter, as the island had ceased to return them any great revenue. The land was made over in freehold to its occupiers, and political power was to a large extent vested in the native inhabitants, by the establishment of an elective assembly, consisting of four members returned from each of the nine parishes. These measures were highly satisfactory to the people, and there would have been an end of discontent, had it not been again evoked at different periods by the rapacity and tyranny of many of the Royal Governors. Richier, Hope, and Bruere in the last, Hodgson and Lumley in the present century were the most obnoxious of these rulers; by the harshness of Bruere, the colony was brought almost to the verge of rebellion, and it required all the tact and prudence of the two succeeding Governors to allay the ill-feeling. By the end of the 18th century the country was in a very happy and prosperous condition, but in 1804 a severe blow was

given to its trade and commerce (then the most important pursuit of the inhabitants) by the annexation of Turks Islands to the jurisdiction of the Bahama Government. These small, sandy islets, utterly useless for agriculture, yielded a large income from the numerous saltworks carried on there; and having been exclusively settled by Bermudians, were naturally a dependency of their mother country, for more than a hundred years. In 1834, slavery was abolished in Bermuda, as throughout the other British West India Islands. Little opposition was manifested by the owners of the slaves, who were of very little use to a trading and seafaring community, but caused much uneasiness by their frequent plots, on account of which severe laws had to be enacted against the troublesome wretches. Since the revival of agriculture, chiefly through the efforts of Col. Reid, appointed Governor in 1839, masters have begun to understand the greatness of the loss inflicted on them by the emancipation act, for they cannot now obtain labourers to till the fields. The benefits conferred on Bermuda by the last-mentioned Governor, are far too numerous and important to be passed over in the most superficial sketch. Perceiving the inevitable, and hourly increasing decay of trade, he sought both by precept and example, to induce the people to turn their attention to the land. He succeeded in bringing about great improvement, but it was a matter of the utmost difficulty to overcome the inveterate prejudice of the white population against farming. In former times fieldwork was left altogether to old women, while the able-bodied slaves were employed as sailors and mechanics; hence the work of a slave and a woman came to be regarded as doubly degrading to a freeman. This absurd prejudice still lingers, and is dying away rather from the pressure of necessity, than the spread of enlightenment, as the blockade-running business, carried on so largely during the late American war, caused an abnormal and delusive increase in the trade of Bermuda, followed by a corresponding amount of reaction, from which it has hardly yet recovered.

Their remoteness from hostile neighbours, and the protecting terrors of their reefs, have hitherto preserved the Bermudas from the ravages of war, though many expeditions have been contemplated, and some actually directed against them. Strong by nature, they have been of late still further strengthened by art. The channel leading to the harbour of St. George's, is defended by numerous and massive fortifications built on the adjoining islands, and thus hostile ships are debarred from the only safe passage within the reefs, for vessels of large tonnage; while a large camp, environed with forts, was in 1865 commenced on a large plateau situated in Devonshire parish, in the centre of the mainland, and commanding it in every direction, for the quarters of a second regiment then deemed necessary for defence. Besides, a level military road has been carried along the southern shore, with embankments, and bastions, from which field artillery may play upon an enemy's ships, the reefs there allowing them to approach within a mile or two of the land. The situation of Bermuda, lying as it does at almost equal distance from Nova Scotia, the United States of America, and the West Indies, renders it in naval warfare, the key to North America. The Lords of the Admiralty were slow in perceiving its advantages, and it was not till 1807 that a dockyard was established. Now, however it is the chief station of the North American fleet, and Ireland island, containing some 200 acres, is wholly occupied with the dockyard, and the buildings of departments connected with it. The great breakwater, wherein the monster floating dock is to be received, as well as the government buildings at the dockyard, were constructed by convicts, of whom about 1000 were kept in the hulks, for a long period, but six or seven years ago were transferred to South Australia. The importance of Bermuda, as a rendezvous for expeditions against the United States, and as a place of refitting for disabled ships, can hardly be overestimated, and in case of a war with the above-mentioned country, it would be one of the first objects of attack, but so great are its military and naval resources, that the success of such an endeavour is altogether improbable.

DALHOUSIE DEBATING SOCIETY.—For the benefit of the *Daily Citizen* we may mention that this flourishing institution has been in existence since 1864. *Semper floreat.*

EGOTISM.—Owing to the unqualified commendation of Mr. Carvell's conduct expressed by the *Gazette*, he has been asked by the Dominion Government to accept the pretty little sum of \$1000. We cry halves. Hope Mr. Taylor will follow in his illustrious footsteps when Christmas comes round again.

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

STIRLING.

After having sailed along the smooth surface of the Lochs, and driven over the rough, hilly, winding road, leading through the Trossachs, enjoying the beauty of Scotland's most beautiful scenery, we arrive at the pretty little town of Callander, and thence we take the cars for Stirling, to which place we are conveyed in less than an hour's time.

We find the city situated on the face of a high hill, at the summit of which stands the castle. The town itself, is not half so large as the capital of our own Province, and is not characterized by any excellence in public buildings, or handsome streets; it is the deeds of history that have given the city its fame, that have immortalized old Stirling.

The sight of the ancient castle at the top of the hill tempts us to ascend. When we have arrived near the summit the white marble slabs, and the numerous little mounds of earth, which mark the homes of the dead, excite our curiosity to know if any of those time-worn monuments mark the resting-place of some brave and illustrious Scotchmen. And as we read the inscriptions written on the tallest of those memorial pillars, we find that beneath us lie the ashes of many of the covenanting martyrs who died for their religion, during the persecutions of the First. Charles. But let us leave this abode of spirits, and these haunts of ghosts, and wend our way towards the castle. We enter the gates, guarded by the sturdy Highland soldier, garbed in that attractive and picturesque dress peculiar to the Scotchman; and walk along the ramparts till we come to that part familiarly known as the Lady's Lookout. What a glorious view meets our eyes! at one glance we take in almost the four points of the compass, and nothing intercepts between us and the horizon. On the west side of the castle, far away in the distance, we perceive the rugged mountains, along whose sides we had been jostling in the early part of the day. Nor do we wish we were now upon the Highland hills, admiring the grandeur of those lofty peaks above us, or gazing into the waters of the tranquil lakes below. No, we enjoy the distant scenery much better from our present position.

On the North, the back-ground is also formed of hills, which are neither so lofty nor so interesting as those we have just mentioned, but still are not without their grandeur. In the foreground we have the beautiful valley of the Forth, and as, from it many graceful windings, we remark its apparent reluctance to leave the pleasant vale, we are tempted to apply to it Drayton's description of the Ouse, which

"In measured gyres doth whirl herself about
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in and out;
And like a sportive nymph oft doubling in her gait,
In labyrinth-like turns and twinings intricate,
Through these rich fields doth run.

On the South the scenery is not so imposing as on the other two sides, and the horizon is bounded by the Campsie hills rising far in the distance.

But while our attention has been so occupied by the majestic appearance of the surrounding country, we have not found time to contemplate the splendid situation of this noble fortress. Such an admirable position for a castle of defence, situated on the summit of a rock, almost perpendicular on one side, while, on the other the ground falls away in a gradual incline. It is a position almost inaccessible, and we do not wonder that it cost the mighty Wallace a hard and bloody struggle before he was able to plant the Scottish standard upon its walls, or that it was a sufficient inducement for Edward II. to risk the battle of Bannockburn. And now the beauties of valleys and hills, of rivers and lakes have given place to the nobler emotions

of patriotic glory. We fancy we see the redoubtable Prince of patriots cheering on his eager soldiers to that memorable contest for liberty, and the description of the siege of Stirling by Sir Walter Scott, seems tame to us, for we have given imagination the rein, and it has soared to the loftiest heights; and should we for a moment allow our thoughts to stray in another direction, the brilliant tartan of the Highland sentry would call back our wandering thoughts, and lead us to think of the time when Scotland was in a less civilized state, and the kilt was the universal dress. But although we have hardly remained long enough upon this spot to realize the beauty of the surrounding country, we are forced, for want of time, to leave the ramparts, and again walk through those massive portals almost shuddering as we pass under the heavy portcullis, and hasten toward the field of Bannockburn.

We are not far out of the city before we enter the village of St. Kinians, a little hamlet, with only one long street, forcibly suggestive of poverty, and not marked by any appearance of cleanliness. Little children, clad in a kilt of undistinguishable color, roll about in the superfluous mud, tumbling over each other, and filling the otherwise noiseless atmosphere with playful shouts. We hurry past, but, notwithstanding our celerity, cannot escape the notice of the idlers lolling about the doorsteps. We walk about a mile further before the monument to Bannockburn meets our eye. Is it a grand colossal bust, representing the hero Bruce? or an immense statue of the Scottish lion exulting in the victory over his yet powerful opponent? It is neither, the only mark by which this famous field is known is a tall unadorned pole erected beside the rock on which the Scottish standard was placed on that memorable day.

Bannockburn is not famed for beautiful or imposing scenery. A broad, unattractive plain, with here a few scattered corn-fields, and there a pasture ground for cattle stretches itself before us. This one of the greatest of the world's battle grounds, is devoid of all beauty of appearance, no lofty hills rear themselves in its immediate vicinity, no thickly grown forests surround this memorable spot, no massive rocks impress us with awe at its grandeur. Historical interest alone tempts the traveller to visit it, and he leaves it, satisfied with having stood upon the scene of the decisive contest between the Celt and Saxon. What emotions thrill the heart of every true lover of liberty as he stands upon that spot sacred to the Scotchman, that spot upon which the freedom of Scotland was declared and the proud Edward sent back to his more Southern home by the daring Bruce, who there immortalized his name. What thoughts but those of patriotism and glory could enter any mind! But we must not go on farther. The reader can picture to himself the scene much more vividly than we can describe it. We must approach the rock, which, we have said before, was the support of the banner of St. Andrews. It is now covered with a heavy iron grating, which fact we deeply lament, as it prevents our breaking off a piece of its stone as a souvenir from Bannockburn. From this situation we have a splendid view of Stirling castle, which we have just left. We stand upon the battle-field of Bruce, and gaze upon the scene of Wallace's closest contest.

But we cannot remain longer to contemplate the glory of those two patriotic Scotchmen. The sun is just nearing the western horizon, and betaking himself to his golden couch, which reminds us that it is time to leave the relics of ancient glory, and again enter the busy scenes of modern life.

DONALD ANGUS.—This interesting autobiography will be continued in our next.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., JAN. 24, 1870.

During the past few weeks our Provincial press has moved with reverted head, gazing earnestly at what has passed away. Memory has been ransacked for facts, fancy has been rummaged for garments, and a motley host of articles bearing 1869 in their arms, have passed before the eyes of the reading public. And how different has been the tone of these effusions, characteristic of the temperament of their writers! One takes peculiar delight in recalling the troubles which might have been prevented and the misfortunes which no foresight could avert, the stagnation of business, the want of progress, disappointments and ruin. Another writes in the bright golden light, he tells in glowing words, of obstacles removed, difficulties surmounted, and great advance upwards. 1869 has had all the variety of its buried brethren; it has been the sepulchre of many hopes, and the birth place of much happiness; from its heart has flowed both sweet and bitter waters, the same mouth has blessed and cursed. All these have been duly chronicled amid much real and feigned sorrow and delight.

Like Janus, Editors have stood at the portal of the year. That face wandering over '69 played upon by a multitude of recollections, regrets and sorrows, turning towards '70 peering anxiously into the mists, a broad index of only one feeling, one belief, one angel's presence, Hope. The vates of the sanctum bade all trust and be courageous, and banishing thoughts of sorrow, declared the phantom Happiness nearer than ever. Among the many salutations that met 1870, and the various advices tendered those of the *Gazette* were very brief. Knowing the excellent memories of our "boys," we took no pains to remind them that Christmas and New Year were at hand; and possessing abundant evidence of their ability to find enjoyment for themselves, we gave no admonition touching festivities. With our best wishes we sent them to seek and find all they wanted, at their "ain hearth stane." A day now approaches, however, before which New Year's pales, and Christmas is forgotten, more momentous than the one, and less doubtful than the other. And flinging back a trinity of Editorial heads, expanding the stentorian lungs of our corps, seizing a horn of Triton, we would blow a blast shaking the mountains to their foundations, sending the echoes from cave to cave, and filling all ears with our honored name. To-morrow we commemorate our natal day, we tell the glad story of our birth; we tell how Hercules-like, we, met our strongest opposition in the cradle; of our great progress, of honour crowning ridicule, of respect trampling on the neck of contempt, and *ut nos collaudemus*, of our marked improvement in the extent and excellence of articles; the size and finish of our paper, and, not least important, a circulation double that of last session, and catching the spirit of the time, we hope that

at each repetition of our birth-day, such an advance may be perceptible as will fructify the harvest we cherish of ere long seeing our infant publication grow to a manly rank in the literature of our land. There is ample room for a purely literary journal, and where more natural that such an idea should be encouraged and embodied, than at our own Metropolitan University? Who should be more ready to contribute to such an enterprise than the eager young spirits who throng our halls and animate our class rooms? The gems of thought dug from classic mines require setting; the sheaves of useful knowledge gleaned from scientific fields; the bewitching, though unsatisfactory thoughts of philosophy; the sweet sayings caught up by appreciative youths, should all be given to the world, that all may know what is enjoyed. The presentation of mythological characters, the rendering of old legends, the application of fancied truths to the modern mind, form pleasant tasks for the Student of the Ancients and history. Then, within our own circle, the loss of class and its cause, the "wherefore" of fines, and the "why" of a "ploughing," the running of "coaches," and the sweet slumber in "cribs;" finding the key to a mystery after the danger is past, the joke told after the Professor's rage has subsided, the "scrapes," fights, intellectual and otherwise, the rivalries, &c., should all find explanation, description and preservation in the Students' paper. Then where, following the Scotch system the Students live through the town, a comprehensive field of peculiar adventure is found. The particular mystery of each house, the skeleton in each cupboard, the tutelal deities of every studio should find their name and nature embalmed for the benefit of future "boys." The ridiculous capers of midnight should claim their own page; the Student, anything but pale, with anything in his hands but books, other tricks than those of rhetoric, and more thefts than plagiarism; appetites not appeased by mental food nor the fountains of science; entrances and exits through the difficulties of backyards and windows, might all point a moral, or adorn a tale! The Student's intercourse with the world, stammering genius and presumptive ignorance, appreciative wisdom and conscious beauty, talent wrestling with tact; thoughts too deep for tears as he philosophically scans humanity, and mistakes too great to be forgiven, as he muses; his share in "Snob papers" would all be worthy record, and would find a hearty welcome to our columns. Too few students attempt writing for us; diffidence hinders some, indifference others. Such training for writers is plainly necessary, and for us peculiarly urgent. Canadian literature is still but a very little thing. Our newspapers are void of the high intellectual tone and classic polish which give vigor and grace to those of the old world. The first Dominion illustrated paper began this year; no purely literary paper save our modest little *Gazette*, has yet appeared, as far as we know. Two Magazines are considered sufficient to carry popular information to four millions of people. The new books published during the past year might be carried under one arm.

There is the need of literary activity among us, and though the desire prompt the thought, we believe a better day draws nigh. Common school education has leaped to a worthy position, and young mind is moving. Wealth and intellectual attainments are drawing nearer each other, and we expect grand results. Our very position should give us a strong literature with a charm of freshness. It should be variegated, and rather unique. Set between Britain and the United States, influenced by each, by the one grave, phlegmatic, by the other lively and florid, the former the home of talent, the latter the loved abode of tact; inspired by all that is good and noble in each, we should have a composite style, rich and vigorous, with all the grandeur of the Doric, and grace of the Ionic, a literary Corinthian: and to rear a literature of our own, one which would speak of home, link us together, and knit us to our country, should be the aim of all true sons of our New Britain. Let the foundation be laid broad and deep in purity of sentiment and manliness of purpose, let watchful supervision test every stone offered for use in this temple, and accept only such as time cannot destroy or the future condemn. And in that proud day when a future Shakespeare crowns an arch, or a Milton tips a spire, we hope a careful inspection will show an unbroken series of firmly set stones inscribed *The Dalhousie College Gazette*.

MEDICAL FACULTY.—The third session will be opened on the 11th April by an inaugural address from Dr. Lawson, Ph. D. From the annual announcement (why not use the ordinary University term, by the way) which has just appeared we learn that there were 30 students attending last Session. If the number of the Professors can be taken as a voucher for their abilities, certainly Dalhousie may boast of the proficiency of its Medical Faculty.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.—We had the pleasure of a conversation with this venerable gentleman the other evening on the all-important topic of the weather. He informed us that he remembers nothing like the present season since 1825, when—he was a farmer then—his cattle remained in the pasture grounds every night during the first three weeks of January. This beats P. E. Island and its sugar-making.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—The Pope and the Council; B. O. W. C.; Young Men's Choice; Violet Keith; The Holy Grail; Lady Byron Vindicated; Yesterday, To-day, and Forever; Pater Mundi; Sangsters Poems. Will be reviewed as our space permits. Many thanks to those who have so kindly placed these books on our table.

MONTHLY REPORT.—The Report of the Editors of the *Gazette* for the month of December was presented to the Students of the University on Friday evening last.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Pay up.

THAT DUEL.—Will somebody please inform Dr. DeWolf of the names of the parties engaged. He has four vacant rooms.

RAMBLES.

IV.

There are times in the Students' life away from home, when, man as he feels himself, a mighty craving for the things he has left, seizes upon him, when longer absence seems unbearable, when every face is strange, every attempt at pleasure a mockery, a joke criminal, and laughter fiendish and cruel. These fits are not consequent upon some great disappointment, nor do they most frequently follow severe trouble; the little annoyances, the petty inconveniences; those which irritate are what destroy content, and fill the heart with this longing for home, this hunger for absent loved ones. An unexpected hole in one's stocking, a button off, a small rent, are more powerful in suggesting the lack of prudent hands and watchful eyes, than the crushing of a new hat, or the ruin of a dress coat. A torn glove, and an unhemmed pocket-handkerchief were the yeast plant which in the sweetened liquid of my mind rapidly grew and fermented such a discontent that study was impossible. I felt alone in the world, uncared for, deserted; my very books seemed to rebel. Gibbon appeared wearisome, and many of his long, flowing sentences instead of charming, actually tired me. Horace was fearfully brief, and needed such supplying that I could bear it no longer, and flinging it down with a frown that made my good landlady wink and peer in surprise through her spectacles, I started out. Calling for my friend, Rufus, we set out to walk. Shunning the lower streets, we went by the barracks, and started over the citadel. It is needless to observe that Highland soldiers pace on all sides; that the 78th rule Halifax just now, that Scotch bonnets not only cover the soldiers heads, but conceal many pates and crowns, physiologically denominated craniums, belonging to every kind of boy and man; and that plaids are found from horse rugs to baby quilts; on men, women, and children; while silver buckles roam from the waist to the shoulder, neck and head of every rational civilian. These are wayside truths. A few steps brought us in front of the Citadel, one of the strongest forts in America. Here we naturally paused to bestow a glance upon the city, which encircles the declivity at our feet. Just then a clock, with considerable difficulty, chimed half-past, and we turned towards it. You laugh, you grow uneasy, you look ashamed, citizens, when you hear that we were contemplating your Town Clock, the regulator of business; by which banks are supposed to close and open, the day begin and end, people be born and die, and marriages take place. A storm-beaten, worm-eaten, shapeless house, with two paralyzed, coffin-looking porches semi-attached, surmounted by a sickly drum, and above all, a pitiable caricature of a dome resting upon a square neck is the Town Clock. One face is content with an hour hand only and the only hands working well seem to be the pair pointing towards the fort. With tender regard to the feelings of some nervous neighbours, it has relinquished its right to strike the hours, and rests content, at intervals varying in length, with telling the quarters. Knowing that no one looks at them, the figures have been washed off their faces and they are more clean than useful. It is interesting as an object of antiquity. Probably around it sported the wild Indian youth, beneath its shade have roamed the moose and cariboo, near it may have taken place stout battles for possession of the country. From appearance, its production might be placed in the Age of Arab art, when they introduced clocks to Europe; its moss-grown sides and crumbling cornices tell of a remote erection, showing that among our forefather, time was properly valued, and diligently measured. But however interesting

as a historic monument, however it might attract the attention and move the facile pen of the author of Old World Sketches, however valuable as a specimen of early wood structures, it hardly serves this utilitarian and esthetic age. When nature proclaims dinner time, and it calmly points to IX. no amount of interesting associations will prevent a feeling of resentment rising against the time piece and those who tolerate such a worthless eyesore to disgrace our town. As a scarecrow it would do good service, as a clock it is worse than useless. Time must certainly be infinite, or it would never enter such a meter. She must possess no choice, or those hands would remain forever at rest, and she must be very mindful of its days of youth, health and beauty, to still visit it, decrepit, consumptive, and horrible. As a moral monitor, this clock might be valued. Like death, it deals with fragments of time, with lives, now long, now short. Its course to-day is no guide for to-morrow. Its periods may be of different lengths, or it may stop altogether. Learn, O man, that thy life's measure is unknown, and that the weights of thy existence may soon run down forever. We simply say, despite its preaching value, that if the citizens of Halifax are content with such a city clock another year, they deserve that time should be no longer merciful, but should treat them as they have dealt with it. It has been rumored that persons inhabit the feeble foundation of this tottering clock. We doubt it. If it be true they must be stoics, and are assuredly tempting Providence by rashly venturing in the place of danger. The smoke, which like a pall, overspread the city, impelled us towards the country. Away we went at a lively pace, towards the Arm. Teasing each other about fifty things, comparing notes of College work, laying plans for life after we'd graduated, and recognizing ourselves thirty years hence, fat parsons, or important lawyers, leading men, and rising like the oil of genius, to the highest wave of society's sea, we followed down the Tower Road, and were soon beside the darkly blue waters of the North West Arm. The prospect was anything but poetic. The cold breeze from the ocean searched one to the very heart, the sun darting a ray down would produce a fit of sneezing and then leave us to enjoy it in the dark. We rambled along the beach, till tired, we sat down on a large rock to rest. We grew as learned as the chilly wind would permit, divided the sea into its constituent elements, had hydrogen burning and oxygen helping it, one held sodium, while the other kept the chlorine; we were among sea weeds, attempting botanical classification, and were looking for some pieces of "dulce" when a large iron ring caught my eye. Seizing it, I found a bolt held it firmly riveted to the rock. The action of the surf and corrosion had worn them greatly, yet they were still strong. This was where, during the French attempts on Halifax, a chain had been stretched to prevent a naval surprise from the rear. Here our forefathers had waited and watched right loyally, here, though few in number, stout hearts beat with a determination to die for the flag which had waved over their birth, and never to desert the Empire whose strong right arm had gotten this home for them. And shall we disgrace our sires? shall we be recreant to the trust handed down from them, and turn against the mother who nourished us, and the father whose might defended our youth till we could stand alone? That rusted ring was a link connecting me with the past. Mind summoned up its historic pictures, the French occupation of Port Royal; the English capturing it; origin of Knights of Nova Scotia, and possession by Sir W. Alexander, then the English giving it back often by treaty, and just as often taking it by force, till 1713, when the treaty of Utrecht gave it finally to Britain. Then the sieges of Louisburg, might, long and momentous, and the

ultimate capture of all by England. Our history is short, but crowded with incident and adventure. Printing enabled our annals to be kept from the first; we know all that our forefathers have done and suffered, and we are of opinion that the stories of our country are studied too little. Many of us can tell who fought at Neville's Cross, who do not know who settled Port Royal, the name of Sir Francis Drake is better known frequently than that of the Cabots, numbers can discuss the characters in any popular novel, who do not know of the existence of Claude de la Tour, and more memories recall Mr. Micawer, than remember Baron Castine. Much of the ignorance on this point in Nova Scotia is owing to the want of a readable History. Haliburton's was imperfect, incomplete, and is now out of print. That of Murdoch is less a History than Chronicles, more a collection of facts than a source of pleasing information. It is a storehouse of corn, whence skill can make wholesome and palatable food; it contains the materials, it was never intended to be more than a collection of truths. What we want now is a writer, who with easy, attractive style, could so surround the facts of history by the charms of delivery, that pleasure would go hand in hand with profit, and all the interest of romance attend the acquisition of knowledge of our country. Here is a splendid work for such a man, and one which we sincerely hope will be as fitly embraced as it is greatly needed. Amid such colloquys and soliloquys as these, evening approached, the winter sun struggled through leaden haze, as he tried to smile us a good night, the breeze stiffened, the little waves heightened, raising their tiny manes more and more, and the ring and rock were covered as we turned homewards.

LECTURE.—The second lecture before the Dalhousie Debating Society will be delivered on Friday evening, February the 4th, at 8 o'clock, by A. P. Reid, Esq., M. D., Dean of the Medical Faculty. Subject: "The Half Breeds of the North West." His Worship the Mayor will preside. Judging by the large and select audience at Mr. Hill's lecture, this course will prove a success.

CROWDED OUT.—A report of Mr. Hill's Lecture. It will appear in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. B. (Picton) All right.
 R. C. (Guysboro) Letter received. Thanks.
 MONTROSE, We will be happy to hear from you often.
 JUVENIS, Send along the second sketch.
 S.M.N. (Guysboro) S. and B. left out, as there was not room for it all, and we thought it a pity to divide it. It will appear in our next.

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 Monday 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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