

THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

VOL. II.

HALIFAX, N. S., NOV. 29, 1869.

NO. 1.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

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PROLOGUS.

ANOTHER year has rolled from the future to the past since, with many doubts and fears, a sheet was thrown to the world denominated "*The Dalhousie College Gazette*." Two or three enterprising spirits undertook to fill its columns and conduct its publication. They were not appointed by their fellow students, not responsible to them, nor supported by them. They entered upon that work as a literary speculation, and the result was not disappointment. Though the circulation of the paper scarcely paid the cost of its issue; though the editors met the sharp criticisms of chums and the ridicule of many "townsmen;" though their work gave them in some respects an unenviable notoriety, yet the end was bright, the effects marked and the fruit abundant. Although the effort was weak it exhibited life, and declared that Dalhousie College would yet act mightily; it indicated ambition though bordered by presumption; it showed that our desires are bounded only by the impossible, and that hope is strong though intellect is still in its infancy among us. The *Gazette* supplied a want and provided an outlet for the healthy flow of young thought; it afforded an arena for competing writers, and was recognized as the humble gate through which a shorter way led to literary heights. And scarcely were the students assembled after the summer vacation when it began to be asked if the *Gazette* would reappear. Action quickly followed words. A meeting was called whose minutes are:—

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, NOV. 10th 1869.

According to previous appointment the students of Dalhousie College met to-day at 4, p. m., in Class Room, No. 1, to consider the practicability of issuing a paper in connection with the University, Mr. H. McD. Scott was unanimously called to the chair, and Mr. J. G. MacGregor appointed Secretary.

Mr. Scott opened the meeting by announcing the object for which it had been called. He referred to the Periodical which had been so successfully issued during the previous term by private parties, and yet in connection with the College, and stated that the students had been called together to consider whether or not they should undertake its publication for the future. Referring to the great ad-

vantages which had arisen, and would arise from their having a paper of their own, he declared the meeting open for discussion.

Mr. A. P. Seeton, after some preliminary remarks, said that in anticipation of this meeting he and the other Editors of the "*Dalhousie College Gazette*," feeling that it would be better that the paper should be altogether under the control of the students, had agreed to resign it into their hands that they might have its direction, and the appointment of its Editors.

Mr. W. M. Doull now introduced the following motion: "*Whereas* this meeting is of opinion that it would be highly desirable for Dalhousie College to have a periodical in connection with it, and that such a periodical would have many beneficial results in providing the students with the opportunity of improving themselves in writing, as well as in furnishing a depository for all thoughts and feelings about our College life; and *whereas* the Editors of the Dalhousie College Gazette have offered to resign their paper into the hands of the students; wherefore be it *Resolved*, that this meeting accept the offer of the Editors and adopt the "*Dalhousie College Gazette*" as the property of the students of the University."

This motion, being seconded by Mr. W. Thorburn was unanimously passed, after a short but lively discussion, in which the undertaking was shown to be both praiseworthy and practicable.

The Secretary now moved that a Committee of three be appointed, to be a staff of Editors and to exercise a general superintendence over the paper. Also, that this Committee consist of Messrs. H. McD. Scott, Senior; A. P. Seeton, Junior; and A. D. C. Fraser, Sophomore. This having been seconded by Mr. J. M. Carmichael, was put to the meeting and passed.

The meeting then adjourned.

J. G. MACGREGOR, *Sec'y.*

The *Gazette* it will be thus seen has become identified with the students. It is to represent their views, to advocate their interests, and strive in all things to cultivate that love and intensify that sympathy that should exist between Alumni. They are to be the principal source whence our supply is expected; they are the Mentor of our inexperienced Telemachus; their glory is connected with our success, and our support with their honour. Hence it is expected that every student will exert himself to procure at least three or four subscribers; that he will contribute to our columns and help to make the *Gazette* an ornament to our little circle. The editors are to be little more than judicious censors, to select wisely what shall be published, to endeavour, in a new sense, to practice the art of putting things, and by worthy service, hope to earn the praise of being faithful exponents of students' views.

And as we hesitatingly step upon the stage we do crave indulgence from all—the full meed of charity which is awarded to beginners. If among much that may prove dull there be found some sparkling pleasure or wholesome good let it expiate the faults; let the very darkness of imperfection give additional lustre to what may be more worthy; if the ore be unpromising, yet in the crucible yield a little metal be hopeful, and occasional flashes of promise may give glimpses of a richer future. When you find many blemishes learn to avoid them, and ere you condemn produce a work more faultless, while we timidly suggest the words of Horace:

Carmen sequare, ut sibi quivis,
Speret idem, sudet multum frustra que laborat,
Ausus idem.

DR. LYALL'S INAUGURAL.

The philosophical part of Prof. Lyall's inaugural address, which we publish below, was preceded by some remarks of a general character. He took a rapid survey of the six years which have passed away since he last took part in inaugurating a college session. He noticed our losses by death; from the Board has gone a Governor, and one voice of the Senate is silent forever: and though enriched still deplores its bereavement. After paying a touching tribute to departed worth, Dr. Lyall rapidly reviewed the several inaugurals delivered since his last address; he lightly touched upon the salient features of each; he playfully alluded to the political struggle which that period has witnessed, and then moved to a graver theme:—

"I have been invited, in addition to what has been already so well said by the Principal, to address to you a few words by way of inaugurating the studies of the session on which we are about to enter. The difficulty is to find a subject suitable for such an occasion—academic, and yet of a somewhat general cast or character, neither too academic nor too general. I might speak to you on some of the questions connected with my own department of thought; but I am afraid I would only earn for myself the compliment that was actually paid me on one occasion, after I had done my utmost, and in as far as I could, to enlighten an audience on the subject of German transcendentalism or idealism: a gentleman being invited to offer some criticism on the subject of the lecture, said he really had no criticism to offer, for he felt as if he had been in the clouds all the evening. Well, there is no harm in being taken up into the clouds on an occasion, were it for nothing else than that we may feel ourselves, for a while at least, lifted above this mundane sphere, and if we do not vanish into the empyrean altogether. You are all familiar I dare say, with the attempted definition of a certain shrewd Scotchman, on the subject of metaphysics, in reply to the query of another Scotchman, perhaps equally shrewd, who was curious to know what could be intended by such a subject: "Metaphysics," said the son of Vulcan, "is when two individuals (I translate the Vernacular) are talking about matters which neither of them very well understands, and yet each is professing to enlighten the other." Well, if that is metaphysics, I am afraid there is often a good deal of it apart from the special science. With

respect to what is alleged of the abstract nature of the subject, its shadowy and unpractical character, I may say what I once said to a gentleman who exhibited no very great partiality for the study, who exhibited a decided preference for the material sciences: "Well, we shall all be metaphysicians by and by." It is but little of the material sciences, I am inclined to think, that we shall take with us into the future world, if the positive philosopher will allow us to believe that there is a future world; or these sciences will then be contemplated from a somewhat more metaphysical point of view: we shall then perhaps know what matter is when it no longer exists, and we may be able to penetrate into the essence of being when we are no longer surrounded by its shadows. It has always seemed to me somewhat strange and unaccountable that questions which are of so vital interest to us, which so vitally concern us, whether as intellectual, moral, or religious beings—questions which are so important to all others, which afford the ground principles of every other, enter into the very constitution of our religious faiths, so that we are metaphysicians, whether we know it or not, and in spite of ourselves—that these are the very questions which are ignored, despised, treated as shadowy, unpractical, productive of no fruit or results. It was not so with those ancient Greeks, greater intellects perhaps, notwithstanding Macaulay's depreciatory estimate, than the positive philosophers of our own day. It may serve some purpose in connection with the object we have in view in these remarks if we invite your attention for a little while to this so-called 'Positive Philosophy.'

"I have no quarrel with the Positive Philosophy in one view of it, regarded as the re-assertion, if that were needed, of the Baconian philosophy, as the announcement of the grand principle already so admirably enunciated: "Homo, natura minister, et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit quantum de natura ordine, re vel mente, observaverit." So far, the positive philosophy is only to be commended: but then it is somewhat superfluous; for that philosophy had already existed some two centuries before the time of Auguste Comte, and accordingly that is not really the Positive Philosophy: that is not its real spirit, and scope, and aim. The peculiar and distinguishing principle of the philosophy is, not only that what is given to us in observation and experience is all that we can know, or need to know, for the purposes of science, or so far as its investigations are concerned, but that that is all that we can know at all, in any way—that experience is to be regarded as the measure both of our knowledge and the faculties of knowledge, and even in a certain sense, *or to us*, of existence itself; for nothing, it is thought, can be allowed to exist, which cannot be brought to the test of experience, or verified by experience. And this, accordingly, is our quarrel with the Positive Philosophy. It is the Sensational Philosophy linked to science, borrowing a certain dignity from science, and exalting the positive sciences into single prominence in the horizon of mind. It follows from this that the faiths of the mind are ignored, our original principles are disowned, the higher reason is set aside, our interests are limited to the present existence; and God and the soul, and our immortal destinies are treated as illusions, or as figments of the imagination. Can such a system be admitted? Instead of experience being the measure of our knowledge, it, for the most part, but furnishes the material of our knowledge, and in all its knowledge, especially all its higher knowledge, the mind is *formative*, we had almost said *creative*. Experience, or the logical faculty applied to experience, is not the only faculty with which the mind is endowed. There is the higher reason, and its inferences—its inferences, if you will—are to all

intents and purposes as much knowledge as the informations of experience itself. This may be shown by a reference to some of the ideas which are possessed in the higher reason—such as those of infinite space, time infinite, and cause. I am as certain that there is infinite space, as that there is space at all, the space in which I live and move. No, says the sensationalist philosopher: it is only by a law of inseparable association—a certain persistence of mind, if I may so speak—that we can think space ever extending beyond all known space, even to infinity; and Stuart Mill hesitates not to maintain that for aught we can tell, space may have its limits, and under other conditions of being, or endowed with other faculties, we might be apprised of these limits. This is a new version, certainly, of the story of Columbus and his fellow voyagers. The latter it is well known, according to the idea prevailing even up to that time, that the world was an extended plain, but of course had its limits, were under the impression that the ocean had its limits, and they thought that they were fast nearing these limits—the cataracts of ocean—and their fear was that they were about being precipitated over that tremendous brink, into the infinite abysses beyond: but Stuart Mill could have reassured their minds, quieted their fears, *for space itself might have its limits; or the limits of the ocean might be the limits of space!* Whether that would have been any very effectual consolation in the circumstances, we leave it to the philosopher himself to say. It is a pity Columbus had not been furnished with some such metaphysical argument, in addition to the other expedients to which he had recourse, to allay the alarms of the excited mariners traversing those unknown seas!

But again, I am as certain of *infinite time, infinite duration*, as I am of *time at all* of the present moment. No, again, says the sensational philosopher, it is still by a law of inseparable association that I can project myself at all into the future, and can anticipate eternity. We can be sure only of the present instant of time. That was said more wisely, and to better purpose, in a distich with which some here are familiar:

The present moment is our aim,
The next we never saw.

But the *idealist* philosopher—and here we have an instance of extremes meeting—would deprive us even of the present moment; and he annihilates space and time in the same sentence. They are but forms of thought, conditions of our intelligence. They have no objective or any other kind of reality. Time is not “the place of events,” as Cousin finely puts it, but succession in our thought is the place of time. In this way, what is there between us and the most distant portion of space? What is there between the mind and the remotest object of its wishes? We have but to think it, and the distant is near, the remote is present. It is not in this way, we are afraid, that these conditions of our being, these factors of our destiny can be conjured with.

“Again, I am as certain that every effect must have a cause—or to express it more properly—all change implies a cause—as I am of any particular effect, and that cause not an antecedent merely, but a genuine cause, involving the power to produce the effect. It is true that I can never see the cause, the particular agency, in any case; and Science was altogether on the wrong track when it prosecuted its investigations into “occult causes;” but still we must believe them to exist. We know the cause at least in its effect. The universe surely is not a bare platform, a system merely of “occasional causes;” or even if it were, it would at least have the causality to constitute that platform, to form that system of “occasional causes.” It is im-

possible to divest the mind of the idea of cause, of an efficient in every case of phenomenal existence or manifestation.

“But still further, and still more to our purpose: I am sure that no finite causes can have their causation in themselves; and from all finite causes, therefore, I am warranted to infer an infinite unconditioned cause; unless I admit the possibility of an infinite series of finite causes, *which is just another form of the infinite*. It is contended that, to infer the *infinite* from the *finite*, involves a paralogism in argument—it is to reason to more in our conclusion than we are warranted from the premises. This was a subtlety worthy of the famous Hume; but it has been taken up and re-echoed by Hamilton and Mansel, and latterly by Dr. Calderwood, in his “Philosophy of the Infinite.” According to Dr. Calderwood the infinite is not a matter of reason at all: it is one of the primary faiths of the mind; though of what use any primary faith can be which is not grounded in intelligence we are at a loss to perceive. But apart from this, the view is, that to infer the infinite from the finite is to have more in the conclusion of our argument than was in our premises. But this is to overlook altogether what is the premise in the particular case. The premise is not *the finite*, but a *proposition regarding the finite*, and a proposition may be as infinite, as unlimited as you please. The proposition is: “no finite causes can have their causation in themselves”—and therefore must suppose the infinite. The minor premise is the causes of observation, or the proposition that *they* are finite: the conclusion is, that these causes—the universe in other words—cannot have their causation in themselves, and must suppose therefore an infinite first cause. There is no illicit process here; the argument is perfectly fair and logical, so far as the form or statement of it at least is concerned. But the fallacy may not be in the form, but the matter of the argument. I may not be warranted to affirm that no finite causes can have their causation in themselves; but that is just what I think I am warranted to affirm: that is what the higher reason teaches me: unless I am prepared to admit the possibility of an infinite series or chain of causes, which we have seen to involve something of a contradiction, or at all events to be as inconsistent with the Positive Philosophy as the infinite itself. You see what a task the Positive Philosopher imposes upon himself. To account for a single effect he must have recourse to an infinite series of causes: he must trace up that endless chain! *Hic labor, hoc opus est*. This of course it is impossible to do. And, accordingly, the positive philosopher himself acknowledges that there is always a link in the chain beyond which we cannot go: and it was as beautifully as strikingly said by Professor Tyndal on one occasion—in reference to the last link in the theory of development—employing an illustration as simple as it was sublime—that the universe was like a musical box wound up to a certain number of tunes, and all around was infinite silence! Yes, infinite silence—unless we admit that silence to have been broken in upon by the creative fiat—the command which

Called for things that were not and they came.

“Another phase of this argument is, that *the finite does not need the infinite* for its cause—that a finite cause is quite adequate to a finite effect; and from the finite therefore we are not entitled to argue to such a being as God. This also had its parentage in the subtle brain of the philosopher we have already named—David Hume. The strange thing is, that it should have been homologated by those other philosophers whom we have also named; and accordingly the ordinary theistic argument is altogether repudiated or set aside by them. It is strangely overlooked all the while that the effect in the particular case

is not *this or that finite effect*, but *creation* in every effect, unless we have recourse again to an infinite chain of causes; and for *creation*, it will be admitted, that an infinite cause alone is adequate. And all this subtlety, all this ingenious argument, is to avoid the conclusion that there is a God, a Creator! These infinite spaces—these heavens into which we gaze of an evening with infinite awe and wonder—infer nothing to the mind: they are silence and vacancy! No! the infidel himself recoils from such a result; for Shelley in addressing Mont Blanc, in a strain of equal subtlety and sublimity says:

The secret strength of things
That governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what wert thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

Those worlds that roll in infinite space, and the remotest of which has not yet travelled over the disc of any telescope, bring no tidings but that of their own existence: they do not speak of a creator: they do not fulfil that sublime function so finely described by Addison in that hymn with which we are all so familiar in our childhood's years:

For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm thy sage's brow to suit
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, or so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic's head.

So much for the Positive Philosophy! But we were speaking not so much of the Positive Philosophy, but of Philosophy itself. We were vindicating it from the narrow views, and mistaken prejudices that are so apt to be entertained in respect to it.

We do not enter upon any of the more metaphysical questions that may be raised, questions, which, although interesting enough to some minds, and affording a useful gymnastic to all minds, are not so suitable to a general audience. We have but touched upon one of those questions to which Philosophy gives rise, and I think we have seen how important it is to have the mind made up upon such questions, fortified against a sceptical philosophy, if not an out and out infidelity. This is the more important at the present day, when scepticism is wearing the name of science, speaking its language, asserting its prerogatives, and planting its own standard on its vantage ground. These "lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame" are dethroning the ancient divinities, stripping the earth of its mythologies, entering unbidden, the inner sanctuary, for no purposes of worship, and in their hands Christianity is but a fable. It is surely important that science should be taught a little more modesty, should cultivate a little more reverence, should not be allowed to trespass beyond its own legitimate boundaries, should not be permitted to dictate to us our creed, or rather our no creed. The minds that cannot see in creation any evidence of design, that can see nothing but law, no conspiring law, no intelligence in law itself, are hardly competent to decide for us what we should believe or not believe. I may here advert briefly—to return for a little to the Positive Philosophy—to the doctrine which may be said to form the centre truth of that system, which constitutes itself, and gives it all its value and importance in the opinion of its adherents. I mean the doctrine, that in *all law* there is something *absolute*,

that law partakes essentially of an absolute character, is eternal and unchanging—that the universe, therefore, exists eternally by a law, or laws, of its own—that it has no need of a creator—that there is no such thing as the supernatural—and that theism and christianity, therefore, are alike untenable and untrue. Law does not, it would seem, suppose a law-giver, it does not imply intelligence: it works out its own admirable effects by an intelligence of its own—even physical law does so—and no number of conspiring laws can afford any evidence of design, or a designing creator. Surely we may well say of this, and with far more reason than Horace said of a pretended miracle in his day, though from an opposite state of mind:

credat Judæus Apella!
Non ego.

Law does suppose a law-giver: it does imply intelligence: "*Wherever there is law,*" says Cousin, "*there is intelligence.*" and in those conspiring laws, especially, those fine harmonies, those admirable adjustments, that everywhere prevail, we have the most irrefragable evidence of a God. But it is not the Positive Philosophy only that is responsible for such views. The attempt is as futile as it is uncalled for, in these days, to set aside the ordinary theistic argument, to make light of the evidences of design in the universe, and to rest the argument for a God upon the moral consciousness, and the feeling of dependence in man. We do not accept the compliment intended, if it is intended to the moral side of the argument, at the expense of the evidence that comes to us from every department of nature; and Paley might well ask, if his labour had been in vain, and that well-built argument which he has constructed, and which is now among our choicest classics, as well as our best theological treatises, is to be thrown aside as no longer serving the demands of the higher and more enlightened intelligence of the age.

But Philosophy has an educational value, as well as a certain logical validity and consistency, and theological bearing and importance. With reference to its theological aspect and relations, it has been well said, that "no difficulty emerges in theology which had not previously emerged in philosophy." The difficulties, in fact, which affect theology are rather philosophical than theological; so that theology must so far defer to philosophy. It is a false philosophy which is denounced in Scripture: a true philosophy and a true theology must ever be co-incident. The data of reason enter into both; and it is precisely where these data fail that the difficulties of theology arise. But philosophy has an *educational value* just in the tone and impulse which it imparts to the mind itself, the stimulus which it gives to the powers of independent thought, the habit of patient investigation and inquiry which it induces, the spirit of larger charity towards the opinions of others which it fosters, and above all in that elevation communicated in the very contact of the mind with some of the loftiest questions which can engage the faculties. We do not underrate the value and importance of science; but science we have seen may be prosecuted too much apart from that spirit of faith which sees in the phenomena of its investigation something more than these phenomena, which looks beyond the things that are seen to those that are unseen. In other words, Science may be pursued too much in the spirit of the Positive Philosophy, and accordingly we may have a mind well informed, and able to apply its information to the most useful practical results, but which goes no further, never rises to a higher elevation, never enters the inner shrine of the temple of knowledge—to which, if we may be allowed the expression, the invisible has not been unveiled. It may be affirmed that the mind possesses a

dignity and elevation just in proportion as it is able to hold converse with the unseen. What is religion? what is worship? what is it that gives even to the erring devotee an elevation of character which we do not associate with the thought of a Hume or a Voltaire?

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Beyond the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler heav'n.

Let the student of science carry with him into all his investigations and inquiries those other inquiries which, however baffled, always find their solution in the ultimate faiths of the mind: let him look beyond all phenomena to what is under them: let him realize that unseen presence and power that is in all law: let him carry with him the spirit of the docile learner, the patient inquirer, the sincere seeker after truth, the eager aspirant after ever increasing knowledge, and we shall not fear the result: we shall have fewer followers of the Positive Philosophy: we shall have a mind in some degree disciplined to the conflicts of opinion to which the age is summoning us: and let him carry farther into all the action of life the very spirit of these studies, and we shall have a character formed above the social frivolities that prevail, a character worthy of the mind's noble faculties, and still nobler destinies."

(We have devoted a large space to this article, as it is one which, from its nature, could not well be divided. We feel assured that we need offer no excuse for this.—Eds.)

DONALD ANGUS.

Born in the country—trained to rural knowledge,
Whipt to school, and coaxed to College.—A LA BYRON.

Seventeen years of youthful sport had passed over my head, when my father, with earnest entreaties, begged of me to go to College.

My school days had been one series of successes and chastisements. But still I thought no other place of learning could equal it. "You see, my son," wisely spoke my father, "though you know much, and have few equals, yet the name of being at college will be your best introduction where your present superior acquirements will not, and cannot be estimated. Besides, you will see something of the world, and be the better prepared to take your place among the gentry. My mother, honest creature, also besought me, saying—"Yes, my son, you will then be as good as Dan, the minister's son, or as that proud Peter, whose father keeps a little store. Then we can lift our heads as high as the best of them, when my noble boy is in college." This last allusion made me for once think seriously of the matter. Though I am the best scholar in school, (I always thought so,) perhaps I may learn something by contact with others of my own age, and besides, please my parents. Knowing if I made up my mind to go, I must leave on the morrow, I told my father and mother I had come to the conclusion I would go, and asked them to have me ready by the morning.

My mother could scarce restrain herself from tears of joy, and to show her sincerity, brought me socks, new and old.

I myself attended to the literary department, and saw that none of my books were left behind. In my small trunk I crammed a "Delectus," Rudiman's Grammar, 4th, 5th and 6th Reading Books, "The Gray," "Orr's System

of Penmanship," "Stewart's Geography," "Dillworth," and others. I saw that a copy of "Locke on the Understanding" was also put in. I had learned they taught subjects in college they could not understand themselves, I, and as I never could understand anything in this book, thought it was just the thing. But I found my trunk would not hold all my books and clothing, and at my father's suggestion, took out some of the books. He said I might carry them in my hand.

Every thing being fixed, I went to my bed. That night I dreamed of entering a large house, twice as big as our school house, where strange looking mortals were continually going in and out. Between dreaming and thinking, I had a very confused idea of my destiny. But early in the morning I had to leave, as our house was thirty miles from the "train." My father gave me the usual advice, as well as rules for behaviour in company—adding, of course, the "needful." My poor mother's last words were—"Think yourself as good as any one you meet, and remember that even the squire's Maggie may yet be proud of your hand.

This last appeal had no effect, as my affections were otherwise engaged. Arriving at the "cars" before the "engine" had come, I thought as I had no chance of seeing her I loved before I left, I would send her a note by my brother, and being a poet, I wrote her my thoughts in rhyme:—

"I'm sitting in the *railroad house*,
Soon—soon I must depart,
My thoughts are all of you love,
As dearest to my heart.
My parents wish me to be great,
And up in city knowledge;
So I must go and leave you, dear,
To study in a college.
"But may dishonor blight my fame,"
And all rewards come slow,
Ere I forget you, Mary Ann,
The loveliest girl I know.
Farewell, a long and last farewell!
For you my love will burn
Till I come home; of you I ask,
Be true till I return.

YOUR OWN DONALD.

"P. S.—I would just as soon that you would not go with Cousin Jim."

Just then I heard a loud noise, and looking out saw the "cars." Seizing my trunk I rushed out shouting, "I want a ride! Stop! stop!" As soon as they heard me they did stand still, and, making for the first opening, I was told that they took nobody in the "cattle car." After much trouble the man who managed affairs got me a seat and bidding my brother an affectionate farewell, telling him to be sure and deliver my letter that very night, we started. This said I to myself as we were borne along swiftly—this is Mr. Watt's engine—this is the effect of observing a teapot boiling. Our last teacher had told us that Mr. Watt learned to make engines from seeing a pot boil and raise the lid. This, said I, is the great invention of modern science—the fruit of mind overcoming matter. A gentleman by my side hearing me thus learnedly soliloquize, asked me, "Whither are you going?" "If you mean where am I going," said I, "I am bound for Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, to study." Becoming more interested in me, and who could wonder, he asked me if I was far enough advanced in the sciences, &c., to enter regularly. "I hope, sir," replied I, "that I may be always regular while there; and as to being far enough advanced, I might go to Oxford."

I suppose he felt afraid of saying anything more, lest he should commit himself, and changing the conversation, told me he was going to supply a "vacancy." Thinks I to

myself, the greatest vacancy I know is in your head. At the next stopping place he left me, and I communed with my books. I read of some eminent Martyrs, but the subject was dry—I looked over the rules of "Tare and Tret," but these did not please me, and finally I saw that I could spell all the words of four or more syllables in "Dill-worth."

But my studies were interrupted by the Conductor calling out Halifax; and picking up my books, I prepared myself for the worst. As soon as I stepped out, a dozen of people nodded at me to go with them. How, said I, can they know me? Oh yes, I understand, they saw my name in the paper the time I took the prize at school. But when one of them attempted to take my trunk, assuring me he was the only honest man thereabouts, I began to fear the worst. No! no! said I, honest or not, you will not take my trunk from me; and sitting upon it, I put myself on the defensive. After awhile they all left me, and alone in the darkness, I burst into tears. Alas! alas! said I, shall I never see friends or home again—Oh! that I should ever live to see myself in such a plight.

Poetry.

ANNAPOLIS BASIN.

BY J. J. C.

Noble Basin! calmly rest
With scarce a ripple on thy breast,
Glittering in the starry night
Like a glorious sea of light.

Mountains guard thy waters fair,
And when old Neptune's bold to dare,
And vent his wrath upon thy face,
Majestic seems thy former grace.

Thy waters gently-heaving flow,
And to the boundless ocean go,
And thence return with rapid stream,
And ceaseless flow and ceaseless gleam.

While walking by thy heaving side
I feel great thoughts rise with thy tide,
And reaching up, o'erwhelm the soul,
Like floods of waters as they roll.

The waters of thy ancient shore
Recall the days and deeds of yore,
And warlike voices from the past,
Are borne upon thine angry blast.

All silently thou since hast rolled,
Nor heed'st the tales that Time has told,
And times may change and nations fall,
Unchangeable, thou look'st on all.

Forever sparkling, heaving, free,
The same majestic rippling sea,
On all things else is marked decay
But thou disown'st its feeble sway.

Majestic Basin! roll along,
Voice of music, and of song,
The deep, great thoughts that come from thee,
Do savor of eternity,
Whose image is the boundless sea.

Digby, Nov. 1869.

Correspondence.

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

To the Editors of the Dalhousie College Gazette,

GENTLEMEN,—I was much pleased on observing in the "Morning Chronicle," of the 13th inst., that the publication of your paper was to be resumed on the 29th of this month, and to be continued during the present session of the College. I assure you I shall hail with satisfaction and delight the appearance of the first number.

No lengthy arguments are necessary, I think, to convince any intelligent person, of the benefits that must flow to the students of the University from which your paper takes its name, in having a journal in connection with it, in which they can give to the world, their thoughts on any of the subjects for the discussion of which you have thrown open your columns. I noticed that the "Gazette" last winter was gradually approaching that standard of perfection at which it might reasonably be expected to arrive, on account of the array of talent which then supported it, and that it is to be continued this session, so soon after the opening of the College, linked with the undoubted ability of its present Editors, and the united support of every student of the University (which was not the case I believe last winter) and also of eminent literary gentlemen in connection with the College, should be such a guarantee that it will continue to improve, to the reading public of Nova Scotia, as to entitle you to their warmest support. This I hope will be the case. I feel confident that within every county in our province there will be found at least a few young men, who will cordially come forward, in many cases I hope without any solicitation, and heartily co-operate with you in obtaining subscribers, and assist you in the arduous duties of your position. Enterprises of this kind should be encouraged by a generous public. A distinguished writer says, "that *except England*, there is no other Kingdom in the world, where an honest man may write *so many bold truths*, and *discover so many abuses*, as in Germany." This important boon—the liberty of the press—is also enjoyed to a great extent by the people of Nova Scotia, and indeed has been bequeathed by England, with her other priceless liberties, to all her colonies. Your fellow students then, under the veil of fictitious names, through the medium of your columns, may question the validity of theories and doctrines, and principles that have stood the test of ages; and perhaps discover many local "abuses." They should not be too timid to write. It is not expected that their first few attempts will be at all perfect, but with a little practice they will be able to wield their pen on any subject without experiencing that timidity natural to young writers. The "Gazette," if I do not mistake, was first established for the benefit of the students who attended the University, by giving them an opportunity of writing before the world, just as your debating Society affords them an opportunity of speaking in a public manner. I hope they will take advantage of the paper, and profit by it. In conclusion, allow me to wish you every success, and that the public may cheertully afford you, that support necessary, to enable you to carry on your laudable undertaking in a manner creditable to yourselves, and beneficial to your fellow students is the ardent desire of

Yours, &c.,

INVERNESS.

Port Hood, No

69.

RAMBLES.

NO. I.

"The day was cold and dark and dreary."

I felt more inclined to leave my feet on the mantelpiece and trace my future fortune in the disconsolate fire before me, than to go out for a walk before tea. But the Principal, on the first day of the term, earnestly advised students to take daily exercise in the open air. As I wear a college cap and gown (albeit the one has given its corners to learning, and the other flaunts more caudal appendages than are orthodox) the exercise must be taken. Away I started, and I may say that I was in one of my moods. My most prominent trait just then was a reserved selfishness, a desire to be alone; mind wanted to meet no equal, to receive no visitors. But Halifax fog was too much for it, and soon the weather was the subject in my mental council chamber. Is it the dense atmosphere that makes walking so tiresome? that produces low spirits on damp days? does fog take the electricity out of a fellow? is my sore throat caused by ozone? What causes more suicides in the month of November than in any other in the year? Such were the puzzles I was ruminating when off went my ear like a conductor's whistle; sharp and shrill was the death watch, sending my thoughts to the antipodes, and waking me up near the Cemetery. The coincidence was striking. I was soon astride the fence, and nicely marked with whitewash, stood among the graves. I shivered as I looked around. It was a gloomy day to be in such a place. The trees withered and blasted, no longer whispered hope; the discoloured grass and ruined flowers were the sad garments of graves; the marble had the whiteness of death, and through the mist seemed ghostly as skeletons; and sighing over the dead came the clammy air as if charged with the breath of the tomb. And as I moved slowly down the gravelled slope and saw iron railings enclose, and towering monuments commemorate the dead, I thought: "However men dispute about living in another world they don't wish to have it forgotten that they once lived in this." The student who cuts his name on the College wall or desk labours with the builder of the Pyramids, and Pompey's Pillar can do no more for his memory than the pane of glass on which in an idle moment Oliver Goldsmith scratched his name. All strive to embalm their memories. The painter spends a life of toil and study that posterity may know his name. Gods and goddesses stepped from marble at the command of him whose power was spent to preserve Phidias in modern vocabularies. The poet sings himself in every line, and Horace wrote in order to say "Exegi monumentum aere perennius." Bacon thought of his memory and wished it to be exhumed in time from the minds of foreigners and put to rest forever in the hearts of Englishmen. Oh Fame, how worthless art thou beside the grave! The struggle of a life succeeds in piling a few more stones over us when dead! Surely this is the place to view life. How impressive the sermons of the grave! All its lessons are wise and tender. From its peaceful breast spring none but fond regrets and loved recollections. On the fine marble is engraved naught but virtue; no flowers but those of promise deck the tomb; over the grave ever broods the angel of Hope. On I moved, reading that men were born and had died, till near the entrance a leaning slab caught my eye. Turning aside I read:—

ROBERT McDONALD. Student, died March 11th, 1852.
This monument was erected by his fellow-students.

Ah! this was not an ordinary grave to me. Here lay one whose life was like my own; here rested the mortal

part of one whose difficulties I could well imagine, and whose sorrows I could easily guess. "Imagination fondly stooped to trace" his course. Year after year I saw him toiling, storing mind with materials for thought; adding wings to fancy, and hands to intellect; climbing with strength derived from the exercise higher and higher, till, when near the end his strength fails, still he pushes on; his steps grow feeble; he stops, falls and dies. Doubly cruel death to kill at such a time, to mingle the deadly potion in the very sweetest cup; to adulterate the golden moment with thy fatal alloy! Unknown student! Thou art linked to me by thy very toil. Thy motives mayhap find lodging in my breast, thy fears fill me, thy spirit animates me, and perhaps, perhaps thy end awaits me. The air changed, and while I stood there

"The snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below,"

fell softly on the student's grave as from angel's wings. And then I felt rising within me an emotion new and intense, which beguiled me Heavenward and filled me with a calm peace. I turned away murmuring, "sleep on student, though thy lot was hard and thy dearest hopes killed by the chill blast of death, thou hast not lived in vain, but in thy ashes I see traced words of cheer, and though dead thou still speakest."

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Our Reading Books are in general of either too British or too American a cast, but the present volume is a happy medium, giving us some of the best selections from the authors of both countries. Space forbids us to particularize, we will only emphatically say, that it is the best book of the kind that we have seen. It neither wearies the student with useless rules, nor leaves him altogether without direction. In a word, we heartily recommend it, and hope that it will speedily become what it deserves to be, a Canadian Text Book.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDINA—Your article will be published during the term; we will be happy to hear from you often.

J. W. CARMICHAEL, Esq., M. P., (New Glasgow)—Your letter received, thanks for your subscriptions and good wishes.

A STUDENT—Your article will appear in our next.

☞ In our next will appear the first of a series of very interesting sketches of travel in the Old World. This has been unavoidably crowded out of the present number. An article from the pen of the Rev. G. W. Hill, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's, will also appear.

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EVERY ALTERNATE MONDAY,

BY

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