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FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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ANCIENT SPECULATION.

(CONTINUED.)

XENOPHANES received truth from whatever source it emanated. While he contemplated God as the infinite, his pantheistic theory seemed completely satisfactory, but when he turned thoughtfully to observe finite existences, he was equally convinced of their truthfulness. Here now was the dilemma, to reconcile finite with infinite, to harmonize these apparently conflicting truths was beyond his power. Then it was he declared bitterly his impotency. As day after day some cherished theory was degraded to nothing more than probability, and something else appeared true, he in his perplexity declared nothing could be known absolutely. We can but strive earnestly and carefully, and believe we are tolerably certain that our views are quite probable. This expression of unbelief in certitude was not of the same kind as that cold methodic skepticism which soon followed. He had a firm belief in his God as infinite, wise, and powerful, yet when driven to the dilemma of the finite and infinite thought together, he was forced to admit a doubt of his conviction. The minds of early thinkers were so occupied in endeavouring to spell the name and nature of the first principle from the varying characters given in material phenomena, that no attention was paid to the equally interesting page which the mind itself can spread for its own perusal. The outer world of matter had so absorbed attention that the inner world of mind had been neglected. That mysterious Intellect which was in full operation, laboring mightily to answer the question of the universe, never stopped to carefully look upon itself, to enquire into the law governing it. What could it comprehend? How did it know? How did the impressions of sense become transferred into mental cognitions? How in perception did objects affect the organism? Such queries began to follow the failure in finding a first principle. Defeat in the material puzzle caused the mind to recoil upon itself. Its own states now were noticed, its ability discussed, and its mode of apprehension brought forward as a subject for investigation. We now enter the province of psychology. These questions introduce us to the science of mind. Parmenides was the inaugurator of this important epoch in philosophy. He was a native of Elea, born about the year 500 B. C. More probably his first lessons in speculation were given him by Xenophanes. Though possessed of great wealth, and every facility for a life of pleasure, Parmenides left the gay round of transitory enjoyment, and devoted himself to study. He soon found himself surrounded by the difficulties which beset his master. After going over the ontology of Xenophanes, and finding no further advance possible, he turned to examine the mind which brought him so far and could carry him no further. Short examination sufficed to show him that opinions were often wrong, yet that the mind had beliefs which were true. How to explain the true and false, and account for them, was his question. He finally adopted the view that the evidence of the senses was deceptive, but

the testimony of reason was correct. Reason he made the corrector of sense. His reason told him that One only existed, while sense maintained Many. To account for this, he said there were two principles and two causes in operation, the one to satisfy the reason, the other to agree with what is given in sense. Reason declares absolute truth, sense gives what appears to it. This appearance to sense, however, as such is a cause,—there is a principle. Reason affords those notions which all men have of certain necessary truths. Sense gives different opinions to different men, and oft to the same man at different times about the same object, hence all opinions are false. What is known from reason is believed, hence he termed it *pistis*, faith. What sense gives is but a seeming *ã doxã*. This was the first distribution of mind, and to the praise of Parmenides be it said that it contained the great truths of mind as reached by many subsequent writers. He agreed with Xenophanes in making Being a unit, comprehending all within itself; but he regarded it also as finite. A circle, however large, it was complete, not infinite, and rational from its very nature.

It does seem wonderful that such a shrewd observer as Parmenides, and one who paid so much attention to his own mind, should, in making the One, comprise all beings not separate, himself, his own personality. Was he a part of that unity? Could that mind which generalized the One be but One in the general which itself produced? A complete one was cognized by him, how could he be a part of it? He left no room in his one for himself. The thinking subject was not taken into account by any of the early thinkers, no provision was made for the domain of consciousness.

We have now to pause for a little in our discussions to notice Zeno, of Elea. Striking out no original path of speculation, he pursued with vigor that pointed out by his master, Parmenides. He was the skillful armorer, forging finely tempered weapons for future fights, he was also the stout champion who entered the lists with a keen tried blade of his own manufacture, to defend the doctrines of his teacher. His renowned instrument, which he invented for the future use of the mighty master Socrates, and the equally great disciple Plato, was Dialectics. This was a means of upholding an argument not by positive defence, but by a *reductio ad absurdum* of the views of an antagonist. It did not prop up one's own theory, but swept away the false foundation of an opponent, it made truth no brighter, but showed more clearly the inconsistency of error. It was a weapon for hand to hand warfare, it was for thrust and parry, feint and assault, and in the hands of a skilful dialectician soon broke the guards of falsehood and left truth victor. Dialectics gave rise to the dialogue as a method of discussion. Philosophic writing assumed this form, as in Plato. Zeno's life was one of contest: in the domain of thought he was the subtle and successful disputant, in the place of blood the brave though vanquished soldier. Controversy, and the best mode of maintaining it, were his chief studies. Finding the measured lines, and

figurative diction of poetry ill adapted for argument, he wrote in prose, of which he was the first example. His first task was to make it manifest that this unity of Parmenides was easier of conception than the Many of the Ionians, *i e*, the many flow more naturally from a comprehensive One than the One can be realized from an assumption of the many. The arena on which Zeno met the Ionian mental gladiators was worthy of him. It was Imperial Athens, the city of philosophers and critics of talkative pedants and those desirous of hearing some new thing, the centre of learning, the home of art, the great foster mother of that speculation which her Asiatic children begat. With Zeno's appearance at Athens the Ionic and Eleatic schools met for the first time. The controversy consequent upon their contact exalted Dialectics into a philosophical method. This is perhaps the first hint we get of logic. It is an attention to the form of thought as well as its matter. Zeno saw that mind worked according to certain necessary principles; taking advantage of this, he framed his polemical method. Logical contradictories were especially attended to. One of two things is true; one is proven false, hence the other is tacitly believed, since truth cannot be contradictory. The history of Dialectics and its connection with logic, the effects it produced in learned discussions, its use and abuse would form an interesting theme for discussion, but we are forced to follow on after the matter of thought, and waive the consideration of its method. Like parallel ranges of mountains, of different altitudes, the physical and absolute philosophers run through the first part of our history. We now come to notice a few thinkers who stand like solitary peaks in the valley between, nearing or departing from the regular heights, or who as of great breadth unite the two into one. Heraclitus, known as the weeping philosopher, first occurs. He was born at Ephesus about 503 B. C., His character was stern, proud, gloomy. His philosophy is tinged throughout by his personality. His ideas are parts of himself. He was a mournful, suffering observer of phenomena. He was to himself an object of study, his aim was to learn what was hidden in the recesses of his own nature. In order to this he became a misanthrope, retired to the mountains, and became a prey to his own thoughts. His position in philosophy is between Xenophanes and Pythagoras. Contrary to the Eleatics, he held that the senses are the sole source of knowledge. These are all we possess, with which to cognize phenomena. They must be the only means of knowing truth, as they are the only gateways of knowledge. Only when sense is badly trained, does it report falsely, when properly taught it teaches truth, whatever is common is true, what is exceptional is false, the true is that which is not concealed. Those who are able to apprehend this universal which is everywhere spread before sense, know the truth.

(To be Continued.)

ON HAPPY THOUGHTS.

With considerable doubt, some fears, and a good deal of courage, we venture to write on such a subject. Every superannuated minister, pensive maiden, or restless tourist, is full of musings, and people are wearied with "Thoughts."

Every reading man has lofty thoughts. Every person, however barbarous or ignorant, thinks more or less, but as people become more civilized, more educated, and more interested in literature and art, their thoughts are more lofty, pure and noble. How often while reading the works of a great author, have sublime and beautiful thoughts dashed into our mind, but when we tried to re-

member them, they had fled for ever. This caused Hugh Miller to believe that there is actually not so much difference in the minds of intelligent men after all; but that lofty ideas may swim through the brain of a diligent student, who in the end may die only an obscure parish minister, as well up in the works of a great philosopher. The one, however, is pleased with their beauty and enjoys their evanescent glory, but allows them to float down the stream of knowledge untouched and unremembered; while the other grasps them with a firm hold, tears them from their setting, and fixes them indelibly in his book. While an apprentice mason, musing in a bed, where, through the dilapidated rafters above him, he saw the starry world moving on its course, Hugh Miller noted down some thoughts that then occurred to his mind, which would not be unworthy of our greatest authors. Most of our great writers carried a note book with them, in order to take down these occasional thoughts. Hobbes, the philosopher always carried a pen and ink with him, and whenever a thought occurred, no matter whether he was in the crowded street or the field, he stood till he had written it down. Pope also used to have writing materials at his bed side, and if he awoke during the night with some happy thoughts, he rang for a light and made them his own. We need never expect to be great, however, if we depend altogether on these meteoric thoughts, we must improve, exercise and cultivate our thinking powers.

The thought strikes us, where do all these great ideas come from? It is unnatural to suppose that they are confined to the inside of our head, that they are hidden in the centre, and that we must dig down in order to get them out. Rather let us imagine that there is an infinite idea world around us, containing all philosophy, science and imagery, and that our mind is the great key to this world, opening innumerable gates into it. While reading a leader into these regions of thought, such as Carlyle, a gate is opened, and we are led into the track which he had cleared into the "unfathomable," there to glean up stores that he could not see, or by extending the pathway further into the intellectual chaos, hew out stores richer by far than any he could obtain.

Let us now consider for a little, the importance of concentration of thought. This is a talent that few possess. Did you ever see two men commence a discussion on a subject, and end on the same? Did you ever hear a man give an extempore speech, and not stray from his premises? Did you ever after walking for half an hour in solitude, sum up how often your thoughts had changed during that interval? Or did you ever sit down to write an essay without hundreds of extraneous ideas cropping up during its composition? Our thoughts therefore seem naturally given to wandering, and require to be watched, drilled, and controlled. We may not be able to bring lofty and poetic thoughts into our mind, but we can at least keep trivial and impure ones out, and we can so train our mind as to bring its whole force to bear on any subject brought under our consideration. Our mind is like a garden, at first it is bare and barren. During school life, we are engaged in manuring and making the soil rich and fit for cultivation. Then we begin to plant flowers and trees of knowledge, which will bear fruit accordingly as we tend and foster their growth. Weeds, in the shape of impure thoughts, are however, always springing up, and no matter how often they may be rooted out and thrown away, they are ever again coming up unasked and forbidden, weakening the soil and choking the flowers. Let us therefore have our garden thoroughly in order. Let all the walks be clear and flowers growing in their separate beds, and we'll be ready

to grapple with the most difficult question brought under our notice, and to master any subject given us to understand.

This brings us to the third part, What thoughts should be encouraged? We would not bridle your thoughts entirely to solid intellectual subjects. We would not say it is wrong to indulge in a little day dreaming, and to build a few castles in the air, although it is much like lying in bed on a cold morning and fancying that you are up and dressed. If your thoughts are soaring away on the wings of fancy, and flying through the dissolving views of dream-land, never check them in their wild career; for so long as they are happy innocent thoughts it does one good. Let us look always at the bright side of things. It may be that we are to be sorrowful sometimes, but never let us harbour melancholy thoughts. Let us be like Goldsmith, like Cardinal De Retz, whom no misfortune could put out of temper, and who when at last imprisoned by his enemies, amused himself by writing a life of his jailer. Let us, like the bee, shun all miserable objects, and alight only on the honey-giving flowers. Let us gather enjoyment from the laugh of a child, and store away pleasure from the grin of a negro boy. So shall our life be happy and prosperous, and our presence as the sun of a little world, irradiating happiness and delight wherever we go.

EDINA.

THE ART OF CALLING.

When I left home, mother made me promise to be sure to call and see Mrs. Brown, who was an old school-mate of hers. This I was the more willing to do, for the Brown girls had been down to our place, and I thought Maggie was a charming young lady. We had been out picking raspberries together with a number of other friends, and had a jolly time. She sang lovely songs all the way home and talked, and laughed and rattled away, while her sister was very quiet, and had far too much dignity for my taste.

I had some difficulty in getting my tie correctly knotted, and my hair to look slick, but having pushed my preparations, I sallied forth to hunt up my mother's friend and her daughter, I shall not say where they live, for I do not want any of my *College chums* to make their acquaintance and they need not consult the Directory for the mother's name at all, and my flame's name is not Maggie but Helen.

After some difficulty, I found the house, for it was a little out of town, and the walk rather a long one. After vainly battering my knuckles against the door without any response, a little urchin with a bundle of papers under his arm bawled out "Stupid, why don't you pull the bell," and then ran round the corner, for fear his not very complimentary speech might rouse my ire. Acting on the hint, for mother always told me not to be too proud about learning, I took hold of a projecting porcelain knob, and proceeded to move the flexors and extensors of my right arm in a regular and steady succession of pulls. Very soon a nice young woman came to the door looking very much excited, and a little frightened. I asked her if Mrs. Brown was in, she replied no, that she had gone to town with the young ladies, but would likely soon return.

She was about to close the door, but I told her I had walked a long distance, and as Mrs. Brown was an intimate friend of my mothers, and the young ladies had been paying a visit to our house, I thought (judging their feelings by my own) that they would be disappointed not to see me. She then, with not much cordiality, asked me

in. I took off my overcoat and hung up my hat in the hall, and as there was a nice little looking glass in the hat stand, I took out a little comb which I always carry for convenience in my vest pocket, and adjusted my curling locks. I thought I heard a low titter from the girl, but I did not mind, as I wanted to look my best when Maggie came in, and I felt sure they would ask me to tea. I waited a good while, and still they did not arrive, the girl came in to mend the fire but I could not find out much by her. You see I wanted to know if Maggie had a regular beau, but this the young woman did not seem inclined to disclose. And she seemed very much tickled at my taking notice of her, and came back to sweep up the hearth and fix the fire much oftener than these appeared to my unexperienced eyes to require. By this time it was growing dark, and at last I heard an arrival. Presently there came in a quietly dressed person to light the gas, and of course I got up to speak to her, making sure this was Mrs. Brown. Said I, 'how do you do Mrs. Brown?' Said she, looking very much amused, and scarce able to keep from laughing, 'I am not Mrs. Brown.' Oh! said I, quite taken aback, and then it flashed on my mind that mother had said something about a maiden sister living in the house. Then you are Mrs. Brown's sister I presume. No, said she, I am the house maid. Well then I sat down and waited a while longer, and heard a great deal of laughing and talking, and began to think they were never coming in.

At last Mrs. Brown came in and shook hands very friendly, and said the young ladies would be in, in a few minutes. She was very kind, and I felt very much at home. Soon the sisters came in and we had a pleasant chat, we talked over the trip to the country, and the fun of picking raspberries, and I enjoyed the visit very much.

I noticed Mrs. Brown was often looking at the mantle clock, I thought she must think it was wrong, so I pulled out my watch and told her it was exactly right, for I had heard the gun fire. I shewed the watch to Maggie, for it was a new one I had bought that morning, but she could not guess how much it had cost, and I asked to look at her gold watch, but she could not remember how much it had cost, for it was a birth day present from her mother. The girl came in to remove the cloth, and I felt sure that I would be asked to stay to tea. But Mrs. Brown said, Never mind just now Margaret, and then I saw she had made up her mind not to ask me that evening, and I concluded she had no cake baked, nor cold chickens roasted, nor such nice things as I have heard were usually given at a high tea. I got up to go, and shook hands with them all round, and Maggie came into the hall while I put on my coat, and I said would she take a walk with me some fine moonlight evening. But she said her throat was delicate and she could not venture, and then I wanted her to come to the next lecture at Temperance Hall, before the Y. M. C. A., but she said her mother did not like her to go out in the evening, as they lived so far out of town. And they never asked me to go back, or to tea, or anything, and now I have to go to the gallery of the church and feast my eyes on my charmers' face, and what is worst of all, I saw her the other night coming along Pleasant Street hanging on a gentleman's arm, and I hear she is to be married very shortly. And that is the first and last call I have made in the city. Won't some kind lady with some nice daughter or marriageable sister ask me to a high tea. For our bill of fare at the boarding house is not just so abundant as I would like to see it. Think of it ladies, and if you want to know my name, ask it in confidence of the Editors of the *Gazette*, and if they do not tell you please let me know and I will try and find another channel of communication.

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

THE LOCHS AND THE TROSSACHS.

In these latter days, when events go on in quick succession, when one invention follows another, and new discoveries are made every day to add to the comforts of man, when the iron horse bounds frantically over miles of country as rapidly as minutes fly, and the ocean is crossed by invoking the aid of its own waters, it takes no long time to go from Liverpool to Glasgow. We had spent a pleasant day at Chester, revelling among its ancient curiosities and its "memorials of departed ages." More than one had passed in Liverpool, as we traced in its commercial palaces, literary strongholds, scientific castles, and walled harbours, the evidences of the world's progress at the present day. Water, which Thales said was the origin of all things, and fire, that inestimable boon which Prometheus gave to mortals, had enabled us to reach the commercial capital of Scotland, and now we were in Glasgow. Our student's interest in Universities, led us to the Colleges; we translated the Latin inscriptions on the Old Buildings, and wondered at their aged and infirm, yet venerable appearance, while we admired the fine proportions and modern splendour of the New. The factories, each with its little town of workmen, seemed wondrous to our Nova Scotian eyes. The old Cathedral led us to muse on by-gone times, and the Necropolis to think of Scotland's dead. Yet we longed to see the Highlands. Our Scotch nature led us to the hills where so many soul-stirring incidents had taken place, and one morning we started for the Lochs and the Trossachs.

We shot along the beautiful banks of the Clyde, going with the stream down the river, but our mind was too much occupied with the expected trip, to think much either of its waters or of the analogous stream of life. Anticipation is pleasant enough, but reality far surpasses it, and this we felt when, as we rattled along, a huge rock rose before us, majestically solitary in the middle of a plain. It was Dumbarton. Steep and inaccessible as are its sides, it was rendered more secure in former years, by the the castle on the summit, so that nature and art conspired to strengthen this almost impregnable fortress. Its historical associations, and the memorable events which cluster round it, are as numerous and interesting as it is awful in its grandeur. Wallace, our favorite among the host of Scottish heroes, was present with us now. We thought of him, as in the flush of youthful victory, he planted the standard of freedom on this rock, and proclaimed Liberty to Scotland and death to Edward with his tyrant's "chains and slavery."

Railway trains do not sympathize with historical reflections; they hurry us past the object which suggests the thoughts, and disturb the series of reminiscences by presenting other scenes and other things which lead captive our ideas in different directions. These pleasant recollections however had hardly been superseded by others, when we were at Balloch, at the foot of Loch Lomond. The "Prince Consort" awaited us, and we soon left to admire the far famed scenery. The weather was all we could desire for the sight; a little warm perhaps, but then the sun lit up the hills around, and made them doubly beautiful. The Loch (hackneyed simile!) was like a mirror. The shores all seemed to have donned the ladies' nature—to be admiring their own images, as they were perfectly reflected from beneath.

Loch Lomond is long and narrow towards the north, but at the south expands into a beautiful sheet of water, which spreads around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land. This expanse is studded by many islands,

which at this season of the year were covered with the greenest of verdure, and smiling in their beauty, nestled on the bosom of the lake, as though they were the quiet haunts of water nymphs.

Through 30 of these islets we threaded our way, though it seemed wrong to disturb their quiet rest, by sending waves to break upon them, like slight misfortunes on a calm untroubled breast. Beauty reigned here. The Loch in its widest expanse was bounded by shores, beyond which lay cultivated fields, interspersed with wooded hills; on some of these were modern residences, on others the ruins of castles round which have been some of the severest struggles among our forefathers. Many a tale could they tell of glory and of chivalry, and many doubtless of fierce conflict and deadly feud. But if beauty was here enthroned she sat upon the islands. They rose from the bosom of the Loch of every varying form and outline which fancy could frame, and clothed in the brightest garb which nature could bestow. Every tree, every stone, every leaf, every tint was reflected below. It appeared to be a lower world, and the thought was suggested that if this were Pluto's realm, how happy then were the departed shades. Not only might Tantalus in his agony wish for death, but the most merry of the muses might sing its praise. Nor were these islands destitute of historic interest. Galbraith Castle starts up from the midst of them, as though he were the grim guardian of his fairer sisters' rights. Another is the ancient burial place of the neighbouring clans, and contains the graves of families descended from the old King Alpine.

Even here in a place which seemed formed for the abode of fairies, in whom we used to take so great delight, we could not linger long—but went slowly on till the last isle was passed, and we were in the Highlands. Here lies the pretty little town of Luss, nestling in a nook, and near it stands old Banacher Castle, a mournful witness of the fierce and fiery spirit of the ancient clans. Its stones have themselves been stained by the blood of its masters, the Colquhouns, and it has looked upon many a bloody fray between that warlike race and the daring clan MacGregor.

Now began the finest part of Loch Lomond; the lake stretched far ahead, while on both sides the hills held their peaks as high as possible, and vied in grandeur with the neighbouring heights; with Ben Lomond in the foreground above all the rest, as though he was king there in his own domains; with other mountains, whose summits were rendered venerable by traces of last winter's snow, standing like courtiers in the rear, and receding farther towards the north, with Ben More, the last in the decreasing series, just visible, and hard to be distinguished from the sky beyond; with this great phalanx of the defenders of old Scotland, an effect was produced which baffles all description.

Before we knew that Tarbert, had been passed, before Rob Roy's prison, had received its share of attention, and the everlasting hills had ceased to attract our eyes, the scene was changed, and cliffs rose in dark precipitous masses. We had landed at Inversnaid and were hurrying to get seats in the good coach "Roderick Dhu," which was to carry us to Loch Katrine.

We pass over the drive up mountains and down valleys, through lands cultivated and uncultivated, across rivers and along the bases of cliff-like hills. This, with the accompanying beauties we omit: suffice it to say that despite the horse's kicking, and the coach's frantic attempts at rolling down the hill, we safely reached Loch Katrine and embarking in the "Rob Roy" at Stronachlaer, steamed off for the Trossachs.

Loch Katrine is small, but crowded with the finest scenery and classical reminiscences. The sheet of water is surrounded by hills rising directly from its banks all round. These are crowned with woods and vegetation, and some with craggy summits and rocky brow, look down upon the lonely Loch with calm sense of superiority. Chief among them is Ben Venue, rising high in the south.

"A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,"

and the deep gash, the Goblin's Cave, one of the scenes in "the Lady of the Lake" rendered him still more wild and picturesque. Ellen's Isle, so replete with interest to every reader of Sir Walter Scott,

"Where for retreat in dangerous hour
Some Chief had framed a rustic bower,"

is midway between the shores, small, covered with foliage, and in itself beautiful, but its chief attraction is its being classic ground. When we had passed this rustic bower, we glided in between two promontories, within a few yards on both sides. We seemed to be in the last and grand apartment of the lake, whose walls were the precipitous mountains covered with oak and birch and aspen pine and spruce, whose ceiling was the deep blue sky, and floor the waters of the peaceful lake. Ben Aan, too, was visible in the distance, looking down upon us from his lofty height. All instinctively were silent till the scene of beauty had been passed.

We stepped upon the rustic pier on the spot where Ellen first met the Knight of Snowdon, and intoxicated with the pleasure which we had enjoyed, wished not for any more. Yet there still remained some in store for us. We had to drive through the Trossachs. This is a defile singularly romantic and picturesque, where are

"Cragg, knolls and mounds confus'dly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world."

In some parts beauty ruled, again sublimity was the characteristic feature of the scene, but nature always had full power, cultivation was nowhere found. The view here differed from all that had gone before. While we had hitherto contemplated hills and hollows from the water, and from the bosom of the Loch looked upon mountains "stern and wild," now we were in immediate contact with the objects of our admiration. At one time, when down in a low valley, nothing would be visible but the trees above us and the blue sky seen between their branches: at another we would move along the hill tops, and then stretched out before us were never-to-be-forgotten scenes of unparalleled beauty—hills, valleys, crags, mounds, lochs and rivers, in nature's own confusion.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDENT—We do not insert selected articles, our space barely sufficing for the original matter on hand.

NOVEL READER—We are in communication with the author of "The Earl's Daughter," but are not yet able to state whether or not we will continue its publication.

In our next will begin the first of a series of brief articles on the Sublime and Beautiful, from the pen of Samuel McNaughton, B. A., principal of Guysboro Co. Academy. We cheerfully welcome to our columns the productions of graduates and from the well known felicity of Mr. McN.'s writings, we can promise our readers something choice on subjects so peculiarly congenial to himself and interesting to all. We sincerely trust that more of our old chums will favor us with communications, telling their Alma mater and younger brothers how they fare out in the big cold world.

Dalhousie College Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., JAN. 10, 1870.

We are glad to learn that our sister Acadia College is in active operation, "rearing the *strong* thought" in the minds of a goodly band of students; filling them with knowledge, and teaching them how best to deliver their acquisitions to their fellow men. It is a matter of the highest gratification to us, to hear of the progress of Collegiate Institutions, to hear of the growth, side by side with ourselves, of a body of young men, ardent in desire, strong in impulse, full of hope and determination, whose aims are one with ours, whose trials and successes we can easily understand, and would gladly share. We feel it is coming, the time when we shall be drawn near together, have more in common, and be *boni socii, alumni* of the same *Alma Mater*. Just think if the thirty or forty students of Acadia, with the twenty or thirty of Kings, the thirty of Sackville, the 40 of St. Francis Xaviers and St. Mary's, with our own sixty-three, were all brought together! What fun, what speeches, what debates, what glorious merriment! Then would an *esprit de corps* strong and lasting, bind us together, and to our University, by what name soever it might be called. Then would our College days be worth talking of, then would we wield an influence, and be a power in the land. At present we are like separate sticks, easily broken. United, we would defy anything that could oppose us. The prospect of such a thing is glorious. Happy man, enviable leader, who can effect such a brilliant result. He could well take the language of Horace and say:—

Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regilique situ pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere:

Truly out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. We began, intending to say that we received the *Kentville Star* of December 30, in which was an account of "A Rhetorical exhibition of the Sophomore class at Wolfville." The Editor simply remarked "the attendance was large, and the essays well composed, and filled with rich thoughts, noble sentiments, and lofty aspirations." This fulsome laudation is supposed to be spread over the several essays, but as there is not a clause of praise for each, we must strive by examination to affix a modicum to the deserving ones. The first is "Price of Excellence" by W. M. McVicar, Port Medway. We repeated the title over a few times, and ended by wishing we'd been a part of the "large attendance" for no very clear ideas came to our minds as to what was meant. Solomon says wisdom is above rubies, some one else quotes the law as better than gold. What then is the price of excellence? We turned to a concordance, but could find no text giving a value to this virtue. What could it be? Could it be the large audience assembled on the occasion? Had this one "the rich thoughts" and "noble aspirations" either or both? In doubt, we passed to the next, "Search after Truth," by Stephen Rand, Canning. This essay filled our minds with metaphysical and theological subtleties. Greek sophists denied the existence of absolute truth, Plato and Socrates made its pursuit the aim of life, Pilate asked "what is truth?" Error is prevalent, so to this essay we award the phrase, "lofty aspirations," and hopes of yet seeing truth triumphant, reigning victorious over an enlightened world. "Claims of the

times," by D. W. Douglas, Amherst, followed. Then came "The men of to-day" by R. G. Munroe, Clarence. This subject was evidently very extensive, embracing about 500,000,000 subdivisions (not counting women) it probably took some time in delivery, and we might say, was "well composed." To prove the categorical statement "Labor is Genius" was the work of W. L. Barss, of Wolfville. The editorial brains were a little muddled, to perceive this, and to prevent discussion, the Secretary read "Christian Individualism" by W. F. Armstrong, North Sydney. Something like a "bad word" floated through the soft air of the sanctum, and "what's that?" burst from two throats, three pairs of Sophomore, Junior and Senior eyes looked into each other vaguely for a moment, and with a sigh of despair, we heard next "Will modern times admit of the highest eloquence?" by Seymour Gourley, Colchester Co. The question here propounded seemed startling at first. It depends upon what the highest eloquence means. If it means such as Burke employed against Hastings, Chatham against Lord North; such as Clay, Webster, &c., used, why could it not be repeated were such men again to rise in similar circumstances? The answer seems so easy, that we fear there is some occult meaning some phase of the question which has escaped us. The "rich thoughts" may have been collected in this production, and the very essay, by its glowing words, and unique eloquence, may have given the lie to the base insinuation of its title.

A practical subject, "Labor," by a townsman of our own, L. M. Smith, followed. The subject suggests toil, a very elaborate production, "pitching into" the French economists who foolishly made the soil the basis of wealth, till Adam Smith showed labor to be its proper foundation; quoting Stuart Mill with logical appositeness, and ending with a noble appeal on behalf of labor, pointing to the Garden of Eden as its commencement, and the angelic choir as its end. It is probable that here also were "rich thoughts" and perhaps a little piece of "aspiration."

Like the last member of a series, finishing a grand climax ushered in with flourish of trumpets, pomp and pageantry, wreathed with laurel and a finger pointing fiercely towards Mars, came "Ambition," by W. L. Pipes, Amherst. What a gorgeous scene this spread before the mind's eye! How we saw the double picture of the young orator and the field of thought he surveyed; the "pale student burning the midnight oil," climbing slippery heights of science, the warrior, his boots red with blood, his flashing eye rolling wildly from earth to heaven, Lady Macbeth with a brass candlestick and carving knife, entering her guests bed chamber; Napoleon with a grey surtout and cocked hat, up to his knees in Alpine snow, pulling at a cannon, while the band played "See the conquering hero comes." These were a part of what we saw, and when the essay ended, we were glad to rest.

We certainly think the number and variety of subjects would afford a wide field for the display of tricks of rhetoric and artifices of elocution; every species of composition could find a place here, and such a bill of fare with skilful caterers, must have given the good people of Wolfville such an intellectual feast as is "rarely equalled, and never surpassed." The example of Acadia may influence us, and from Temperance Hall platform, before a crowded Halifax assembly, we may deliver our views on philosophic, economical, ethical and social topics with the force of earnestness and the attraction of novelty. Chums of Acadia, let us hear from you often, don't let the bitterness of old quarrels the ghosts of buried dissensions, or our playful criticisms, separate those whose highest aim it should be to advance education, whose common glory it is to be Nova Scotia

students, and whose noblest ambition it is to advance our native land, and shine forth as her devoted sons in the bright future opening before us.

Since we last appeared before our readers Dalhousie College has opened its Catholic arms to receive the Teachers of the Province. From every corner of the land, young and old, male and female, unprepossessing and bewitchingly charming they came. For three days, the assembled lore, wit and experience of school rooms met, delivered addresses, debated and resolved. Great harmony prevailed, though, we must confess none but Dominies could have shown such remarkable patience as to listen to some of the things which were uttered. The absence of Dr. Forrester, late Superintendent of the Normal School, ever the central figure of such assemblies, the arbiter and adviser, the friend, the generous enthusiast was the subject of universal remark, and many were the soft, low words of unfeigned sorrow spoken, many the tributes of no mercenary homage paid to his worth, and with fresh fragrance his memory was embalmed in the hearts of the Teachers of Nova Scotia. The tone of this Association is rising, and ere long it must assume a dignity and wield an influence mighty for the advancement of common school education. A pleasing feature in the proceedings was the active and creditable positions occupied by many of our old chums. Four of the Principals of Academies we recognized as Dalhousie's sons, and many of the influential teachers were once classmates of our own. It is a source of the highest pleasure to us thus to meet our students occupying places of trust and honour, zealous instructors of what they learned here, and ready, when they've thoroughly prepared the youth of our county towns, to point them to their "own old home" for further instruction.

The dismissal of Mr. George, Inspector of schools, on political grounds, was debated with considerable warmth. The large majority of independent teachers from the country, looking at the broad principles underlying the question pronounced such action wrong. A few instructors of urban and suburban youth, in awful terror of the powers that rule, determined to retain office by any tenure and secure favour with superiors at any sacrifice, raised a violent opposition, showed hot zeal and eager desire to express their disapprobation of any idea being held by teachers, other than in accordance with the august body which can be swayed by a little under-current from a corner of Cumberland. But we have no particular interest in the question, so we waive its discussion. The teachers while in the city visited the Provincial Museum, and gazed upon the few relics gathered there. They would gain an enlarged idea of the extent and variety of our minerals, woods, and natural history, and would find something interesting to illustrate a truth, or yield an oral lesson to their children, from the hour spent with Dr. Honeyman.

The teachers have gone, and for a year they will be absent; they are scattered to their several spheres of labor, working in a noble cause, purifying the fountain-head of humanity, upraising man, and teaching him to realize his true destiny. We wish them God speed in their work, and as your thoughts, Teachers, wander back to the few happy days in Halifax, to the pleasant meetings in the halls of Old Dalhousie, remember us kindly, and in testimony of your love pet and speak a good word for our only child, "The Gazette."

The "Harvard Advocate" has been received. It is a beautiful paper, well conducted.

RAMBLES.

III.

(CONTINUED).

Gentle reader (for all readers are gentle) did you ever write for the press? Have you ever known what it is to receive "proofs" of your article from the printer; to look on them with the fond eye of a parent, correcting mistakes and dressing them up to appear before the world? Have you ever in your wrath, cursed the compositor for mistaking b's for l's or r's for s's; converting, it may be, your pet epithet into a ridiculous adjective, or when by the wrong use of "stops" he has made you lie, contradict yourself, and probably illustrate the very mistakes your words were censuring? And above all did you ever see your communication inhumanly sawn asunder, pierced through its very vitals by "want of space, &c.," leaving a head and shoulders in one issue patiently and ludicrously waiting the supports which were to come a fortnight later?

If such vexatious breezes have ever troubled the calm surface of your mind, some idea can be formed of the meek and lowly spirit in which I beheld the cruel cut of my "Ramble" closed with "to be continued." Deep feeling is not loquacious, so I only say that my thoughts did not assign the Editors of the *Gazette* the most comfortable abode in the wide universe. I was left in the Station House, looking into people's eyes and jotting down their lessons. I then went to the mouths around me (not literally) but as the Editors stopped mine, so I'll close those I saw, and leave readers' imagination to picture all sorts of lips, teeth, partings, curls, expressions, &c. &c., I find Station Houses and Depots fine places for gaining an idea of the intellectual possessions of people. And where the waiting room is like this, so small that a dozen crowd it, pushing all classes into disagreeable proximity, a listener's ears are ever full. Such rhodomontade as is gravely uttered and seriously received, such profound discussions on atmospheric phenomena, such able criticisms of men and things, of literary efforts, such correct quotations of known and unknown poets, open one's eyes, and if he be not profited, he is certainly amused. Favorites are praised in a manner which would nauseate Caligula; jests uttered which might force a smile from Heraclitus, and pathetic tales told worthy a tear from Democritus. Don't let our readers think I viewed this with a cynic's eye: I but give a bright portrait of what is too painfully seen in water colors every day. The suddenly awakened bell rang again, and I left the Station House. Aboard the boat, afloat, free, I looked back at the city in its mantle of smoke and misty cap, certainly distance did not lend enchantment to the view. It looked horrible, shrouded in gloom, an atmosphere of foulness, a place of death compared with the purity and life of the water. I then entered the *saloon* of the steamer *Mic-Mac*, to learn its lesson. The poor boat seemed to labour hard, and I could hear its great heart beat as if overworked. It complained of too long service; that with increasing trade it should have been relieved or succeeded by a better and stronger one, and so I thought. The *Mic-Mac* did to save Dartmouth when its namesakes wished to forcibly relieve the people of their hair, it was useful to carry materials and food for the early settlers, to transport countrymen from the East to the city, &c., but now when Dartmouth has become a fashionable suburb, when men of business must constantly pass to and fro, when pleasure impels numbers of the young and beautiful to employ the Ferry, when more attention is paid to convenience than in that remote antiquity which saw those boats built; and when beauty is sought after, and artistic skill is required in every department, to expect success, the

times demand improvement in the size and style of our boats. Such paddle tubs, such crazy waterlogs are found in connection with no city in America of similar size. They are an affront to our world-renowned harbour, a "shift" for convenience and for beauty, a joy of a second's duration. In the course of time we reached the other side. A careless idler, gazing at men, peeping at ladies, and curiously watching everything, I entered the Ferry Waiting Room on this side of the harbor. I'm not at all demonstrative in my feelings, I'm rather stoical than otherwise, but when I now looked around me, all the warnings of youth were forgotten, and such a "Good Heavens" burst upon the startled air as might have produced hysterics, had one of Dickens' convenient heroines been near. Why this house, comparatively speaking, was a glorious success, capacious, well ventilated, clean and warm, it suggested comfort, apologized for its sickly and erring sister on the opposite side, and made me regret I had cast a stone at her. There was a ladies' room partitioned off, nicely cushioned, a little dark 'tis true, but cozy, tidy, and its separation apparently its only fault. Why Dartmouth should have a very clean, commodious Station House, and Halifax rest content with a veritable little mud float, dirty as diminutive, is a question which my learning fails to answer. As loth to leave this room as I was to enter the one in Halifax, I sauntered slowly forth. Strictly adhering to the ninth commandment, I may be permitted to observe that there is some mud in Dartmouth. Not content with the streets it usurps the sidewalks, so that they have not been seen within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." It might be well to excavate them, or build others over their graves, since the people lose largely in rubbers and over-large boots through their absence. This mud loves company, and gathers in large numbers about the steam boat wharf, where it greets all with a loving embrace, and lets them depart with affectionate reluctance. Neglecting its earnest entreaties to abide with it, I strolled on to the bridge, over what had once been called a canal. Some company committed a common blunder by the exercise of an uncommon faith. They thought they could cut a canal, tapping Cobequid Bay, and lead the waters through a chain of lakes to Halifax, thus linking the north and south shores of Nova Scotia. Like the South Sea bubble, like French sugar production, like Irish rebellions' of the past, and like Fenianism and Annexation of the present, it flashed for a while, promised much, "*Parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus.*" the attempt proved abortive, a few were enriched, many ruined; disappointment and blame came thick and fast, until almost forgotten, it now fills a simile or crowns a joke. The broken locks, cracked embankments and crumbling walls tell a sad story of Nova Scotian enterprise, of want of means or lack of skill; and this grave still sends forth ghosts, frightening our capitalists from attempting similar works. The view from the top of the slope, almost half a mile from the harbour, where the canal enters the lakes, though limited, is very picturesque. Houses, clean and beautiful, here reaching high from the hills, there nestling in the little valleys below, groves of dark evergreens, the purer sky of the country, the lake, all form a sweet picture, pleasant to the eye. And the quiet reigning around, the Sabbath-like stillness scarcely disturbed by the brook at my feet, or the distant hum from afar, filled me with a joy deep and pure, and I moved away thinking that Dartmouth certainly does not give less than it promises, but that beyond its mud and broken pavements it offers scenes of beauty and haunts of pleasure.

P. C. Hill, Esq., D. C. L., lectured before our Students on Friday evening last. We will notice the lecture in our next.

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