

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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IN MEMORIAM.

PROFESSOR JAMES DEMILLE.

(Died January 28th, 1880.)

I come to wreath a chaplet for thine urn,
I sorrowed, when they said that thou wast dead,
To see a form, with shadowy wings disspread,
Where thy bright lamp of Genius once did burn ;
The Muse's votaries to thy shrine should turn,
And weave fair wreaths to place above thy head.
A stranger one would here a tribute bring,
Who ne'er beheld thee, but who fain would sing
Thy well-known worth and noble nature kind ;
One who left "foot-prints in the realm of mind;"
Canada's son ! where thy rare genius shined,
A luminous track, alas ! is all we find.
We mourn so soon thou gained the bounds of Time,
In manhood's vigour, in thy mental prime.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

(Continued.)

FOR some time after the Saracen conquest, Spain was ruled by Emirs appointed by the Caliphs of Damascus. The grand object of these governors was to extend the Mahometan power beyond the Pyrenees. Abdelrahman, a bold and ambitious Emir, raised a large force and marched northward ; but in the heart of France he learned that the impetuous Moslems had no longer to contend with enervated Greeks or corrupted Goths. The tall, massive Franks had been "bred in stormy freedom." Their banners waved proudly in the breeze, and they went forward, under the command of the brave Karl, to conquer or to die. History tells of few such battles.

"Streams of carnage in the noontide blaze,
Smoked up to Heaven."

How earnestly the Moslems prayed that Gabriel or night would come ! The angel-warriors who fought so bravely in the valley of Beder were needed to meet the bold attacks of the blue-eyed Franks, who, trusting in Clotilda's

God, rushed forward to victory. Northern valor triumphed. Abdelrahman and myriads of his troops lay dead on the field of battle.

"Better like a Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

Karl, the Hammer, had saved Europe.

After forty years of anarchy, during which the Emirs attempted in vain to control the motley population, Spain became independent of the East. A fearful revolution had taken place at Damascus. The Ommiade ruler of the Mahometan world was deposed, and all except one his partisans massacred. A new line of Caliphs, known as the Abbasides was founded ; but Spain concluded to remain independent. Abdelrahman was the only prince of the Ommiade house that escaped the Syrian slaughter. Him the Moorish chiefs determined to call from his retreat in the African desert, in order that they might make him Caliph of Spain. With his rule began that greatness which steadily increased until the last of the great Abdelrahmans closed his brilliant reign at Cordova.

Only once during the period was Spain in danger from foreign enemies. Charlemagne, after gaining brilliant victories in Italy and Germany, crossed the Pyrenees and overran the northern portion of the Moorish territory ; but no sooner had he learned that an overwhelming Moslem army was on the march to meet him, than he beat a hasty retreat. At Roncesvalles the rear-guard of his army was attacked and utterly routed (778) by the combined forces of the Moors and the Christians. Poets and romancers have thrown around this battle a halo of glory. No event in history has had a more inspiring effect on national life and poetical literature than the fall of the French in the sublime Pyrenean Pass. The battle in itself was insignificant ; but the story and the song that clustered around the name of its hero, Roland, had power to awaken heroic valour and poetic life in Germany, France and Italy. One of the most ancient of French epics has Roland for its hero ;

and we are told that his praises were sung to encourage the Conqueror's troops while marching to the conquest of England. It has been well said that ballads have a mighty influence in shaping the destiny of nations.

During the three hundred years that the Omniades ruled Spain there was great progress in civilization. A golden age of culture had dawned upon the land. Even Bagdad in all its glory could not equal Cordova. Here Arabian learning "shone with a brighter lustre and continued to flourish to a later period than in the schools of the East." The great cities rivalled one another in the magnificence of their colleges and libraries. The Caliph Hakem founded a college at Cordova with a library containing 400,000 volumes, and there were many other institutions of learning equally celebrated and equally well equipped.

It has been said that no sooner does a new religion make its appearance than it finds expression in new architectural forms. The Grecian temple exhibited the speculative and poetical character of the nation; but such a style could not be tolerated in a mosque. In a Mahometan place of worship no likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, could be displayed. All such representations tended to drag the faithful back into polytheism. Moslem architecture was thus compelled to confine itself to the fantastic arrangement of lines. It reached its highest point of development in the mosque of Cordova, and in the celebrated Alhambra.

Natural poetry had an early development among the Arabs. Long before the time of Mahomet they had poets who sang of the tribal feuds that constantly agitated the country. They were always an imaginative people, famous for their love of adventure and for their delight in the glories of war. But it was not till the Koran had been created by the rich fancy of the prophet, that true Arabic culture began. The influence of a great classical work on the literature of a people is inestimable. What the Iliad was to the Greeks the Koran was to the Mahometans. Although written in prose the style is said to be truly poetical. Poets sprang up wherever it was received as the Book of Faith. In Spain every one was a poet, from the meanest subject to the Caliph on the throne. The ballad addressed by Abdelrahman to his palm-tree was long popular among the people. There can be no doubt that Arabic poetry exercised a powerful influence on the literature of modern Europe.

The Arabs also rendered important services to science in the zeal with which they prosecuted the study of chemistry, astronomy, mathematics and philosophy. We are told that an eastern Caliph offered to the Greek Emperor five tons of gold, on condition that the philosopher Leo should be allowed for a time to teach science at Bagdad. From the different countries of Europe pupils began to flock to Spain to study mathematics and medicine. Spain became what Ireland had been in a previous period.

As in Egyptian fable Typhon, the Prince of Darkness, kills Osiris, the Prince of Light, so in the Middle Ages the superstition and religious intolerance of the Christians caused the extinction of the literary life that still lingered in the former seats of learning. The stupid indolence displayed by the Arabs of the present day furnishes a strong contrast to the brilliant civilization of Bagdad and Cordova under the Abbassides and the Omniades. The brutal fanaticism of the Turks gnawed at the root of the tree of culture and caused its rapid decay; but the lofty tree of modern thought grows more proudly that its Arabic ancestor moulders beneath it.

Count Julian was a traitor, and no doubt deserved an eternal abode,

"Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell."

But when we consider the results which followed from his treachery, when we consider the amount of civilization diffused throughout Europe by the Arabs whom he had induced to invade his native country, we are constrained to look upon his offence from the most favourable standpoint. Spain, which had been a proverb and a by-word among all people, became the great literary centre and the most powerful nation on the face of the globe.

(To be continued.)

LONSDALE, BROOKFIELD AND I WENT A-FISHING.

LONSDALE was a good fellow; so was Brookfield. I guess we were all three good fellows. At any rate, as in every pleasant company, each was eminently satisfied with the others and pre-eminently so with himself. The day was not to be complained of either. It was just an ordinary day, with a light southerly wind. The clouds, although not overspreading the whole sky, were sufficient to obscure the face of the sun, and

preserve comparatively cool a day which would otherwise be too warm to make exercise enjoyable. Some people are never tired of extolling a bright, sunny day, but for my part, although I hope it is not on account of the dark mind that dwells within me, I generally find a cloudy day quite as agreeable. True, a bright day is more exhilarating, but in contrast with it the past and the probable future are always at a disadvantage which is not the case on dark day reveries. Besides that, no gloomy-minded person tells you that "this fine day is brooding a storm." But it was a good day—one specially intended for fishing—and so we intended to fish. What occupied us most when preparing to start was how we could get the greatest amount of benefit from the smallest quantity of encumbrances. The discussion we had over this, Lonsdale said, reminded him of one of the great problems of the time,—how people can carry the least virtue and get the most credit for it.

When arrived at the fishing grounds, we found no scarcity of trout. But Brookfield, in his haste to be the first to secure one, rather forgot to be cautious. When he felt a trout on his hook he shouted to Lonsdale and me, who were on the other side of the stream, that he had beaten us, and forthwith started in a great hurry for a sandy beach a few yards further down, where he could slide his fish out. But watching his line more than his steps, he fell, and so jerked the hook from the trout, who was nothing loath to give up all connection with our friend. "Did you lose him?" I asked. "Of course I did," he answered. "Do you think he would be fool enough to be led by the nose by a man who could not keep his feet?"

We continued up the river to the end of the interval, where the stream flows through a deep ravine which it has evidently for past ages been cutting for itself in the mountain. But this reminds me that I have not yet made any mention of the locality in which this and several other delightful days were spent. Well, we were not fishing in a little brook winding by the bottom of the farm where children fish with bent pins for trouts that they know by name, nor in the mill-pond where the small boy considers three per day a good catch, nor yet in the pleasant stream that runs among the neighbouring woodland hills, every pool of which a score of school boys know better than their spelling-books,—but in the most celebrated fishing stream of the whole Province—the noble Margaree.

The part of the river to which we at present refer is the North-East Branch, about fifteen miles above the Forks, and at a place known as the Big Interval.

Is it not refreshing to meet with an appropriate, commonplace English name when fifty per cent. of the settlements in our land are French *Villes*? Why not have names descriptive of the places,—names with meaning, either as describing the appearance of the place, or referring to some point in its history? I like the custom of the Anglo-Saxons and other nations of mediæval times, among whom even names of men were commonly indicative of some mental or physical characteristic. What better names than Egbert, (Bright eye), Ethelred the Unready, or Edmund Ironside? What a meaningless word a meaningless name is! It is an insult to the origin of words. I am sure that Adam *looked at* every animal that passed before him ere he gave it a name. Better the names Sitting Bull and Hobgoblin than Danville and Jacksonville.

The road from Port Hood and Mabou strikes in with the Margaree where the two branches of the river meet. The South-West branch flows from Lake Ainslie, an extensive but shallow sheet of water, whose bed we hope at no distant day to see reclaimed in the interest of agriculture and dotted over with the homesteads of a hundred farmers. From this junction along up the North-East Branch there is a good average settlement, with a nice breadth of interval for about 12 miles, until you come to Sugarloaf Mountain. This mountain plants itself directly before you, and viewed from a distance you think that to proceed much farther you must climb over it. But on coming to its base you find one road going to the left, close to the river, and another wending around the mountain on your right. We take the latter and enter one of the most romantic of glens, with mountains towering above the road, in some parts almost perpendicularly. On emerging from this glen we find ourselves in the above-mentioned Big Interval, in one of the most picturesque spots and amid some of the finest scenery to be found not only in our Province, but in the world. It is a level of some three or four miles in length and one or more in breadth, completely surrounded with mountains rising from six to seven hundred feet. Once in the valley the ravine through which you entered seems to disappear, and looking around the circle you see no break in the mountain wall by which to make your

exit, but a glance at the river winding like a huge serpent through the valley tends to reassure you. The steep sides of the encircling ridge, except what is bare perpendicular rock, are covered with short bushes, and these when changed into red and gold by the October sun, give the finishing touch to a scene which is at all times one of almost unrivalled and of surpassing natural grandeur. This valley is the home of about thirty-five,—all intelligent Scotch farmers, not lacking one whit of that genuine hospitality for which Scotch people are proverbial.

At the upper end of the interval the river is joined by a brook which tumbles turbulently down its precipitous channel. In the angle here formed rises a most extraordinary mountain, the peak of which is called by the inhabitants Cape Clear. Where the brook enters the river, we now saw Brookfield seated on a large white rock which rose above the water, the very picture of content, and rejoicing in the entire monopoly of a good pool. But it seems that he did not keep very steady on his perch, for the next that we saw of him he was dragging his dripping limbs up the bank, bemoaning his ill-luck, and declaring in emphatic language that he would never go fishing again. Lonsdale laughed and said that the incident was illustrative of Brookfield's disposition. And indeed it was, for he is one of those individuals who are always either extremely happy or extremely miserable,—either on the principle of exultation or in the quagmire of despondency. Brookfield, no longer in a mood for fishing, went off up the brook on what he called an expedition of discovery. Lonsdale and I, accompanied by a gentleman who belonged to the place, as our guide, prepared to climb to Cape Clear. We were told that the time usually required to make the ascent was forty-five minutes, but that a party of young men some months previous, according to their *own* statement, had 'crowned the heights' in thirty-nine. So leaving our coats behind us, we set to work determined to beat all who had gone before. Twice we sat down and rested, thus dividing our journey into three stages. During the first of these we thought our guide did not travel quite fast enough, in the second we inwardly respected his power of endurance, and ere we finished the third stage we had to entreat him not to go so fast or we would lose sight of him. At last we reached the top, which we found quite level and covered with spruce trees. On consulting our watches we found that we were exactly thirty-

seven minutes and forty-three seconds,—the best time on record. We now found that we could look down on the tops of mountains which from the bed of the river looked about as high as Cape Clear. And what grand level fields of forest opened on our view. Toward the south-east it stretched in one unbroken expanse for a distance of over thirty miles, forming one of the best hunting grounds now remaining in the Province. But it was not for this view that we climbed to Cape Clear, although that alone would repay us. One side of the mountain—not the side by which we ascended—is quite perpendicular. The view of this bare side from the brook at its base is magnificent, but to sit on the edge and look straight down is more so. Small trees and bushes grow on the level summit close to this edge, and you need no urging to induce you to take hold of one of them as you look over. The side of the mountain at this point is quite perpendicular for hundreds of feet, being a weather-beaten-grey wall of rock entirely destitute of vegetation, and hollowed so as to resemble a part of the concave side of a tremendous chimney. No more sublime seat can be found in Nova Scotia than the edge of the rock known as Cape Clear. We found the atmosphere on the summit much colder than at the level of the river, and after the violent exercise of climbing we did not think it wise to prolong our stay. We found that we could descend in half the time it took to climb, and we reached the bottom just as Brookfield returned down the brook, singing, "I come from haunt of coot and hern," &c. He had found quite a lot of spruce gum and was thoroughly restored to good humour. Taking up our several switches of trout we started for our quarters. Brookfield's switch was the heaviest, a fact of which he made no secret; and when he got on a dry suit he was as usual, the life of the company during the whole evening. K.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

THE Parliament of Dalhousie met in the usual assembly room on Friday, February 27th, at 8 o'clock. Speaker in the Chair. The Clerk of the House read the Minutes, which were approved. The Government were present in force, headed by Mr. MacDonald, who had a more than ordinarily determined expression. The Minister of Mines looked remarkably wise and deep as usual. The Financial Secretary had a satisfied

expression, as if he had done his canvassing work well this week. As the Leader of the Opposition was absent, Mr. Dustan occupied that honorable position, and in accordance with the dignity cast looks of frightful denunciation on the Government benches. Messrs. Moren and Downey also had a murderous light in their optics.

The Government measure, after considerable points of order had been discussed and settled, was brought down. The following was its substance:

Resolved, That the franchise be extended so that all inhabitants, exclusive of minors and those who are mentally incapacitated, be permitted the privilege of a vote.

The Premier, in presenting this Bill, addressed the House in an eloquent speech supporting the measure. He was frequently interrupted by the Leader of the Opposition on points of order. He claimed that it was the just right of every man to have a voice in the government of his country, and that under the present system large numbers were excluded who possessed all the qualifications of legitimate electors. After the Bill had been seconded, the Leader of the Opposition rose to reply. He stated that in his opinion a Universal Franchise was the true method of voting if the intelligence of the country permitted, but that in the present state of society such an increase was giving undue power into the hands of the mob. It must be granted that in the choice of representatives every just discrimination should be exercised, and that if men who have no stake in the country, or men whose judgment is perfectly uneducated in public matters, be permitted to control the votes, confusion and insecurity must follow. Earnest speeches were made on both sides,—Messrs. McInnes and Bell siding with the Government and Messrs. Moren and Downey with the Opposition. After an interesting discussion the question was called for and the vote was taken, resulting in a victory for the Opposition.

Mr. MacDonald then arose and after dwelling on the good done during his tenure of office in the shape of canals, bridges, &c., &c., he announced the resignation of the Government.

The Financial Secretary was seen upbraiding some members whom he had expected were sufficiently bribed and canvassed and yet had disappointed him.

When the hour for organizing arrived, on Friday evening the 5th inst., the Government presented an appearance of perfect and complete

disorganization. The Minister of Militia was conspicuous for his absence. The Hon. Chancellor of the Exchequer had succumbed to the seductive influence of the fair ones, and was not in his place.

After considerable delay, however, the House was duly opened, and the leader of the Government announced his Cabinet to wit:—Hon. Duncan Cameron, *Premier*; Hon. Edwin Crowell, *Minister of Marine and Fisheries*; Hon. G. G. Patterson, *Minister of Militia*; and the Hon. J. A. Moren, *Minister of Justice*. At this stage of the proceedings the Speaker (Mr. Lord) having formally tendered his resignation to the Government, Mr. Downey was elected to fill the vacancy. After all the preliminaries incident to the proper discharge of party government had been disposed of, the Premier, in a brief yet pointed speech, introduced a bill, having for its object the disbursement of the Fishery Award among the several Provinces, in sums proportionate to the value of their respective fishing interests. This question elicited, as it deserved to, a lengthy and animated discussion. The members and supporters of the Government felt that they were contending for a right which must eventually be conceded to the Provinces directly interested. They felt, and very properly so, that the decision of a deliberative body of such influence and intelligence as the Dalhousie Parliament would be regarded with interest by the whole Dominion.

Such feelings prevailing, little wonder is it that their pleadings were eloquent; yea, almost pathetic, to the *independent* members of the House to come to the rescue; but they pleaded in vain. The Opposition had command of arguments ever the most potent, namely, votes.

The amendment submitted by the ex-Minister of Mines, and carried by a very slender majority, bore a striking resemblance to one moved in the Dominion Commons some time ago on the same subject. It proposed, by means of the Award, to establish a "general fund," to be controlled by the Dominion Government, and to be exclusively used in improving the state of our fisheries generally.

When we state that in addition to the leaders of the two great parties; Messrs. Knowles and Lord on the one side, and McInnes and Mahon on the other, participated in this debate, it will be superfluous to add that it was conducted with great ability by both parties.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 13, 1880.

EDITORS.

J. F. DUSTAN. E. CROWELL, '80.
A. W. MAHON. J. A. SEDGWICK, '81.
J. DAVIDSON, *Financial Secretary.*

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WE feel called upon to make some reference to the contents of certain articles which have appeared in our GAZETTE during the present term. Of course while according to the common rules of journalism we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our contributors or correspondents, and as a rule are only too glad to receive contributions from our friends, yet we do not wish to be instrumental in giving currency to opinions that may be repugnant to the settled taste of many of the best and most cultivated of our subscribers, or may seem to smack too freely of heterodoxy. We wish it understood that the mere fact of repugnance to the opinions of others and divergence from the beaten road of belief is not of itself sufficient to deter us from speaking our convictions when duty requires on any and every subject. We admit that we have very much yet to learn before we assume censorship of others in religious matters, very much investigation to make before we either accept or deny much of the current dogma; but we do maintain that our Editorial staff is not lacking in the one very important element, desire for truth—nor in the other—a willingness to seek it. We therefore freely announce that the glowing descriptions and advocacy of fashionable pleasures

which may have caused astonishment in the hearts of some of our orthodox readers, is to our minds simply a way of looking at it which may be allowed to provoke a smile of disdain at those who seek satisfaction at such unworthy sources.

The masquerade ball or carnival, where Shylock somewhat truthfully describes those making merry as "Christian fools with varnished faces;" the giddy mazes of the dance, and the exhilarating effects of the flowing bowl, have in themselves sufficient potency on the multitude, and are under obligations to the pens of nobody for the homage rendered them.

For this reason, to rush into print in advocacy of these as worthy of an all-absorbing interest or even of a moiety of the time which a man of business may have for relaxation and pastime, seems to us to be a cheap way of gaining notoriety and one which is in no way worth the time and trouble taken. Sensible people, though perhaps they may wink at an occasional indulgence in pastimes, some of which are considered wrong only when carried to excess, do not hesitate at all in their condemnation of the man who champions a cause which militates in their opinion against the most sacred interests of church and home.

The same remark may be applied to the freedom which is exercised in questions of philosophy and religious teaching by certain savant-asters who might indeed possess sufficient knowledge to matriculate into an ordinary Bible Class, but whose natural tendency to scepticism would strike terror to the soul of the ordinary teacher of such a class. The liberalism of such people has an origin of various elements. The desire to look at topics of the day in a fair and unbiassed manner is in itself most laudable, but this is frequently swamped by a flood of conceit and temerity. To air *his* views the venturesome theologian will argue with a Nothingarian, by whose tricks he becomes confused, will adopt the same tricks to dupe others, and so become a martyr to his own fickleness. The pleasure of his self-immolation is the more intensely felt

when he finds his hand against every man and every man's hand against him; and, being able to find nowhere any writer who does not denounce his pet theory, he thinks that every commonplace orthodox reflection is aimed at *his* opinions, which in all probability have never been heard beyond the bored circle of his acquaintance. This style of sensational thought, if it may be called thought, is of a piece with sensational reading and tends to similar results. Children fed on pastry alone, heroes bred on piratical novels, and philosophers who maintain their theory against all the world, before they know what others have thought, are almost sure to be dyspeptic, keep other people awake by their own sleepless restlessness and find what their course promised—a premature death. He who is too desirous of the gilded casket finds a death's-head which is all he desires, for his speedy greediness, while the more sensible and cautious student will in shunning Epicureanism be likely to find pleasure and satisfaction in even a leaden casket.

ONCE more we have reached the season for oil consumption. Three weeks and then! There are trials in every calling, but we know of few agents more competent to remove superfluous flesh and color than the final cram. May we offer a word of advice? Then it is this. Begin early; far better have a subject deep down in the understanding than on the tip of the tongue. Better make big marks in the world than at any exam; one may gain you a prize to-day, the other is a reality of more than college life. Further, let all be above board. No compressed matter on visiting cards, note paper, &c. In the long run, cribbing is a bad investment. The Professor may never know it, your fellow-student will, and will gauge you accordingly in the battle of life. Honesty is the best policy.

THE PARADE.—Is there any use reviewing the Parade question? We fear not, and yet, as those who take a pride in this College, we would ask, Can nothing be done to make

that unseemly plantation respectable? The side on Barrington Street is absolutely dangerous. Some unfortunate may at any time roll over the embankment to the annihilation of certain limb power, and he would have great difficulty in deciding who was to pay doctors bills, himself, the city, or the College governors. Now, we consider this putting citizens to unnecessary trouble from every standpoint. In the name of decency, let some one appeal to some body to do something.

TRUTH.

THE world of the present century is passing through an ordeal of doubt. Men refuse to credit any statement without knowing the why and wherefore, and as in numerous instances the why and wherefore do not seem to be forthcoming, the belief is pitched overboard, regardless of its antiquity, its respectability, or its sacredness. Materialism, in a broader sense than any of which our fathers dreamed, is sweeping silently over every land.

We look across to Germany. From the studies of earth's profoundest philosophers comes an atmosphere tainted, and heavy with infidelity. Into the universities of Great Britain the skeleton of doubt has crept. Scotland, once the headquarters of orthodoxy, has opened fire upon the citadels of accepted truth. In the United States a more ignorant, and consequently a more vulgar attack is raging. Wherever we turn, all along the line, there is heard the sound of battle, and the murky smoke hangs thick and gloomy across the field.

We have no fear for the ultimate results. But let him who can, find room for idle satisfaction in this thought. The man who is alive and awake must earnestly ask himself, What is my place in the battle and the camp? There are two ways of regarding this question. One is to decide that all speculation is worse than vain, and turning from the din of strife to go on under the old creeds of the fathers, with a sigh of regret for the peaceful days of orthodoxy. Another is to enter the ranks, and there from the ashes of the old, and the fire torn remnants of the new, to raise a purer flag, on which, unsullied by ancient bigotry, unmarred by modern irreverence, will be written the name of truth. We believe the latter to be

the nobler, and ultimately the safer line of conduct.

In the army of the materialist there is certainly much to repel. But cannot the same be said for the opposite camp? There are perhaps too many battering rams in the former, but the latter shows a front of mouldy fortifications and stagnant ditches behind which the pure sunlight of heaven finds difficult access. One is too regardless of order and discipline, the other groans with stringent rules and gloomy prisons. It is true that the philosopher has lost reverence for what is sacred, love for what is beautiful, respect for what is grand. But has the worshipper been true to his trust? While the world of thought has been ever on the move, the world of religion has been kneeling before a blind orthodoxy which exists only in name.

It is a fact that this spirit of free enquiry has cleared many cobwebs from the apartments of truth. Every man of common sense has learned to smile at the old ideas which a few centuries ago were classed among the fundamentals. Geology has taught men to read the first page of revelation with a broader vision. When science announced that the formation of the earth was a process extending over more than one hundred and forty-four hours, the church raised her hands in holy horror and cried heresy. Man has learned that creation was in progress through the ages of a misty past, and yet that the Creator's record is unquestionable. It is worse than childish to be afraid, boldly to investigate and proclaim the teachings of nature. The geologist on the mountain quarry, the chemist or the physicist in the laboratory, the naturalist roaming in search of truth from hill to hill, each is in the noblest sense a minister of order's God. Between revelation and nature there is a perfect though hidden harmony. God's works are ever the personation of his truth. And have we not here a key that will unlock much of the mystery of what is written? Granted, it is hazardous work to trace our dark, unfathomable way through the intricacies of prophecy and symbol, the prize is worth an effort. There may be falls by the way. Yet it is nobler to stumble on the road to perfection than to sleep on the pillows of contented ignorance.

The church has not yet fathomed the depths of revelation. There is much to be learned anew, and much to be unlearned. It is vain to seek comfort in the thought that philosophy cannot undermine her foundations. Philosophy has

yet much to teach her. Wrapped up in the history of the heavens, in the record of the rocks, in the life of humanity, there are yet lessons teaming with interest, mighty with consequences, glorious with truth. And when science and religion have learned that their mission is one, that their destiny is co-eternal, all that now seems conflicting and contradictory will be reconciled. We looked forward. Old things have passed away. Christianity and philosophy have laid aside the armour of war. Bondage and mystery have given place to liberty and light. Over the nations of earth a banner of victorious truth is waving. Religion diverted of darkness and superstition has learned the universal motto—Glory to God on high, on earth peace.

J. F. D.

PRO TERPSICHORE.

S HAS at last arisen in his might. This may not at first sight seem a matter of exceeding great import, but its consequences will be something awful. Dancing is doomed after S's last philippic has spread through the country. And the consternation and despair amongst the votaries of this pleasing art can more easily be imagined than described. Come now

"Loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

Come shades of Moses, Milton and Wordsworth, glut your phantom ire on Terpsichore and her Bacchanalian champion. The signal has been given, S's trumpet tones ring through the world of frivolity and the temple of pleasure is tottering to its fall. *Væ victis!* To the wall with the weaker! Woe to the followers of a doomed cause!

But there is one thing that Silenus plaintively raises his protest against. He objects to being personified as the "tutor and constant companion of Bacchus." Heaven forbid. Still more unwilling to accept the onus of his patron's (?) culpabilities. For mark you S, Silenus is but the mask of a modest 19th century entity, the *nom de plume* of ours. He never saw Bacchus. And who can knowingly assert that he is at all Bacchanalian. And who but imaginative S. could or would impose on one not only the personality but also the faults of a doubtful character in mythology, because for purposes of *modesty* he chooses to bear his name. Some one who bore S's name in the past, perchance sold his soul to the devil, but shall Silenus argue from this that

S. is a fiend in human form. No; he will not. But he stipulates for like treatment at S's hands. Dear S., prythee draw it mild!

Our friend begins with a most unprecedented attempt to prove black is white, as regards the extracts which he affixes to his first article. It is useless almost to waste pen and ink in controverting such washy arguments as S. posits in this matter. But as S. evidently believes he has held forth to the less discerning public eye their condemnation of dancing, so will we show their commendation thereof in equally valid reasoning. And let all lovers of our poets arise and call us blessed, for if S's statements stand, some of the grandest lights in our poetical world are proved poltroons, double-dealers, hypocrites, who placed on the world's page thoughts that they did not feel, and who have thus deceived generation after generation of less penetrating mortals than S.

I. "David danced with all his might."

The fervour of a pious excitement was on David. He danced for joy. When I in the 19th century dance it is not under the influence of sorrow. The motive of David's conduct and of mine is the same, though differing a little in the execution. Naturally; since David's era and mine are several decades apart.

II. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

According to S., Byron here has expressed the very opposite idea to what he intended and wished. He can reveal to us from his more favoured standpoint that Byron struggled unavailingly to write, "On with the dance, let *woe* be unconfined." And to enlighten Silenus still further he finishes the quotation:

"No sleep till morn where youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Now, dear S., 'tis not at all necessary to dance till morn or exhaustion. Very few people do it persistently here. You can have a tidy dance between seven and eleven p. m., without transgressing the ordinary laws of health. Methinks you are trying the dodge here you accuse me of; exaggeration. "Consistency, thou art, &c."

And what a narrow scape Europe had on that 17th of June rout, 1815. If that mad riot had not been interrupted, who knows but that England's liberty might now be grovelling beneath the Frenchman's heel. So S. gloomily insinuates. Had they been uninterrupted would the officers on the next morning have felt less fatigue than the poor sentinel after his night's watch. Were the officers of the allied army of such puny

mettle that a night's revelry would have had such a woeful influence on them. And in the face of the enemy too. They exchanged the comparative pastime of the ball-room for the midnight assembly, the forced march, the hurrying to and fro in preparation for the morning's fray. But this was not to be compared with the labour of the dance. Again we ejaculate, "S., draw it mild."

III. "Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe."

To quote: "Its immortal author merely wished to indicate a cheerful and joyous movement." Exactly, dear S. And what species of movement do we indulge in at a dancing party? Not exactly funereal all will admit. "The joys pictured in this song are not at all like those producing the vertigo whose evil effects Silenus deplored. They are the joys of quiet country life. Dancing is one of these . . . but not the dancing against which I inveigh." Admitted. But we all know what a graceful, sylph-like, easy performance a country dance is. There is no need to enlarge on this.

IV. "Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Topsy dance and jollity."

Great point! We will only remind S. that society requires dancers to be sober.

Of the next quotation S. says "these lines need no comment." We concur

V. "Then our age was in its prime,
Free from age and free from crime."

And as a consequence men debarred from crime had recourse to pleasure's soft embrace. And it was

"A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing and unthinking time."

We have, however, nought to do save with dancing. So we will not touch on the laughing, quaffing and unthinking part of it. But when the "whirl" is concomitant of "an age," "free from crime," who can cavil at it?

VI. "Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of four-score."

S. trots in the childish argument here and rings the changes on it vehemently. But it affects us not. On the contrary, we would ask his consideration of two or three points in this quotation which we fear he has overlooked. First of all observe the time used, the past. This

is commonly employed to denote a completed not a continued action. Because children *have* partaken in the merry-making of their elders—as we have often seen ourselves—are these aforesaid revels necessarily childish? Or if the old man has for a brief half hour thrown off the burden of his years and joined his children in a Yule-tide merry-go-round, can we cast the shadow of his second childhood over his young and vigorous fellow-reveller. "Perhaps Silenus thinks that we should," chants S. Nay, the gods forbend.

We must apologize to all and S. for this digression, but it has not been wholly extraneous to the subject. And now a word or two *de re*.

I will admit with S. instantly that there is no necessary connection between graceful carriage and walking. But I do certainly contend that there is an influence therefrom, as there is from every other occupation of our business or pleasure hours. All have seen the graceful gait of a dancing master. In a greater or less degree the same rule applies to all dancers. I do not, mark you, wildly claim this result from dancing alone, but I do say that it is one of the results thereof. Because I said that it was one of the results of dancing, S. unfairly argues as though I denied this to anything else. Mark distinctly, dear *non tripper*, Silenus did not affirm that the only royal method to a graceful carriage was "to dance into it." Faith no! This is a gross exaggeration.

Again S. strains at a gnat, knowingly or through carelessness as it may be. Quoth he: "I am accused of preferring the intoxicating stimulus of the wine-cup to the innocent (?) pleasures of the waltz." This accusation S. grinds out of the original statement, word for word. "That" he attributes to a mingling of "the friendly bowl, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," a greater degree of profit than to the harmless dance. I accused him of nothing Bacchanalian. He assumes that I did, possibly for sake of argument; possibly—no, I will not insinuate. Could any one, however, deduce such a conclusion from such a statement without an almost super-human effort.

And now comes S.'s *coup d'etat*. He charges me with answering his "statements of truth" by covering them with ridicule or by exaggerating the expression so far as to destroy their force. Sophist of the sophists! What other course lies open to one except the I-did-I-didn't, vulgar one of emphatic denial. On an argument that

is weak, top-heavy, invalid, no great amount of reasoning makes it ridiculous or destroys its force. To my feeble intellect three methods alone offer themselves, shewing weak statements in their true light which S. dubbs, "turning into ridicule;" flat contradiction, or bringing stronger contra-statements to bear, which he calls "exaggeration of the expression." This is all anent the prejudicial to health argument which he cruelly insinuates that I have left unanswered. This is the grossest misrepresentation. S. asserted dancing was prejudicial to health. I answered by denying it and comparing other more violent exercises in their effects. *Ergo* he comes down with his tirade. I now most emphatically repeat that dancing is not injurious. And as he moreover challenges anyone to testify to this who has breathed the heated air of the ball-room for a few hours, I accept. I, so-called Silenus, being in full possession of all my faculties of mind and body, do hereby testify that for periods of two, three, four, five, six, seven, even eight hours I have danced and danced with few intermissions. Physical state next day all correct. Mark you S., I say this most distinctly. When the dance was sustained after one or two o'clock, I slept a little later as required by the compensatory laws of nature. Headache resulting from dancing I never had. Vertigo resulting from waltzing never lasted longer than three minutes. I can corroborate this by the testimony of divers others, and as S. asks for my numberless instances in another argument, I can send them to him in this case if he will kindly forward address and stamps to the editors of the GAZETTE. My testimony *does not* support his assertion.

S. lastly takes exception to my handling of his "immoral" argument. This century is an age of straw-splitting and we have here an example of it. His own word was impropriety, between which and immorality in this case I fail to distinguish. He can choose his own word and I will deny the truth of his choice. Moreover, S. answers this argument fully himself in his last, so I will not further dwell upon what at best is but a desperate *dernier resort*.

I have done my best to answer S. New arguments I do not propound, my policy being only defensive. My ante-terpsichorean friend has shown himself skilled in exaggeration and evasion, but we do not think he has proved much against *we trippers*. . . . Certes I shall not give up dancing yet.

SILENUS.

PROFESSOR MACDONALD'S LECTURE.

PROFESSOR MACDONALD, of this College, delivered a Lecture in Association Hall, on Friday evening last. His subject was, "Certain Evolution Doctrines." A large audience assembled to hear, what all expected would prove an intellectual feast of difficult digestion. None were disappointed. Lectures in Halifax during the past season have been very numerous and consequently rather poorly attended. We are happy, however, to observe that in the estimation of the public, Professor Macdonald is classed altogether apart from the ordinary aspirant to platform eminence. Certainly his effort of Tuesday evening belongs to a genus perfectly distinct from most of those specimens.

We will not attempt to describe at any length the manner in which this subject was treated. Unostentatiously we confess our inability to do so. It might be sufficient to say that it was handled as Professor Macdonald always handles subjects. In opening, the lecturer invited his audience to step out with him some billions of miles into space, and there described to them the gradual formation of planets and systems, and other like phenomena. He then spoke of the entrance of life into this world, making its first appearance as minute cells and yet presenting to the observation of mind a power which Science has at yet failed to fathom. To call this power protoplasm is but a modest manner of confessing our ignorance.

But the weight of the lecture was devoted to a discussion of Darwin's celebrated, or we might have said before listening to Professor Macdonald, ridiculous theory. Our eyes, however, have been opened. Not that we necessarily think any more of Darwin or his ideas. But we have learned that more is requisite to a just decision on any question than an ignorant sneer. Many suppose that to laugh when this philosopher's name is mentioned is a perfectly intelligent and complete refutation of his views. The lecturer has shown that these are worthy of serious consideration to say the least.

May we humbly offer as our opinion that there was one flaw in the line of argument by which the lecturer upheld the system of Darwin. No satisfactory explanation was offered or we may say attempted, of the important fact that between the lowest form of man, and the highest specimen of the brute there is one difference which places the former more distinctly above the latter, than

all the grades which occur between the highest and lowest species of the brute creation. The distinguishing link is mind, or the power by which we aspire, meditate, and worship.

In concluding, Professor Macdonald showed that philosophy and religion are not necessarily travelling in opposite directions. The goal of each is truth. None who prize such an end should close their ears to the teachings of either. The usual formality of thanking the lecturer was passed through at the close, and the audience broke up feeling that they had gathered matter for meditation, which would last for many days.

OUR EXCHANGES.

OWING to press of work we are compelled to give clippings from our exchanges in place of our usual notices.

A copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary was offered at a Teachers's Institute, in Pennsylvania, to any teacher who would read the following paragraph, and pronounce every word correctly, according to Webster. No one succeeded in earning the Dictionary, although nine teachers made the attempt:

"A sacriligious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances in order to make good his deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and a coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional caligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificeable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal; on receiving which, he procured a carbine and bowie-knife, said that he would not forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."—*Philosophian Review*.

The Governor-General has presented to the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton, Ont., a model for the most proficient student in English Literature.

There is a cat attending College at present.—*Whitby College Sunbeam*. The cat-o'-nine-tails we presume; if not, it should be.

The following is the method by which the young ladies of Ashland, Va., get rid of their student lovers of Randolph Macon College, when they stay too late. A youthful brother goes out in the back yard, at the old gentlemen's command, and there keeps up an incessant crowing till the young gents are impressed that their call is too protracted, and to the joy of the girls bid them good night.—*Queen's College Journal*.

Russia has nine colleges. Nova Scotia has only five.

Queen's College has no colors and the *Journal* is trying to stir up the students to adopt some.

Princeton expects to have Hanlan's trainer to look after their class crews.

M. C. Cameron, M. P., of Goderich, has founded a scholarship of \$60 per annum to be given to the best Gaelic scholar or speaker in Queen's College, Kingston.—*White and Blue*.

Quite an excitement was raised the other day, when a Senior was caught sewing on buttons with mucilage. That was the way the tailors fastened them on, he said.—*The Argosy*.

THE sonnet "In Memoriam," on our first page, has already appeared in one of the city papers, but we reproduce it, with certain changes, at the request of the authoress.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

WE are fearful that *he* too will have *black eyes* if he persists in his course.

THE Premier is requested to keep his eye on that *man*—the Minister of Mines. He has been seen abroad at rather unseasonable hours of late.

WE have it on the authority of his room-mate that a *Junior* who generally wears dickeys only, actually put on a shirt on his return from the Rink. Some *wimmen* must have "circumvented" him out there. *O Moses!!*

THE student of world-renowned name objects to the College prayer meetings on the ground that in them there is no scope for mental development. He, doubtless, has no moral nature.

THAT prowling *Senior* is now compelled, on account of his studies, to stay in the house every evening in the week excepting *four*. He is forced to admit that parties and things will not make him "honourable" in the smiling days of Spring. But to think that he must content himself with four evenings only! *Cruel, Cruel!*

Scipio must stop reciting! People have *borne* with him long; they now think him a *bore*. If he is not disposed to be advised on this point, Barnum will be interviewed with respect to him. There's millions in him! Gas here is meant.

A TEMPERATE *Freshie* wisely declined to partake of *tipsy* cake a few evenings ago. We predict that these historic words will never apply to him: "Four dollars or forty days."

THE *little* German has always been considered *small*. It is not generally known, however, that his head is inordinarily great—in size. The smartest hair-cutter in the city tells us that it takes an hour's time to get through with him.

THAT unfortunate *Junior* was compelled to take at least six of his "acquaintances" out to the Calico Carnival. He says that he didn't mind the *huggin* part of it, but the cakes and coffee affected him or rather his purse, very greatly, very greatly indeed.

A *Soph* was heard making a most unusual complaint to a class-mate a few days ago. He affirms that a number of captivating ones are continually calling at his boarding-house and thereby drawing him away from his studies; neither love nor *monies* will keep them away, for he has tried both. Try cayenne pepper.

THE *Juniors* are *behind* in their work: doubtless because they are desirous of *pursuing* their studies.

THE license is bought, the minister is selected and the young lady is waiting. The *Freshie* exhibits a great deal of pluck and push! But we fear it will greatly interfere with his studies.

Johannes will have to look to himself if he wishes to gain the day. His rival is formidable and is in terrible earnest.

A *Junior* was heard calling out Fire! Fire! in his sleep not long ago. His room mate attributed it to the enormous amount of *fire-water* which he had drunk in the evening.

THE student who performs such remarkable feats with his thumb is believed to belong to the *light-fingered* gentry.

FROM the fact that no one ever sees him *speaking*, it is concluded that the student with the *ear* gives all his attention to *hearing*.

IT is said that a *Junior* received a post card lately from a friend, entreating him to inform her whether he had been *killed* or not. He, He!!

THE first offender before our resident Justice was the *Junior* charged with spreading infectious diseases. The charge being proven, he was sent up to Rockhead for thirty days.

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