

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V. }  
OLD SERIES—VOL. XII. }

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

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{ WHOLE No. 126.

## A CHEMIST'S VALENTINE.

I love thee Mary, and thou lovest me,  
Our mutual flame is like the affinity  
That doth exist between two simple bodies.  
I am potassium to thy oxygen ;  
'Tis little that thy holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical  
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an acid—  
A living acid ; thou an alkali  
Endowed with human sense ; that brought together,  
We both might coalesce into one salt,  
One homogeneous crystal. Oh! that thou  
Wert carbon, and myself hydrogen.  
We would unite to form olefiant gas  
Of common coal or naphtha. Would to heaven  
That I were phosphorous, and thou wert lime,  
And we of lime composed a phosphuret !  
I'd be content to be sulphuric acid,  
So that thou mightst be soda. In that case  
We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou magnesia  
Instead we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.  
Could'st thou potassa be, I aquafortis,  
Our happy union should that compound form  
Nitrate of potash, otherwise saltpetre,  
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent,  
We'd live and love together, until death  
Should decompose this fleshy Tertium quid,  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated ! Sweet, thy name is Briggs  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs.

—Exchange.

## JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

ARRIVING at C——d, Ohio, we changed cars. Entering the next train and having secured a seat, we occupied the few minutes before the starting of the train in scanning the new faces. Several who had travelled all night, and had made themselves as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, were now suddenly aroused from their unquiet slumbers

by the rush of men and women eager to obtain seats, and by their appearance seemed very drowsy and not a little annoyed. Among them I noticed one person in particular. This person was a woman of more than medium size. She occupied a seat near the middle of the car ; with reluctance she sat up, her sunken eyes seemed to flash with anger, while a massive forehead with heavy, dark eyebrows, added not a little to the scowl which her whole face wore,—her whole appearance was of most repelling kind. One look at that face was sufficient to convince those in search of seats that the unhappy occupant of that one did not want company.

The "gong" having sounded, the train moved out of the depot, and passing through the city we came in sight of the beautiful waters of Lake Erie, of which we did not lose sight—the road lying along the shore—till some time in the afternoon. On the lakeside of the car, opposite the lady, sat a pale-faced young man,—tall, and possessing a manly bearing—who had travelled with us during the night, and judging from his general appearance was very unwell and in much need of a rest. He was a student, as I afterwards learned, returning home from one of the Western Colleges, having been advised by a physician to take a few months of rest. His eyes seemed to sparkle with delight as they looked out upon the green tinged waters ; he raised his window to admit the fresh morning air from which he seemed to be drinking both pleasure and health. With the sun arose a cool and gentle breeze,—rolling the ruffled billows against the land and breaking upon the beach in silvery form, with a dull, yet pleasing sound. Not far from the shore lay in readiness for a start a fleet of fishermen's boats ; on its bosom at a distance could be seen the black-hulled steamboat heaving out volumes of smoke ; the lazy-looking sloop and the white-sailed schooner, moving gracefully along in the morning sunlight like swans, admiring their own beauty. On the distant horizon the sombre

mountains of clouds, piled one above the other in confusion, were changed by the clear sunlight into beautiful landscapes; all combined would doubtless put any studious person into a reverie. A glance at the young man was sufficient to show that he was lost in thought—unconscious of everything but the grand scene spread out before him, in a word he was in deep reverie. All the morning he mused—his head resting upon his hand: "What an ocean in miniature," said he to himself in an audible whisper, "What a part it takes in promoting commerce upon its shores, as the great oceans upon the shores of continents,—how its usefulness far out-shines its beauty. If its secrets could be disclosed what a volume they would make, how page after page would glow with the Indians' simple tradition, relating to the time long ago when his race alone ruled as masters of the forests that surrounded its shores,—the bark wigwam forming his happy dwelling where now the wealth of a nation is spread and the white farm house stands,—relating to the time when at sunset its calm waters were disturbed only by the splash of the "redman's" paddle as his birch-bark canoe glided along its green foliaged shore. When loaded with the choicest fruit of his "harvest," and perhaps his only daughter, beautiful and graceful in her wild innocence—the old, grey-haired chief paddles his canoe over the lake, along the Niagara River to a point where stillness is changed to a strong rushing current; he sets it adrift, freighted with the dearest and noblest offering that could be made to the "Great Spirit of the Falls;" it glides swiftly along with the mighty current and is soon carried over the fearful brinks; the savage shouts and noise of the excited multitude being lost in the roaring and thundering of Niagara Falls. How page after page would tell of the "war whoop," the "war dance," and the shouts of savage laughter that greeted its evening calmness, instead of the peace, the smile of civilization and the songs of gladness that now waft themselves over its bosom and seem to mingle their voices with its gentle murmurings; of modern warfares and spoliation; of angry storms, shipwrecks and disasters; of spoiled happiness and weepings for loved ones buried beneath its waves. Oh, cruel lake!" he exclaimed unconsciously. A tap upon the shoulder caused him to start as if from sleep, and to turn his head around, when, to his horror, there appeared above him the face of the lady described in the beginning of my paper. Was he in a horrid

nightmare; or was he confronted by some supernatural being that held him terror-stricken? He could not make out; when her hoarse voice fell upon his ear saying, "Here young un," and at the same time pushing his valise out of her way, "take your thin head away from that ere window," He, having lost all control of his will, obeyed. However, he attempted to defend himself by saying "Madam have I—I—what can—I would willingly"—when his feet shared the fate of his valise. Mustering up courage, all eyes being turned towards him, he thought to put up with what he considered an unpardonable imposition, would betray a lack of manliness, so drawing himself up said, "Madam, you would oblige me exceedingly, indeed, if you would kindly state wherein you desire me to be of service to you, and relieve"—"Young un I want none of ye'r heavy talk—Oh my but ye *can* talk fine—hold yerself *still* a minute." And he *did* hold himself still, for a withering look settled him, and caused a laugh from nearly every one in the car, while she emptied her hands which were full of the fragments of a luncheon which she had been eating, from his window. "There, said she, growl now," and walked away to her seat.

There are times in nearly every body's history when terror takes such a hold upon him that both language and strength seem to forsake him. It was so in the young man's case. He knew well that neither in thought nor in deed he had harmed that woman in anything that would excuse such imposition. Yet he was, as it were, almost dumb. He, who in debate, spoke with such convincing arguments, such fearless expression, and such captivating eloquence as to carry his point against fearful odds; he who having played "off" sometimes a week without excuse, could face with enviable courage a stern professor, was now silenced before a woman. What relief was depicted upon his face as she moved away, but it was only for a moment, for she almost immediately returned with another hand-full. No sooner had she moved away this time than he lowered his window with much more strength than was required, put on a defiant look, uttering something very indistinctly and closing his remarks so loudly that I caught "*O mores! O tempora*" which he afterwards told me was something he had learned when a boy and thought it was Latin,—and rather liked it. Evidently the change surprised the old lady for she came no more to his window but quietly raised her own.

## THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

THE great event of mediæval history is the astounding revolution among the Arabs, effected by Mahomet. The hostile, star-worshipping tribes of the desert were consolidated into a mighty nation of fanatical monotheists. The Koran taught the duty of extending the true religion by means of the sword.

"The sword must first  
The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,  
Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in  
Her wakening daylight on a world of Sin."

Like an overwhelming torrent the Mahometans swept over Western Asia and Northern Africa, till the red ensign of the Prophet waved from Samarcand to the Pillars of Hercules. The decaying, disunited Eastern Empire had made but a feeble resistance to the natural bravery and religious fanaticism of the sons of the desert. It was like an old man fighting with a fiercely active youth. Well might the Moslems have counselled the Greeks in the words of Shakespeare's Moor:

"Keep up your swords, for the dew will rust them,  
You shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons."

On the shores of the Atlantic stood the invincible Arabs, sighing like the Macedonian of old for more worlds to conquer. Soon they caught a glimpse of a strange land rising beyond Calpe's Strait,—a land ruled by the descendants of the brave Teutons. Count Julian, a Gothic nobleman, turned traitor, and assisted the Saracens in effecting an entrance into the southern Province of the Spanish peninsula,—into the beautiful Andalusia, "the garden, the granary, the wine-press and the gold purse of Hispania."

Roderic, the last of the Goths, was roused from his royal sleep of luxury by the cry of the terrified populace:

"They come, they come! We see the land  
White with the turbans of the Arab hordes."

The bloody battle which terminated the rule of the Visigoths in Spain was fought in 711 A. D., at Xeres, on the banks of the Gaudalete. Roderic is described as appearing in a gown of beaten gold, seated in a car with a richly embroidered canopy overshadowing it. This could only have been at the opening of the battle, for afterwards he mounted his favourite Orelia and dashed into the thickest of the fight. But all in vain, for neither "God nor St. Iago struck for the good cause of Spain." After a desperate

No more reveries or poetic fancies, on that day at least, for the young man. He had been brought face to face with a stern reality. His colored face and the nervous twitching of his body told the state of his feelings. "Why have I been thus made a laughing stock of by that strange individual?" said he to a neighbour, no one wished to answer his question.

The old lady having closed her luncheon basket—having by this time travelled forty or fifty miles—leaned back and tried to sleep, but sleep would not come to her relief. While in this condition the young man sat gazing upon her, as if trying to read her past history, from the lineaments of her face and from the unpleasant experience he had with her but a few minutes before. He did not get very far, however, before she turned quickly around, and before he had time to turn his eyes some other way, yelled, "Why do you stare so hard at me. Do you want anything? Does this train go through to Rochester, or do we change at Buffalo?" With perspiration upon his brow, he stammered out, "I—I—I think so. Ye—yes ma'am, it changes." "At Buffalo," some one cried out.

When the conductor came round again she related to him her troubles. She wished to go to some town near Oswego, and not knowing anything about the train connections beyond Buffalo, and her money not very plentiful, was very naturally troubled. The conductor, not knowing anything definitely beyond his own "beat," failed to make the matter satisfactory to her, although he spent half an hour consulting maps, &c. The man was to be pitied, as with flying tongue she told him "a bit of himself for his ignorance." Many passengers were now consulted, but no one succeeding in making the matter clear, and drawing near to Buffalo, she was advised to enquire at the agent's office at Rochester. We on getting off the train heard her tell her "nearest" neighbour what she was going to do to "that white-livered pea-cock of a conductor" when a chance would favor her. We all felt sorry for her, knowing that perhaps she was more to be pitied than blamed, as circumstances might have made that temper so irritable, which held her bound to its will. Our routes taking different directions for the remainder of the day, I parted with the old lady, perhaps forever, but the incidents of that morning have lingered in my memory, and in this lengthy paper I have imposed the story upon you.

D. C.

struggle the Goths were utterly routed and King Roderic slain.

"Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong,  
The Paynini turban and the Christian crest  
Mixed on the bleeding field"

Thus the land of ancient heroism, the land of Roman superstition, the land of the most Holy Virgin, fell before the impetuosity of religious fanaticism. A single defeat crushed the Gothic power. This is not surprising when we remember that two centuries of corrupting slavery and priestly domination had extinguished almost every spark of patriotism. Gothic valour, born in the bracing atmosphere of Teutonia, had died in the enervating climate of luxurious Spain.

"Her throne was fallen,—her pride was crushed,  
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blushed  
In their own land—no more their own,—  
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne."

Few conquests have been conducted with so much moderation as the conquest of Spain by the Arabs. From the time that the Israelites thought that the great King of Kings had instructed them to exterminate the natives of Canaan, nations have gone forth in what they supposed to be righteous wars of oppression and slaughter. In order to extirpate heresy among the Albigenses, it was necessary to massacre the great body of the inhabitants. "Kill them all," was the cry, "God will know his own."

When one religion overruns another the persecutions which follow are usually of the most revolting character. No sooner had Christianity "usurped the souls of men," than a fierce warfare was waged with Judaism. No sooner had Protestantism acquired the supremacy in England than a bitter persecution of the Catholics began. The Mahometan conquest of Spain forms a glorious exception. When the venerable Abu Beker gave his soldiers permission to march to the conquest of Syria, he instructed them to use no harsh measures with those who were willing to pay tribute. Although the soldiers, intoxicated with success, sometimes forgot the aged Caliph's words of wisdom, a spirit of clemency was generally displayed by the hosts of Islam. This contributed mightily towards their success, for persecution and intolerance always defeat their own ends. The Syrian Greeks came in great numbers to have their names registered in the book of tributaries. The Egyptians welcomed those soldiers who had refrained from pillage and massacre at Jerusalem. If Napoleon had learned wisdom of the Mahometans, no bloody

scenes of treachery on the sand-hills of Jaffa would have nerved the bold garrison of Acre to keep possession of the fortress during that frightful French siege. The toleration of the Arabs of Spain towards their infidel subjects is unparalleled in the history of conquest. No doubt there were miseries experienced by the Christian population; but these were principally caused by the sudden increase in the number of inhabitants. The church was permitted to stand side by side with the mosque; and to a certain extent the conquered people were allowed to live in the enjoyment of their own laws. We have been told that so friendly were the relations at first subsisting between the two races, that intermarriages became frequent. True, the Christians were compelled to pay tribute; but the increased prosperity of the land made it a matter of little hardship. The lion of the Prophet and the lamb of the Pope dwelt together in unity. The greeting extended to the Christians was

"We conquer but to save,  
So peace instead of death let us bring."

(To be continued.)

#### THE NEWSPAPER.

WHAT would we do without our newspaper? What would we read, think, or talk about? What would we wrap our parcels in, or kindle our fires with? What would the newsboys do for a livelihood? Where would we get anything for our scrap-books? How would the quack doctor let the world know of his never-failing remedies? What would vary the unbroken monotony of many lives? What would tell us of the when and the where and the how of all the things taking place on the face of the earth? The newspaper is the grand climax of our age,—the most remarkable outgrowth of genius and civilization. Steam and the electric light are no comparison to it. Historians tell us of the power and influence of mighty empires, of the wisdom and glory of ancient kings, of the achievements and success of the great men of Greece and Rome, but what were they worth? They had no newspaper. Every Smith, Jones and Brown, who purchases his daily for the insignificant sum of two or three cents, may look with compassionate contempt on the proudest nations, the sublimest monarchs, and the most celebrated men of olden times.

The newspaper, too, like air and light, is common to all, and within the reach of all. It is everywhere present,—in the lonely attic, on the parlor table, shoved under the door, flying over the fences, tossed upon the counting table, and on the mechanic's bench. It comes into the meanest hut, where ignorance and intellectual darkness reign supreme, and says, "Let there be light." It is found in the royal hall and on the table of the good and great.

All read it,—the philosopher, the student, the farmer. Every John Smith and Mary Brown in the country, the Irishman, the German, white and black, grave and gay, well and unwell, before breakfast and after tea, from Monday morning to Saturday night, and even, it is whispered, ministers and deacons, on Sunday.

It is read in all places,—from the corner of Sackville and Granville streets to the lonely shingle hut on the plain of Manitoba, from the Irish to the Yellow Sea, from Windermere to Lake Nyassa; it is the milk and honey of life to all mankind. Could we by some magic process behold all the newspaper readers of the day, our view would be as extensive as the world, and as varied as the British Museum.

What charm then, what fascinating power is there in it, that it should be such a universal favourite? What is there in these straight lines of letters, these pages, these columns, that they should find a welcome in every house, and stir up a peculiar interest in every heart.

They simply furnish us with a record of the life and doings of our race. They give us a photograph of man in all the varying phases of his character; his struggles, aims, fears, ambitions, hopes, crimes and virtues, all are faithfully set down here. "The newspaper makes Shakespeares of us all." Hamilton says: "They are to the civilized world what daily house-talk is to the members of the family; they keep up our daily interest in each other, and save us from the evils of isolation." They not only give us a history of the doings of the world, but they tell us how to live and act. They discuss the merits of every question from the cleaning of a gutter to the theory of evolution, decide on all manner of subjects, condemn and acquit at pleasure, review books for us,—think, reason, criticise, plead for us. What have they not done? What will they not do?

Then the newspaper furnishes us with the chief supply of the literature of the day. Out of

the city of New York alone, one hundred millions of newspaper pages come every morning, three hundred millions in a week, and this only one city's contribution. Think of almost every one on the globe contributing to the great mass. What a large number of books they would make? The mind is embarrassed by the vastness of the number of volumes that all the newspapers in the world would make if reduced to that form. "If all the newspapers were one book, what a great Encyclopædia that would be," and yet if the same matter were put into book form, it would not be so extensively read.

We speak of the enlightened nineteenth century. Whence this intelligence? The vast majority of people do not read books. How many read or even ever heard of the works of Herodotus, Socrates, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, or Shakespeare? How then can people discuss the great questions of the day in an intelligent manner? Whence the ability of the American people to talk about all themes? It is largely owing to the fact that the large majority of them are newspaper readers. They are essentially a reading people. Josh Billings says that "the morning paper is as necessary to an American as dew is to grass." And yet, *mirabile dictu*, some people take no paper. They decide that mental food is a luxury that can be dispensed with without injury. That to dress well, live high, and to make a great show in the world are greater necessities. In our judgment they are much mistaken. Every person has a place to fill in the world, and he ought to know how to fill it. Every family has as much need of a good newspaper as it has of food and clothing, and he who puts a good newspaper into a family visits that house with lasting benediction. This is a hint, by the way, to every reader who wishes to do good in a quiet way.

College journalism is a development of newspaperdom. It fills a place in the place of the press which has been until recently unoccupied. All trades and professions, in these days of universal newspaper reading, have their official publications, and in due time it was felt that students must have their college papers, so that now there is not an institution of learning in the land but has its organ, and glad am I that old Dalhousie has such an able exponent as the GAZETTE, for it is a matter of just pride with the College friends, among whom the writer is proud to be numbered.

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

## EDITORS.

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

## CONTENTS.

Poetry—A Chemist's Valentine.....	85
Jottings by the Way .....	85
The Arabs in Spain.....	87
The Newspaper .....	88
Editorial .....	90
Mr. Payzant's Lecture.....	91
Trip to a Cave.....	92
"Ex.".....	93
Sodales .....	95
Personals .....	96
Inner Dalhousie .....	96
Acknowledgments .....	96

## PAYING UP.

THE Financial Secretary, who, in ordinary circumstances and with fair play, is a very quiet individual, begins to enquire of his predecessor at what time he may reasonably expect the subscribers to the GAZETTE to *pay up*. This is a very important question and affects the Secretary directly, as it is to him that personal application is made for payment of the bills. Our terms are, *payment in advance*, but as that is impossible for many of you now, please do the next best thing and make an early remittance, so that when the collegiate year closes all debts may be cancelled.

WE neglected to notice in our last issue the recent changes made by the Council of Public Instruction in the inspectoral districts of the Province. Instead of nineteen Inspectors, as under the old arrangement, we have now ten. Everyone must admit that this is a move in the right direction. Formerly these school officers received so little compensation for their services that they were compelled to engage in other work, which in some cases very seriously

interfered with the proper discharge of inspectoral duties, but under the new system all this is changed. The Inspectors are required to devote their whole time to their school work, and we may reasonably suppose that the work will be more thoroughly performed. We are well aware that in the past a few discharged their duties in such a manner as to give satisfaction both to teachers and to Government, but the number was disgracefully small. Too many performed the work in so perfunctory a way, that it was quite immaterial to all concerned whether they put themselves to the inconvenience of making the regular half-yearly visitation or not. Old things have passed away. Inspectoral examinations are in future to be solid realities. Teachers must have their schools well-organized, well disciplined, well-taught; or they must pass on and give room to better men. We believe that Inspectors are required to recommend the cancelling of licenses in cases in which teachers give positive evidence that they have mistaken their calling. The country can very well afford to lose many who are now engaged, and whose only qualification for the teaching profession is their inability to gain a livelihood in any other respectable calling. Our Inspectors must take the matter in hand. No one else is supposed to be capable of judging. Incompetent men and women must be driven out of the profession. We may be told that incapable teachers must eventually fail to get employment. It is all moonshine. There is a large army of migratory beings, who semi-annually take up their bundle of testimonials, (obtained from trustees who were only too glad to get rid of them on terms so favourable,) and who go forth seeking whom they may gull for another period of six months. This is not over-drawing the case. It is a plain statement of facts. Our Inspectors have a work to do which we believe they are quite capable of performing.

A little dissatisfaction has been expressed by some parties in Pictou Co., over the dismissal of Mr. McDonald, the late Inspector for that dis-

trict. Mr. Smith of Colchester received the appointment. Both of these gentlemen, we believe, were most efficient officers,—to Mr. Smith's admirable system of inspection we can testify personally. Only one could be retained. The Council of Public Instruction learned that Mr. Smith was a graduate of Dalhousie, and that settled the matter.

under the sun, from which we would conclude that there is a possibility of getting certain departments of conduct out of their legitimate surroundings. There is a time to howl, but whether our Sophs and Freshies always choose the proper time, might with propriety be taken into consideration.

## MR. PAYZANT'S LECTURE.

JUDGING by the sounds which greet us as the first and second years are leaving and entering the various rooms, we would conclude that the lung talent of these gentlemen deserves to be rated high, however their brain power is classed. It is in vain that we seek a simile, to which the efforts of these youths might be likened. On this topic the Professors too appear to differ. One has suggested that with a little judicious training they might make respectable howling dervises. Another seems to regard their capabilities as vieing promisingly with the best menagerie efforts. A third emerging from his class-room is seen gazing round the corner on the scene, with an expression reminding us of Tam O'Shanter beholding the witches dance. On ordinary Freshmen the entrance of a Professor is supposed to have a subduing effect; on the heroes of the present session such a visitation seems rather stimulating than otherwise.

Now, we don't object to the almost super-human efforts of our esteemed vocalists, providing *some slight regard* be had for time and place of performance. On ordinary occasions the entertainment is quite enjoyable, and we listen with feelings such as those which Byron must have experienced when he sang:

"O talk not to me of a name great in story,  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory"

But we would suggest that it is rather mixing the solemn and ridiculous, when it is necessary to strain our ears to catch a *few words* of the morning collect in the class-room through the din which is rising, shall we say heavenward? no! in the hall. An authority of high standing reminds us that there is a time for all things

WE had the privilege of listening to the lecture on "Religious Uneasiness" delivered by John Y. Payzant, Esq., under the auspices of the Y. M. C. Association. The subject was treated of in an interesting and able manner. We heard with pleasure in the introductory sentence that it is not only editors of college papers who find a difficulty in selecting some theme on which to write. The lecturer drew a vivid picture of the good old days of orthodoxy, when all was belief and the ghost of doubt was yet unknown. He then described the gradual advance of science, the bold and steady attack of scepticism upon the citadel of mind. The theories of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and others were briefly weighed in the balance. Mr. Payzant pointed out the importance of being able to meet these philosophers upon their own ground. Too few of those who are anxious to fight the battles of orthodoxy possess the knowledge necessary to cope with these champions of unbelief. The wide-spread prevalence of free inquiry was regarded by the lecturer as a hopeful feature of this century. After dwelling at some length upon the foe and his modes of attack, the subject of defence, and the thoughts for encouragement were pointed out. In the past ages of her history, christianity had stood against mighty sieges of infidelity and scepticism. Voltaire, Paine and other great writers had turned all the batteries of invention, sarcasm and wit, against her, the writings of Voltaire and Paine were now mouldering in the dust of forgetfulness, and still the Church lived on. Another fact worth noticing is that in the past scientists have found that premises on which they had based important conclusions, were not proof against the light of further investigation. May not Huxley and other philosophers find that these experiments will give other results when the whole process is analyzed under a clearer knowledge. The lecturer in concluding asked the somewhat impor-

tant question, What will these men put in the place of that which they seek to destroy? Man must have some object of worship. What will it be when Deity is dethroned, when cause is annihilated, and when chance and molecules reign supreme over the domain of nature. Such theories may be very well for the philosopher seated in his quiet study unheeding the great out of doors; but in the world where men are suffering and women weeping, where the blind, the aged, and the dying, are seeking light and help, a religion more substantial is requisite. Such a form of worship had been tried in France and the result was anarchy. Until the goddess of reason was pulled down, the reign of confusion lasted.

We were sorry that a larger number did not assemble to hear Mr. Payzant; but as lectures are rather an epidemic in Halifax this winter, the good ones such as we listened to on Tuesday evening, must share the same humiliation of an inferior audience as the many poor ones with which we are afflicted. At the close, Mr. Morrow, who occupied the chair, thanked the lecturer in the name of the Y. M. C. Association and those present.

#### TRIP TO A CAVE.

YES, we have a cave in this Province. The "Mammoth Cave of Nova Scotia," if you please, and it is of that that I propose to write. While teaching a Summer term in Hants County I was told of it, and determined to visit it before I left. But a few of the "natives" had heard of it. To them it was uninteresting. Some old ladies thought it a foolhardy adventure to "go into that hole." It was not the first natural wonder of the neighbourhood I had visited. In the Spring I had tramped about two miles back of the settlement, through the woods, to see a pond—bottomless, some said—from which a large stream flowed, it being really an unusually large spring. Its waters abound with minute shells resembling periwinkles. You may think this village of Hants a veritable *Yosemite Valley* of the north from this scribbling. But I never heard of its containing caverns.

Saturday is the only available day for such expeditions with a school teacher. I found a fellow who too had wished to see the cave, and together we set off one afternoon in October. It is situated about six miles from the mouth of

the Five Mile River, a tributary of the Shubenacadie from the West. It is probably seven miles from the shipbuilding village of Maitland. After walking some three miles, we left the main road for the interval, and here a fine landscape met our view. A well-cultivated interval, dotted here and there with fine old elms; a large stream winding through a small lake at its head; its sides bounded by high, steep hills, whose slopes were clothed with hardwood, just now in all the glory of Indian Summer, the bright colors contrasting beautifully with the dark green of a soft wood here and there among them. What an advantage they seemed to possess over their sombre neighbours, in having two changes of raiment. Their fashions vary but twice a year; a *Spring* and an *Autumn* style; light gray for youth and all the colors of the rainbow for old age, their last array a holiday dress for a shroud. When viewing this we said to each other that we would not be at all disappointed and would feel well repaid if the prospective cave should not prove a "success." We followed down this beautiful valley perhaps half a mile, and here we fell in with a farmer turning out a beautiful crop of potatoes. Getting some directions from him, we proceeded. Crossing the stream by stepping-stones, we presently came in sight of a bold white cliff of plaster, rising almost perpendicularly along the side of the vale. Here, we thought, was the cave. We went close up to the bank, and after looking in all directions, could see nothing like it. Leaving my friend, I went to a house near to inquire. The proprietor came back with me and told me that he had explored it,—been to the very end, and had piloted a great many visitors there before. The entrance was a short distance up the bank, and so hidden by trees growing in front that we had not noticed it. Our guide told us that the old inhabitants said that formerly the entrance was on a level with the interval. Since, a large quantity of earth and plaster has fallen and has partially closed it, so that we had to climb to get in, and there we stood in a "yawning cavern," surrounded by plaster. Beneath our feet it was in small loose pieces, having apparently fallen from the roof. One or two pools of water are here. The roof is arched, being perhaps forty feet high. The cave in this place is probably 100 feet wide. We lit the tallow candles with which we had provided ourselves. Our guide said that these would be of no use in the intense darkness, that we should have lamps. We thought that they would be

better than none. He then went outside to wait for us. My friend, after going a few steps, thought it looked so dismal that he would rather return than explore farther. I wanted to "do" it thoroughly, so proceeded alone. The air felt very cold and damp, suggesting the immediate presence of ice. The darkness was truly Egyptian. My tallow dip gave indeed but a feeble illumination, but it served to show me where I was going and the surroundings for several feet. I could see into the darkness beyond, but that was all, and it gave an indescribable feeling of loneliness and solitude, looking at the enveloping blackness. In consequence, in many places I could not take in the *size* of the opening as I went on. Sometimes the path was elevated, as I could judge by the dripping of water into pools below me. This dripping from the roof occurred all the way. But the wet didn't ruin the plaster roof formed by nature as it does our more fragile ones. The loose pieces on the floor were larger here than at the entrance, and it was slimy with mud of such a nature as that left by the tide, rendering the walking very disagreeable. Hundreds of bats had fastened themselves to the roof, hanging often by the feet head downward. Sometimes they were in clusters. On putting the candle flame near one it made a ludicrous movement, like the gape of one aroused from sleep. It put two long black arms over its head, squirmed, opened its mouth wide, and uttered a strong hissing sound. My companion, hearing this at the mouth of the cave, thought it might be a *bat*. Quite in earnest he was too. I don't know how ferocious these creatures *may* be in their waking hours, but they now seemed to be taking their afternoon nap, and I felt perfectly safe. Arrived at a narrow part almost blocked up by large boulders, I thought that I would have to turn back. Preparatory to returning I carved my initials faintly on the side of the rock. I had but a penknife. On examining the ground, however, I saw tracks of some previous explorers over these rocks. Encouraged by these "foot-prints on the sand" I too, climbed over. The cave grew wider as I advanced, and the path very sideling. Once I found myself within a step of a large pool of water. So still and dark was it that I thought it the same slimy mud on which I was standing, but tested it by throwing in a piece of something and found its true character. No breeze ever ripples its surface nor sunbeams glance from it. I soon found myself at the *real butt* end of the cave, or what appeared

one. At all events it was as far as I could get. Through the gloom above me I thought I could discern a small opening, but it was beyond my reach and I felt satisfied when I saw initials carved on the wall of plaster, betokening that some one else had got to "*the end of his rope*." I repeated the carving process and turned about. Past more bats with their disagreeable whining—complaints at having their rest broken, I suppose,—back over the plaster, stones, and slimy mud, warm enough, notwithstanding the cold, clammy air. I reached the entrance and rejoined my friends. R.

"EX."

THE following "Types" by Smintheus of the *Acta Columbiana* are worth perusal:—

THE TRINITY MAN.

The Trinity man is constructed on a strictly mediæval pattern. Everything about him is mediæval. He lives among vaulted domes, and trefoil skylights, and mullioned ventilators, and groined arches, and crypts and cloisters innumerable. He wakes in the morning with a dim religious light streaming into his dim religious room, gets up and prays in a dim religious chapel, recites to a dim religious tutor, who gives him a dim religious zero, ends up the day with a dim religious dinner, and goes off in the evening on a dim religious drunk. All of which comprises the entire college life of the mediæval Trinity man.

THE HARVARD MAN.

The Harvard man is a very presentable specimen. He has nicely cut whiskers and beautifully cropped hair, a brand-new crimson ribbon on his hat, English-cut clothes, a striped ulster, and an eye glass; and when he speaks, he murmurs in a soft, melodious voice. In short, he seems a superior being gotten up regardless of expense.

There is much that is contradictory and paradoxical about the Harvard man. He will discourse mellifuously through the day on the subject of Sweetness and Light and the Demoralizing Tendencies of American Life, and then will spend the evening smashing glass in a variety theatre. He is great in theories,—he has one ready for every occasion,—but when you get him down to practice, he isn't there. Too much trouble, really, you know! He can

reform the world,—on paper,—but is too fond of his diurnal cigarette and siesta to pitch in and carry out his own ideas. He prefers to dream about it from a distance. In fine, he is a man who spends four years at college in filling his head with fancies that it takes him all the rest of his life to get rid of.

The Harvard man feels dead sure that he is in love with every pretty girl he meets. He is equally certain that she is hopelessly in love with him.

Taking him as a whole, however, and reckoning up all his failings, merits, virtues and vices, there remains one thing that may be safely predicated of the Harvard man; he is always a gentleman.

#### THE VASSAR MAN.

The Vassar man is a woman. She is a woman who ruins all her prospects of marriage for the sake of a little French, less German, and a minus quantity of Latin. As near as I can make out, the Vassar woman was created chiefly to write little poems on tinted paper; to torture "classical" music out of grand pianos; to furnish paragraphs and jokes to the provincial papers, and to be adored by Yale Freshmen. The old man Vassar made a big mistake when he founded that Poughkeepsie ranch, for the ungrateful young dames who go there persistently ignore the very best thing that Matthew ever produced in his life—beer.

#### THE YALE MAN.

The Yale man is no slouch. He was born to make things howl—and he does it. You never catch *him* lounging around on a Turkish rug, with his feet in a jar of rose-water, and a volume of Matthew Arnold in his paws. No sir! He ain't that kind of a cat! He doesn't want any theory in his! Give him something lively. When he goes out on a bat he don't care a continental hang whether he blows up a tutor or gets blown up himself, or whether he lands in Heaven or in the station-house—anything suits him if it only shakes things up.

The Yale man doesn't know very much, but he thinks he does, which answers the purpose just as well. When he goes abroad he assumes a lofty look, and elevates his nose, and wraps the drapery of his thoughts about him, as it were, and acts as though he had got the "dead wood" on the universe, and could give a few points to the Creator; but when you find him in his native

lair, he is hospitable, jolly, and altogether amusing. Because then he is generally full of beer.

The Yale man can tell you very little about his academic studies—they do not insist on such things up there—but I defy any living man to stick him on "Schenck's Theory of Draw Poker." He plays a bluff game. He brags about his crew, his team, and his nine, long before the season commences; and after it is all over, he will shout just as loud for a defeat as for a victory. In fact, louder.

The Yale man, take him all in all, is not exactly a Sunday-school sort of a youth, and you have an instinctive feeling that he would be much more in his element as a political "striker" than an orthodox theologian; yet at the same time you cannot but respect his unshaken confidence in himself and in his college.

#### THE COLUMBIA MAN.

For genuine, unenthusiastic and incomprehensible insensibility, and lack of all human interest, the (typical) Columbia man carries off the immortal cake. He appears to be looking at life over the top of a tall starched collar, and through the medium of a block of ice. Nothing under the broad canopy of heaven can excite him, or interest him, or disturb him. He was apparently born without emotions. The languor of the Harvard man is merely æsthetic laziness; that of the (typical) Columbia man is frigid indifference. If he succeeds in anything he doesn't care; if he fails, he cares still less. If his friends are given to fun, he speaks of them as "awful bums, you know." If they study hard, his face assumes an expression of disgust, and he styles them "beastly grinds, you know." Nothing suits him, and he doesn't care. This is the (typical) Columbia man. Our readers will be glad to learn that he is no longer in existence, having graduated in the class of '79. The genuine Columbia man is a different thing altogether.

#### THE DALHOUSIE MAN.

A FEW days ago the Principal complimented the Seniors on the large number of marks made by them in Ethics. A celestial gleam played upon every countenance. The Fatalist took a less gloomy view of life,—the whistling Theologian grinned beyond the possibility of a whistle; his brother the self-determining-power man tittered in his characteristic style; and the remaining members of the class looked wise—a very unusual expression on their part. But all was false and hollow. The Prin. had referred to the jack-knife's carved initials. Such marks don't count at the final Exams.

#### SODALES.

ON Friday evening, Feb. 13th, Sodales Society met in class-room No. 1. Vice-President in the chair. After the minutes of last evening had been read and approved, it was proposed that the Society should be changed into a Parliament for the discussion of political questions. After a rather lively discussion, in which most of the members took part, the proposition was agreed to, and the following officials were then appointed:—*Premier*, Mr. Macdonald; *Minister of Mines*, Mr. Mahon; *Attorney-General*, Mr. McInnes; *Speaker*, Mr. Lord; *Clerk of the House*, Mr. Costley. It was decided that the Government should announce its policy during the week, and bring down resolutions presenting the questions at issue to the Parliament on 20th inst.

The Speaker having taken the chair, an hour was passed very pleasantly in social entertainment. Messrs. Landells and D. Cameron read papers which we print elsewhere. Messrs. Downey, Creelman and McInnes, gave interesting readings which were well received, and variety was introduced by a Scotch song from Mr. Sedgwick, and recitation by Mr. Crowell.

On the eagerly anticipated 20th, the leader of the Government having ably seconded the efforts of the whip in getting the red (painted) benches filled with Government supporters, brought down the statements so carefully excogitated by the ministry, and propounded, as the platform on which they should stand or fall, a couple of resolutions based on innumerable lengthy and irrelevant whereases. They were to the effect, 1st, that state aid should be withdrawn from all denominational colleges; 2nd, that all the funds which the state could prudently devote to higher education should be bestowed upon Dalhousie College as the Provincial University.

The Provincial character of Dalhousie as a College, the comparative benefits of *State* colleges, the consistency of past legislation as far as it had recognised that ours was a Provincial University, and its inconsistency in making anomalous grants to sectarian colleges, were all adduced by various members of the Cabinet in support of their measure. Though there was no *odium theologicum* apparent, yet the *argumentum ad hominem* was the strong feature of the

defense. The tactics employed were worthier of more experienced statesmen. The blandishments of the Hon. Provincial Secretary, the syllogisms of the Hon. Commissioner of Mines, and the red-hot eloquence of the Attorney-General, were all calculated to strike conviction to the already wavering hearts of office-seekers and fortune-hunters in the ranks.

In spite of all this a defense was attempted. The Hon. leader of the Opposition, Mr. D. Cameron, and his satellites, attacked the sham garb of Provincialism and denied the justice of Dalhousie's claim to distinction and preference as a non-sectarian college, maintained from authorities of high standing that state colleges as a rule were failures, and asserted that the use of the people's money to promote *higher education* was a bad case of class legislation, which, in the proposed Bill, would become worse on account of the limited part of the population represented by Dalhousie students.

Exception was also taken to the assertion made in the preamble to the effect that the grants to other colleges had retarded Dalhousie's progress, it being argued that by such only had our subsidy been made possible. The Government Bill was stigmatized as being indefinite in everything but selfishness, and those who had not committed themselves by speaking were strongly exhorted to vote on the merits of the discussion, which perhaps they did, as the Government was sustained by a large majority. The only member elected as an Independent sided with the Opposition. It may be said that the information gained relative to our college history was well worth the trouble taken.

LAST Saturday a certain Junior whom we will call Jacobus, merely to prevent his identification, called at Roue's tonsorial apartments on Hollis Street, and seating himself on one of the easy chairs, asked for a shave. The barber gave him an elaborate lather; then picking up a newspaper sat down and proceeded calmly to read it. After a while Jacobus becoming impatient, says "Well, what's the matter?" "I'm waiting," replied the barber, "Waiting for what?" "Waiting until it grows." The result was an immediate production of kinetic energy in the Junior, but the barber was not. Jacobus shuns barbers now, and his upper lip is beginning to look a little dirty.

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PERSONALS.

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F. W. ARCHIBALD, '76, is at present attending the University of Edinburgh. In a letter to the editors he says that there are over two thousand five hundred students in attendance at that University. He intends to take a trip through the Continent next summer.

WE are sorry to learn that IVES, of the late Freshman class, has broken his leg. We trust his recovery may be sure.

HOWARD H. HAMILTON, '77, is at present studying medicine at Boston, U. S.

D. H. SMITH, '67, who was formerly Inspector of Schools for Colchester County, has been re-appointed Inspector for Pictou County and a part of Colchester.

MCKENZIE, '78, is attending the Theological Hall in this city.

R. R. EMMERSON, B. A., '79, has been appointed Principal of the Academy at Guysboro'. We wish him every success in the avocation which is as yet new to him, but in which we are convinced he will prosper.

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INNER DALHOUSIE.

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EXAMINATIONS are now the order of the day. The Senior and Junior classes in Chemistry, and the Freshmen in Classics, have been examined during the past week. In the latter examination J. A. Bell made a remarkably good mark—85, in Greek. There will no doubt be a close competition among the Freshmen at the final exams.

It is reported that the *Junior* who went home for the holidays, sick of love, came back sick, with a more infectious disease. At least a lady in the north-western part of the city says so, whose little manikins all took sick of the measles nine days after the aforesaid *Junior* called.

Our Government since its organization has not been idle. If it has not passed any important public measures as yet, it has done something to keep the party in line, as is evinced by the following:—

His Honor the Governor in Council has been pleased to make the following appointments:—E. Heraclitus Gullies, Esq., to be a Justice of the Peace for Pine Hill: jurisdiction to be extended to Earltown during the summer months.

A. Bannerman MacCloud, Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for No Man's Land, Lot 30, P. E. Island.

D. Neptunus Maximilian, Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for Cape Breton Over.

C. Descartes McLarnin, Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for Shag Harbor, Eastern Shore, N. S.

ONE of the sickly jokes (?) in the last issue was completely spoiled through the *blundering* of somebody. 'Tis hard.

A *Senior* who is proficient at shirking classes, some how or another found himself in the Latin class-room a few days since.

His class-mates honoured him with many expressions of *pedicular* activity, while the Professor hastened to mark down opposite his name "*adsum*."

A SPORTIVE *Junior* thinks that there is no place like the Rink in which to become acquainted with people. He was skating not long ago with a fair one, when a younger sister comes up and is introduced, then an older sister, then a first cousin, &c., and when all the "connections" had been presented, he estimated that he had been introduced to at least seven hundred and three in one afternoon.

*Charles* has been seen in the north at times and seasons in which he should be "in his little bed." Anything extraordinary on the tapis, *Charles*?

*Johannes* has at last seen fit to take our advice and act on it. Perhaps he was snubbed though, or superseded. No, that cannot be! Our foppish and graceful *Johannes*? No. No!

THE Principal at a critical part of his lecture in Ethics, not long ago, had occasion to reprove a member of the class who had the audacity to *smile* at something striking in the lecture. We always thought that student was not what he should be. Sad and *cruel* will be his lot.

A *Soph* remarked to his combative room-mate, "If you pull my ears, you will have your hands full." The argument was convincing.

SCENE—Greek class-room. Student, translating from Demosthenes,—“He made *barbarious pretexts*.” Professor: “Translate your translation, please.” Dust rises.

*Cosine* says it's to take place in the spring, and they intend to go off at right angles for the honeymoon.

ONE of the Professors having forgotten that Ash-Wednesday was a holiday, was reminded of the fact on seeing the sub-Janitor enter the College, besmeared with soot and *ashes*.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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HON. JUDGE JAMES, \$1; R. McKay, \$1; Rev. James A. McKeen, \$2; Rev. Adam Gunn, \$1; A. J. Murray, \$1; Rev. J. K. Bearisto, \$1; Rev. E. S. Bayne, \$1; Principal Ross, \$1; Rev. C. B. Pitblado, \$1; James W. McKenzie, \$1; H. K. McLean, \$1; Murray McLean, \$1; Rev. A. McIntosh, \$1; D. Buchanan, \$2; H. A. Bayne, Ph.D., \$2; A. Costley, \$1; R. D. Ross, \$1; A Campbell, .70. Total—\$20.70.

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