

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 27, 1880.

{ NEW No. 10.
{ WHOLE No. 128.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Horner Jacculo sedit in angulo,
Vorans, ceu serias ageret ferias,
C rustum dulce et amabile ;
Inquit et unum extrahens prunum,
“ Horner, quam fueris nobile pueris
Exemplar imitabile !”

—*Arundines Cami.*

HEI DIDULUM.

Hei didulum—atque iterum didulum ! Felisque Fidesque,
Vacca super Lunae cornua prosiluit,
Spectatum admissus risit sine fine Catellus,
Et subita rapuit lanx cochleare fuga.

—*Arundines Cami.*

BANQUEREAU.

IT was in the Spring of '71 that, after having endured in the previous Winter about all the ills which the teaching fraternity is heir to, the writer *shipped* on board a fishing smack for the Summer months. My object was varied, including recruit of health, the avoidance of the detention of the vessel, which was imminent from the sickness of one of the crew, and, more important than all, the pecuniary recompense of reward, for fishing was then a paying business. School closed on Friday ; on Monday following we were ready to sail. After calling at Halifax for supplies, a fine Nor'wester gave us a fine run off to the Sable Island or Western Banks, where, after finding a proper depth of water, we anchored, to remain, however, but a few days. When it appeared that the fish were scarce, our skipper decided to change his ground, and in spite of an easterly gale we got down to Banquereau in a few days, struck the bank on the western soundings, and having got the water sufficiently shoal, cast anchor, after first satisfying ourselves that the vessels scattered around were finding the cod quite plentiful. It may be remarked that

the notion of a bank to which vessels go for fish has sometimes a very confusing effect upon landmen. The novice who supplied himself with a large stock of paper collars to wear ashore at the banks on Sundays, might well be said to have the *hayseed still in his hair*, but we think the case not quite so worthy of commiseration as that of the good old lady in a country village not far away, who was going to send her “ darter to the Normal School at *Quero* to be eddicated.”

But we are anchored. It is our intention to notice some of the features characterizing the fisherman's life, which, though generally monotonous and burdensome, has its pleasant side as well. Three modes of taking the cod are in vogue, viz., trawling, dory hand-lining and vessel hand-lining, in the last of which the vessel is generally allowed to drift over the fishing ground with mainsail and foresail set and with the helm lashed hard down, the sheets being so trimmed that the bow of the vessel points continually in the same direction. This steadiness is very necessary in order that the fishing lines may tend in the same direction and so be kept from *fouling*.

When the vessel drifts where the fish are plentiful, unless the tide is very strong, she will be anchored, the sails furled, and a riding-sail “ bent ” to the mainmast, which answers the purpose of preventing in some measure the rolling of the vessel, keeps her head to the wind when the tide and wind are in contrary directions, and in rough weather enables her to ride more easily over the seas. This riding-sail is shaped somewhat like a jib or goose-wing boatsail and is lashed to the mainboom amidships. Hemp hawser is generally used in preference to the chain cable, as the lightness and tension of the former allow an easier motion to the vessel. Standing on the quarter in a gale, I have seen the hawser stretch out on the water so far ahead that it was above the range of the end of the bowsprit when the vessel pitched into the sea. The motion of a vessel adrift or sailing is easier and very different from that of one at anchor. When

dories are used, as is done for trawling, the position of the vessel is not changed very often and the anchor is *sighted* only every week or two or just at the indications of a gale, when it is a necessary precaution to make sure that the hawser is not tangled in the anchor. The hand-line craft frequently go for a long time without anchoring, as drifting has advantages where the fish are scarce, from the continual change of ground.

There is an element of sporting in good fishing which almost every one can appreciate, but this is offset by the more frequent "picking fishing" and the monotony of the surroundings. The sixteen-hour days, the "cribb'd cabin'd and confined" berths at night, the rude fare prepared by a still ruder cook, the wet clothes and cold night watches destroy very much of the poetry in the life of the so-called *jolly* fisherman. Snow-squalls in May and June, fog in July and August, and the incessant exposure to storms all tend to make banking a rather precarious business. While at first thought it would appear to disadvantage compared with the shore fishery, where the men get home to see their wives or sweet-hearts every night or at least once a week, yet when we remember the immense amount of labour necessary to get to and from the shore fishing grounds, we must concede that those have the advantage in point of comfort who know when the day's work is done that they are at home, though on board their vessel, and who, when the morning watch "strikes fish," find themselves immediately on the fishing ground. When the "curing" operation begins, the crew is divided into dressing gangs of four each, who throat, head, split and salt their prey with a dexterity surprising to those who look upon it for the first time. The backbones are thrown from the hands of the splitter with hardly a vestige of flesh upon them except the valuable sounds, which, if saved, are torn off afterwards from the largest bones. The *header's* business is to remove the entrails and head from the fish and to preserve the livers. The latter accumulate rapidly, as perhaps a quintal of fish will yield two gallons, of which quite a large part will turn to oil. Hogs-heads usually stand on deck into which the livers are thrown, the hot sun is conducive to decomposition, and generally the oil is dipped off as fast as it forms, leaving the fibrous and rotten part of the livers still in the hogshead, into which the fresh livers are continually thrown. It is hardly possible for one who has seen this to

wonder at the nausea producing quality of cod-liver oil. We believe, however, that manufacturing companies sometimes avoid this trouble by getting fresh livers from shore fishermen. But we have been digressing. Frequently it is 10 or 11 o'clock before all the fish are below deck, the decks washed down and cleared away, and all made secure for the night. Then the watch is set, the crew generally standing an hour each; quickly the hackneyed jests die out and Morpheus reigns, giving to thoroughly tired men sweeter repose than can be found elsewhere except by those who are thus rocked in the cradle of the deep. Sunday is a welcome day on those vessels where it is observed. The thorough-paced fisherman can sleep from Saturday night until Monday morning if he be allowed time enough for the Sunday meals. Of these the dinner is the most important and I believe that its preeminence is notorious above all other meals at sea, both by fishermen and sailors. (I make a distinction because there is a very obvious one, which I will again notice.) As our bill of fare may not have corresponded with those on other smacks, I will not attempt either to excite envy or encourage lavishness in the rising generation of fishermen by any explicit statements. The presence of the plum-duff is assumed, without which it would not have been Sunday. This day is not, however, altogether spent in sleeping and eating. It is wash day and mending day for the more cleanly, and rarely passes by, especially when the crew are mostly neighbours at home, without a religious or political discussion which becomes passionate in its development in inverse proportion to the knowledge of those engaged in it. The most convincing arguments are generally declarations of willingness to bet all the fish within 100 miles of the vessel that somebody's notion of future punishment is the only just and Biblical one. When vessels are anchored near each other, the crews frequently visit, discuss the situation generally and so introduce a very agreeable feature to this usually monotonous life. I have heard of prayer meetings on such occasions, but the only one I ever was at on board of a fishing smack was in a fearful tempest as we were returning home, Little Hope Island being close under our lee at night and an increasing south-east gale blowing. The more usual mode of spending Sunday is in having a merry time, and the vessel that carries a fiddler and his fiddle is sure to be well patronized. I found Sunday a good day for studying practical navigation, and with quadrant,

chart, and Norie's Epitome, I made considerable progress under the direction of the skipper, a man who had never heard of the exponential theorem, but who with a few memorized rules for turning up logarithms, proved himself on that very trip capable of piloting a loaded vessel in thick fog from the Banks into one of the most intricate and dangerous harbours on our coast, having depended on his dead reckoning and quadrant alone, after eight weeks without sight of land.

The squid fishing causes some very exciting fun in the warm weather. This fish passes over the ground in schools and is attracted to the side of the vessel by some means which I do not know, but suspect it is the offal which is thrown over so largely. A small jig is made of a conical bit of lead with bent pens fastened at the bottom. This having been daubed in grease, is used as a hook. Squids love grease, hasten to embrace the jig with their soft brown arms, but are clasped in return by the deceitful pins, and are pulled two or three at a time on board ship. When plentiful, if the night is dark and the water phosphorescent, fishing for them is peerless fun, provided only that you are cased in oilskins, for they invariably shoot at the fisher that black liquid with which they are provided, just the same as if he were a finny enemy. As they aim always at the zenith they are very apt to strike the face of the captor, who may generally avert this disagreeable kiss by turning it towards the face of his next neighbour. As their shooting is accompanied by a ginger-pop-like report, the merriment is correspondingly increased. Hundreds of squid may be taken in an hour, and they are such excellent bait that in the season for them the cod will hardly bite at any other kind.

Any one fond of gunning may have good sport almost any day from the deck of the vessel, as the gulls and haglets become quite bold and come around in great numbers for the offal when the dressing crews are at work.

What we have said applies more particularly to the Yankee and Bluenose fisherman, but very many French ships are scattered here and there and send out their square rigged trawl boats, each manned by eight or ten apprentices, who with their heavy gear and long ranges sweep the bottom for miles about their ship. We believe a *master-fisherman* in France must have served five or seven years apprenticeship. That rank can be attained *here* by anyone who has sufficient credit to buy a sheath knife and a pair of rubber

boots, and his claim is unquestionable when once the votive offering of the entrails of a codfish has been thrown overboard to Neptune. The laxness of management which pervades every department of the fishing business militates much against its successful prosecution. We find vessels with a crew numbering from ten to twenty entrusted to men who have the very slightest knowledge of navigation and seamanship, but have gained command because they are considered lucky or "regular fish-hawks." Frequently the skipper has no subordinate officer, and the crew, especially when they ship "on shares," consider themselves entitled to discuss every important action and generally do so with too much effect. The vessels too are hardly cared for, and sails and rigging go to destruction. A man who has spent a few years fishing in the usual way, as a rule, knows nothing of seamanship and has acquired habits which draw a sharp line of distinction between him and a professional sailor. Of course there are a great many careful fishermen, but they own their own crafts or have been trained to other business and carry their habits with them. The sailor's rule, "one hand for the owner and one for myself," gets little attention on board the smack, where both hands serve *their* owner and no one else. We have spoken thus because of the contrast which is drawn between Nova Scotia fishing vessels and those of the United States. There is no doubt but that our vessels would be more comfortably fitted out if there was any guarantee that the owner's interests would be cared for honestly.

For a man mind-weary and in need of some work to build up the physique and give mental vigour, we know of nothing more beneficial and enjoyable than a two months trip on the banks. You will probably have so many opportunities to study the sublime upon old ocean, that another trip would be a surfeit. But the matter-of-fact character of your voyage will be likely to impress you with dislike rather than awe. Stand on deck (at your line) when the snow falls thickly and when with rolled up sleeves you have to fasten your line to thresh your hands to keep them warm; push off from the vessel in a strong fog-breeze and row out of sight to find your trawl, with no compass but the changeable wind; watch your little schooner plunge into the rolling seas until she fills herself to the rail with water and every moveable thing is swept from the deck; then realize that the

hawser must be cut and all hands must *turn to* to put the vessel under such canvas as will enable her to mount successfully the same waves which perhaps have already carried desolation to a Cunarder; hear and feel the creaking timbers as they seem to be twisting themselves out of shape under the immense force of the elements; and, finally, imagine yourself fastened below with all the crew awaiting the providential turn of events; and then make up your mind whether or not you care to sell your farm and go a-fishing.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

Continued.

AMONG the wild and picturesque mountains of northern Spain lived a warlike people whom the Moslems could not subdue. During the periods of Roman and of Gothic rule, these Basque tribes had virtually maintained their independence; and now animated by an intense hatred for the infidels, they swore that no Moorish conqueror should "tread on their forefathers' dust." Well may these brave mountaineers be called the Swiss of the Spanish Peninsula.

Freedom and power have always been associated with mountains. Moses was compelled to ascend into the mount to meet the Almighty. Olympus was regarded by the ancient Greeks as the chief abode of the gods, and the palace of Zeus was supposed to be on its broad summit. As Shelley says in addressing Mont Blanc:

"The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!"

It was no mere poetic fancy that prompted William Howitt to write his prose poem in praise of mountains.—"Thanks be to God for mountains! Without them the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain." Around the snow peaks of Caledonia the hardy Scots defied the Roman legions.—In the Alpine valleys Swiss patriotism survived the blighting effects of Austrian domination, and among the forests of Snowdon lowland soldiers tried in vain to crush out Welsh independence. In the valleys of the Spanish Sierras the Christians' war-song never died till the white-turbaned enemy had been subdued.

"The song of war shall echo through these mountains
Thi' not one tyrant tread the plain,
Nor trait or lip pollute the fountain."

The first Moslem expedition into the mountains of Asturias met with a severe repulse at the hands of the Christians. In an attempt to capture the famous cave of Covadonga—the cradle of Spanish might—the army became entangled in a ravine and was almost wholly destroyed by the peasants, who from their hiding places showered rocks upon the Arabs, as the Swiss did long after upon the Austrians at Morgarten.

"The Asturians shouting: 'In the name of God!
Let the whole ruin loose, huge trunks and stones,
And loosened crags, down, down, they rolled with rush,
And bound, and thundering voice.'"

Thus began a war of centuries,—a war in which the weak Christian states of the north of Spain were destined to overthrow the powerful Mahometan nation of the south. These states, at first so small, gradually extended their rule till at length they were able to appear in battle array on the plains. When they were not engaged in war with the Arabs they kept the martial spirit alive by fighting one another. It is surprising that these disunited states preserved their independence. Probably the rugged hills, concealed by Atlantic fogs, had at first few attractions for the rulers of the fertile plains. But the time came when it was necessary for the Arabs to undertake in earnest the conquest of the Christian kingdoms. The latter were becoming too powerful, too aggressive, even for Mahometan toleration. A great general, surnamed Al-Mansour, or the Invincible, moved against them with a large army, and in many engagements inflicted terrible defeats. Castile and Leon were conquered, and Navarre was on the point of suffering the same fate, when the combined armies of the Christian monarchies caused Al-Mansour to retreat. Never again should his cedar case be opened to receive the dust of victory from his garments. When it was again opened his sorrowing troops were in search of his winding-sheet, prepared by his daughters from hemp grown on his father's farm, and invariably carried by him to the field of battle. His spirit had been completely broken by this defeat, and he had died a few days afterwards. With him passed away the glory of Omniade rule. A lively people, arrayed in gaudy attire, thinking of little but amusement, could not long maintain their original valour. Life amidst the luxury of Spanish civilization soon became effeminate. When soldiers were required they had to be drawn from the martial hordes of

Africa, for the Arabs had come to dislike war. No man can serve Mars and Venus.

During the last days of the Omniade Dynasty, weak Caliphs ruled the country; and as a natural consequence the governors of the several provinces became virtually independent. To add to the confusion the Christians, animated by their victory over Al-Mansour, made gigantic efforts to extend the boundaries of their kingdoms. The result of this was the extinction of the Caliphate of Cordova in 1027. Nothing in history rivals the glory of the Omniade rule in Spain.

The disruption of the Caliphate into many small kingdoms led eventually to the subjugation of all by the Christians. The Arabs were not familiar with the fable of the bundle of sticks.

The capture of Toledo by Alfonso of Castile terrified the Moors. They determined at once to call to their aid the Almoravides, whose career in Africa had been of the most brilliant character. This tribe, lately converted to Mahometanism, and displaying all the fanaticism of fresh converts, accepted the invitation, crossed into Spain and marched against Alfonso. A crushing defeat awaited the Christians. This disaster proved a temporary check to the progress of the Christian arms.

The Moors, however, had reason to deplore having invited the fierce Almoravides into their dominions; for, delighted with the rich province of Andalusia, the conquerors concluded to make it their home. In the Council that had decided to call in the African aid, there was one emir who foresaw the danger. "Let us be united," said he, "and we shall be strong enough to overcome the Christians; but let us not call into the delicious plains of our Andalusia, the lions and the tigers of the burning sands of Africa. They will only break the chains of Alfonso to give us chains that we cannot break." The old governor was a wise prophet. The Almoravides soon held supreme sway over Moorish Spain; and the unhappy emirs were casting longing eyes to the Christian monarchies for aid to free them of their unwelcome guests. Sometimes even bidden guests are "welcomest when they are gone." Many of the Moors formed an alliance with Alfonso of Castile, and for years there might be seen Christian knight and Moslem warrior fighting side by side against the common enemy. But it was all in vain, for before the close of the eleventh century the Africans were acknowledged sole rulers of Mahometan

Spain. Well might the Christian kingdoms tremble for their independence. What power on earth could resist those wild fanatics who rushed into battle to gain Paradise?

"They saw the starry bowls
That lay around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take."

(To be continued.)

Non omnia eadem æque omnibus suavia esse scito.
Non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.

WHAT! all? Well, nearly all, or at least a good many. Plautus and Horace seem to be contradicted by the events which are transpiring in our midst. Never perhaps in the annals of our College has a parallel occurred. Three of Dalhousie's sons worship at the same shrine. *Fohannes Furiosus*, overcome by bright smiles and winning glances, was the first to acknowledge the supremacy. *Jacobus Adamantinus*, submitted to the same test, did not prove to be adamant, but something a good deal softer. After a few ineffectual attempts to regain his freedom, he yielded with the exclamation, "Nunc scio quid sit amor." The last whose fall we have to record is *Omnipotens Stator*, and sadly did he belie his name. "Stabbed by a damsel's black eye," he at once acknowledged his impotence to guard himself, nor did he make a stand at all. Since then he has thrown learning to the dogs, and devoted himself to the composition of poetry, choosing as his text:

"There lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords."

The matter is really becoming serious. Can no one devise, *propose*, or in some way suggest a method of amicably settling the affair. Suppose, and pardon us for putting such a *supposition*, for we fear the consequences would be too dreadful to contemplate, suppose that on some beautiful Sabbath eve, the trio should happen to meet at the same church.—COM.

AS Good Friday is a holiday with the printers, we have been delayed in the publication of this issue. We regret anything of this kind the more on account of our having been obliged to ask the indulgence of our subscribers once or twice before.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 27, 1880.

EDITORS.

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

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THE Annual Report of the Superintendent of Education has been placed on our table. We crave the indulgence of our readers while we give expression to the thoughts that arise in us while examining the table of College statistics. The first thing that attracts our notice and excites our surprise is the statement that there is in the City of Halifax a College known as St. Mary's, which has a larger number of undergraduates than either Mount Allison, King's or Dalhousie. Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. We had always been under the impression that St. Mary's was a paper university, with no existence outside of the Almanac. Our eyes have been opened. St. Mary's is one of the most flourishing collegiate institutions in the Maritime Provinces. We can give this as a positive fact, for the figures in the table of statistics say so. King's, Mount Allison, and Dalhousie must hide their diminished heads. In regard to the Government grant it is grossly unjust that St. Mary's with so large a number of undergraduates should receive annually only \$1500, while Dalhousie revels in \$3000. It is true that Dalhousie has *ten* professors while St.

Mary's has only *four*, but everyone knows that the success of an educational institution is not necessarily proportionate to the number of professors. There is one thing about these figures which gives us some uneasiness. From one column of the table of statistics we learn that only *six* young gentlemen have matriculated into the Freshman-class during the present year, while on another page we are informed that there are *twenty* Freshmen in attendance. How did the other *fourteen* gain admission to the class? But this is a matter of no importance to us. We always get muddled when we dabble in figures. We pass on.

Acadia College boasts of having *sixty-four* undergraduates, the largest number of any university in Nova Scotia. We are somewhat surprised to learn that there are *seven* taking the partial course at Acadia. We confess that few Colleges can boast of so small a number of general students in proportion to the undergraduates, but up to the time of the publication of this Report, it was very generally believed that there had never appeared at our sister university any individual whose mental machinery rendered him unfit for the grinding process of the regular course. We sincerely hope that the authorities of Acadia have not learned of that barbarously inhuman system of "plucking," so extensively practised in many of our educational institutions. If they have not adopted this system, then why have seven students voluntarily excluded themselves from the honors associated with the undergraduate course? We pause for a reply.

THE Reading-room Committee have been exercising their authority of late. Some playful Freshie (we suppose) had seen fit to upset a table on which the magazines and exchanges were laid out. Our grave and reverend Committee grew indignant, and to our horror we found the reading-room closed, and a formidable notice frowning upon us from the black-board. The substance of the above document was to the

IS IT INDIGESTION?

effect that until an apology and explanation were tendered to the then dreaded officials, no more admittance could be had to our much valued apartment. Farther, we were condemned to pine under the displeasure of these gentlemen. Fortunately for the happiness of Dalhousie's students, fortunately for our disturbed and agitated minds, the culprit confessed; but swears he *did not* apologize. The door was thrown open, and we all again basked in the reconciled smiles of these august committee-men. Students! Freshies, Sophs, Juniors, Seniors, take warning! beware! You have felt the first shock of the storm. You have sniffed the breath of the enraged lion. In time beware. Bring upon us whatever else you please, but don't dally with an angry committee. Who can ever forget the glance which that persistent Freshie received from the President, and another from the man who wanted to be President. These are things which leave their impress on the soul. We have said all we dare; we dare not have said less. A due sense of our own danger rules in the first instance; a due appreciation of the rights of the students urged us in the latter.

THE Examinations have commenced. Owing to necessity arising from the sad break upon the studies of those in the History and Literature department, the Honour examinations, or part of them at least, will be proceeded with before the time specified in the Calendar. On Tuesday, the 24th inst., the ball was opened in the Physics Class Room by the two candidates for Honours. We understand that the regular History Examination will take place on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 7th prox., and as this will bring it directly between the Latin and the Ethics of the following morning, the Seniors will be very busy for a short time at least of the approaching troubles.

THE Sophs are just learning how to make a *Margarate*. Quite simple! Just add K H O to (C₂ H₅) O C₁₇ H₃₃ O Yum! Yum!

IF it is a fact that every pleasure has some alloy of pain, it is also true that our darkest skies have a few sun rays stealing across them. Dull days are generally voted a bore, and yet we must own up to a certain pleasure in heavy clouds and dank fog. It may be that there is some corner in our constitution which objects to sunlight. Be this as it may, apart from all angling proclivities, we have a strange fondness for dull weather. On a bright day it seems as if every part of creation was glaring at every other part. Every spot from the ash heap to the interior section of man's eye-balls seems to occupy the sun's special attention. People in general exhibit a disposition to be lively, which makes one inclined to dream, feel isolated; or if it is a bright day in mid-summer, an unpleasant oily feeling pervades the system which inevitably degrades the mind from the sublime to the real.

But on a dull day how different! One feels unobserved and unobtrusive. There is no necessity to look lively, other people don't look likely. A subdued atmosphere pervades everything. The mind is at liberty to dream on, undisturbed by organ-grinders at every corner, for seedy Italians never indulge this weakness in dull days. And if at any time in a moment of transient elevation one gazes up towards the immeasurable unknown, he does not run a risk of sun stroke or blindness. Creation seems hushed to stillness, and we catch faint echoes of that perfect harmony which some disturbing element has broken on earth. There is a loneliness, silent, measureless, inexpressible. What man finds so pleasing, so awe-inspiring, in solitude, is one of the conundrums of nature.

Some years ago we were sailing along the eastern coast of this Province in a small schooner; we may remark in passing, that a more matter of fact situation can hardly be conceived of. The evening was drawing on, and the moon, banked in clouds, rose silently above the liquid horizon. As the vessel moved slowly onward we passed a dark rock, over which the waves seemed to break at intervals with a dull moan. Through the gathering darkness we gazed out upon it with feelings of sadness. It was only a rock, overgrown with seaweed, around which the waves were sighing, yet there was a grandeur almost sacred about its dim outlines that filled our soul. As we glided onward it became

fainter, and at length was lost in the night. But our mind went back, and the waves still were sighing around it in the dim moonlight. There, all alone, it stood in the waste of waters. Far from all other objects it rose from the ocean, a lonely, silent sentinel of the deep. For centuries it had stood there. The mighty storms of years had swept over it, and before life had disturbed the unbroken stillness of nature, the pale moon in her nightly course had looked down upon that lonely rock in the ocean.

Men at times seem to suppose that without them God would lack worshippers. Sad mistake! Man is the poorest worshipper. His sanctuaries too frequently resound with the praises of the creature, while the Creator is forgotten. But from the countless altars of nature is ever rising the incense of a sinless adoration to nature's God. And we thought as we looked back into the night,—is not that lonely rock an altar grander than any in naved cathedral, and from the voice of the water is there not rising the notes of an anthem more holy than man has ever raised?

TOMKINS.

JOHN DELANE.

EMERSON is often called a disciple, and sometimes an imitator of Carlyle, and in the minds of many this opinion has been strengthened by the resemblance to Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" manifest in the conception and scope of Emerson's "Representative Men." The lover of originality would expect the latter to be a mere echo of the former and unworthy of notice. It would be a very great mistake. Of the two, Emerson's is the more valuable book, in the humble opinion of the present writer, though the author of the former be unquestionably the greater man. The principal "Heroes" who are also "Representative Men," are Shakspeare and Napoleon, and in both the superiority of Emerson is manifest. Take, for illustration, one passage which paints with awful power the dark side of Napoleon's character. "He was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish: he was perfidious: he cheated at cards: he was a prodigious gossip; and opened letters; and delighted in his infamous police;

and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting that 'he knew everything': and interfered with the cutting the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs of the street, incognito." What a picture of utter littleness of soul! It was the same Napoleon who said:—"From first to last, Jesus is the same; always the same,—majestically simple; infinitely severe, and infinitely gentle. . . . Alike in speech and action, He is enlightened, consistent and calm. . . . I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man. Everything in Him amazes me. His spirit outreaches mine, and His will confounds me." Hardly have grander words been uttered by man; yet their author "cheated at cards."

But, dear me, I'm wandering. When I rose to get my writing materials it was from reading "Representative Men." Indeed the book suggested this article. It was not the "Napoleon" that I was reading however, but the "Shakspeare." And I must be allowed to notice in parenthesis his admirable characterisation of Shakspeare's grandest quality in three words, thus: he has "no importunate topic." Consider it. But the passage which I read was that in which he explains how "every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people:" how every great man who does a great work finds his work waiting to be done, and the tools to do it withal. For example, Shakspeare found the people of England raging for a theatre and abundance of dramatic material in the old plays and tales that were emphatically *stock*. Stevenson found the world all ready for railways. So Homer is a redactor of old material. He and Chaucer are librarians and historiographers as well as poets. All that is best in the world is the work of many, as our English versions of the Bible and Plutarch. So the true great man takes what he finds, and is exponential rather than influential, or rather he is influential because he is exponential. "Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all, in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind."

The other day I read a paragraph wherein some petty-spirited individual, speaking of the *Times* newspaper, was carefully making the distinction that it did not make and form public opinion, but detecting it as far beforehand as

possible, really followed, while seeming to lead the general British sentiment, and was more representative than formative. He who rightly understands Emerson upon Shakspeare, will see the futility of this shallow criticism. It may be safely said that no sentiment can hold a feeling long that is not in the main manly and true. And who can know better what sentiments will maintain their footing than he that is manly and true himself? Might not one get in advance of, and represent public opinion in that way? Surely that is the proper business of a newspaper. And this, by the consent of all, the *Times*, more than any other journal, has succeeded in doing ever since, in 1841, it came into the hands of John Thadeus Delane. That he was born in Berkshire in 1817, and was two years at King's College, London, where he showed indifferent mathematical powers, but a marvellous faculty of translating difficult passages of Classics into good English, with the merest pretense of previous preparation. That, having attracted the notice of shrewd old Mr. Walter, he was within a year after leaving college editor of the *Times*; that even thus early, and after years abundantly justified the opinion, his friends were delighted to see how exactly applicable to him was Thucydides' description of Pericles,—“He was by his natural intelligence, without the help of instruction before or after, the best judge, on the shortest deliberation, of any matter in hand, and also the ablest forecaster of what the issue would be.” That he was forced by ill health to give up work in 1877, and that in October last he died; that he has left no written remains except a few letters, which are said to be admirable, for he did not write himself, but inspired and corrected the compositions of others. These are about all the facts that I can gather from an article in *Macmillan's* and a poem in *Punch*, concerning one who was perhaps the greatest, certainly the most powerful, man of his time. For both authorities affirm that he *was* the *Times*, and what has the *Times* not been during these years? True, his work, his advocacy of almost every important political reform in the period, will be always discoverable to some extent in the files of the paper. Justin McCarthy will doubtless have something to say about him, and true, when his biography comes to be written some characteristic anecdotes may be preserved, more or less marred in the process. Yet, after all, can our knowledge of him ever be anything but scanty?

No one could properly write the biography of an editor but himself,—much less John Delane's—and even as an autobiographer an editor would be at a disadvantage. We can well believe that he showed by turns all the qualities which make men great in all the businesses of life. But it is only belief. We have to take it on trust. It would be worth millions to us if we could see it for ourselves, see it illustrated. It seems woful that future generations must take him almost altogether upon testimony, at second hand. We complain sometimes of our ignorance of Shakspeare, but we have his book, and can study it and him therein. We have no such clue to John Delane. He remains, and I fear is likely to remain, somewhat of a phantom. It was this thought that set me writing, and as for this reason I had so little to say about the man himself, I felt that it would be only fair to put his name at the head of my paper.

McD.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

OWING to the near approach of the Examinations, it was thought advisable to dissolve the Parliament of Dalhousie College. Accordingly, a large number assembled on Friday evening, March 12th, to witness the closing ceremonies. James McDonald was elected Speaker. After the usual preliminary business had been disposed of, Wallace McDonald rose and objected to the "official" report of the last two sittings as it appeared in the *GAZETTE*, saying that it was unfair to his party. He also stated that he had been sent for to form a government, and that he had advised the Governor to dissolve the house. The elections would take place in the summer, so that the new Parliament could be summoned about the first of October.

Mr. Minister of Mines said that during no session in which he had attended College had the debate been so well sustained as this winter. As the Imperial Parliament had been dissolved, the present Government thought they would do likewise; accordingly, they had advised a dissolution. In making these remarks he looked more than ordinarily wise.

Mr. Landells thought that those who had been in the habit of speaking had greatly improved, both in fluency and in argument. He felt that to-night he was parting with an old friend.

Mr. Grant did not think one party could be blamed for bribery more than another, in this respect they were both Arcades. The Whips had offered him any office he wished, from a fence-viewer down to making him a J. P., if he would support them. Thus far he had resisted them, but as yet they had not fled from him. We fear the Attorney-General was at the bottom of these remarks.

Mr. Murray roused his dormant powers for a last effort. He said that this winter we had weighed forms of government in the balance, and that Republicanism was found wanting. After mature consideration, a Prohibitory Liquor Law was declared useless. This Society had placed smoking under its ban. Even the dead were not allowed to rest in peace, for Cromwell's character was lauded with praises that would have gladdened the heart of Carlyle. The disciples of Jeremy Bentham had been shown that this was not a place that fostered "disturbing views," and that the majority of members were orthodox in their ideas of franchise. We had shown a truly Canadian spirit when we "repudiated with scorn" any attempt to create inter-Provincial difficulties by dividing the Fishery Award.

Mr. Blair said that since the organization of the Parliament he had aroused the household by singing in his sleep:—

"I want to be an M. P.,
And with the M. P.'s stand."

He hoped to meet his old companions in a real Parliament some day. We offer our congratulations to the constituency.

Mr. McColl said that when he came to debate on Friday night he felt young again. Here he seemed to drink the immortal waters of youth, and that he was very sorry the meetings were not going to be kept up, for they were the only oases in the desert of his existence. Poor fellow!

Everyone of the members present spoke, but want of space compels us to hold over a report of their speeches. At the close, all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," with such vim, that had the members of the North British Society been present they would have stood on their heads for joy.

We think that Sodales has flourished in a very satisfactory manner this session. At one time it showed a disposition to fail, but a change from a debating society to a Parliament, revived its drooping energies, and from first to last we can pronounce Sodales of Session 1879-80 a success.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

OLD TOM PURDIE, Sir Walter Scott's favorite attendant, once said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom," returned the novelist. "Yes, sir," said Tom; "for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home tired, and take up one of your novels, I'm asleep directly."

THE late John Blackwood corresponded with George Eliot some time before he knew that she was a woman. He called her "Dear George," he says, "and often used expressions which a man commonly uses only to a man." After he found out who "Dear George" was, he was naturally a little anxious to recall what he might have written to her.

A WORK on "The Philosophy of Handwriting," by Don Felix di Salamanca, and which recently appeared in London, finds in Lord Beaconsfield's writings signs of "flashiness," in Carlyle's "originality and causticity," and in Mr. Bright's a "straightforward and decided temperament." Rosa Bonheur's hand is "bold and defiant," and Charles Reade's, at the start, "clear, vigorous and apparently legible," but full of difficulties and confusions as one reads further on.

MR. WHITTIER'S "Maud Muller," according to a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, rests upon the following scanty foundation. The poet and his sister were journeying through York, Me., and stopped to inquire the way of a young girl who was at work in the hay-field. Her beauty, and the modesty with which she raked the hay over her naked feet while they were talking with her, touched the poet's fancy, and that night the poem was written. "If I had had any idea that the plaguey little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it," the correspondent makes Mr. Whittier say. Somewhat un-Quakerish language; but then the theme is not altogether a Quakerish theme.

QUIDA.—"Who is Ouida?"

"Ouida is a mystery that no person has yet been able to solve. All that is really known of her is that she is the daughter of a Frenchman, and her name is Rose de la Rama. She was an obscure contributor to the London magazines, glad to earn a pound a page for her stories, when

I came across 'Granville de Vigne.' Struck by its powerful delineation of character and the dash and brilliancy of its style, I published it under its original name of 'Held in Bondage.' The name was unfortunate. People thought it was a novel about slavery, of which they had a surfeit just then. Consequently the book failed to attract attention, and only 800 copies were sold, and that was more owing to our immense distributing facilities than to any public interest in the novel itself. When 'Strathmore' was published in England I re-published it here, still having faith in Ouida as a strong writer, although I did not know at that time whether the author was a man or a woman. 'Strathmore' was a success, and upon the strength of that I bought out a new edition of her first novel, under the better title of 'Granville de Vigne; or, Held in Bondage,' using the second title to avoid deceiving people who had already bought the book under its original name. It made a great hit, and Ouida's reputation was established. She says that she is indebted to me for her success, and is grateful for it.

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from Florence, in a lonely villa. Dogs are her pets, and the house is full of them; wherever she goes she is surrounded by her canine favorites. She says they are more faithful than the human race. Whenever one of them dies he or she is buried with more respect than is sometimes shown to men and women."

"Is Ouida pretty?"

"She is dashing looking rather than pretty. Her manners are fascinating; her conversation lively; her eyes bright and expressive. She is saucy and audacious in her remarks, and sometimes indulges in ladylike slang; but in spite of all this she is a great favorite among English and American residents at Florence, and they are glad to accept invitations to her villa, for she entertains magnificently."

CHARACTER SKETCHES FROM DICKENS.—The most brilliant and striking illustrations ever made of the characters of Dickens are the large drawings of Fred. Barnard, of which facsimiles are now published. In the first series there are six large plates. Each of them is not only a perfect portrait, following accurately the description given by Dickens, but each represents a different type of character or want of character. There is Mrs. Gamp, a fat, untrustworthy, coarse woman, with vulgarity in every feature, but she is capi-

tally drawn, and one knows her at a glance, without need of any explanatory text. Then comes the jaunty, impudent, self-possessed Alfred Jingle, Esq.; and then the horrible Bill Sykes, the most brutal and repulsive figure ever drawn—so low down in the human scale that his snarling, vicious, miserable red dog seems the higher creature of the two. This is a very powerful picture and a terrible one. Next is Little Dorrit, sitting alone in her Marshalsea garret, worn and sad, and sweet and pathetic. The fifth picture is of the noblest type—Sidney Carton on the scaffold; the figure is fine, the face "sublime and prophetic." At the foot of the scaffold are a stern, grim soldier on guard and a group of the hideous old women who made one of the elements of that hell called the French Revolution, of which Sidney Carton was a victim. The picture is the very type of heroism. Turn the leaf and there is the other extreme—Mr. Pickwick sitting under the oak, where he drank cold punch till his sun-burned peeling face beamed with smiles and his eyes wrinkled with merriment. There he is, uninteresting, earthy, fast growing tipsy, but so jolly, so thoroughly happy in his coarse way, that it is impossible to help laughing at him. Of these six sketches, Sidney Carton is the only noble subject; but then few of the Dickens' characters are noble. Vulgarity, impudence, brutality, youthful sadness, romantic heroism, and coarse jollity are the six types represented here, and all with such extraordinary power and feeling, and such artistic management of details, that it is hard to say which is the best work of the artist.

"CAUSE HE WASN'T A GREAT MAN."—"De odder night, in the club library, I heard a member of de club grievin' 'cause he wasn't a great man," said the president of the Lime Kiln Club, as the hall grew quiet. "It am material 'nuff dot we should all want to get ahead. It am not unreasonable in any man to want to be top of de heap. Preachers, poets, editors an' lecturers all encourage us to dig 'long an' strive to carve our names on de cupalaw of de temple of fame. An' yet what a holler mockery fame am. Dar was Shakespeare. He had de toofache same as a common man. He had his blue days, same as de poor white. De rain pored down on him same as on Samuel Shin—he fell in de mud, same as Elder Toots—his grocer wanted cash, same as mine. Dar was Byron, de poet. His name am as high as de steeples, and yet his

corns ached, same as Waydown Bebee's—butcher carts run him down, same as Trustee Pullback—street kyar drivers rang de bell on him, same as on Squar Williams. Dar was Queen Lizibeth. She had a big palace, heaps o' waiters and lots of cloze; but she had big feet, got baldheaded, and couldn't see any more of Niagery Falls for five dollars than my old woman did for two shillins. Greatness may bring store cloze, but it doesn't allus bring happiness. Fame may bring a house pervided wid a burglar alarm, but de higher de fame de higher de gas bills. If greatness comes foolin' around you catch him by de coat-tails. If he neber comes be content widout him. A home—wife an' children—plenty to eat—pew rent paid and a pig in de pen am good 'nuff for any man, and he who seeks to climb higher am just as apt to bust his suspender buttons as to git dar. Wid dese few refexshuns on de incontestancy of earthly greatness, we will now disband ourselves to business."

PERSONALS.

WM. R. FRASER, of the Sophomore class of '78, is teaching at Lyon's Brook, Pictou Co. We hope to see him back with us next winter.

J. R. FITZPATRICK is at home—Roger's Hill, Pictou.

WILLIAM T. KENNEDY, for some time a teacher in the Albro Street School, has been appointed principal of the Richmond School in this city.

REV. A. W. HERDMAN, B.A., '77, like the poet Goldsmith's father, is both "preacher and teacher" at Stellarton, Pictou.

WM. F. MUNRO, of the Freshman class of '78, "swings the birchen rod" in a school at River John.

REV. E. D. MILLAR, B.A., of Shelburne, has received a call from the Presbyterian congregation of Lunenburg, and will shortly be inducted.

OWING to incorrect information, HOWARD H. HAMILTON, B.A., appeared in the GAZETTE as being in Boston. He writes us that he is still in Pictou, and has no intention of leaving it.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

IN view of the approaching examinations, a solemn semi-religious feeling seems to be creeping over us—poor unfortunate mortals.

THE only time that the sceptical Juniors ever realized the *eternal fitness of things*, was on being asked to a fête on the eve preceding a College holiday. Ungrateful was he who took the opposite view, insisting upon the *eternal unfitness* in view of the near approach of the *dies irae*.

WE offer our congratulations to the *united Freshie*, although perhaps he has put his foot in it. It is apparent to all that he has not had due regard to the principle of the division of labour.

OUR resident Justice has had another case before him—a *female* one. He was thoroughly convinced by her eloquent pleading; and judgment, with costs, was accordingly given in her favor.

STUDENT, translating: "*Ambos perdidit ille oculos et luscis invidet.*" "This one has lost both eyes, and looks upon the one-eyed man."

A GLUTTONOUS *Junior* wishes to know if, when Socrates desired "*ti agathon*," he was alluding to a piece of mince pie.

THE members of the Metaphysical class who were in the habit of taking a short nap during lecture, entirely agreed with the Professor when he remarked that the review would be particularly interesting.

A *Soph* who boards in a house to which a confectionary shop is attached, can be seen at any time between ten and twelve o'clock, p. m., perched in the shop windows, munching pound-cake and other light morsels.

THE *light fingered gentleman* is still continuing his pranks—a Rhetoric and numerous other articles having disappeared.

"*Senior bulla dignissime*," is rendered "Senior most worthy of the medal," by an admirer of Juvenal.

THE *rubber man* has had a shave, and he has the *barefacedness* to tell us that the barber was *less than an hour* at him.

FOR breaking a lock and unlawfully entering a room, the *Freshies* have been fined \$6, or Mathematics twice a day for remainder of term.

FROM the conduct of *Longfellow* the Professor of Logic has been at last convinced that there is no reasoning in the *extensive form*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

JAMES H. KNOWLES, \$1; William McNally, \$1; Arthur Thompson, \$1; James McKay, 30 cts.; F. B. Chambers, B. A., \$3; C. C. Gregory, \$2; A. B. McLeod, \$1; James McG. Stewart, B. A., \$2; F. W. Archibald, M. A., \$1; R. Cox, M. D., \$1; Isaac McLean, B. A., \$1; Rev. James F. Downie, \$1; G. J. Hamilton, \$1; H. H. Hamilton, B. A., \$1; W. T. Kennedy, \$1; Richmond Logan, B. A., \$1; J. McKean, \$1; Rev. D. McGregor, \$1; J. W. McLennan, \$1.

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