

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

HYMN.

(OUR PRINCE OF PEACE.)

UNTO us a Child is born,
Sound the message to every shore ;
Unto us a Son is given,
Bid the nations weep no more.

O'er the sin-fettered climes of ages
Let the joyful sentence fly,
Till the burdens of life are lightened,
And the people cease to die.

Unto us a Child is born,
Let it echo o'er every sea ;
Unto us a Son is given,
Who shall set the captives free.

Sound the warning from every mountain,
Wake the slumbering echoes of night ;
O'er the waters of life's dark ocean
Come the waves of new-born light.

His name is The Wonderful ! Counsellor !
From strife shall the nations cease,
For love sways the gentle sceptre,
In the hand of our Prince of Peace.

J. F. D.

HORACE. ODE II. BOOK I.

TO CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

Down thro' the streets of the Seven Hills,
Thro' palace and temple and hovel,
A murmur of terror wildly thrills,
And in fear the people grovel.

The fountain of elemental strife,
From his throne in the stormy heavens,
Hurls down his red bolts with terror rife,
And the clouds with his thunders are riven.

The tribes are plunged in an awful dread,
The prince and the people tremble,
Lest the evils of Pyrrha return on their head,
With a fear that none can dissemble.

The yellow-waved Tiber flows back on his course,
The dark billows of ocean spurning ;
And overwhelms in its ruthless course
The shrines of the gods and of learning.

The vice of our fathers depraves our own age,
For the swords whose right sheath were the foeman,
Add another dark blot to our history's page,
And are crossed between Roman and Roman.

Oh ! which of the gods shall the empire implore,
To save us from death and abasement ;
Will the prayers of her virgins avail evermore
To allay angry Vesta's resentment ?

Upon which of the gods will the fiat of Jove,
Impose of our crimes expiation ?
To whom of the heavenly beings above,
Will ascend the praise of the nation ?

Cloud-girdled Apollo, permit that our prayers
In thy heavenly heart may find favour !
May it please thee, oh Venus ! to scatter our cares,—
Of thine own chosen race be the Saviour.

Oh ! warrior god Mars, thou who findest delight
In battles and sieges and slaughter ;
And the tribes thou hast founded, turn darkness to light,
And our groanings despondent to laughter.

Thou Mercury, envoy of Jove's high throne,
As a mortal incarnate, oh lead us !
What solemnized lustra our crimes will atone ?
In our efforts for pardon, oh speed us.

In glittering triumphs, place now thy delight ;
Of thy people the pride and example.
Suffer not the rude foeman our hills to adright ;
As our leader, on Cæsar's foes trample.

SILENUS.

SALTASNE?

DAVID danced with all his might.—*Samuel.*

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!—*Childe Harold.*

Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe.—*L'Allegro.*

Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Topsy dance, and jollity.—*Comus.*

Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.—*Secular Magazine.*

Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel
in her hand: and all the women went out after her with tim-
brels and with dances.—*Exodus.*

Dances of ancient days

Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of four score.—*Traveller.*

LIKE that of the gladiator with whose oration, thanks to Kellogg, we are so familiar, "my early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported." Of the world, the waltz and the lancers, I knew nothing. And in my ignorance I was happy. When I had begun to put away childish things I sallied forth from my innocent retreat. I was sent away to school. I was habited in manly garments. I received and accepted invitations to sundry merry-makings. And now my troubles came. I found that it was the universal custom of the Romans to dance. Being in Rome, I considered it my duty to be a Roman—to dance. But the terpsichorean art is no exception to the general rule. A course of instruction is necessary. Before the fact dawned upon my simple rustic mind I had perpetrated more damage than I have since been able to repair. I wrecked trains, I trampled innumerable well nursed corns, I ruined carpets and spoiled the tempers of the most angelic women imaginable. Worse than all, my energies were diverted from their proper object—my academic work—and were almost wholly spent in an effort to train my awkward steps in the way of the dance. But the fates were against me—I was stiff and clumsy and stupid. Even the orthodox quadrille was too complicated for my understanding. In 'round' dances I was absolutely dangerous. I reeled to and fro, I staggered like a drunken man, and more than

once in my gyrations was the cause of severe bumps. I at last made up my mind that all was vanity and vexation of spirit and, resolved to shun the giddy maze and apply my heart unto wisdom. I went back to the land of quiet brooks and forgot all about balance-steps, chas-sez, and the like, and as of yore was happy in ignorance.

Once again my lot is cast in a dancing community, and my life is burdened with the effort of assuring a host of solicitous friends that I do not, can not, will not dance. Hence the cause of this effusion. I wish once and for all to add my humble protest to those already entered against this social evil.

Superscribed are several notices of dancing taken from various and widely differing sources. Some of them are certainly suggestive of very commendable innocence,—others of ideas which are not easily compatible with that lofty dignity of feeling which we are supposed to derive from the study of philosophy and *artes humaniores*. They are all too familiar to require further comment. In common with a whole host, I may urge that as an amusement dancing is not profitable. Much more entertaining and instructive than the whirling dissipation of the ball-room is the social gathering where with the "friendly bowl" is mingled

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

It is prejudicial to health. Heated by rapid motion in a confined space, the dancer is almost sure to incur disease more or less dangerous by passing into a cooler and pleasanter atmosphere. It is hardly rational. If you doubt the statement, close your ears to the music and watch a company of dancers for two minutes: you will then, I think, be more inclined to my opinion.

The usages of dancing society are not quite consistent with what in ordinary life is called propriety. To the man who walks, the chariest maid is prodigal enough, if, in the grateful shade of a window-curtain or chimney-corner, she allow him to toy with her soft jewelled hand. The dancing man may, in the broadest flare of gaslight, not only press his partner's palm to his, but may wrap her in an embrace, the price of which to his less accomplished and more dignified fellow would be social ostracism. S.

THE Physical examination is postponed till after the holidays, so as to give bilious Juniors an experiential knowledge of the subject. Do not look in the dictionary.

CHRISTMAS.

AGAIN the revolving wheel has carried us round to the eve of another Christmas. We would meet our friends with the time honored salutation, a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year. It is really a pleasant circumstance, that apart from the tread-mill routine of life, there are a few days in which we can lay aside our work, our books, and other grievances.

We have a profound respect for Christmas, viewed strictly in its secular aspect. Among certain benighted classes of Christians, there is a sort of horror of the festivities carried on during this season. We believe that this arose from the fact that some attach a peculiar virtue to getting into any conveyance that will carry them as far as possible from what they call the errors of Popery. How we pity such people! If we saw anything worth copying in Buddhism we would copy it; and besides a great many other customs which are worthy of our veneration in that time-honored system of the papacy one is the respectful celebration of Christmas. If we feel any devotion to him whose birth it commemorates, should we not deck our own homes and his temples with the grateful tributes of our love? That one church door in our country should be closed on such a day, speaks only of that spirit of narrow bigotry from which his followers should deem it their proudest distinction to be free.

We have a warm corner in our hearts for the liberal customs which spread over the holiday season. How we used to hang up our longest stocking! and if we could quietly insinuate two! with what a feeling of peaceful satisfaction would we creep into bed. We never overslept ourselves on Christmas morning, never! And then the walk through the fresh morning air to the Episcopal Church. We are Presbyterians ourselves, but as our denomination is yet behind in this feature of enlightenment, we do not feel the necessity of conforming. And how our heart joins in those grand old anthems which rise with their tribute of praise to the throne of the Highest. And lastly, the evening gathering, and the Christmas tree, bright with hopes and colored candles, even if not laden with every substantiation of the aforesaid hopes.

But higher than all, we have a deep veneration of the day in its commemorative character. Other festivals are but national in their import-

ance. They are peculiar to certain classes of the human family. They point back to events which are but local in their nature. But how different is this anniversary. It is universal from every standpoint. No division of men can appropriate it to the exclusion of others. It is the pivot event of this world's history recalling the memory of a transaction mighty with interest from the remotest part to the eternal future.

J. F. D.

REPUDIATED.

THE other day I lounged into the Reading Room, and sat down on one of the benches,—the new ones, by the way, which manifest such a strong affection for the careless one's clothes. This day, however, I was not careful of my outer man. I cared not whether the iron entered into my soul, or the paint into my vestments. I recked not the Janitor's despairing look when he beheld me once more in his domains. I would cheerfully, in my then state of mind, have met the entire Senate, and would have run the gauntlet of their frowns with an inward satisfaction. For there, amidst the scenes of my erstwhile glory, I had come to seek balm for a recent wound. I revelled in the flood of recollections which streamed through my mind, as I looked upon each familiar object in the old room, and gradually I became calmer, ay, even philosophical. I gazed upon the panel whereon in letters dim with age—for it is now almost four years since they were pencilled—I read the name and exploits of "the sage." My eye glistened and my chest swelled proudly, as I thought of the heroes we had been. Castor and Pollux, the celestial leaders of the Roman legions, were positively nothing to us leading a charge down the stairs. My eye fell on the stove-pipe, and I exultingly thought of the Freshie we hanged thereon; certes more to the detriment of the pipe than the Freshie. The tap under which I had so often ducked and been ducked, almost smiled with its brazen face. The corner which I had occupied as one of the four Aristoi seemed to invite me once more to seat myself in its embrace. The window, the defence of which against the Janitorial escalade, had gained me renown, immortal as that of the Pons Sublician hero, seemed, in its glassy intactness, to rebel against the sluggishness and torpor of the present Academicians. Every nook and

corner of the room had for me a memory, a cheering memory, of some jolly comrade, or scapegrace trick, or friendly frolic.

And yet I was sad. My substratum of melancholy, notwithstanding all the cheering surroundings, would keep cropping up. The present bitterness of my soul would not be put down by the influence of any past bitterness of soul, which I had caused the powers. I struggled manfully to keep off its depressing symptoms. I had almost succeeded, when my eyes fell upon the newly-painted benches. The influence of these innovations was too much for me; the spell of the past was broken; and, with a stifled groan of despair, I closed my eyes, and gave myself unrestrainedly to suicidal thoughts. I might succeed for a time in assuming a sunny countenance;

"Sed post equitem sedet atra cura."

My horse was peculiarly hard to manage. In fact, during the silent watches of the preceding night, it had assumed the form of a mare, and the black fiend behind made his knuckles felt.

The "*atra cura*," under whose baneful influence I was writhing, has, methinks, victimized once or twice in his life, every one, who has dared in the heat and inadvertence of youth, to pay court to "the vivacious." I had been on the previous evening to visit "she," and beneath her Circean blandishments I had become more and more reckless of the future. I lived only in the present, and—ye gods! how I shudder when I think of it—actually flopped down on my knees, and made the same stereotyped offer, as many another hapless swain has done since Eve was created. It was a moment of imminent peril. Hardly had the words been uttered, than the awfulness of my position flashed upon me. I raised my eyes to hers. She looked at me for one moment, as if wishing to discover whether it was my larkish disposition or the heat of the room which had prompted this outburst. Under the influence of my own hypocritical thoughts, not of her gaze, I dropped my eyes and waited breathlessly for her answer. It came at last; like the breath of heaven to the liberated prisoner; like a reprieve to the shivering wretch on the scaffold,—a short, snappy, decided "No."

I raised myself from my suppliant posture, threw myself on a chair, and buried my face in the folds of a pocket-handkerchief. Ostensibly I was bowed with grief, really I was hiding my

joy. For was not Christmas at hand, when a man's coin melteth away for lockets and rings and other devices of old Nicholas. Yes, I positively rejoiced when I thought of the gain of dress this rupture would result in for me. But still, no matter by whom or how rejected, one's *amour propre* rebels against the humiliation. Though in the conflict, the refused had got the best of it, even as I had; still he feels that his escutcheon is dimmed, that he is one of the repudiated.

Such were my feelings next morn. Therefore was I so sad and so mad. Anger was uppermost, however. I was exasperated, not at the repudiation itself, but because it had not come from me. Then would my joy have been unalloyed. Thus I thought, and thus meditating, kicked and kicked listlessly, at a paper which was lying at my feet. As I kicked its folds were loosened, and I saw that it was the GAZETTE. This was enough to raise my curiosity. I have always taken a great interest in the GAZETTE in the past, and hope always to do likewise in the future. So I hastened to lift it from its lowly position and seek the cause of its abasement. I could see by the remnants of a wrapper that it had been sent to some one, but had been returned. I looked for the address. It was partially defaced. All that was left was "e Hill," and written beneath in a bold hand—"REPUDIATED WITH SCORN!"

* * * * *

When they brought me to, the first feeling which shot through my bewildered brain was one of savage satisfaction. Such satisfaction as a malefactor would feel in having a companion in punishment; such satisfaction as the invalid experiences when he hears that his neighbor across the street is prostrated by the same malady. A satisfaction which is not, perhaps, worthy of the enlightened, philanthropical nineteenth century; which ought to be confined at least to the Sandwich Islands. But I plead guilty to it, and my confession might be that of many another. Here was a small community—editors, students, paper—condemned to ignoble insignificance, its prospects blasted, and its resources withered by the tyrant of "e Hill." And, verily, I repeat, I rejoiced at the first blush that my misery and my "repudiation" were things not unexampled.

But anon a better feeling came over me. As I sat and read over and over again the three

SODALES.

words, my satisfaction gave way to pity. I mourned that the GAZETTE should have fallen under the weight of this great man's displeasure. Great? Aye, for who but a great man can use such language. Yes, unmercifully great he must be, and must have forgotten in his towering magnificence, the poor, little, earth-worm beneath his foot. His *must be* a great intellect, a stupendous mind; a soul above all the well-knit, homely Anglo-Saxon, which our forefathers spoke so glibly and emphasized so forcibly. Truly, I could see marks of genius in the very rounding of the letters, and my inmost heart bowed down before the author of this "Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin."

Yes, I am ashamed to say that for one moment I revered "repudiator." But swift as the light, the truth flashed through my mind, and I could see him in his true shape. A pedant, a roarer, an embodiment of gas; a verbose, conceited, unmitigated—well, no, let us be merciful, more merciful than he has been. But methinks

"My mind's eye kens him passing well,
His figure sturdy," &c.

as one of our college bards has sung. I can see such an one "perambulating the avenues of the metropolis," with elevated nose, and skyward eyes, scorning to regard the inferior creatures around him. Mark Twain would say of him, "cut his braces and he'll fly." Judging from his words, he would.

For the GAZETTE I am sorry—exceedingly sorry. I had wished it to have many years of usefulness and prosperity; but the fiat has gone forth, the mark of the repudiator is upon it, and it will alas, ere long, be one of the memories of the past.

We can now rejoice that the theory of the Conservation of Energy is established. Were it not, what a loss would the world sustain in the case of "e Hill." But, happily, by this law, none of his surplus scorn will be lost to future objects of his resentment. That however, he should have expended so much of the intensest scorn uselessly, in crushing such an unworthy object, is to be regretted by all who wish to foster the leaven of greatness in our midst.

I feel that the GAZETTE is doomed. But as the swan breathes its last breath in song against its destroyer, so would I dedicate this ebullition to him who has so mercilessly repudiated us and ours. *Mort aux traitres.*

SILENUS.

SODALES Society met in Class-room No. 1, on Friday evening, Dec. 12, for the discussion of the following question:—"Were the American colonies justified in their rebellion?" Mr. Lord opened the debate with a well-prepared and able speech in the affirmative. He began by tracing the history of the Colonies,—reviewed the acts of oppression which resulted in the outbreak,—contended that the policy of the Home Government was not approved by the English people themselves,—dwelt on the great constitutional point, representation or no taxation. They never aspired to independence, but merely to equality. Mr. McInnis responded. He possesses a happy faculty of pressing home his ideas by illustrations, and promises ere long to be one of our heavy debaters. Mr. Landells was the next speaker. He met some of the arguments of the respondent, and during the course of some very pithy remarks sided with the opener. Messrs. Davidson, Murray and Mahon followed with short speeches, reviewing the subject from every standpoint. At the close of a pleasant but rather one-sided debate the vote was taken, and resulted in victory for the affirmative.

On Friday evening, Dec. 19th, an attempt was made at a farewell meeting. Alas! it was a sickly attempt. Whether the students were off collecting Christmas presents for the friends at home or not we are unable to state; one thing is certain, there was not a crush at old Dalhousie. One gentleman with extensive powers of invention had prepared a programme about five minutes before the opening of the meeting, in which appeared a pleasant display of readings, recitations, comic songs, &c.; but as the different students whose names stood affixed were summoned to arise, a wounded and injured look was seen to play in their manly countenances. After matters had continued thus for a little time, a wicked soph. was heard to ask who in the — prepared that programme? and the inventive one was compelled to arise and explain. But we feel it our duty to give credit where credit is due. Mr. Cameron gave a recitation, which was very well received. Mr. McInnis read a selection from Artemus Ward in the subject of "Shakers," and drew down frequent bursts of applause. Messrs. Dustan and Sedgewick also delivered short addresses in referenceto college affairs in general.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 25, 1879.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

EDITORS.

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CONTENTS.

Hymn.....	37
Ode.....	37
Saltasne.....	38
Christmas.....	39
Repudiated.....	39
Sodales.....	41
Editorial.....	42
Human Dignity.....	44
Minorities.....	45
Obituary.....	46
Our Exchanges.....	46
Personals.....	48
Inner Dalhousie.....	48
Acknowledgments.....	48

IT is in view of the Yule-tide customs of our German ancestors that we bury the hatchet, handle and all (a grave undertaking) for a few weeks, though we confess that the stone which marks its burial place will probably serve the purpose of facilitating any plans we may hereafter form of exhuming it. We consider ourselves safe at least in having preserved a model for the construction of another one just as good. The warlike attitude of our exchange faculty hitherto, warrants and calls for an expression of some degree of good will to men at this particular time. It may not be capable of demonstration that our Exchange editor, (to whose effort in this issue we may safely call attention,) had in his mind a realizing sense, as the deacons say, of the presence of the *halcyon* days, but it seems very probable that they exerted some mysterious influence upon him, or that the mellowing agency of approaching festivities was extremely potent in mollifying his customary polemic disposition.

By the way, on the meaning of that word *halcyon* hangs a tale. Halcyone was the daughter of Eolus. She and her husband were for presumption transformed into kingfishers. "It was fabled that for seven days before and after the shortest day, while the kingfishers were breeding, the sea was calm." Now, this rather singularly almost corresponds to our holidays. Don't you infer from this that any of our students are kingfishers, or have been subjected to any other kind of metamorphosis, for this fancy gets little credence since the Spenserian age. (Some say there are modern Spensers.) At any rate there is a great calm. Can it be possible that it is the forerunner of a tempestuous leap-year? Woe to the unhappy wight who through fell presumption is fated to undergo the transformation—But we refrain. We remember O. W. Holmes's remarks on rushing blindly at a new idea, and so we fear meeting with some difficulty in dropping the subject gracefully. A practical illustration on this head which came under our observation may be in point. A young man in a S. S. Convention having attempted something witty in explaining why he first attended S. School when a boy—the reason being his desire to go home with the girls—found the feeling of the audience such as to preclude the explanation of his later and wiser motive. He felt that some other idea must be introduced to finish with. No suggestion came, and the result was a beautiful rhetorical climax, the steps of which were the gradations of vehemence, in asserting "I wanted to go home with the girls—ah," Speaking or writing, like coasting, is not gracefully and satisfactorily accomplished when the sled has to be kicked all the way down hill, or is capsized at the bottom by smashing against a fence.

Christmas is in a special manner the season of suggestion and digestion. As to the latter, we presume you all have learned wisdom by experience. The former ought to have a marked influence on the contributions to our columns. The *halcyon* days come but once a year. Production should increase in proportion, as you

feel to have fallen short in the preceding part of the year. When you make the customary resolutions on New Year's day, the customary remorse will be mitigated by the recollection of recent efforts to be good and to do good. The man who with a full stomach cannot find music in the jingling of sleigh-bells, beauty on the street of a frosty afternoon, poetry in the air when Santa Claus is abroad and content by the blazing Yule log, deserves to be drowned at the Rink. Even the stomach-full editor of the *Christian Messenger* must relent and give the students of Dalhousie College a short respite from that eagle-eyed supervision of his. This is our Xmas box for him.

But to those of our friends to whom the GAZETTE legitimately looks for support and offers a medium of intellectual development, here is encouragement. If you have been harassed by the consideration that a clever production from your pen, though immediately satisfactory, would raise too high hopes among outsiders of future articles from the same source and so lead to disappointment, be assured that your modesty is a favorable indication, and that your fears are groundless.

To one and all we send hearty greeting and the Compliments of the Season.

THE COLLEGE PRAYER-MEETING.

THE *College Bulletin* is a small sheet published in New York by the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and gives special attention to college interests.

College Y. M. C. Associations have been formed in a great number of the American colleges where even inter-collegiate conferences have been held. The movement has reached Canadian soil, and a vigorous Association was organized at Queen's College, Kingston, in October last. There is a likelihood that others will follow. The comparative shortness of our college year, the lack of a home in our institution, and proximity to the Y. M. C. A. of Halifax, are

in part reasons against the necessity of such a society here, and in part, obstacles difficult to be overcome, was such an organization as we have mentioned attempted. Granted our ability to maintain it, good results would inevitably follow.

The peculiar temptations and sins of college life could be more easily resisted and attacked by a combination of institutions working on the same basis and under the same constitution, while in each University there would be a tendency to combine those into better working order who had already taken a decided stand in religion, and at the same time to exercise a helpful and restraining power over the undecided and vicious. The former would become more easily and more thoroughly acquainted, and be sustained more promptly by the common sympathy. The natural segregations of the latter would be broken up or hindered.

And moreover, we believe that much practical benefit would result to our state. A writer in some Review not long since, attributed the harmonious relations of the leading politicians of Ontario to the fact of their having been fellow students, and though in political opposition, yet having a mutual confidence based on old acquaintanceship. This is very probable. Then how much more will the young men of our land inspire mutual confidence by interchange of sentiment on those matters which reveal unmistakably the purposes and principles of their lives. We repeat that practical benefit would result. A late computation of the cost of the armaments of the Five Great Powers of Europe for the present year—a year of peace—is £591,000,000. Were the domestic and foreign relations of states accommodated to the principles of the Government of the Prince of Peace, whose birth we commemorate, expenses such as these would be done away with, and their abolition give relief and comfort to suffering millions. Really, the Political Economy so long in vogue is a failure, and prosperity and the smiles of heaven will return only with a general recognition of God's revealed Word. Such would be the tendency of the per-

sistent and united efforts of Christians in our halls of learning.

We have no association, but we have a *prayer-meeting* on Saturday evenings at the College, and we trust that the students will sustain it well, realize the importance and responsibility of their work, and consecrate themselves to the cause of truth and peace.

WE are not opposed to fun among the students as a general rule, but really there is such a thing as carrying a joke too far. Certain of our brilliant ones seem just now to be initiating a new feat in the amusement department. We refer to the practice of throwing flour about the building, and over the coats and hats in the halls. We consider that this is finding pleasure at too great a cost to others, and must insist upon its immediate non-continuance. It is a disgrace to our college that men (?) with such contracted, shall we say degraded, ideas of fun, should be found among us.

HUMAN DIGNITY.

THAT there are two sides to every question, is an observation which, if not noted for freshness and originality, must at least commend itself by the higher attraction of truth. We know of no subject which, if carefully regarded, does not present more than one phase to the student. To this rule, the subject of human dignity is no exception. From one stand-point it is an important fact, from another a pitiful idea. When we think of man as a community of two-legged maggots, dancing on the surface of a little planet, which holds an insignificant place in one of the myriad systems of an incomprehensible universe, he seems somewhat lacking in importance. When we contemplate him as an immortal whose destiny is linked with the eternal, as an intelligence reaching forth to the issues of ultimate truth, as a being in whose history is bound up the mysteries of a sealed future, our opinion of man slightly changes. Wherever the material rises above the spiritual, dignity becomes a shadow rather than a reality. When a human biped makes it the loftiest aspiration of his diminutive soul to become a walk-

ing barber's and tailor's advertisement, and the first law on his code of morals to be seen in the streets or drawing room as much as possible, his idea of the first duty has become somewhat modified. When a man ceases to regard watch chains and cuff-studs and broadcloths, as the highest good, and elevates his attention from the clay to the mind, he has just claim at least to respect.

It is all very well for poets to sing the glories of landscape. What gives to earth all its dignity is the presence of man. The lofty mountain, independent of the soul to read the language of poetry on its frowning crags, is but so much stone and gravel. The mighty river, as it sweeps through the valley, or bursts in thunder down the cataract, is but so many gallons or cold water, without that inspired imagination which clothes it in life and mystery. The majestic lake, on whose deep, dark waters the firmament of night is mirrored, is nothing more in reality than an extensive eel pond.

We are here about to introduce another most original remark, namely, that union is strength. In addressing any audience, there is no use in trying to feel comfortable from the reflection that it consists of so many individual men and women,—it wont work. As they sit there in a body, their single personation is no more, and we tremble before their united importance. So it is with matter. A gravel stone, or a cup of water does not impress us, but increase the quantity and the effect changes. We stood one summer evening on the shore of the Atlantic. In front the ocean stretched away till its waters seemed to melt into the horizon. Behind us the cliff rose dark and rugged toward the heavens, and on the narrow thread of beach between we had our position. Certain of our (lady) friends look incredulous when we try to persuade them that humility is one of our striking characteristics. However just the claim may be at ordinary periods, we feel assured that had they known the sense of complete and overpowering littleness which crept over us on this occasion, our claim would be established forever. Between these mighty forces of nature we stood awed and confounded. The ocean, with its myriads of lashing waves, seemed to be laughing at our insignificance, and the rocks to frown in angry majesty from above. What is man? rose instinctively to our lips. But like a moan from across the waters came the sentence,—there shall be no more sea. We knew then the

dignity that encircles that word—man. It is the temple of a power which shall endure when time has crumbled the mountains into ruin, and when the ocean, with all its mysterious influences and grandeur, has passed forever away.

MINORITIES.

“FOR forms of government,” says Pope, “let fools contest.” Having little community of thought with the satirist, I may suggest to that Society of which I still feel myself a member, that a profitable subject for discussion might be found in our present system of rule by majorities, and, let me add, grumbling by minorities. Have the latter any just cause for their complainings? All who are not wedded to the delusion that whatever is, is right, must answer in the affirmative. Indeed, I have often been strongly inclined to think that there is nothing so unjust as the treatment—not of the few by the many—but of the large class by that which is scarcely more numerous. We hear of it from all quarters. The GAZETTE announces that, in the opinion of *Oi Aristoi*, the Pen is mightier than the Sword. But we know that for seven *penmen* there were six *swordsmen*. Are we to suppose that the latter, finding themselves one fewer than their opponents, surrendered their opinions as soon as the vote was taken? My remembrance of the debates of bygone days leads me to suspect that there was no such capitulation. And there should be none. Further, I believe that in all cases the mind of the minority should have some determining effect upon the action of the majority.

In affairs ecclesiastical, action sanctioned by numerical superiority of opinion, frequently causes much discontent. We often see what amounts to schism caused by arbitrary procedure of the majority in the selection of a pastor, the election of a bishop, or the ordinary internal business of a parish. In the report of Rev. G. W. Sprott on Presbyterianism in Canada, (*September, 1879*) we find a well-supported remonstrance against the rule by which the bare majority of a congregation has the right of disposing of, or taking complete possession of, property to which an almost equal title is held by the minority, who must either suffer silently, or declaim in vain against what they cannot mend.

But the evil is most glowing in matters of public interest. At the local school meeting a

score of niggardly, narrow-minded blockheads can baffle the efforts of nineteen honest, intelligent promoters of popular education. On the Municipal Board of Strathgovan the unwholesome “sperit of oppoeseion to improvement” was developed in only one or two more than half the Commissioners, yet these were sufficient to defeat all “public-sperited” projects. In the popular assembly, so dear to every descendant of the race of Cedric, much difficulty is sometimes caused by that principle about which it is at present my privilege to growl. Witness the late turmoil in the Quebec Legislature. And here it is proper to note that there are those who contend that the voice of Parliament is often not even an echo of popular opinion. Supporting this contention we find the celebrated Liberal, Hon. E. Blake. I give below several extracts from that hon. gentleman's late address to his constituents of West Durham, Ont. They are to the point, and—though I have no means of testing their correctness—are doubtless reliable:—

“The general election of 1874 in the Province of Ontario resulted in the election of sixty-six Liberals and twenty-two Conservatives, giving a Liberal majority of 44, that is, three to one. The election of 1878, five years later, resulted in the return of 65 Conservatives and 23 Liberals, being a Conservative majority of 42, or almost three to one.”

In short there appears to have been a complete revolution of popular opinion. This Mr. Blake denies, and gives further statistics:—

“I have shown you what Parliament said; now what did the people say? In the general election of 1874 the estimated poll for Ontario, making allowance for elections by acclamation, was 207,720, the Liberals being 111,840; and the Conservatives 95,960, a majority for the Liberals of 15,960, or 7 1/2 per cent. The result of this vote, if it had been registered in Parliament would have been 47 Liberals to 41 Conservatives, a majority of six. Instead of that the return was 66 to 22, or a majority of 44. To make the return right 43,901 more Liberal votes were required. In truth 43,160 Conservative who had polled their votes were unrepresented.

“In the general election of 1878 the estimated poll was 252,450—122,380 Liberals, and 130,070 Conservatives—a Conservative majority of 7,690, or only three per cent. The result of the vote in Ontario, if it had been correctly registered in the halls of Parliament, would have been 45 Conservatives to 42 Liberals, while the actual return was 65 Conservatives to 23 Liberals. To make the return right, 53,050 more Conservative votes were required; and in truth 50,580 Liberal votes were unrepresented. The actual change in public opinion was 5 1/2 per cent., while the change in the returns was 49 per cent., or nearly one-half of the whole.”

After giving a mass of figures showing how a few popular votes may often make a great difference in Parliament, Mr. Blake says:—

“You have in the representative machine two wheels like the cog-wheels in any piece of mechanism, the large one being the Electorate, and the smaller one the House of Parliament.”

You turn the big wheel and the little one turns also, but in this machine the two do not work in at all a fairly relative way. As we have seen, the slightest turn of one makes a complete revolution of the other."

He even goes so far as to say that in some cases the standing of parties in the Commons is the reverse of their standing in the country, instancing eight counties in which the average majority of the losing party was 53, and that of the winning party only 11.

Here then is a subject worthy of the consideration of a body, learned, keen-sighted and just, as Sodales were wont to be,—

"Men who their duties know,
And know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

A word of caution, however: don't attempt to wrestle with so many-limbed and troublesome an antagonist until you have completely recovered from the effects of Christmas festivity, the approach of which is becoming apparent even to me. My wishes for you all are that during the glad holiday season you may "make good cheer."
S.

OBITUARY.—From the Manse at Valleyfield, P. E. I., our College received three students—John Munro, B. A., '77, W. F. Munro, General Student for two or three years prior to '78, and Hector Robinson Munro, who is now gone to his eternal rest. Leaving college about the middle of the winter term of 1878, he went to Mahone Bay, to take charge of the public schools there; but after a residence of less than a year in an atmosphere less mild and gentle than his frame could bear, he returned to Halifax with broken health. After much weakening pulmonary hemorrhage, he recovered so far as to be able to go to his home, where he lingered through the summer months, but quailed before the frozen face of winter. We remember him as an intelligent, sound-minded and loyal friend—and heartily sympathize with his sorrowing family.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Queen's College Journal* for December is full of interesting matter. Indeed it is almost superfluous to make such a statement, for the *Journal* has for years occupied the foremost rank among college papers. The following item from the locals is worth quoting: "Lay on

Macduff, but if you do we will set our new arrival at you. He is a Nova Scotian, stands six feet three with other dimensions to correspond. We hid him a double welcome, for he is equal to two ordinary mortals." We rejoice that the noble specimen that represents us at Queen's has taught the *Journal* that one Nova Scotian is equal to two ordinary students. We have long been cognizant of the fact, but from excessive modesty we have not thought proper to make it public. The article in favor of dancing shocks our views of propriety. We have been told by our popular professor of Metaphysics that dancing is a childish sport. We believe him. *It is a mechanical method of giving expression to the feelings during the infancy of intellect.* Listen, Mrs. Battle, to what this X. Y. Z. has to say to those who have brought their animal propensities into subjection to the intellectual: "You will likely devote your evenings to some stupid games of whist or chess. Stupid! We sympathize with you, Mrs. Battle, and are glad that your favorite heart is up. We assort our four trumps—two of them honors—and arrange the aces and the kings of the other suits, and then our heart of hearts—the ace. Pity the man who calls whist stupid. We think of raising a subscription to get "a capacity" for him. We hope that X. Y. Z. may have an opportunity to peruse the article on dancing contributed to this number of the GAZETTE by one of our sensible graduates.

The *Acadia Athenæum* for this month is a perfect conundrum. We offer as a reward our high-toned, literary and scientific college journal for the remainder of the year, to the ingenious individual who is able to re-arrange the editorial matter so as to make it readable. We give it up. The "devil" has most surely got full control at Acadia. Harken, O ye gods! to the editorial conceit: "Half the number of editors could do the work of the *Athenæum* easily." And yet two pages are devoted to matter provided by a professor, one is made up of clippings, and the poetry is borrowed from Emerson's Essays. By all means, dear editor, hold communion with the spirit of good old Lennie before you extend another invitation to graduates to contribute to your columns. Grammatical innovations are said to be tokens of originality in Thomas Carlyle, but ordinary mortals are not permitted to indulge in them with impunity.

At last our heart has been gladdened by the appearance of the *Argosy*,—not one copy, but

three, Oct., Nov. and Dec., and the greatest of these is December. Judging by appearances, the obituary notice that we prepared last month will fall into "a sear and yellow leaf" before we shall be called upon to make use of it. "The Curse of Autograph Albums" is an article that contains much "experiential" philosophy, but the writer has a heart of adamant. He is a stoic. He should be compelled to attend regularly at those oases in the desert of Mount Allison college-life, known as "Receptions." We understand that they were designed expressly for the purpose of cultivating sentiment in unemotional theologues. We have one of that class in this vicinity whom we desire to send over to Sackville for them to operate upon. If you discover the seat of his emotional nature you need not despair of the writer of the "Autograph Album" article. The letters "D. S." appended to this interesting production probably stand for "Devoid of Sentiment." An impertinent brother editor suggests that they represent "Devoid of Sense." We can assure D. S. that this insulting remark came from a total-depravity man, and consequently is unworthy of notice. There is no exchange received by us that makes so handsome an appearance as the *Argosy*. We take this opportunity of thanking the editors for their kindness in forwarding to us the back numbers of their paper.

The *Niagara Index* is an interesting relic of antiquity. Judging by its contents we conclude that it was published by the Ephesians in the third or fourth century, and edited by the Seven Sleepers. If we possessed the soul of an antiquary, we should give the *Index* a most favorable notice; but, like the flatterer of whom Goldsmith speaks, every time we open our lips in praise the falsehood goes to our conscience. Try, for our sakes, dear *Index*, to break the shell of the Middle Ages, and come out and enjoy the light of the Nineteenth Century. The number before us opens with some rheumatic, spavined stanzas about an "Aged Mourner." We are led to believe that the said "Aged Mourner" represents the editorial staff of the *Index* weeping over the fall of Babylon. But it is the witty department of this paper that excites our greatest admiration. If you have tears, dear reader, prepare to shed them now, for we are going to give a few of our friend's side-splitting jokes. Listen to the first of an indefinitely-prolonged series:

"Are we going home during the holidays?"

Some one answer immediately. The question is pressing. Sydney Smith, hide your diminished head! Brothers, beware! Men of like passions as yourselves have been "damned for too much wit." Listen to another:

"Who would have thought that the 21st ult. was our birthday?"

True, who would have so? We had come to the conclusion that you were much like Melchisedec, but from this witty announcement we have learned that even *we* may be deceived by false appearances.

The *Collegian & Neoterian* is very much like Lycurgus's iron coins,—more bulk than value; but what can we say of a journal whose editorial staff consists of four ladies and four gentlemen? How is it possible for Walter to concentrate his impressible soul upon dull prosaic newspaper articles, while the blooming Clara, with the hazel eye, occupies the editorial chair immediately opposite?

"Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought."

How can William be expected to perform creditably grave editorial duties whilst the charming Helen—not she of the Golden Fleece notoriety, nor yet the one who is so invariably associated with the Babies—sits opposite uttering those heart-captivating sighs that are as fragrant as the balms of aromatic Araby.

"If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

Patriarchal Isaac, having denied his Rebecca, sits in the twilight of the *Collegian* sanctum and whispers softly in the small sweet ear of the cherry-lipped Carrie.

We have completely exhausted ourself in this effort, and so are compelled to recuperate before making any reference to the other members of the staff. The *Queen's College Journal* has the following: "Wanted,—The young man that can chat affably with his girl while a bee crawls up his trousers!" We believe that the *Journal* can find its man in the sanctum of the *Collegian & Neoterian*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The GAZETTE will not be issued again for three weeks. The Editors must have their holidays too.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

PERSONALS.

JAMES MCLEAN of the Freshman Class of '76 is studying telegraphy in the office at Hopewell.

JAMES WYLLIE, one of the scholarship men of last year, is teaching in the first department of the school at Mahone Bay.

REV. J. A. MCLEAN, B. A., '76, was on Tuesday, 9th Dec., ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church, and was inducted into the pastorate of the congregation of Clyde and Barrington, Shelburne Co, lately in charge of Rev. M. G. Henry.

REV. A. MCDUGALL, who will be remembered by the class of '79 as a member of their class in Philosophy, is also among the prophets, and has also found a sphere for labor among the Presbyterians of Cornwallis.

RODERICK MCKAY of the Junior Class of '78, is teaching in the first department of the Stellarton school. We trust that he will be with us again next winter, and finish his course here.

REV. L. H. JORDAN is prosecuting his theological studies at the University of Edinburgh, where also C. H. MARTIN of the late Freshman Class is also attending classes.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HANG up your socks, gentlemen!

PLUM-PUDDINGS and indigestion!

OUR idea of a model pudding:—Seven-eighths *baking-powder*, and one-eighth plums. Be true to your college and insist upon this composition.

THE little German student was taking his accustomed parole an evening or two ago, but as the sidewalks were slippery he lost his equilibrium, and in a twinkling lay prone across the street. This in itself was nothing, but of course he had to knock down two ladies and a cat. That was very *ill-bred*.

THOSE flour-bags flying about the halls are a regular nuisance. It is to be hoped that the Senate will take the matter up and stop it at once.

THE fellow that said "repudiated with scorn," wisely keeps away from the college.

AND now *Charoles* sings constantly, "Faix, an illigant time at the christening we had." *Charoles* shouldn't do such things.

SOME of the students use chalk in more ways than one. *Shocking*!!

WHILE the Ethical Professor is lecturing on the causes of affection, a Senior is heard soliloquising thusly,—“Soft eyes looked love,” &c., &c. That cause sometimes produces a *cruel* effect.

A JUNIOR caught a bad cold lately. He attributes it to shaving. *How* can this be? But then he wanted to show the folks up there that he is a man. He'll not have another cold till spring, if we reason correctly. He, he!!!

A JUNIOR thinking that he would be late for the train, took no breakfast, but when he arrived at the station he found that he was rather early. He then went back and took his breakfast leisurely and comfortably, but he had to go by the evening train. He must have been irregular in his habits the previous evening.

TWO students conversing at the hour of 2 A.M.:—"Them oysters was good." "Yes." "And so was them *interludes* and *afterludes*." Chorus,—hic, hic, hic.

STUDENT—"Is this the way north?" Bobby—"No." Student—"Thank you for a gratuitous lie." The bobby was sold and therefore swallowed the insult.

WE find that our admonition to the *dusty* Senior availed nothing. He is at it again, *sweeping* the church of all the good therein.

ONE can get a good idea of an *atom* by observing a Soph after he has made his way through the crowd at the door of the Mathematical class-room.

THE editors received by post something that looked like the programme of a grand concert; but it was nothing but "the old, old story!" a baking-powder circular. *Vive le Janitor!*

A SOPH, with an impenetrable front of students before him and an angry Prof behind him, had the audacity to walk *over the heads* even of Seniors. It must be *overlooked*, as it is the first offence, but next time ———.

A JUNIOR stopped out of class on account of a *cold*; but being confronted by the Prof "on a suddint" as it were, he had to stop out of the next on account of the *heat*. His moustache is now *white*.

"*Cognatus*" is a *son* of the University in reality. He found that out when he was translating his *Terence* a few days ago.

HE was so sick with a cold that he had to take a dose of Gregory's mixture. Poor fellow!

A MISERABLE Junior has gone home to be comforted with apples and what not, for he is sick of love. *Sic est*.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS, *i. e.*, the Ethiopian Reformer is still engaged in the good work. He was last seen with two "cullid" damsels within his protecting arms.

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