

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 10, 1880.

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{ WHOLE No. 129.

VERY YOUTHFUL REFLECTIONS, ON SEEING A FELLOW READING A LOVE LETTER.

Poor fellow, from his lady love
He's just received a letter,
Those merciless chains which stamp him slave,
Here gain another fetter.

I watch his face, as o'er the scroll
His sheepish eye is poring:
One moment clouds are in the sky,
The next his hopes are soaring.

He growls and stamps, as roughly
She lauds some other suitor,
And, listening close, I hear him sigh
Of woman's love, and pewter.

But when she writes, that none on earth
Can love like theirs e'er sever,
He fondly smiles, sucks at the page,
And whispers No! O never!

He reads it through, and through, and through,
To my disgust and wonder,
Then, leaning back, in dreaming bliss,
Closes his eyes to ponder.

To satisfy my wondering mind,
I asked to see that letter;
The look, which withered youthful hope,
Has taught me something better.

J. F. D.

"S" vs. "SILENUS."

"Quod verum et que decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum."

"Singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decenter."

STAND still, thou "merry world of dancers;" halt, O ye votaries of Terpsichore, let your music strains be stilled, while these two mighty champions are contesting the cause of truth and right on your battle-field. Momentous, indeed, will be the issues of their warfare. Thousands survey, with joyful or despairing countenances, the desperate efforts, the never-flinching do-or-die struggles put forth by each combatant in the

service of the banner under which he has enlisted. We behold stepping forth from the pro-Terpsichorian army, as its representative in this single fight, the mighty and warlike "Silenus," whom a sense of right, true patriotic feeling, and some irresistible heroic impulse, not merely the weight of obligation to *fathers* or *ancestry*, much less the honor of the *name* which he bears, has urged to the front. Rumor hath it, that this *name*, be it *ancestral* or be it not, is but his *nom de guerre*; that for "purposes of modesty" he hath assumed it, or, as he himself would declare, "it is but the mask of a modest 19th century entity." Less than this, he truly could not be. Fight on bravely then thou "modest entity," the shades of thy worthy and renowned ancestor, whose name thou so *modestly* carriest, ever cheer and sustain thee with their presence, and if for right, not for might, thou art contending, may the laurel of the victor adorn thy brow.

As for "S," who can *he* be? A greater modesty surely must have pervaded *his* breast, for whose mask even a single letter could amply suffice. We presume he is also a "modest entity," and verily he is a foeman not beneath his opponent's steel. Could *he* not also have found, in all the genealogical tablets of his line, some illustrious hero whose name he might, for present purposes, have been justified in adopting a name which would fitly represent the color of the standard, in the interests of which he is singly fighting.

In the last two or three issues of our College paper, a rather ingenious and, I may say, interesting discussion has been raised and carried on by "S" and "Silenus," in which we see an attempt made to present to an intelligent consideration, the merits or demerits, the benefits or evils of the art, the amusement, the recreation, popularly known as *dancing*. The amount of success which has attended the efforts so earnestly put forth on the part of our controversial champions, must be left as a matter of opinion, for the question of victory has not been

decided, the *va victis* of "Silenus" cannot yet be heard.

In the last article in which "S," with such holy zeal thunders forth his pious invectives, and again in the bold endeavours of his "tripping" antagonist to meet these outbursts, to uphold and urge on with renewed vigour the movements of the dance, so widely interrupted, we see weapons employed, at the use of which we are surprised, weapons altogether incapable of securing any degree of advantage in favor of either side. Old David, kingly and saintly, is without ceremony summoned from the company of his fathers, in order that "S" and "Silenus" may criticise his conduct, to find therein, if possible, some justification of their respective views, some ground for a stronger assurance of the right. Imagine the *man after God's own heart*, being called as a witness in the interests of a "Silenus." The arguments of "Silenus," in so far as they have relation to the merits of this popular recreation, considered *per se*, may be logical enough, and are, at all events, certainly warrantable; but let him not open the Sacred Writ in search of material wherewithal to wage his warfare; nor will his opponent, on the other hand, meet with any better success by an appeal to the same source. This and every other amusement must be considered, *pro et con*, on its own merits. With the forms, customs and manners of to-day, what have David's actions before the Ark, or Miriam's timbrel and dance to do? If the Inspired Word be allowed to afford assistance in this or a similar discussion, old "Silenus," we must say, does seem the one to benefit by it. "S" may find much to aid him, but "Silenus," at a first glance, appears justified in claiming an advantage. In truth, however, neither side will find a standing stone there. Of course, we have reference to those instances, occasions or passages where *dancing*, so called, is directly mentioned. In a general consideration of the subject, that is, with regard to the expediency, morality, consistency of the amusement, "S" may have or may fancy he has the weight of inspiration in his favour; but as to this, we only say *adhuc sub judice lis est*.

The wisest of men tells us that there is a "time to dance," Eccles. III., 4,—an item of information which probably many in our modern social circles would not deem necessary. Our dancing friends in bringing forward this passage will meet with some difficulties ere they can make it subservient to their own ends,—they

must accurately determine when this *time* is, for it must be as criminal to dance at the wrong time, as to neglect to dance at the right time. We all know, in some particulars, when it is *not* a time to dance. But even were the *time* ascertained, there is still obscurity. Is this a *command*, and if so, is it obligatory on all? Must all, old and young, men and maidens, dance obedience to it? Is it merely a *permission*, and does it allow us to refrain from the exercise at will? Still further, is this passage only a *declaration*, that, owing to man's constitution, owing to the nature of things, there is a time when such action is indulged in, a time when men *do* dance. If this is its meaning, nothing is gained by producing it, for we read as well that there is a *time to kill, to hate, to make war, &c.* Again, what *kind* of dancing does the wise man intend? This is most important. We must dance in the *right way*, as well as at the *right time*.

We may give the references of a few of the most important passages in the Holy Word which speak of dancing, and anyone who takes the trouble of giving them the most cursory consideration, must see that such passages afford no justification whatever to our modern dancer. Both "S" and "Silenus" waste time and paper in referring to any one of them for a moment.

2 Sam., vi., 14, 20: David's dance before the Ark. As "S" very justly says, there is not the slightest connection between the motives and execution of the Psalmist on this occasion, and the motives and execution of the dancer of to-day. "Silenus" gives "fervour of pious excitement" and "joy" as David's "motives." Very true. Where is the "fervour of pious excitement" under which "Silenus" labours, while whirling around in a 19th century dance? He surely cannot make us believe that "joy" urges on his movements, for although he is by no means "under the influence of sorrow," and although he may be *joyous* enough while following the strains of a polka or quadrille, it does not follow that *joy makes him dance*. He merely pursues a favourite recreation, to pass time, perhaps, to relax his study-wearied mind, or, more probably, to better enjoy the society in which for the time he finds himself placed. Our friend is candid enough to admit that David danced with an execution somewhat different from that to which he has been accustomed. "Naturally," he goes on to explain, "since David's era and mine are several decades apart."

Exod., xv., 20. Miriam's dance at the Red Sea.

Judg., xi., 34: The dance of the daughter of Jephthah.

Judg., xxi., 21: The dance at the yearly feast of Shiloh.

1 Sam., xviii., 6: The dance on the occasion of the victory of Saul and Jonathan over the Philistines.

Ps., cxlix., 3; xxx., 11; Exod., xxxii., 19; Jer., xxxi., 4; Matt., xi., 17; xiv., 6; Luke, xv., 25; Job, xxi., 7-15.

An examination of these passages will show that the *dancing* herein referred to was something entirely different from the social amusement now known by this name. The dancing of which the Bible makes record, was:—

1. A religious act, both of the true and also of the idol worship.

2. It was performed *exclusively* on occasions of great joy, national festivals, victories.

4. Performed by *maidens only*. This accounts for the ridicule which David received at Michael's hands when he "danced with all his might" before the Ark. On this occasion, David diverted dancing from its ordinary use; but to vindicate his conduct from Michael's wrong, he told her, "It was before the Lord," thus admitting her reproof a merited one, had this not been the case.

4. It was performed usually in the day time, in the open air, highways, fields, groves.

5. Men who perverted dancing from its proper use to purposes of amusement were deemed infamous. We have no instance of such dancing, except that of the "vain fellows" devoid of shame; of the wicked families, described by Job, in one of the references we have given; and, lastly, the dancing of Herodias.

6. There is no instance of dancing in the Biblical record, in which the two sexes engaged in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement.

Sed hæc hæc hactenus. Where do we next find our worthy champions wandering? Their search for *nice little* extracts and passages from the "grandest lights in our poetical world," has been eminently a successful one. After honouring the "sweet Psalmist of Israel" with a careful attention, we are immediately ushered into the presence of the father of "Don Juan," and having succeeded in ascertaining *his* views on the all-important matter, we then go before the immortal Bard of Avon, and learn what *he* thinks

on the subject. Other and smaller "lights" are next made to *dance* before our vision. Is not all this *hors de propos* to an extreme degree? In a discussion as to the merits and demerits of this or any other amusement or exercise, what benefit can possibly result from quoting a Byron or a Shakespeare? Why do "S" and "Silenus" worry their brains and waste their argumentative power in order to show to a nicety what such and such a passage means, and what it does not mean. In the writings of these poets we may find much to admire, and much by which to profit; we may extol the sublimity of their thought and diction, and may applaud the loftiness and grandeur of their style, but who could consider or produce *them* as authorities in favor of or against any custom, exercise or amusement, the morality, the propriety or the prejudicial effects of which will likely for a long time to come, remain a matter of opinion.

But now to come to the matter *per se*. What of *dancing* in itself? The arguments and points of reasoning brought forward in this part of the discussion by "Silenus" have been perfectly allowable, and, we must say, have been urged with no small degree of advantage,—we might almost add—of success. The endeavours of "S" have done him credit also; but alas his opponent has not been overpowered, for he swears he "will not give up dancing yet."

Is dancing as a social amusement, recreation, exercise, pastime, *right*, or is it *wrong*? We are aware that we are entering on dangerous ground, but nevertheless let us briefly look at the matter, candidly and fearlessly, laying aside for a moment any trace of *penchant, bias, Puritanic influence* that might possibly have a tendency to influence us in a free and impartial investigation.

There must be amusements. There must be seasons of recreation. These are just as necessary as times of serious thought and action. All readily agree that man's life cannot be an uninterrupted scene of labour and gravity, for his very constitution, the very nature of things forbids it. Social amusements being then absolutely necessary, (in fact we must have them whether we require them or not,) who will deem himself competent of assuming censorship, and drawing the line between the proper and the improper, the beneficial and the injurious? Like every other matter in which free agency is concerned, there are pleasures innocent and grateful, and there are also pleasures highly reprehensible and introductory of the worst of evils.

Youth must have the former, or they will be very likely to seek out and indulge in the latter. The question of proper and improper modes of amusement is notoriously a vexed one. There is not one of our social pastimes and recreations but finds almost as many to condemn and prohibit it, as to justify its practice and engage in its exercise. Even to a greater extent is this true of *dancing*. With regard to this form of social intercourse, a universally acknowledged decision can probably never be arrived at. Each one must summon the matter before his own impartial consideration, *in foro suae conscientiae*.

We believe that in this, as in all other things, the *juste milieu* is the only justifiable course to pursue. "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" We will not go to quite the length of a "Silenus," nor can we reasonably concur in all the logic of "S."

While we treat every conscientious opinion with the greatest respect, come from whom it may, be it well or ill-founded, it is our humble opinion that *dancing* may be perverted or misused, or may be made an innocent, healthful and commendable accomplishment, for the *qualis* and the *quanta* must be considered as well as the *quae*. Dancing has much to recommend it as a social pastime and as a healthy exercise. It is a recreation within the use of all. When properly taught it brings out the power of the muscles, makes action natural, and gives beauty and ease of motion. All natural motion is graceful, and thus dancing is one mode of conforming to the general law of nature. The serious objections, so often urged against this accomplishment, arise from its perversion, its misuse, and, too frequently, from the degenerate state and loose morals of those who participate in its enjoyment. "*Usum non toleat abusus*" Into the merit or weight of these objections we cannot enter to any length, but will merely glance at the most important.

"It is injurious to health," we hear one friend argue, "because it is always kept up to unseasonable hours, occupying a part of time that should be allotted to sleep, and, when indulged in *too long* produces over-exertion and an overheating. Then again the dancing room is always so hot and ill-ventilated that one is sure to catch cold on leaving it." We argue with our Valetudinarian brother, that such a state of matters would be extremely apt to make his cough worse and his head sorer; but is not all this the *abuse*, the *carrying to excess*, in fact the *perversion* of the amusement. Similar objections can be made to

every form of out-door or in-door recreation, in which physical exercise is to any extent involved. Next comes he who is forever croaking over the mis-spent time, and the frivolity of thought and action, which, to *his* mind, is necessarily involved in such an amusement. To such an objector, a lengthy reply need not be made. Every form of recreation and pastime must also merit the disapproval of this ascetic. We believe that nothing is frivolous, that nothing is wasteful of time which has a tendency to relieve the *tadium vitae*, to put the whole temper into good humor, and to relax the tension caused by serious thought, necessary cares and close application. *Desipere in loco*. It is the part of a wise man sometimes to act the fool. This objection reminds us of a certain conventual of the Romish Church, who, preaching from the text—"I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it;" laid down as his fixed point of doctrine, that *laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam never laughed before the fall*.

By many this social amusement and innocent accomplishment has been stigmatized as immoral, followed by a corrupt tendency, and as one of the fast vices of a fast age. This objection is, to say the least, an unjust one, and has no legitimate foundation. It is but a relic of that element of Puritanism which characterized the 17th century, and which saw sin in every form of joyous excitement. Those who speak thus have seen the amusement only in the most degenerate state of society, they have had knowledge only of its grossly perverted forms, they judge of the *use* by what they know of the *abuse*. There is no blessing, enjoyment, privilege, amusement of any kind, but may become the very greatest curse, when indulged in to excess, or when perverted from its legitimate purpose. We most decidedly express our disapproval of *mixed balls*, *masquerade dances* and such like, for in these we see examples of misuse and great perversion. But the quiet social amusement in which the members of a family circle, in company with some chosen friends and acquaintances, join in engaging, where seasonable and proper hours are observed, where the joyous exercise is not allowed to interfere with regular customs and duties, and, in a word, where everything is *comme il faut*, cannot surely merit the sweeping charge of immorality, inconsistency and corrupting tendency. They who are capable of being corrupted thereby will certainly find some other and much more effective

way of becoming so, if this be denied them. If we resolve not to do anything, until it is impossible to err in doing it, what is there left for us to do?
McL.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

A BRIGHT youth asked: "Father, are you in favor of reading the Bible in the public schools?" The father replied that he was most thoroughly. The youth continued: "Well, I thought so; for you never read it at home." This ended the discussion of it in that family for the day.

MR. BRET HARTE, it is reported, is about to resign his consulate and return to America. The German climate has not agreed with him, and he has been far from well.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES has received from the King of Italy a valuable decoration as a mark of the royal appreciation of his books. "Self-Help," translated, has been sold in Italy to the number of 50,000 copies.

"ACCEPTED AND WILL APPEAR."

One evening while reclining
In my easy chair, repining
Over the lack of true religion, and the dearth of common sense,
A solemn-visaged lady
Who was surely on the shady
Side of thirty, entered proudly, and to crush me did commence:

"I sent a poem here, sir,"
Said the lady, growing fiercer,
"And the subject which I'd chosen, you remember, sir, was
Spring.

But although I've scanned your paper,
Sir, by sunlight gas and taper,
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing."

She was muscular and wiry,
And her temper sure was fiery,
And I knew to pacify her I would have to—fib like fun.
So I told her that her verses
Which were great, had come to—bless us,
We'd received just sixty-one on "Spring," of which we'd
printed one.

And I added, we've decided
That they'd better be divided
Among the years that follow—one to each succeeding spring.
So, your work, I'm pleased to mention,
Will receive our best attention
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to sing.

SOME HINTS ON RIGHT READING.—W. E. Foster's admirable lecture on "Right Reading," reported in the *Providence Journal*, is summed up by C. A. Cutter, in the *Library Journal*, as follows:

A. *The right selection of books.* (1) Personal adaptation should guide us. (2) Our reading

should have a tendency toward symmetrical development; it should not be exclusively technical, nor exclusively general. (3) We should begin where we are interested. An investigation of a subject will lead from that into other fields. It may be objected that this requires a suggestive habit of mind. But a suggestive habit of mind is not born in any man [?], and it may be acquired by any man. Let once a beginning be made, and the further we go, the surer we are of recognizing some familiar event or topic; the dread of unfamiliarity vanishes after we have taken the first few steps. (4) There must be discrimination in our reading; aimlessness is one of the worst evils.

B. *Right methods of reading.* (1) Definiteness of purpose is as necessary here as in the selection. We must have a clear idea of just what we wish to get out of each book. (2) System, a scientific adjustment of means to ends. (3) We must read in a comparative way. It is not safe to judge any question apart from its relations. The reader must take a survey of the whole field before beginning at any one point. (4) In using reference lists, such as are issued by the Providence Library, it is not necessary to read every book and every chapter referred to. We must select what on the whole would best serve our purpose. We are not to ignore our interests, however some one book might particularly attract the attention of some one reader. The plan of reading by a reference list does not apply to all books. Imagine a man going through "Paradise Lost" or Shakespeare in this ruthless manner! The plan applies to the works of "the literature of knowledge." "The literature of power," needs a different treatment. Books which have an organic unity, following out one central subject or thought, must be read as a whole. (5) We should review our reading at times.

AMONG THE POETS—Mr. Tennyson still devotes himself to domestic subjects. His latest effort reads:

Put the arm chair in the attic—
It has earned a needed rest;
For the pair it oft supported
Now are married and gone west.

THEY have novel deer hunts at Mt. Allison College, N. B. The ladies of the Female Seminary play the *deer*, the Juniors the hounds, and the Seniors the hunters. It must be choice sport.—*Queens College Journal*.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 10, 1880.

EDITORS.

J. F. DUSTAN. E. CROWELL, '80.
A. W. MAHON. J. A. SEDGWICK, '81.
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AS our editorial columns of next issue will probably be devoted to remarks on examinations, convocation, &c., we would like to take this last opportunity of addressing a few words to those who will succeed us in conducting the GAZETTE, and to our friends in general. First of all, to the students, as a whole, we would say, don't let the paper, under any circumstances, go down. The present editorial staff, while deeply conscious of the defects in this session's publications, yet feel that the GAZETTE has ever ranked as a power in Dalhousie College, and that should it cease to exist, the students will lose a vigilant and able friend. Farther, we would suggest that a little more active interest in the shape of contributions, suggestions, &c., would always be prized by those whom you may in future see fit to elect as editors.

To our successors in office, may we tender a few sentences of brotherly advice. We warn you that it takes a considerable amount of time and work to conduct the GAZETTE. And yet it is time and work which you will never regret as wasted. As we look back over the last two years of college life, not the least enjoyable hours which we recall, were those spent in criti-

cising contributions, writing editorials, and correcting proof. To wax warm over some real or perhaps fancied wrong to the body studential, and to express that indignation in these columns, assured that our wrath would always find a kindred sentiment in the breast of our fellows, makes an editor feel that the paper is an engine which even the authorities might hesitate before setting in adverse motion.

Respecting the Inner Dalhousie Department we would say, let its tone be high, and above small personalities. It is one thing to get off a quiet joke on a student, and quite another to hurt his feelings, by continually referring to any peculiarity in habit or disposition. Of course there are oddities who require a considerable amount of attention. But stringent measures should be resorted to, only when the self-conceit of the object places him beyond ordinary reproof or ridicule.

We feel that there are many ways in which the GAZETTE might be made more interesting and attractive. The consideration of these, however, we resign to future generations of editors. We are of opinion that a column or two devoted to locals or short items of general city news, would be a move in the right direction. While on the subject of improvement, we might suggest that a more prompt, regular remittance on the part of many of our subscribers, would be hailed with feelings of satisfaction by the financial secretary. The memories of most people are peculiarly negligent where dollars and cents are in question. Now is the time when payments should be made, if these have been neglected so far.

We must tender our thanks to those graduates and students who, during the past session, have contributed to our columns. Few in the outer circles have any idea of the feelings of satisfaction, excited by the receipt of a good and long article. Under the influence of these sentiments, our successors in office may rest assured that we who are now resigning the editorial pen will not forget them in their hour of need.

Whenever we desire to work off any superfluous force, we will think of the GAZETTE. We cannot close these remarks, without paying grateful tribute to the long suffering patience of our friends, the Nova Scotia Printing Company. Late manuscript, hashed proof, mysterious calligraphy, all have been employed in vain to ruffle the complacency of these estimable printers. Their fund of consideration seemed inexhaustible.

AMONG the marked comforts in this sessions College life, the improved state of our reading-rooms must be noted. The Committee of 1879-80 deserve to have an ever green memory in the annals of down-stairs history. The days of rickety benches, shattered chairs, and other similar luxuries, are gone, gone let us trust forever. The bronze period has certainly arrived, if not the iron. The apartments below begin now to deserve the dignified name of reading-room. Formerly it was rather a joke to style them as such. The appellation was all right, but the reading matter existed only in the imagination. But there is still room for improvement in these quarters. Let us hope that the students of next session will carry affairs to a higher perfection.

DR. BURNS ON CHALMERS.

A LARGE audience assembled in Chalmers Church, on Monday evening, to hear Rev. Dr. Burns lecture on Chalmers. The Dr. commenced by a graphic account of the sensation produced by the announcement of the death of the Scottish Divine. He then followed his career from infancy to the close in an eloquent and impressive manner, interspersed with those gleams of humour for which Dr. Burns is so justly distinguished. At the age of two, Chalmers was placed under the charge of a nurse who turned out to be much devoid of the milk of human kindness, and led the youthful Tom rather a hard life. The cruelty of this woman he seems to have indignantly remembered all his life. After suffering the tender mercies of this virago for about a year, he was placed at school. The lecturer described him during this period as a jolly, playful boy,

more inclined to play than to study. Some amusing incidents of the playground were recited to the great appreciation of the audience. Even at this early age he began to show signs of that innate eloquence and power which in after years rendered him so famous. He would be found reciting with much feeling selections from Scripture and other authors. His college career began at an early age. During the first two Sessions he was still the idle schoolboy, disinclined to apply himself with diligence to his studies. But in the third year of collegiate life his intelligence awoke, and from that time he surprised all by the power and grasp of his abilities. Mathematics was the study for which he evinced the greatest fondness, and in this he preferred Geometry to Algebra, for the reason that in it there were facts to be taken hold of and worked upon. In 1798 he began his Theological studies, and before he had reached the age of nineteen was ready for orders. During this period he turned his attention extensively to the subject of Moral Philosophy. Edwards on the Will was his special delight. At the age of fifteen he might be found deep in the mysteries of this great work, and so closely did he apply himself to it, that his friends had fears for his mental equilibrium. At this period he began to take part in public prayer, and so wonderful was his talent in this exercise, that when it was known that Chalmers was to conduct the devotions, the building filled up to its utmost capacity. Having finished his course at college, he took the position of a tutor, but continued in this position for only a short time. At the age of nineteen he applied to the Presbytery for license to preach. At first there was danger of being refused, on account of his youth, but at length he was accepted, from the fact that his abilities were far beyond his years.

The lecturer then described his different charges. Beginning with a small congregation in the country he soon was called to Glasgow. Here his matchless eloquence soon gathered round him immense concourses of people who hung spell-bound on his lips. Until the age of thirty Chalmers had known no change of heart, but about that time he passed through a long and severe sickness, and came out of this ordeal with deeper views of life and eternity; it was after this change that his greatest power as a preacher of the Gospel was manifested. Dr. Burns quoted the authority of eminent writers in the peculiar style of his oratory. It has been

likened to that of Demosthenes, and in some cases the effects which were produced on audiences by this great speaker can only be likened to those excited by the immortal Athenian. But the most wonderful part of his work was his labours among the poor and destitute of Glasgow; he entered with zeal into the work of visiting and comforting the needy.

In the year 1823 he preached his farewell sermon in Glasgow, and took the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's. Here also his great talents crowded the classroom. From this time to the end of his career was described in eloquent terms, and the audience broke up, having spent a most profitable and pleasant evening. A collection was taken up in aid of a Chalmers Bursary for the Theological Hall in this city.

THE INNER DALHOUSIE MAN.

We know a youth of mighty voice,
With little music but great noise,
And as the vocals, so the man,
Think of his name whoever can.

This youth was nurtured far away,
In regions where they gather hay,
He spent his boyhood hoeing spuds,
Rigged out in very homespun duds.

Herbaceous longed to wear a gown,
And so he travelled up to town,
Alas! although a student now,
His proper sphere is in the mow.

But worst of all outrageous freaks,
For vocal fame Herbaceous seeks,
Now in a class he takes his place,
And groans a most sonorous base.

But, Jove be praised, the season's past,
Those howling jaws will close at last,
No more the nerves of Music's god
Will wince beneath this vocal rod.

Herbaceous, too, would be a wit,
His jokes fly wild and seldom hit,
Dalhousie's inner items shine
With weak effusions in this line.

'Tis whispered, too, that he's in love;
Pity the lady, powers above!
Herbaceous spooning!! O my eye,
To see this sight, and then—to die.

All tales must end, so now farewell,
We gladly drop this verdant swell,
When next our thoughts in rhythm stream,
We hope to choose a worthier theme. [J. F. D.]

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

(Concluded.)

ONE reason why the Almoravides failed in what appeared to be so easy a task, is seen in the spirit of unity displayed at the time by the Christians. When any great danger threatened one of the States, the others forgetting their petty quarrels, rallied nobly to its aid—This was the age of the Crusades—The national disputes of Christendom were swallowed up in the common hatred for the Moslems. New fierceness was added to the hereditary antipathy of the Spanish Christians. They assumed an unconquerable air, which caused the Africans to hesitate before plunging into so interminable a contest.

The power of the Almoravides soon declined, and was completely extinguished by the Almohades,—a new tribe of Mahometans, who, after overrunning Northern Africa, paid a visit to Spain. They almost immediately acquired supreme control. The beautiful Audalusia fell again a prey to the barbarians.

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
But another vulture watching
Sees the downward plunge and follows."

It was during the reign of one of the princes of this tribe that the combined Christian forces gained the great battle of Navas de Tolosa (1212). This was one of the most celebrated victories gained by them during this long struggle. There was great rejoicing among the Christians. The Archbishops chanted *Te Deum* on the plain, and soon after some most ludicrous sports were introduced for the amusement of the soldiers. Charlotte Yonge in the "Christians and Moors of Spain" states that among other things there was great diversion caused by turning a pig into the lists among a set of blind men armed with clubs—He who killed it was to have the prize.

This battle was a death-blow to the Almohades. Near the city of Salamanca, just six centuries later, was fought another great battle which proved to be a death-blow to another foe, that had displayed a spirit of vandalism almost equal in ferocity to that of the barbarous Almohades.

The Mahometan power was now rapidly giving way before the prowess of the Christian troops. At length Cordova surrendered, and in a short time there remained but one Moslem ruler in

the land. This was the King of Granada. He soon acknowledged himself a vassal of Castile. All the rulers of Granada were not equally submissive; one after another rebelled till the Christian sovereigns determined to bring the Moorish State completely under subjection.

During the last quarter of the fifteenth century the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were united under Ferdinand and Isabella, who, finding themselves in possession of the greater part of the Peninsula, naturally desired it all. Soon a good pretext was afforded for declaring war on Granada. The officer sent to the Moorish King to demand the arrears of tribute due, received a haughty refusal, "Tell your sovereigns that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of cimeters and heads of lances." This reminds us of the brave Llewellyn's answer to Edward Longshanks.

Washington Irving has given us a most poetical description of Granada, as it existed at the opening of the war which resulted in its subjugation. "So beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the Paradise of the Prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung it."

The war ended in 1492, when the Spanish sovereigns entered the Moorish capital while the fallen monarch, Boabdil quitted it. Irving's fine account of this is familiar to all. One event in this war—the capture of Alhama—gave rise to a plaintive Spanish poem, which was rendered into English so successfully by Lord Byron:

"Friends! Ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,
That the Christians stern and bold
Have obtained Alhama's hold.
Woe is me Alhama!"

The history of the conquest of Granada reads like a romance. Samson, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these romantic adventurers. We are constantly reminded of the performances of the Knights of Arthur's Round-Table. Like Gareth they

"Followed up their quest
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell."

It was with the express understanding that they should enjoy their own religion, that the Arabs admitted the Spaniards into the City of Granada; but it was soon evident that devoted churchmen would not carry out the terms of capitulation. The Inquisition was established

and soon became as powerful an instrument in converting men to the Faith of the Holy Catholic Church, as the sword of Charlemagne had been among the Pagan Saxons. The sixteenth century was not the age of toleration. When Catholics were dying for their religion in Protestant England, and Protestants were suffering the horrors of St. Bartholomew in Catholic France, it was not to be expected that in Spain the most devoted followers of the Holy Virgin would permit the soul-destroying doctrines of Mahometanism to be preached without molestation. At length it was determined to expel the Arabs from the country. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the expulsion was effected. Over a million of the best subjects of Spain were driven out, and from that time dates the decline of Spanish power.

"The Christians have regained their heritage,
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray."

SCRAP-BOOKS.

"Word by word Webster's big Dictionary was made."

I HAVE for a number of years, kept Scrap-books, the amount of solid enjoyment I have to thank them for is beyond expression, and the occasions upon which I have turned to them for information upon some whimsical theme, or matter of unusual reference, are incapable of calculation. They are dear friends of mine both from long acquaintance and true merit, I could not part with them. Take away my "Greek Grammar" or my elegantly bound edition of "Tennyson's Poems," but don't take my scrap-books—I know them well, I can tell within half-a-dozen pages, where to find anything I need, and the volumes are identified in my mind as first, second, third, &c., without any distinguishing label—merely because I happen to manufacture them in that particular order. From my experience I assume to be something of an authority on scrap-book making, and feel quite equal to giving some items as advice, as witness:

First. Don't try to be systematic. Remember that the keeping of scrap-books is a pastime, not a business. If you will go about them in a stiff, methodical manner, they will be apt to interfere with your studies or business. They have never interfered with mine, and yet, those awkward and non-descript volumes that lie piled at my feet in all their ugliness and shapelessness, cover the hardest and busiest years of my life.

This is a rule that is to be strictly avoided in every other occupation in human life, for if any person would achieve success and high distinction in this life, he must work systematically, have "an honest purpose once fixed, then death or victory."

I have kept one volume beside me until it was filled, into that one I have put everything that struck the fancy or whim of the moment; everything that I fancied might be valued or interesting at some future time. And when in doubt as to whether any particular scrap was worth preserving—I gave it the benefit of the doubt,—and put it along with the rest, I never attempted to classify or arrange in the least.

Second. Don't be ambitious—I mean to have very handsome volumes. Some of mine are as broad as they are long—and a great deal broader—and no one of them geometrical even as to cover. Open them—what an intellectual feast? and suited to the taste of all readers. Here, in one corner, is an account of a wonderful machine for picking the bones out of a fish. All you have to do is to set it on the table, turn a crank, and the fish flies down your throat and the bones fly under the grate; but a country green-horn having got hold of it, turned the crank the wrong way, and it stuck him so full of bones that he could not get his shirt off for a week. Further down, is that ignominious poem, "The Beautiful Snow," with a short biography of the supposed author. On the opposite side, is a sketch of the life of one of America's sweetest, purest poets, W. C. Bryant, and alongside it is a list of the students that passed the Exam's for the session, ending in the Spring of 1879, some of whom, it is to be hoped, will follow in the footsteps of this great man. But enough examples. All through, from cover to cover, will be found jokes, sermons, epitaphs, verses, sentiment, folly, all jumbled together. This eclectic feature is the chief source of its excellence.

Third. Don't set aside a particular hour of the twenty-four to paste in your book, and, above all, don't keep a box in which to put the scraps that are ready for pasting. In the first place, when the hour comes, if your box is empty, or nearly so, you will be discouraged, and, after pasting what few scraps you find in it, you will have all the rest of the time to waste, which is fatal to happiness and success in life. If the box is full, you will be equally discouraged. If you happen to be in any one of a hundred different moods,—listless, weary, dyspeptic, phyloso-

phic, lone-sick, or pensive,—ten to one you won't attempt the pasting at all, and will leave the whole until next week comes, with, perhaps, double the amount of scraps, the same causes will operate on you with just doubled force, and the result—as certain as the courses of the moon—will be, that you will get discouraged, and your scrap-books will never be scrap-books at all. Keep your book on the table, with your brush and paste-pot. When you have a fragment about you, stick it in. One's pockets, and note-book, in my experience, are the best places to keep the fragments.

Fourth. Don't be in a hurry. Never fear but that you will have scraps and books enough in time. The scraps come on faster than any one, not an expert, can conceive. Hardly a newspaper you read but contains something worth preserving, (and, methinks, never was a time in the history of the world, when it was as easy to get newspapers and scraps as it is at the present time,) but with your pen-knife or scissors, or if you have none, tear around it with your fingers and thumb; crumple it in your vest pockets; when you get a chance, gum it in without the loss of a moment, rough or smooth, what matters it? The text is what you want. By this simple plan, you take absolutely no time whatever from your regular vocation, and when, in after years, you look at the vast bulk that has accumulated, you marvel and gaze; you cannot, for the life of you, tell when you did it all; and this is one of the greatest charms of your collection.

Fifth. Never lay aside a newspaper to be clipped from at some future time, for as sure as the world moves, you will never clip from it at all. The next time the matter occurs to you—if ever does—you will find it gone, and like Lord Ullin, "be left lamenting." There is something totally depraved about a newspaper. It will quietly and mysteriously disappear, like the morning dew and early rain, to "go to mix forever with elements." It is not a sin to steal an old newspaper. Chambermaids, kitchen-maids, and babies—those merciless foes to a newspaper—light fires with them, wrap them around parcels, and tear them to atoms—for amusement. Many a time and oft has a nervous sensation crept over me when, on seeing the latter, with bull-dog perseverance and a juvenile cussedness, tear to pieces a newspaper containing D. D. scraps, has an ardent and almost uncontrollable desire arisen within me to go for the "Heathen

Chinee." Clip your paper, then, when in first hands. Let not procrastination deprive you of some items, the loss of which, all you have will not recompense you for.

Now, a word as to scrap-books in general. The scrap-book is to literature what *bric-a-brac* is to art. One may tire of galleries, museums, scenery, and so on, but the scrap-book of some humble "snapper-up-of-unconsidered trifles," brings its quiet rest of infinite variety to every one. Certain instincts and faculties are born of scrap-books. For instance, we are for ever picking up odd bits of newspapers and glancing hastily over them. We are able to tell, nine times out of ten, from the type, what paper we secured this or that extract. We know what papers to read carefully and what ones to merely glance over and neglect. We form an extensive acquaintance with the papers and magazines of the day. A man's scrap-book is an index to his mind. My scrap-books are a study to myself. What I once thought was glowing sentiment, I now recognize as rubbish and trash.

Have you a scrap-book? Mostly all intelligent readers have—a place for preserving the choicest articles clipped from time to time from newspapers, magazines and books. Capital scrap-books may be made of good thick catalogues, old guide-books, or even old bound books. Excellent paste may be made of starch. Some scraps may be got from the first newspaper you read. Here are all the necessaries for a beginning:

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute:
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Only engage, and then the mine grows heated,
Begin, and then the work will be completed."

J. P.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

EVERYBODY remembers the beautiful poem entitled "Only," which created such a sensation a few years ago. Mr. Longfellow has shaped it up to suit the times as follows:

Only a maid at the window
Waiting her lover's call;
Only an old Spring bonnet
Made over for use this Fall.

Only a blue-eyed bull-dog
Pacing the garden path;
Only a pair of coat tails
Bear witness to his wrath.

Only a maiden's fellow
Sitting within his room—
Only some seatless trousers
To tell of the bull-dog's boom.

SOPHOMORE.—"Can you tell me in what particular you resemble the hill that leads up to our college?" Freshman, (after deep thought), "Is—is it because I am gradually rising higher?" Sophomore, (in disgust), "No." Freshman, (after more thought), "B-b-cause I am dangerous to walk on?" Sophomore, (threateningly), "No." Freshman, "Well, give it up." Sophomore, (triumphantly), "Because you are an ascent to college."

SCENE between Professor and Freshman on Blake Field:—"How dare you swear before me, Sir?" Fresh., (triumphantly), "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

PROFESSOR:—"Now, Mr. B—, will you give me an idea of Real Estate?"

Mr. B—, "Yes Sir," (holding up a lead pencil).

Professor, (in great astonishment), "Upon what theory do you term that Real Estate?"

Mr. B—, "Upon the theory that it is stationary."

PROFESSOR:—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Senior: "The sense of touch." Professor: "Give an example." Senior: "My chum can feel his moustache, but no one else can see it."

FRESHIES, read, commit to memory and practice:—Scene at the church door. Soph: "Will you please condescend to sacrifice your own convenience, for the sake of my extreme felicity, by inserting your five digitals, with a part of your contiguous arm, into the regular aperture made by bending my elbow against the perpendicular side of my animal frame?" Girl: "With the most extreme pleasure."

A SCOTCH schoolmaster crossly asked his pupils: "Who signed Magna Charta?" A little girl tremblingly replied: "Please, sir, it was na me."

AN aged lady on her death-bed, in a penitential mood, said, "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and I didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her, exclaimed, "Lors, misses, I knowed it all the time."

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.—*Queens College Journal*.

 PERSONALS.

LEWIS H. JORDAN, B. A., and F. W. ARCHIBALD, B. A., who have been studying Theology in the University of Edinburgh, intend making a tour in the Highlands of Scotland during the ensuing summer. A pleasant time to them.

KENNETH DUFF, B. A., '73, and LAIRD, B. A., '77, have emigrated to Manitoba. A letter addressed to Hillside, Grand Valley, North West Territory, will find them, at least if we are informed correctly.

JOSEPH MORTON, B. A., who has been attending the Medical college in this city, is to teach during the summer the First Department of the Shelburne Academy, of which CHARLES S. CAMERON, B. A., '79, has had the charge during the winter.

G. E. LOWDEN of the Freshman Class of '77 is taking the Arts Courts in Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

ISAAC M. MCLEAN, B. A., '79, is studying medicine in the office of Dr. McDonald, Hopewell, Pictou Co.

 INNER DALHOUSIE.

THE Exams. are upon us. Weeping and wailing are heard. But what think ye, Dalhousiensians, shall there not be after Exams. a "sound of revelry by night" among us?

THE Juniors on the last day of Class lectures came out of the Physics room with a self-satisfied and confidential air, believing that they had convinced the Professor of their earnestness in that they detained him for two hours in discussing things impossible, advancing original theories, &c, &c. It will be perhaps as well to remind them that as their works are so shall their reward be:—*ergo*. the reward is not likely to be very great. Dear me! Alas! Alas!

ONE of the Sophs, who is not particularly large, except "as to feet," recently went into a boot store. He enquired if they had men's rubbers large enough for him. The shopman surveyed him, shook his head, and was about to repeat, in sadness those well-known lines, "Oh, would some power the giftie," &c., &c., when the student took his leave, saying in a pensive way, "Why was I made thus?"

PERHAPS the Metaphysical Prof. hit the nail on the head when he remarked that the *German student's* essay was characterized by want of originality. Perhaps a little more than perhaps.

CLASS in Mathematical Physics. Student: "How do you find the resultant of a couple?" Prof.: "Couples have no resultant." Class smiles incredulously, "though as a general thing they leave a *definite result*." The Class saw the joke and—*blushed*.

ONE of the Freshies domiciled in Argyle Street was seen on the occasion of a late fire looking out of a third-story window, with a respectable looking "young 'ooman" on one side of him, and a still more respectable looking one on the other. Did their influence permit him from attending classes during the latter part of the session? *Audacter dice!*

THERE was policy undoubtedly in *Stator's* movements in that he did not go to the fête in the character of a Physicist along with his fellows, but went up "all below it" the night after. Perhaps he had a care for the *inner man*.

A Junior was caught firing snow-balls at the windows of his residence, somewhere near the hour of three last Friday morning. He was hustled off to the Police quarters as a

"delirium tremendous," notwithstanding his assertions that his purpose was to get in. *Haec pauperis justitia!*

As an evidence of the coolness that possesses the Juniors during examination time, half-a dozen of them can be nightly seen at one of the city hotels, playing draughts and other little things.

THE student whose essay on "Sensation" was adjudged the best, lost heavily by it. He had staked several dollars, but not on—himself. He believes now the "our goods full oft become foul bads."

Chawles did not get ahead of his fellow-Junior when he preferred Chemistry to Greek. "There is not so much bother," says he, "when one can pass in a subject without going up to the sessionals." Aw, no, just so, *Chawles!*

Cosine is letting his studies go to the dogs, and is spending all his time in search after his *supplement*. She has flitted. We'll all lend a hand after the exams. are over.

THE two Sophs in the North End are still troubled by the encroachments of the fair visitor. One of the aforesaid complainants was lately seen in her company, and, therefore, there would seem to be a tinge of hollowness in his complaint. Abner, dear Abner, come home with me now, &c., &c.

ONE of the students, during a snow-ball fight, received one which filled him "as to his mouth." Another one on the back of the head, emptied him both "as to his mouth and as to his cranium." There was a discharge of little else than snow however.

A Soph met one of the Janitor's workwomen on the stairs. It is not known what happened; but when the Soph entered the reading-room he was singing, "Gin a body meet a body," &c., &c. We know he was "*(K)nolens*," and suspect she was "*volens*."

WE understand that the difficulty has been amicably settled. —*Stator* is to remain in the ascendancy.

It was rather interesting last Sunday evening to see in a North End church a *Freshie's* arm silently entwining itself around one who is "more than one-half of himself." Such things, however, will occur. It's natural.

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