

The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XVI.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 8, 1884.

No. 9.

THE TYRANT OF SYRACUSE.

A TRINACRIAN TALE.

When Syracuse in boding hour
Beheld, with rainy eyes,
A low adventurer seize the power
Wherewith to tyrannize,—
Beneath his thrall she seemed to cower
Nor made attempt to rise.

A mercenary mob obeyed
The tyrant's dread command,
And at his bidding promptly laid
His scourges on the land ;
So freedom had to rue a raid
If she but raised a hand.

Truth came not near him, for to thrones
The truth could seldom reach ;
Deaf were his ears to pity's tones
But not to flattery's speech,
And, rest assured, he made "no bones"
Of causing bones to bleach.

For, bent on conquest, he bereft
Of life the neighboring states
And, with ferocious pleasure, cleft
His luckless captives' pates
Which, fixed in ghastly rows, he left
To fester o'er the gates.

But here I need not waste a word
On Dionysius' reign,
For almost every one has heard
Of that outrageous stain ;
But one small incident occurred
That may be told again.

The tyrant, full of self-conceit—
A gift by no means rare—
Esteemed himself a genius meet
To breathe Parnassian air,
And valued his poetic feet
Above his natural pair.

Prodigious pains but little art
His compositions showed,—
The silliest freak with him could start
A dithyrambic ode
Which rumbled like a rustic's cart
Along the Quinpool road.

And yet the whole Trinacrian vote
Accorded him renown,
For should they ever fail to quote
His lays through every town,
The tyrant always struck a note
Which "brought their houses down."

But when at the Olympic games
His envoys, frilled and flounced,
Preferred their mighty master's claims,
His doom was soon pronounced—
His odes were given to the flames,
His readers sternly bounced.

Crestfallen was the monarch then
And smitten with the "blues ;"
Yet would he not forego the pen
But daily prayed the muse
To help him curse those sons of men
Who had no liberal views.

And so, his courtier-throng before,
From morn till day was done,
He told his crazy lyrics o'er
Which, howe'er they might stun,
The fawning creatures praised, and swore
He was Apollo's son !

But there was one fine man at court
Most frank in word and ways,
Who being called on to support
The credit of the lays,
Replied that doggrel of that sort
Was good—to beg for praise.

Then Dionysius, just as mad
At this unpleasant fact
As if his sacred person had
Been openly attacked,—
Resolved to roast him like a shad,
Or have him flayed and racked.

And thus the frowning tyrant spoke
Between his teeth set hard :
"Nee Dia ! mean'st thou fun to poke
At me—a royal bard ?
Man never made a costlier joke.
What ho ! my body-guard !"

Forthwith in rush the menial crew
And instantly surround
Philoxenus, whom down they threw
And gagged and firmly bound
And, rather roughly, bore him to
The quarries underground.

Thereat the citizens rebelled
And threatened blood and woe
Till Dionysius was compelled
To let his prisoner go,
And rank and favor, previous held,
Again on him bestow.

A short time after this event
The tyrant made a feast
To soothe the popular discontent
(Which lately had increas'd)
And humor his peculiar bent
By guzzling like a beast.

Just as the banquet-board was spread,
The king was pleased to cause
His latest poem to be read
With proper tone and pause,
And, though it dizzied every head,
It met with great applause.

Philoxenus was standing by
But no delight betrayed;
Though in his half-averted eye
A smile sarcastic played.
Then o'er the despot's features high
There fell an awful shade.

"What!" spake he, "don't you really find
My ode sublime and sound?"
Philoxenus, with air resigned,
Unanswering, turned around
And called out to the guards behind:
"Come, put me underground!"

With such a quiet mien 'twas said
In such a curious way,
The tyrant turned extremely red
But had the sense to say,
As fast the bursts of laughter spread,
"You're just as good's a play."

Thus may true hearts in every place
To truth give always scope,
And fear not, though in danger's face,
With ancient wrong to cope,
Till every class and every race,
That now in darkness grope,
Shall on UNBENDING MANHOOD base
Their heirship and their hope.

M. H. N.

THE "BLUES."

A grief without a pang—void, dark and drear;
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief;
That finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear.—Coleridge.

That the gifted author of the above stanza therein gives voice to his own experience can hardly be doubted; that it was an experience of the mental disorder more commonly known as "the blues" will be at once felt by every person who has undergone the same. And who has not? Who of the sons of men has not had at least some acquaintance with this grief, which is "without a pang" because individual pangs are lost in an all-pervading misery; because the sharpness of specific pain has been equalized and deadened under the benumbing influence of a general gloom? Some people, it is true, seem to be ever basking in the sunshine of life, and never to stand in its shadow; but even to such, I believe, moments do come out of which brightness has faded; moments in which energy and hope lie paralyzed at their very source, and when even ambition loses its sustaining power, crushed beneath the old lament, "*vanitas vanitatum*." At one time or other, we all have to struggle with these feelings; and there are as many degrees of intensity in the struggle as there are differing shades in human nature and circumstance. How many have shrunk from the contest, and by their own act have wildly hurried from a despaired-of present into a hopeless future! How many again, clinging to life, have found it but a living death, passed under the thick darkness of partial or complete insanity! But these are the deeper depths of the disorder, induced by the action of peculiar circumstances on peculiar natures; they are too sacred to meddle with in this hasty sketch, and at present we wish merely to touch on the commoner, more prosaic forms of the every day dejection that waits for us on all occasions, and is ever so ready to darken our steps. We will say a few words on what we conceive to be its causes and remedy.

And first let us remark that there are two extremes in the way men treat these feelings. There are those who have little or no

sympathy with them, and there are those who have too much. To the first class belong the robustly-framed, fortunately-circumstanced people, who, endowed with a superabundance of animal vigor and buoyancy, or so placed as to avoid much of the bitterness of life, sneer at the more delicate temperature of their weaker brethren, and regard with derision shades of sensibility which *their* grosser natures fail, in large measure, to comprehend. *They* never give way to such petty feeling; why should anybody else? They forget that all sentiment is not sickly, and that what is trivial to them may be of grave import to another. But there is the other extreme as well; those who give too ready access to these feelings, who harbour them as though they were welcome, who nourish them in their bosoms, who, in fact, will not be deprived of them. They rock them in the cradle of egotism and feed them with the milk of imaginary suffering till they have become part and parcel of their system. One of our old poets sings of the joys of "sweet melancholie," and that these joys have a real existence would seem to be proved by the cherishing care of those who take pains to enfold themselves in a growth of rank though sickly sentiment. To such, real misfortune would come as a blessing, for it would clear away the contemptible outcome of selfishness and ease, and would bring to light whatever of worth was really there.

But, without indulging in any imaginary woe, it is a fact that ordinary men and women, even of cheerful temperament, are occasionally visited by good, substantial fits of "the blues," which require the aid of no superinduced nonsense to make them extremely comfortable. Whence come they? No single cause, it is evident, can explain every case; but there is, we think, one cause of such general action as to be almost universal, and to this, as our time is limited, we shall confine our remarks. This cause is—the non-fulfilment of duty. We believe that at the bottom of almost every attack of despondency there may be discovered some deviation from the "straight and narrow" path; something done that ought not, or something undone that ought. We can scarcely conceive of

a fit of "the blues" acting in conjunction with a clear conscience; we can certainly think of no case in the whole range of our own experience. These direlections from the right are of two kinds, active and passive,—in other words positive wickedness and negative laziness. On the evil consequences of the first we need not dilate; but the second is not less disastrous. We have not as yet lived very long, but if there is one thing of which we have become more thoroughly convinced in that time than of another, it is that the true secret of happiness is work—honest, steady work in the right direction. The conscientious striver after the true and just, if he be otherwise in a healthy state, will be little troubled by "blues;" while he who at any time shirks that which should be done, if there be a spark of manhood left in him, will inevitably be dogged by an avenging shade.

In pointing out the cause we have also indicated the remedy. It only remains to add that we are conscious, as we have already stated, that all cases of despondency are not to be disposed of in this manner. There is many a circumstance in life that presses heavily on the truly honest and conscientious. The most steady right working will not avert many a sorrow and pain; but it will always help to endure and dissipate them. We have read somewhere that "The truest hero is he who can crush down his own heart, with its love and sorrow, its grief and pain, and go back to the steady, hard work of his hand;" and with this judgment we heartily agree.

A DISSERTATION ON ANYTHING.

One of the most comfortable situations in which a man can find himself is, in my opinion, before a warm study fire—not your flaming and sputtering gasy fire, but what the good wives call a hot fire,—within the embracing arms of a snug easy chair, your lamp looking kindly over your shoulder, leaving the rest of the room shrouded in a mellow duskiness, while your ever faithful consoler and comforter, be it dureen, meerchaum or briar, is lazily flinging out blue clouds and rings of smoke, that go curling and hurtling into the dusk over head. You have eaten a good honest meal—an indispensable accessory to comfort unalloyed,—

THE McGill University Gazette refers to another gift which is shortly to be made to the University. The gift is to take the shape of a building to contain a Convocation Hall, and class-rooms for the Faculty of Applied Science.

the hearth has been brushed smug and neat, and you are drawing in the influence of the cheerful grate through the medium of your slippers. And it is here that the class of mortals, megalopodidae, of whom I am one, find their greatest comfort and satisfaction: for it is he that presents the most surface to the grate who derives the greatest comfort therefrom. So situated, what pleasurable excursions does the mind make, what a motley throng of men and things come trooping into the brain and there disport, and what curious castles you build for your favorites. Look over yonder in the corner in the dim light, there they stand, heroes, heroines, cowards, traitors, beauties, poets, *et alii*, wrapped in their calf or sheep skins, and waiting till you are comfortably settled to come out and pass in review before you. That pair of stout volumes nearest you,—the songs of the son of the nymph and the river—Melesigenes—what a number of wonderful ghosts will come out of them. The volume this way, bound in calf—embryo bull's hide—why, its very appearance conjures up visions of stout warriors with sevenfold shields, embossed with brass. There sits the king of men, solemn and stupid; I never could abide him, and I always felt a certain honest satisfaction when he is disposed of by his exemplary better-half. To all you the truth, I do not think so hardly of this lady as some persons would like me to, for it's my private belief that she was acting as became a faithful spouse, until her goodman brought home another lady with him, when of course she became a little jealous. See there too that mighty figure, striding along the shore of the many-sounding sea, the personification of noble Sage and heroic valor. Pshaw! I don't believe in the virtues of the great, bullying Thessalian, a sulky fellow with no feelings for his fellow Greeks struggling for dear life against mighty Hector, and only stirred to action by a desire for revenge; while as for his valor, who would not be brave if our mothers gave us an invulnerable skin by the miraculous virtues of Styx-water? No, no, give me Diomedes or that crafty old villain Ulysses, who figures so largely in the twin-volume, also covered with calf—it should be fox-skin. What a relief it is to turn from the blood and boasting of the Iliad to "*Dios Odysseus*," Calypso, Circe, and the rest of those marvellous personages. And here comes Nausicaa the white-ankled, with her troop of attendants. What a cunning little minx she is to be sure, and very much like a young lady of the nineteenth century when she will not give the poor sea-beaten traveller a seat in her carriage for fear of the gossips in town! And present-

ly an uncouth, gigantic figure appears, with a handful of stones, uttering the direst imprecations against Ulysses. His appearance leads one to think of Homer in the role of novelist. Yes, novelist, for the plot in this little affair is not unworthy of Wilkie Collins. That novelist you will remember calls upon his readers to note a number of apparently disconnected circumstances which he brings together in a wonderful way in the *denouement* of the story. So Homer mentions the skins of rich wine, the fat flocks, the stone before the cave, the great fagots that Polypheme brings in for firewood, the craft of Ulysses in giving Noman as his name, and then weaves them all together in the neatest manner possible. Even Polypheme's single eye is necessary to the plot, though I'm somewhat dubious in regard to the one eye. I am aware it is but right and proper to ascribe but one optic to the giant, yet such a comfortable curiosity does the easy-chair and warm hearth breed that I am not certain when I look at him whether to give him two eyes or one. Homer does not say he had one eye only—at least I do not recollect his saying as much. Then to take a negative view of the matter, a state of one-eyedness was not necessary for the carrying out of the little plot I have mentioned. For you will recollect that when the stake was plunged into the eye, the eyeball hissed and cracked and boiled over and of course ran into the other eye, thereby scalding it also into blindness. Moreover Homer remarks that the giant's "*ophruas*" "eyebrows" were scorched, which word being plural plainly indicates the presence of more than one eye, unless perhaps, he had one eyebrow above and one below, or one on each side. Well, that's enough of Greek phantoms; there are others anxious to come out; others of more modern date. The first that appear come out of a volume labelled Livy. But what is this; I have just dismissed the Cyclops, yet here comes another, at least he is one if a single eye be the sign of that tribe. How fierce he is too, and his imprecations are quite equal to our previous acquaintance's, only, strange to say, the tables are turned, and it is the Trojans who are now reviled, not the deceitful Greeks. He too slays a number of his foes before he is outwitted by one Scipio, whose name I believe indicates sharp-sightedness, and who is therefore an excellent representative of Ulysses. Another swarm, some of them looking very like the Homeric phantoms, come trooping from a volume near Livy—Trojans again. But halt! here is a strapping fellow looking very like a person I know; and what is he doing? The Mantuan bard tells us:

Dixit et adversi contra stetit ora juveni
Qui donum astabat pugnae: durosque reducta
Libravit dextra media inter cornua caestus
Arduus, effractoque illisit in ossa cerebro.
Sternitur, examinisque tremens procumbit humi bos.

This must be Boston's greatest citizen. No, indeed, that eminent man was to have done, but failed to do what my phantom Entellus is doing. Who will henceforward dispute the superiority of the ancients over the moderns? Not I, at least. Get you gone, Entellus and Dares; you are too free with nature's weapons to be pleasant companions. With them goes the best of the company. A lot of mythical prigs come out of a volume marked Fairie Queen, fellows I have no patience with. Some of them belong to the same order as Achilles, with invulnerable skins and unpierceable armor. Who could not be Prince Arthur had he but a magic sword, or what lady could not enact the part of Britomart were she but supplied with a spear,

"That Bladud made with magic art of yore?"

That sturdy knight who walks so unconcerned among the hundred fiends in the infernal mint, attended by one particularly disagreeable fiend ready to rend him in pieces should he so much as show a sign of avarice, is rather a fine fellow, and so is that polite Sir Calidore, but the rest—bah, their fights are all nonsense, the issue is foregone. Indeed that is the way with most of your mythical heroes, they always fight from an advantage. I'm going to send the whole pack to their calfskin covers and invite some more real every-day gentlemen and ladies to come out. But I'm afraid that I am getting cross.—Ah! I see what is the matter, the pipe is out and the fire is low and I must replenish it. No more ghosts; the flame and coal smoke frightens them. I must take up the newspaper now until the fire burns red.

A. B.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

THE total revenue of Columbia last year was \$342,000, expenditure \$555,000.

WE regret to hear of the death of Dr. DeBlois, for over a quarter of a century governor of Acadia College.

IN the recent Hockey Tournament McGill won three matches, and lost two.—There are 50 paid up subscribers to the Foot-ball club.—His Excellency the Marquis of Landsdowne visited the College on the 5th February; the students greeted him with "For he's a jolly good fellow."

A NOTICE has appeared in several of our exchanges of a book entitled "The history of American College Journalism." The editor will assuredly have enough material for his second edition. It appears that the only Canadian journals noticed are the *Record* and *Athenaeum*.

THE *University Monthly*, though one of the youngest of our Canadian exchanges, is a paper conducted with marked ability. Its editorials are always to the point, and in its literary department it is far above the average. Professor Rivet contributes an interesting letter to the February number, in which he deploras the lack of interest in higher education displayed by the people of New Brunswick. He points out that the Government has done all that it likely will for the University, which in future must look to the people for support. This seems to be the case with our Governments. Having put their hand to the plough they look back. The New Brunswick Government is bound to maintain to its highest efficiency its own Provincial University.

THE University of Toronto must be a wonderful place. Down here no little excitement is created by a foot-ball match. Such an event as an assault-an-arms throws all into violent excitement. But at Toronto these are as nothing. There they indulge in an "Annual Banquet," an annual "Conversazione," etc., etc. At the former the Hon. E. Blake made a stirring speech on the burning University question. The University may be assured of success with such an able advocate. We notice too that Principal Caven of Knox College is a believer in State Colleges. At the banquet he said:—"It was boasted that our denominational colleges were not sectarian in their teachings. He was glad to hear it, but if that were so, then the reason for their separate and distinct existence was gone." Rev. Father Teefy, M. A., of St. Michael's College, said:—"A Catholic University was an impossible thing in this country. The nearest realization of such an idea was an affiliation with Toronto University, which fulfils the needed requirements for high and liberal education in literary and scientific subjects." Dr. Castle of McMaster Hall and Dr. Sheraton of Wycliffe College spoke to the same effect. We wonder what our friend the *Christian Messenger* thinks of the heresy of Dr. Castle.

A FRESHMAN wrote home to his father—"Dear Papa—I want a little change." The reply came: "Dear Charlie—Just wait for it, Time brings change to everybody."

The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 8, 1884.

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THE time has now arrived when they who are most deeply interested in the welfare of Dalhousie should ask themselves, has the University fulfilled the hopes of its founders. Founded in 1820, this College seemed a few years later to fill no mean position among the best institutions of the land. We need not here rehearse the steps which led to its miserable failure. Suffice it to say that the golden opportunity was let slip,—we shall not say never to return; but we do affirm that thereby the work of higher education in this Province was retarded immeasurably, and to an extent almost incalculable. In 1863 one more effort was made to place within the reach of Provincial youth an education free from those trammels which were becoming the curse of the system pursued at other colleges. The Legislature passed an act making most liberal provision for the union of the various religious bodies around one central college—Dalhousie. It was expressly enacted that

"Whenever any body of Christians, of any religious persuasion whatsoever, shall satisfy the Board that they are in a condition to endow and support one or more chairs or professorships in the said College, for any branch of literature or science, approved of by the Board, such body in making such endowment, to the extent of twelve hundred dollars a year, shall have a right from time to time, for every chair endowed, to

nominate a Governor to take his seat at the Board, with the approval of the Board of Governors and of the Governor in Council, and shall also have a right, from time to time, to nominate a Professor for such chair, subject to the approval of the Board of Governors; and in the event of the death, removal or resignation of any person nominated under this section, the body nominating shall have power to supply the vacancy thus created."

Here then apparently was a solution of the difficulty. Nothing now remained for the different denominational schools—for they assuredly were little better—but to throw in their fortunes with the new institution. The sensible men of this Province felt that the opportunity had at last come when common differences could be dropped and all unite to make the Provincial University a success. And yet strange to say, but one religious body was found bold enough to say to the Legislature: "We accept your offer. We are willing to acknowledge that the work of higher education is too much for us. We shall devote our energy as a denomination to the educating of our ministry. Secular education we throw upon the State." From the day this step was taken the Presbyterian Church was fiercely assailed by Churchmen, Baptists, Methodists, etc., etc. Now we are not here to defend the Presbyterians. We fancy they will cheerfully assume, as they have assumed, that task. But when the action of the Presbyterians is made that of Dalhousie; when it is Dalhousie that is charged as being Presbyterian, we shall no longer remain silent. Too long has this unwarranted statement been doing its mischievous work among those who take for gospel all the statements that appear in the denominational organs. It may serve its purpose for a while longer, but the people of this country will sooner or later wake to see that all their anxiety to build up sectarian colleges has been as labor spent for nought and in vain. It is time too that the authorities of this College were aroused to the importance of the situation. Vast as are the strides which Dalhousie has of late been making, it is painfully evident that she is not relatively progressing to the degree she should. May not the cause be found in this, that Dalhousie is being maligned far and wide, and none are found to stand up and hurl back

the slander in the face of the slanderer. All over the country there are youth who hear of Dalhousie, and have a longing to come and join her; let the unfortunate boy but announce this to his family and instantly all sorts of pressure is brought to bear on him to induce him to attend "our" college. And many a man is seduced from this College by offers which were they made known would bring no credit to the parties concerned.

All we have been saying only goes to show how bitter the warfare is which the Provincial Colleges are waging against Dalhousie. And this shows most clearly too how necessary it is that steps be taken to put this College in a proper light before the people of the Provinces. We started by putting a question.—We think it very evident that so far this College has not fulfilled the hopes of its founders. And just so long as it continues in its present state of indifference to outside attack, so long as its recognised head permits all sorts of stories to be circulated to its great disadvantage, so long will the answer be the same.

WE think it must be self-evident that there is enough material among the students to warrant the formation of an Athletic Club. The arguments for the institution of such a society are many and cogent; those against, few and for the most part weak. Be that as it may, however, we should like to have the sense of the Students taken upon the question, and to that end we suggest that a general meeting be held immediately after examinations. The matter is one that deserves every consideration from all who are in any way concerned in upholding the good name of Dalhousie as regards manly sports. We trust that ere long we shall be able to chronicle a successful meeting.

WE feel that we cannot allow the occasion to pass without expressing our very great satisfaction with the Assault-at-Arms given recently by the Students. We do not know who originated it, but the idea was a most creditable one. The presence too of so many of the

Professors was most gratifying to all concerned. The ways in which student enthusiasm develops itself are most curious. Here the GAZETTE has been working away trying to induce students to attend Sodales, etc., and few would heed; when all of a sudden this idea is suggested, is immediately worked out and a grand success is the result.

EDITOR OF A COLLEGE PAPER.

OCCASIONALLY the editor of an influential journal allows the public to look in upon his *sanctum sanctorum* and to take a peep behind the scenes. The daily round of his life and that of his ministers, being made the subject of an article, the outside world learns a little of the laws and customs of newspaperdom. Perhaps a few facts concerning a college editor's work may neither be uninteresting nor unprofitable to our readers. The position is not a lucrative one, for there is very seldom a salary or a chance of obtaining a salary in connection with the office. A man is elected to fill it, either by some society of the institution or by the students in general council. His qualifications are not asked for—being taken for granted. If anything is needed to fit him to write for his college paper, his election is considered as making up the deficiency. By the way, it is an opinion very commonly held, that no one can write unless he be appointed an editor. This is a great mistake. The writer of this article frankly acknowledges that there are many of his fellow-students who can use the pen in a more entertaining style than he can himself. At least he believes that, although he has never been fortunate enough to prove it as a fact.

The first numbers of the paper are issued without very great exertion on the part of the staff; partly owing to their unused stock of ideas and partly to the fact that there are a greater number of interesting college events taking place then than at any other time in the session. After a while his work becomes a drag, the ink—the dark possibility of bright ideas—does not flow so readily from his pen. The college work begins to press him hard, loud and

earnest appeals for help are sent out, and his postage expenses grow alarmingly. The head man on *Harper's* or *The Century* can and must afford to have a waste basket, but to the editor of the average college-paper, such a piece of furniture would be a superfluous luxury. This will explain why articles sometimes appear in our columns concerning which it is doubtful whether their absence or presence is preferable.

As already hinted almost any contribution is thankfully received. The donor's name is carefully treasured up—as is likewise his address, for we may perchance be able at a future time to help him realize the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

College editors are not surprised that other great persons should like to remain *incog*, as they themselves find it always convenient and often amusing. It may not afford them the most exquisite delight, yet it is not altogether a killing matter to hear that such an article (written by the hearer) was extremely absurd or that No. — was the worst number of the paper that had yet appeared. At any rate it is a favorable opportunity to give a sarcastic smile, and wonder how long the paper would wait until improved by the speaker.

But when the exams. are close at hand! Then comes the tug of war! Every editor holds back until the last minute, until the report is circulating that the printer is going to slay each member of the staff, and then he meekly accepts the inevitable, leaves his class work in which he is not too well up and sorrowfully grinds out a one or two column composition.

To speak more particularly of the GAZETTE, the writer thinks that the unhappiness referred to might to a very considerable degree be lessened. How would it do to elect the editors for next year in the spring? If that were done they could prepare for the paper in the summer and then also could often improve opportunities to obtain matter from others.

And now as this will cover the vacant space that requires to be filled so that the GAZETTE will be out on time, I cheerfully end this production and turn to "plug" ——— notes.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

ON Friday evening, February 29th, the Students made their first bow to a Halifax audience, the occasion being a "Grand Assault-at-Arms," given in the Academy of Music, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency General Lord A. Russell, K.C.B., His Honor the Lieut-Governor, His Honor the Speaker of the House of Assembly, His Worship the Mayor, The Chairman of the Board of Governors, and the Principal of the University. The night was rather unfavorable, and there were many outside attractions, yet the audience was a large and critical one. The competition for the medals offered by Prof. Forrest for proficiency in gymnastics has hitherto been held in the College gymnasium, but past experience has shown that there were many who would have attended and been much profited thereby, had the gymnasium been suited for such a purpose. The result was that this year the Students determined on giving all a chance to see what gymnasium-work really is, and decided to add such attractions as would place the venture beyond the risk of failure. It is needless to say that the result was a success. We may say that the performance reflected the highest credit on all concerned, and bore testimony to the faithful work Sergt.-Major Bailey, the College instructor, has done during the past season. It was much to be regretted that Sergt. Smith, whose departure we noticed in our last issue, could not have been present.

The events in the competition were Horizontal-bar, Fencing, Single-sticks, Boxing and Parallel-bars. The entries were: W. B. Taylor, G. Robinson, H. M. Smith, A. S. McKenzie, and A. Lewis. Unfortunately Mr. Smith having received a severe strain in the gymnasium was obliged to retire. The competition was unusually close, which argues it to be still closer next year. The judges were A. McK. Doull, and F. S. West, Esqs., the referee, J. T. Lithgow, Esq.; it is needless to say that these gentlemen performed their work in a very satisfactory and impartial manner. The gold medal was awarded to W. B. Taylor, the silver, A. Lewis, being presented to the fortunate winners by Lord Russell, who made some remarks appropriate to the occasion.

The following is the programme:

- 1—HORIZONTAL BAR.
By W. B. Taylor, H. M. Smith, A. S. McKenzie, A. Lewis, A. Reid, J. F. Smith.
- 2—FENCING.
By W. B. Taylor, A. S. McKenzie, G. Robinson, H. M. Smith, A. Lewis, A. Reid.
- 3—SINGLE STICKS.
By G. Robinson, W. B. Taylor, H. M. Smith, A. S. McKenzie, A. Lewis, A. Reid.
- 4—BOXING.
By W. B. Taylor, T. J. Murphy, A. S. McKenzie, G. Robinson, H. M. Smith, A. Reid, A. Lewis.
- 5.—PARALLEL BARS.
By W. B. Taylor, G. Robinson, A. S. McKenzie, H. M. Smith, A. Lewis, T. J. Murphy.
- 6—SINGLE STICK DRILL.
By A. J. Campbell, H. M. Smith, F. Coffin, W. S. Calkin, A. Lewis, J. F. Smith.
- 7—BROAD SWORD.
Color blue. A. REID. *Color white.* J. F. SMITH.
- 8—LEFT HAND SINGLE STICKS.
Color blue. G. ROBINSON. *Color white.* F. COFFIN.
- 9—SWORD FEATS.
BY SERGT.-MAJOR BAILEY.
- No. 1. Cutting three sheets foolscap.
" 2. " one apple on the hand.
" 3. " one apple on the neck.
" 4. " one apple on the throat.
" 5. " one apple suspended by a thread, first cutting the thread.
" 6. Cutting six apples in the air.
" 7. " one apple under the foot.
" 8. " one apple in a handkerchief without damaging the latter.
" 9. Cutting one handkerchief.
" 10. " six ribbons.
" 11. " one broom handle suspended by two rings of paper resting on two sharp razors.
" 12. Cutting one broom handle resting on two tumblers full of water, without disturbing the water.
" 13. Cutting three bars of lead.
" 14. " two sheep at one blow.
- 10—QUARTER STAFF.
Color blue. A. REID. *Color white.* J. SMITH.
- 11—LIGHT DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.
By H. M. Smith, G. Robinson, A. Reid, A. McKenzie, Sergt.-Major Bailey, T. J. Murphy, F. Coffin, W. B. Taylor
- 12—SALUTE IN QUARTE AND TIERCE.
FENCING LESSON.
By H. M. Smith, G. Robinson, W. B. Taylor, A. Reid, A. S. McKenzie, F. Coffin.
- 13.—SWORD VS. BAYONET.
Color blue. W. B. TAYLOR. *Color white.* A. S. MCKENZIE.

14—BAYONET VS. BAYONET.

Color blue. A. REID. *Color white.* SMITH.

15—INDIAN CLUBS.

By H. M. Smith, G. Robinson, A. Reid, A. S. McKenzie, W. B. Taylor, Sergt.-Major Bailey.

16—LEFT HAND FENCING.

Color blue. W. B. TAYLOR. *Color white.* A. S. MCKENZIE.

17—DUMB-BELLS.

By Sergt.-Major Bailey, H. M. Smith, A. Reid, G. Robinson, J. F. Smith, A. S. McKenzie, W. B. Taylor, T. J. Murphy, W. S. Calkin, A. J. Campbell, F. Coffin.

18—VAULTING HORSE.

By the Class.

All the exercises were characterized by a grace and ease which showed the strength and muscular development of the performers to advantage; those on the Horizontal and Parallel-bars eliciting loud applause. In the Single-stick Messrs. Taylor and Robinson showed some very good play. The boxing was exceptionally fine, creating a great deal of laughter. The Broad-sword and Quarter-staff exercises by Messrs. Reid and Smith proved very interesting. The events which best pleased the audience and were most loudly applauded were the light Dumb-bell exercise, with sleigh bells attached to each bell, and the Indian-club swinging, the former exercise being given for the first time in the Academy of Music. The Single-stick Drill and Fencing Lesson, including Salute in Quarte and Tierce, were very prettily gone through by the class. Sergt.-Major Bailey introduced some extremely difficult sword feats successfully cutting in two with a scimitar sheets of paper balanced upright on stools; an apple suspended at arm's length in a handkerchief without injuring the handkerchief; apples in halves as thrown at him by an assistant. Strength and skill in using a broad sword were shown by cutting a bar of wood placed upon two tumblers without tipping the tumblers, and bars of lead stood on end or tossed in the air. Cutting an apple on the throat and back of the neck, and two sheep weighing 186 pounds, at one blow, were much admired. The sword used by the Instructor was obtained from England for the occasion. The Spring-board Vaulting, unusually well done, closed one of the

most interesting athletic entertainments ever given in the city.

The band of the Royal Irish Rifles furnished a choice programme of music.

Great credit is due the managing committee, H. M. Smith and W. B. Taylor, to whose untiring efforts the success of the event may be fairly attributed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

GENTLEMEN,—I have noticed with pleasure your recent allusions to the advantages that a "College Literary Society" would afford. But the fact is, Gentlemen, the Editors of the GAZETTE have been advocating the formation of such a society for a number of years, but the students have hitherto failed to take any steps toward putting their suggestions into practical form.

I feel assured that the time has arrived for the inauguration of a Dalhousie University Literary Club, with every prospect of complete success. It is quite evident that it is impossible for such a society to be creditably sustained unless a few of the leisure hours of the holidays are utilized for this object. Past experience warrants this conclusion. Let us form such a society immediately. I would propose the following outline. Every student of our University may be eligible for membership who will undertake to furnish a thesis or essay on any subject of *his* or *her* choice. The articles are to be written during the summer months. The "Club" should hold, say, monthly meetings during the session, at which meetings selected essays should be read, discussed and published in the College paper. Even from this meagre outline many advantages are manifest. Such a club would soon awaken an enthusiasm for literary work, and arouse into action the talents that now lie dormant. It would concentrate and give a definite purpose to the hitherto aimless efforts and ever incite the students to still higher achievements.

We would thereby attain that intellectual culture which is only derived from intercourse with persons of literary tastes. It would afford a pleasing and profitable diversion from the dull

routine of College life, and in after life we would ever revert with pleasure to the associations thus formed. But there are more practical benefits than the mere anticipation of pleasant reminiscences.

We trust that there is no student, however limited his leisure time, who does not devote at least a small part of his holidays to general reading; but a short experience has taught me that such desultory reading is valueless unless pursued with a definite aim in view. Such an aim our proposed society will certainly furnish; so that what ever may be the subject matter of the essayist's choice, whether Scientific, Historical, Philosophical, Poetical, or literature of a lighter nature he will feel that he is about to share with others the fruit of his toil. This course of procedure will not only lead him to thoroughly digest and assimilate the mental nourishment furnished by the author, but will also cultivate his own literary tastes and develop his latent originality. Such are a few and only a few of the advantages which the individual members of the society will certainly reap. Our College paper would then worthily represent the intellectual advancement of our students and favorably compare, in fact take first rank, with the organs of the first universities of America. Immediate steps will be taken towards the formation of such a society, and it should meet with the support of every Dalhousie student. We trust the ladies will heartily co-operate and make the club in reality a first class literary society.

Respectfully yours,

ROISLECVE.

COLLEGE NEWS.

• THE Principal and all the Professors showed their approval of gymnastics by being present on Friday night.

THE Assault-at-Arms was pronounced by several of the audience competent to judge to have been the best ever given in Halifax. The proceeds are to be given to the Gymnasium Fund.

THE costume worn by the performers at the Assault-at-Arms was: white jerseys, trimmed with crimson ribbon, white knickerbockers crimson belt, and stockings.

THE light dumb-bell exercise was given for the first time in the Academy of Music on Friday night.

THE total number of our graduates is 141 of whom only 63 have had interest enough in their Alma Mater to join the Alumni Society.

FOR the benefit of the students who had not an opportunity of listening to the admirable address of Professor Schurman in the College prayer-meeting on Saturday last 1st inst. I would offer a brief resume; and while conscious of my inability to give as full a report as the occasion demands, hope that pardon may be granted for a weak rendering of that which needed but to be heard in order to be appreciated.

The subject of the remarks was "Paul at Athens" (In order to make the students more at home with him, the speaker assured them that he did not meet them in the same spirit which colored their daily meetings, but as an earnest seeker after truth; and as one whose student days were not so far back in the past that he was unfitted to sympathize with the troubles and difficulties of a students' life. Nor did he wish to speak of the character of the great Apostle, but from that memorable sermon to dwell on a few truths especially applicable to students.)

Paul had observed in their city an altar dedicated to "The Unknown God." This fact is used by the Apostle to lead his hearers from error to truth, not by raising a barricade between himself and them, but meeting them on the common-ground of an acknowledged divinity he says, "Ye Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very much devoted to the worship of your Gods,"—which is the true meaning of the words rendered, "too superstitious,"—and thereby leads them by the reason on which they so much prided themselves, to take a true view of Deity, clenching his argument with a reference to their own poets.

The point most dwelt on was the question, "Was this spirit of Agnosticism the legitimate outcome of centuries of inquiries in fields of natural truths and philosophy?" And "Is the same spirit revived in our day, after other centuries of deeper research, the natural result of scientific investigation?" The reason why many minds such as that of Professor Huxley's land in Agnosticism from the study of Nature, is that they carry into the region of the spiritual the same manner of study which has unlocked for them Nature's closed secrets, and finding results totally different from what they would expect, they cut themselves loose from the truths of the gospel, denying the truth of that

which to be known must be studied in a different manner. Between mind and matter there remains a vast unbridged chasm, nor will either reveal its secrets save to him who asks in the manner peculiar to each. Thus in striving to cultivate the spiritual by the means eminently successful in the domain of the material, subjecting each to the same process of explication, and finding the truths of the latter inexplicable by these means, it is placed aside and hidden beneath the altar of the not only *unknown* but *unknowable* God. In the same manner the Athenians of Paul's day, and the Agnostics of our day, aiming at perfection in everything, but striving to obtain it in each domain by the same cast-iron rules have developed into one-sided men; intellectually giants, and spiritually dwarfs.

One thing was strongly urged, viz: That should there be any danger of intellectual culture destroying the possibility of spiritual development, far better to drop the intellectual. As mind exceeds matter, so does the spiritual nature of man exceed the intellectual, and the latter should always be kept in subordination to the former.

Lastly was pointed out the line of argument used to confute the Agnostics of the present day, and the means of spiritual development. All have to acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth as the highest type of an ideal man, and by the study of that life alone can we hope to reach perfection. That absolute perfection, which in robes of flesh trod our earth, and with human voice revealed the love of God. His nearness to and interest in the human race, overthrows the altar to the Unknown God, and typifies the great possibilities of perfect man.

In pressing home the necessity of following that pattern, two points of perfection were noticed, from which young men in students life are especially apt to wander, purity of heart, thought and life, and temperance.

He who would follow the model of perfection closely, and obtain eminence in that or any other walk of life, worthy the powers of man, must be chaste and temperate in all things.

With thanks for space accorded.

C. O. M.

"MA," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think that Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who alone are expected to understand its contents.

How shamefully quiet our halls are.

"EXAMINATIONS are coming on, coming on."

SEVERAL ladies desire that snow-shoeing be placed on the Curriculum.

JUNIOR translates a Greek passage, "If you kill Hector he will afterwards kill you."

WHY does a certain Presbyterian soph attend Trinity Church so regularly? He is evidently bent on something.

THE warlike Hector still lives, and is now a General in Dalhousie. Apart from his official capacity he is much interested in Meteorology, and is often heard inquiring, "What will the weather be?"

THE Freshmen are much pleased to see that extracts from their essays have been published, and one was heard remarking that he can do even better than that.

JUST before the two sheep were cut athwart by Sergeant Bailey, "bahs" and bleatings resounded from all parts of the upper gallery. Such persons were evidently bemoaning the fate of their species.

THE class in Psychology of this year are particularly bright. In their recent examination some made 32, others 31, out of a possible 30. Almost all are going to attempt an honour course in Philosophy next year.

A FRESHMAN says if he is not successful in his examinations he will go up for the Gilchrist next summer. If he does, some of our graduates will likely be disappointed.

IN spite of the fiat of 1862-3 which forbids freshies to appear in public with a young lady, we find that one rash spirit at the Assault-at-Arms allowed himself to be taken care of by "a fair and patient maiden." Will such things alluz be?

As the fair train of ladies sweeps through the hall, the much abashed freshie stands still and stares intently, the wicked soph. looks on with much smacking of lips, the junior shouts *Sic transit gloria mundi*, the all-important senior shakes his head with no further remarks.

ONE of our heroes who has often figured in this column recently escorted home a young lady who lives some little distance out of the city. Just as he was leaving the house however he observed some students a little ahead of him, and fearing the cruel GAZETTE he sprang into a cart that was passing and laid flat in the bottom until he was past. This was extremely fresh.

"Cave canem." A medical fresh collected a parcel of bones at the dissecting room, which he intended to carry home. Having placed his treasure under the door step he awaited a suitable opportunity for its removal, but in the meantime the dogs came and

carried it off. Many people are now shocked at finding human bones in their backyards.

THERE are indications that recollections of a tender nature, which "years may not change nor time efface," have been implanted in the memory of one of our Seniors through the medium of the recent gymnastic contest. We refer to that hitherto irreproachable youth who made so successful a *debut* at the Academy on the above-mentioned occasion. Who now would not "Dare to be a Daniel?"

PERSONALS.

DALHOUSIANS AS MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Besides others already mentioned in this column, the following Dalhousians are to be found in various medical institutions. In Halifax Medical College are JOHN MCKENZIE (4th year) a General here in '78 and '79; A. J. MURRAY (2nd year), General of '79. JNO. MCLEOD (2nd year), an undergraduate in 1881 and '82. F. S. KINSMAN, B.A., '80, will graduate next spring in the University of New York. J. MURRAY McLEAN, Freshman of '81, is attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. R. H. CRAWFORD, a student here for a number of years, Boudoin College, Maine, and J. H. SLAYTER, Freshman of '81, Edinburgh University.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. McKeen, \$1.50; R. Landells, G. W. R. Murray, Hon. J. H. Macdonald, W. Macdonald, E. H. Owen, Mr. Sutherland, H. K. McLean, J. S. MacGregor, J. D. MacFarlane, O. C. S. Wallace, \$1.00 each.

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