

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 18, 1880.

NO. 4.

## CHRISTMAS NOVEMBER.

### CHRISTMAS.

"Give welcome to the Christmas-tide,  
That time to all most dear,  
Welcome the day our fathers loved,  
With gladness and good cheer.

We gather round the glowing fire,  
And watch the flickering blaze,  
To dream perhaps of scenes long past  
And friends of other days.

We greet each friend with kindly thought :  
Our holier feelings reign ;  
The absent ones with whispered prayer  
And blessings, soft we name.

All hate and strife now laid aside,  
Thrown off the earthly leaven—  
Our chastened spirits seem to climb  
The first few steps to heaven.

Oh give we thanks for Christmas Day,  
And keep in memory still  
The oft told tale, the gift to Earth  
Of Peace and of Good-will.

Yes, most give thanks for that kind word  
From Angel hosts above,  
When God, the God of Jewish fear  
Became the God of Love."

[SINUS.

### CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ ;  
The moon is hid, the night is still ;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist."

Was it not Adam Clarke that advised young preachers to take a long text, because it gave them "plenty of sea room?" And this subject gives even young writers plenty of material.

The festivities of Christmas are very much older than Christianity, for the use of evergreens and the veneration for the mistletoe are traceable in

the history of ancient nations both of the south and north of Europe. The Roman Saturnalia was, we are told, "towards the close of December; children were everywhere invoking Saturn; nothing now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts and merriment. All exertion of body or mind was forbidden; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth."

It appears that the early Christians wished to turn this old custom to better use, for in the first century, Clement said: "Brethren, keep dilligently feast days, and truly in the first place the day of Christ's birth." From the custom of singing masses on the eve of the Nativity, we derive the name Christsmass or Christmas. Servants and poor people were allowed to go around with boxes to collect money to pay for masses recited by the priests for their dead relatives, and from this circumstance we get our term Christmas box.

The jolly Normans brought in the custom of singing Christmas carols. It is natural for us to sing when we are happy, and who could keep from joining in the song when the yule log was blazing on the wide hearth, when the wassail bowl was filled, and under the mistletoe the young people joined in the old-fashioned dance. Let's have the mistletoe, whose magical presence makes thousands of English homes ring with girlish laughter, when

"Many a maiden's cheek is red,  
By lips and laughter thither led ;  
And fluttering bosoms come and go  
Under the Druid's mistletoe."



"Many a stout heart has been lured to fatal coral reefs by that prime looking plant, whose gaunt appearance is little in keeping with its aseulatory associations." Or as one of the old minstrels, says :

"Under the mistletoe pearly and green,  
Meet the kind lips of the young and old;  
Under the mistletoe hearts may be seen  
Glowing as though they had never been cold.  
  
Under the mistletoe, peace and good will  
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain;  
Leaves of the olive branch twine with it still,  
While breathings of hope fill the loud carol strain."

Southey mentions carol singing in Joan of Arc, where he speaks of the servant who fell upon the field of Palay :

"In this lord's castle dwelt for many a year  
A well beloved servant; he could sing  
Carols for the wassail; and when the boar's head  
Crowned with gay garlands and with rosemary,  
Smoked on the Christmas board."

The old writers never seem tired of praising hospitality; but at the Christmas festal board, "No song, no supper," was the maxim. Says an English squire :

"Not a man shall taste of my March beer,  
Till a Christmas carol he does sing;  
Then all clapped their hands, and shouted and sung,  
Till the hall and the parlour did ring."

In the reign of Henry VIII. they could afford to spend twelve days on Christmas festivities. There was a lord of misrule appointed, who could punish "any one that got drunk, or sat at table twice, or went into the kitchen to annoy the cook, or who kissed maid, wife or widow, except to bid welcome or farewell." During the Commonwealth such sports were forbidden. Bunyan would not eat mince pies on Christmas, because of the superstitious character attached to them. The number of ingredients was supposed to be symbolical of the offerings of the wise men, and the pies were made long and narrow to represent a manger. Some of the people naturally resented this way of keeping Christmas, as the following shows :

"Gone are those golden days of yore,  
When Christmas was a high day;  
Whose sports we now shall see no more,  
'Tis turned into Good Friday."

It was after the Reformation that Christmas carols were sung in the churches instead of Latin

hymns. One of the oldest carols ran in this manner :

"The cock croweth *Christus Natus est*,  
The raven asked *Quando?*  
The crow replied *Hac nocte*,  
The ox cryeth out *Ubi! Ubi!*  
The sheep bleateth forth *Bethlehem! Bethlehem!*  
A voice from heaven sounded, saying, *Gloria in Excelsis!*"

In Ireland the singing of carols is continued to the present day; but in Scotland they are unknown, for no church feasts are held. Our readers may blame or praise John Knox for this. The famous Christmas carol of Oxford was sung when the boar's head, covered with garlands, was being brought to the table. Here it is :

"*Caput apri defero*  
*Reddens laudes Domino*,  
The boar's head in hands bring,  
With garlands gay and rosemary,  
I pray for all, sing merrily,  
*Qui estis in convivio*.  
  
The boar's head I understande  
Is the chefe service in this lande,  
Look, wherever it be fande

*Servite cum Cantico.*"

Young maidens went from house to house, singing :

"Good dame, here at your door,  
Our wassail we begin,  
We all are maidens poor,  
We pray you let us in  
With our wassail.

Our wassail we do fill  
With apples and with spice,  
Then grant us your good will,  
So taste here once or twice  
Of our good wassail.

If any maidens be  
Here dwelling in this house,  
They kindly will agree  
To take a full carouse,  
Of our wassail.

But here they let us stand  
All freezing in the cold;  
Good master give command,  
So enter and be bold  
With our wassail.

We do not now go to see the oxen fall on their knees on Christmas Eve the way they are said to have done in Bethlehem on the Eve of the Nativity. A superstition is said to exist in Canada among the Indians, who steal out "to see the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit and look up." We do not now believe that the day on which Christmas falls is an

omen of war or peace, or that the twelve days at Christmas tell the kind of weather we are going to have for the next twelve months; but we still believe in being merry, and can echo Wither's gladsome spirit, when he says :

"Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,  
And all their spits are turning.  
  
Without the door let sorrow lye;  
And if for cold it hap to die,  
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,  
And evermore be merry."

The bellman sometimes ceased ringing for a while and went round distributing verses with the good wishes of the season; but as each year goes by, some old custom is dropped and is soon lost in oblivion.

Hoping that each succeeding Christmas of our readers may be merrier than the last, we will close our illustrations with a quotation from Shakespeare :

"Some say that ever against that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say no spirit can walk abroad;  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

#### CAN TWO STRAIGHT LINES ENCLOSE A SPACE? A DESSERTATION.

In quoque enim non ab nulla ratione videtur;  
sed veluti pueris absinthia taetra medentes  
cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum  
contingunt mellis dulci flavoque liquore,  
ut puerorum aetas improvida ludificetur

sic ego nunc, quoniam haec ratio plerumque videtur  
tristior esse quibus non est tractata, retroque  
volgus abhorret ab hac.

Prof. MacGregor, in his most admirable address, says, of Geometry :—

"For centuries its axioms were regarded as self-evident. Philosophical systems have been founded upon their supposed self-evident character. Lately, however, suspicion has fallen upon them and men have begun to question whether Euclid had any right to assume our space to be such that straight lines do not return into themselves, and that two of them can cut only once. The necessity of testing the assumption is now admitted, and experiments have at once been set on foot to determine whether or not Euclid's space is really that in which we live and move and have our being."

Now the men who are making those experiments are wrong. Euclid is not altogether right

either. I only am right. Possibly there will be found some to think this egotistic. But hearken, friends, if I had said that those experimenters were evidently a little astray and that Euclid did not seem to be exactly correct either, but the correct view was something else, it would have been all right, would it not? You would do so yourselves if you happened to think in that way. But that would be just as egotistic only a little less honest, do you see? Perhaps I am a trifle too honest. But we will leave this moral discussion and proceed to the metaphysico-mathematical one. That long word is intended as a barrier to those whose minds are unfit to deal with the discussion following. It is a very learned discussion. I have tried to get it entered in divers very profound and learned Magazines and Reviews, but was let hitherto. Great discoveries are often looked coldly on by dignitaries as Herveys and Galileos. But you know all about that. So, readers of this present sheet, I give it to you. Be duly thankful and attend. (I hope I have not committed superfluous honesty again.)

"Man is the measure of all things." It was one of those flashes of insight which shoot a principle like a flash of crystallization away into unexplored regions. (Three cents additional.) It has not even yet been fully applied. It has never been properly applied to the science of mathematics. I am go— but that is no matter. Man is prone to suppose that he has an all-sufficient absolute measure in his own ideas, and that he can evolve accurate knowledge from his own inner consciousness. But he is only a measure, and not always exact—a double limitation. There is a third. The maxim is still incomplete. I will finish— I mean it should read, man is, for man, the measure of all things. Inductive sciences arise from certain human sensibilities, as the science of music from peculiar sensibilities to sound. Deductive sciences are constructed out of certain modes of perception, or abstract notions necessarily arising from our mental and physical constitution; as Logic, upon the notion of Truth which is the consistency of all our perception with each other; the first branch of mathematics or the doctrine of Quan-



tity, upon the notion of equality, the quality of things fulfilling the same conditions; the second branch of mathematics, the doctrine of Form, [Geometry is not the science of *space*], upon the notion of a straight line, which is the course of vision. From these definitions we can prove (a definition is proof positive) all the demonstrable propositions of the two sciences. Here, however, we will pass over the first two definitions. They are difficult. There are so many explanations to make and different ideas to keep up. Therefore, O gentle and by this time pretty much exhausted reader, I spare you. But the third is clear as daylight and simple as a twilight monad. Moreover, I am coming now to the *point* at which I aimed in starting. Watch it

## THEOREM.

Two straight lines cannot enclose a space.

If it be possible let there be two straight lines (imagine them, gentle reader,) A B C and A D C touching at A and C and enclosing a space. Place your eye at one point of contact A you will see along the line A B C and also along the line A D C, and yet see only a point wherein is no space enclosed. Therefore the lines A B C and A D C do not enclose a space. Q E D.

The same method of proof will do equally for one straight line.

Geometry then is based upon our notion of the course of vision in space. Through a medium of similar density, of course. There can be no question of its applicability to the space wherein we live and move. I will venture to affirm that the experiments to determine this question are based upon reasonings containing a fallacy, most probably a *petitio principii*, like those which trisect an angle. Also the supposition, Stuart Mill's, I believe, that in some other order of things two straight lines may enclose a space, is absurd. (Read "My Dream" in the "Bab Ballads.") Names are not eternal. These names and theories are "for man," and while man remains the same kind of animal as now, they will be valid. Afterward they will pass away.

In conclusion, reader, I hope you will remember that this is my theory. I do not want to promulgate such theories as this without some

one to blow a trumpet before me, though I am really afraid I shall have to toot my own and that a tin one. Meantime I remain with all humility,  
TRISMEGISTUS.

## GOOD EDUCATION.

THE question naturally presents itself, what constitutes a good education? The answer will be found by attending to the objects of education, and to the distinction between means and an end. If an architect be employed to build a house, he first surveys the locality, next prepares a plan, and then engages practical workmen to combine his material into the proposed erection. To be able to produce a plan, characterized at once by neatness, taste and commodious arrangement, he must have a good knowledge of mathematics and drawing. He may prepare a plan by means of his intellectual powers, but, without some knowledge of mathematics and drawing, he could not reduce it to a practical form. The plan itself, however, is but a means towards the end—the erection of a building. The acquisition and subsequent combination of the materials, according to the design, accomplish the object.

Now mathematics and drawing are excellent attainments, viewed as a means of building a palace or bridge or college, and if they produce nothing but themselves, or if they produce plans merely pleasing to fancy and not applicable to any purpose, they had better be viewed as skilful recreations or elegant accomplishments. What drawing and mathematics are to practical building, languages, writing and arithmetic are to a good education, and the successful application of it to business. They are means of acquiring and communicating knowledge; and knowledge itself is only the element which, practically and skilfully applied, leads to the end that business may be transacted and enjoyment procured.

As an architect must begin the study of his profession by learning to draw, so all other members of society must commence their education by studying the means of acquiring knowledge: and now to enquire what these means are.

The English language,—reading and writing, are all important means of acquiring and communicating knowledge. They should be assiduously taught by the most approved methods. Algebra and pure mathematics also belong to the class of means. The former embraces only the relations of number, the latter the proportions of space. Though a person have a most profound knowledge of these subjects, yet he may be ignorant of everything that does not necessarily imply exact proportion of number and space. All languages likewise belong to the class of means. In preferring one to another we should be guided by the principle of utility;—that language is most useful in which most knowledge is contained. For this reason French and German are more valuable acquirements than Greek or Latin. One great object of education is the attainment of knowledge itself. If the time of obtaining real knowledge be devoted to the study of languages, the individual will enter upon active life in a state of qualification for the performance of the duties of life, similar to that of a lady for the practice of architecture who has only completed her studies in drawing. He will be deficient in many acquirements that would be useful for the preservation of health, he will not be instructed in any science, know nothing whatever of the laws of his country were he called upon to enforce or to administer them; in short he will be sent into society with little else than a vague imagination of the greatness of Greece and Rome and the beauties of classical literature. We see every day the evils that arise from mis-directed education, individuals who ruin their constitutions and die in youth and middle age from sheer ignorance of the laws of health.

To attain to useful knowledge of natural objects, and the laws of their action, it is necessary to study chemistry, biological science, natural history and natural philosophy. These make us acquainted with nature, and ought to constitute important branches of education. For the industrial portion of the people it would not be necessary to teach these sciences in detail. In addition to the sciences already mentioned, therefore, a useful education would embrace

instruction in geography, civil history, political economy, and religion. A taste for poetry, painting, music, sculpture or languages, is bestowed by nature on particular individuals. They ought, therefore, to be cultivated by such persons. Further, as long as the present institutions of society exist, Latin is indispensable to the study of law, medicine or science. Greek need only be studied by divines. The fine arts, also, should be taught as enjoyments, and a taste for them encouraged; but in common minds, a considerable amount of moral and intellectual cultivation must precede their appreciation.

A. R.

## LITERARY.

THE charming little operetta "The Land of Nod" has proved a popular hit for the Christmas number of *St. Nicholas*. It is easily gotten up, at slight expense, and proves a delightful entertainment, adapted to any season of the year. It is already in active preparation in many places, and attractive additional music has been written for three or four of the recitations, which Scribner & Co. will send to those desirous of bringing out the operetta.

INSHTATHEAMBA.—A pleasant announcement made by the editors of *St. Nicholas* is that they have secured for their next number a story of Indian life by Inshtatheamba (Bright-eyes), the daughter of an Omaha chief, who has been traveling through the States during the last two years under the protection of two of her kinsmen, trying to rouse the conscience of the whites to the rights of her race. Miss La Flesche (for that is her English name) makes now, we believe, her first essay as an author, but she cannot but succeed if she gives as dramatic pictures of the daily domestic life of her people as she has hitherto done in her addresses. She has broad culture and keen perceptive faculty, and she has given herself up to the cause of her people with a simplicity and passionate single-mindedness of heart that must rouse sympathy in every man and woman whose own instincts are true and pure.—*N. Y. Tribune*.



# The Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 18, 1880.

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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AND now comes the season of the Yule log and Twelfth Night cake, better known, however, to our ancestors than their degenerate descendents. Nevertheless we, too, look forward to its coming with no small amount of interest, and though our sports are somewhat milder, perhaps take quite as much enjoyment. Pagans and Christians, though they called their festivities by different names, were at least both agreed that one portion of the year should be given up to mirth and jollity; and we will not be the first to give up the good old customs. Let the merchant lay down his pen, and the student his books, and, in the good old fashioned game of snap dragon and hunt the slipper, forget for a while the cares of life, and go back once more to the careless days of childhood. Christmas was Christmas then, and who would not have scouted at the idea of Santa Claus being an imaginary being. The little old man dressed in red, with his furs and team of reindeers, scurrying over the houses, popping down the chimneys and emptying his wonderful bag into the numerous

stockings—he not exist!—why then who filled the stockings? It was part of a child's creed. Now alas, all that is over, and, like many creeds, aye even those of riper years, that too, is exploded. None the less for the sake of old times, Christmas still keeps a prime hold on our affections, the hard, cold thoughts of the world are set aside, and for a time at least, our feelings are purer and holier. As we grasp each other's hands and drink to the health of our absent friends, all enmities are laid aside, and once more, as two thousand years ago, Peace and Good-will reigns triumphantly on earth.

To the student, especially, Christmas comes "as balm to the wounded soul," for with it comes the long-looked for vacation. All thoughts of the dire "Ides" are laid side, and he already revels in imaginary plum pudding and other indigestible dainties which custom has ascribed to this particular season. Soon the pony will be developed into a full-grown horse, which will perhaps carry him a longer distance and in better company than the dear old classics. Ah, those moonlight drives! What items there will be for the "*Dallusiensia*;" some, perhaps, will even develop into Personals. Then the rinking and tobogganing; how quickly the time will fly, and the stagnant blood once more course freely through the veins. We can faintly imagine the glowing thoughts and fancies that will flood the succeeding GAZETTES, as our numerous contributors while away the long winter evenings with their brilliant articles. Not for ages shall we hear the clamorous cry of the printers for "copy," as we placidly hand in the numerous "Christmas Thoughts," &c.

One parting word to our friends before we leave. Holidays are Holidays. Let no grim spectre of the approaching *exams.* interfere with your fun. We sincerely pity the man who grinds during vacation. As a matter of fact it does not pay, for the work must suffer afterwards. Play heartily while you may and the cram afterwards will be all the better for it. With minds freshened and bodies strengthened by relaxation and exercise, ye will come back like giants, fit to conquer all things. And we all know that there is no child's play before us.

But away with melancholy! This is no season to dwell upon our future ills. Now, as the Yankees say, we must have a "good time." And may all our subscribers have the same, with A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

WE are sorry to say that there have been general complaints as to the working of the Reading Room. The papers are not kept as orderly as they might be, and still more unsatisfactory, are fyled at all sorts of times. The *Morning Herald* is a welcome though uncertain visitor, and many others are somewhat the same. It may be that the Committee have not yet got into working order, and we trust we will see after Christmas a new order of things. The Reading Room is a great boon to the students if properly conducted, and we think that they have shown this year, that as far as they are concerned, it shall be a success. Mr. Munro's thoughtful contribution to the Room is another reason for its success. All that is wanted now is a little more energy on the part of the Committee, or perhaps a little more method, as we cannot doubt their interest in the matter. After the successful opening of the new room last year it would be a great pity for things to sink back to their old state.

HOW long is it since there were any additions to our Library? Some of the English Classics were purchased in '76 or '77, but with the exception of Dr. Mackenzie's bequest, we believe we are right in saying none have been added since. This, unfortunately, cannot very well be helped, as the College finances are so low that even many of the necessary expenses have to be cut down. Here then is a field for generosity among our well wishers. Could not some of the Alumni start a "Library Fund," by appealing to our friends all over the Province, either personally or by letter. Books, too, would be acceptable. At present our Library is only fairly complete, and that only in the various branches of study. (We have nothing to represent the wide fields of Biography and Fiction.) There is a sad want also in the later books of Science and kindred subjects. How, then, are

we to supply this want? As we before said, we must depend upon our friends, and they will not, we imagine, fail us.

While speaking of the Library, there is a matter which, though perhaps of small importance, deserves a passing notice—that is the use of Library books as Text-books. Our readers will agree with us that they should be used only for reference. Something at least ought to be done to prevent their being defaced with marginal notes, &c., which we so commonly see now on the classics.

LAST publishing day we found some little difficulty in obtaining the use of the Reading Room from the Committee. Now, while we do not question their authority, we would ask them to re-consider their determination to use it. As publishing day comes only once a fortnight, this privilege—and it will be a great privilege to us—will not to any extent interfere with the "internal harmony" of the Room. Moreover, if the Committee remember that nearly all the reading matter comes in the form of Exchanges to the GAZETTE, they surely must think that we deserve some consideration at their hands. The GAZETTE assists them as much as it can, and therefore expects to receive the same treatment at their hands.

### THIS CANADA OF OURS.

WE live in an age of advancement. The century which is now "on the decline" has witnessed rapid and unprecedented strides in the arts and sciences. Discovery and invention have been its most striking characteristics, tending to the one grand end—social improvement and excellence. Liberalism, in thought, in sentiment and in action is the order of the day. Old manners, usages and customs are being ruthlessly pushed aside to make way for new ones more in keeping with the present age:

"Ring out the old,  
Ring in the new;  
Ring out the false,  
Ring in the true,"

is the universal sentiment, and the supporters and advocates of conservatism unadulterated are comparatively few.



Look, for instance, at our neighbouring Republic. Has she not of a truth, sprung up in a night? A hundred years ago saw the sites of even the oldest of her now numerous and populous cities—"the boundless forests and the trackless waste." Verily the truth of Shakespeare's lines is apparent here: the tide that bore the Pilgrim Fathers from old England was "taken at the flood," and the greatness of our neighbour to-day forms a conclusive proof that it has "led on to fortune."

And what the United States is to-day the Dominion of Canada is destined soon to be. The past ten years even have witnessed wonders among us. Whether or not the Confederation of the Provinces has conferred on us to the full extent all the advantages claimed—and that it has may well be doubted—few will now deny that in it lies the basis of our future greatness. "Union is strength:" and the truth of this old maxim we are just beginning to realize now that we see how rapidly the Dominion is rising in the estimation of other nations, and with what confidence foreign capitalists are investing in our native industries and undertakings.

Such being the case,—and recent events furnish the proof of it,—it does not become us to be despondent. Let us "see ourselves as others see us." With natural advantages that are unexcelled, with splendid fisheries, with our manufacturing and mining industries steadily increasing, with our North West, but yesterday comparatively unknown, to-day teeming with a strong and energetic population, we should be the last to fear for the future of our Dominion. Hitherto our faith has been perhaps too wavering, our confidence too weak. A spirit of unrest and discontentedness has, up till very recently, taken possession of our youth. The advantages offered to the laboring classes in the States has been drawing from our country a large amount of its bone and sinew. But "good times" are coming again, our industries are experiencing a fresh impetus, and our young men are beginning to see that "there's no place like home."

Canada may well be proud of her educational institutions. Her schools are on the whole exceedingly efficient. Young Canada is not

growing up an ignoramus. Our numerous Colleges and Universities are sending out men fully equipped "to fight life's battle," in right good earnest to promote the interests of Canada, and to make her commercially, agriculturally, intellectually, morally and nationally great.

One of the results attendant upon the Union was the awakening of a national feeling. We are proud of our country now enjoy a vigorous and hearty existence. A national sentiment is becoming universal. Of the most of us Canada has been the birth-place. We can say "This is our own, our native land," and our patriotism should be—our love for our Dominion—"this Canada of ours." By a poetic fiction, in consequence of a fond affection, we sometimes give to the old country the hallowed name of home, but it is time now, if not to change the name, to remember that here in this Dominion our abiding home is, and that we should make it for ourselves what England or Scotland was to our fathers. Our days of tutelage, of provincialism are over. We are just beginning a strong, vigorous, honest existence on our own account, bound of course to the fatherland by the ties of filial respect, by loyalty to our common Queen, and by fealty to our common flag, but at the same time conscious of a new national life and of a glorious greatness soon to be ours. Patriotism with us should be love of Canada—a determination to make her worthy of us, worthy of a national existence, of a nation's name. We do not want independence from England,—we can get it for the asking; but we do not want dependence on England. Canada should be her helper, her ally, her son full grown, giving to the parent the strength and assistance, the courage and vim of noble manhood. We want England's history, England's heroes, England's past, England's present, England's Queen to be ours, our strength, manhood and responsibilities to be hers.

I cannot, in this article, elaborate the duties which I conceive should devolve upon us as patriots, as lovers of Canada. We should encourage her literature, read her magazines, purchase her books, invest our money in her industries, encourage developing enterprises and

bring into publicity those that are undeveloped. Above all, we should endeavour to elevate and purify the tone and morale of its press,—to frown down and expose incipient or undeveloped political corruption, chicanery craft,—to obtain that exalted honor and purity among Canadian statesmen, which are the crowning glory and grandeur of the men whom England delights to honour.

I could not better close this paper than in the words of our own poet, Edgar:—

"Let other tongues in older lands  
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
And point in triumph to the past,  
Content to live in story;  
But we without baronial halls  
Or castellated towers,  
Can dearly love our native land,  
This Canada of ours.

We boast instead our forest free  
And fields of golden grain,  
Our mighty floods, our noble hills  
And many a fertile plain:  
For nature with no sparing hand  
Her richest bounty showers  
Through all this broad Dominion,  
This Canada of ours.

We love those far-off ocean isles  
Where England's monarch reigns,  
We'll ne'er forget 'tis British blood  
That courses through our veins;  
The glories of our free-born sires,  
The race that never cowers,  
Extend prophetic lustre  
O'er this Canada of ours.

May our Dominion flourish then,  
A goodly land and free,  
From deep Atlantic's foamy wave  
Even to Pacific's sea:  
Strong arms shall guard our happy homes  
When danger darkly lowers,  
And with our heart's-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of ours.

JACQUES.

#### SODALES.

A LIMITED number of students assembled in Class Room No. 2, on Friday evening, 3rd inst., to discuss the question, "Do the advantages of boat-racing counterbalance the evils arising from the practice;" but as the majority present wished to attend the Winter Port meeting at the Academy of Music, a motion to that effect was enthusiastically carried and the discussion of the question was deferred *sine die*.

In the absence of the President, Costley ascended the wool-sack on Friday evening, 10th inst., and in stentorian tones called the meeting to order. Dill was appointed Secretary, and read the minutes of the last meeting in a most outrageous and unparliamentary manner, which were approved nevertheless. It was resolved to have in lieu of the regular debate a literary entertainment such as is customary at "tea-worries," on the Friday evening next ensuing, that being the last Friday preceding the Christmas holidays, and McInnes, Torey and Sedgewick were appointed a committee to manage such entertainment as aforesaid.

The question for the evening's debate, viz.: "Is the system of franchise as at present in vogue throughout the Dominion the best possible?" was then taken up. Torey, the opener, explained that it was his purpose to be brief. "He would rush," said he, "to a joyous victory or sudden death," to use the words of Horatius. Franchise must be based on either position, education or property, and in this country the property basis is the only expedient one. Look at the neighbouring Republic: universal suffrage prevails, and—universal bribery and corruption. "The great unwashed" govern the country.

Cameron, the respondent, considered that a large number of our young men were unjustly excluded from voting. They were taxed: they were compelled to perform statute labor (and that seemed to strike the speaker very hard). But our educated young men at college, and studying for the learned professions were, he thought most unjustly excluded. An educational basis was practicable. Collegians should have a vote.

Jones questioned if the young men whose imaginary wrongs were so eloquently depicted by the last speaker, were unjustly excluded. It did not appear to him that young men without property had a right to meddle in their country's affairs. It was not so in ancient times, and those were prosperous times. He was a conservative. Were not men in the U. S. bought wholesale simply for the reason that they had no property, no interests at stake.

After several other passable speeches the question was put, and "that our system is the



best possible" was carried by a small majority.

Knowles made an admirable criticism—for Knowles, and promised to do even better next time.

The speeches on the whole were good, though the discussion was not so animated as on previous evenings. The meeting disbanded to the tune of "Lauriger Horatius."

#### OUR EXCHANGES.

In this issue of the GAZETTE the exchange editor, with the smile of friendship upon his lips, stretches out his right hand over the past and wishes all occupying similar positions the compliments of the approaching season.

This announcement of "good will" no doubt will be a disappointment to the *Niagara Index*, who expects us always to approach him in a warlike attitude. Our amiable disposition is for peace. We therefore cannot accommodate the *Index*. We like you too well to criticize you too severely. In fact our large heart yearns to do you good, although we are at a loss to know why. The *Index* has many good qualities. The number before us contains some very readable articles. "Fronti Nulla Fides" is a little poem of considerable merit. "Classical Studies" is a continued story, which no doubt proves instructive to the individual who can live through the reading of it. Chapter xxxiv. of this story appears in the present number.

We always wish to have a good word to say about the *Brunonian*, but of late it appears to be falling behind in a literary point. Its editorials are short but somewhat obscure. Some of its locals are very tame and meaningless. In this department perhaps more discrimination might be used. But yet the *Brunonian* is one of our best exchanges.

*Queen's College Journal*—in the October and December numbers—has at last cheered us with its presence. We were beginning to think the *Journal* had expired or had forgotten us, but we have been happily disappointed. It presents the usual neat and attractive appearance. The October number is wholly taken up with an account of the formal opening and dedication of the new buildings, of which the College has reason to be proud. We congratulate happy Queen's. We were charmed with "An offering of song," and can-

not refrain from inserting a stanza of a chorus sung during the opening exercises:

"Now join every voice in a soul-stirring chorus,  
To honor the true men who've labored before us,  
Long life to old Queen's then, with all her old graces,  
And long live her children to echo her praises."

To which we append a hearty "Amen."

The December number represents the *Journal* in its usual interesting character. "Liberality to Colleges in Canada" has the true ring about it. The *Journal* is always welcome.

Our new exchange, the *Varsity*, maintains its interesting character. "Observations by the Patriarch Student" is particularly clever. "Freewill and Necessitarianism" is a "heavy" article, yet very readable. The poetry of the *Varsity* is above the average college poetry.

The third number of the *Argosy* has come to hand. The October and November numbers of this paper contained matter of such an interesting character that we now very naturally expect something good from our Sackville friend, and we have not been disappointed. The number before us is almost brilliant. Passing over "What is it?"—which constrains us to remark that the *Poetry mill* of the *Argosy*, like that of the GAZETTE, grinds slowly—have the muses forsaken those happy haunts where so often they have tuned their lyres, or do they wish to appear in the shape of *owls*?—we come to a very readable article on "The old woman that lived in the shoe." Possibly the writer was thinking of a *shoe* that may pinch in the future; be that as it may, we must admire the noble way in which he defends this much-injured historical character. We will forgive the author of "Usage in Language" if he does not inflict us with any more. "Originality" is too difficult to get at, and "Laughter" is too common to be very interesting. The writer of "Bangs" says *bangs* belong to the nineteenth century, that is, it belongs to the age of Railroads, Telegraphs, Telephones, &c. The *Argosy* records the death of "Old T. D."

*King's College Record* contains a very readable poem—"Little Roland,"—a translation from the German. It takes up two pages. We trust that the ghost stories that come from that quarter will not have the effect of driving away the muses. The *Argosy* might make a note of "Sackville College Mannerisms." "An Archæological discovery" is as readable an article as we have read in a college paper. The *Record* has been drumming the ears of the college authorities in regard to needed improvements about

the buildings, &c., and its voice has been heard. The GAZETTE has too much respect for the feelings of man in general to hint even slight improvements in the Grand Parade.

We have also received late numbers of the following exchanges:—*University Magazine*, *Westminster Monthly*, *Varsity*, *Lariat*, of Wabash College, *Journal of Agriculture for Nova Scotia*, *Casket*, &c., &c.

#### 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.

A MERRY Christmas to you!

AND all the other complaints of the season.

MAY our *Alma Mater's* pudding be a success: may it amply feed all her sons, including the Janitor!

How proud and happy he ought to be! They call him *Georgie* down there now, in their secret communings.

It seems that the young scientist is becoming *callous* to our admonitions. He still keeps his face clean and his hat brushed when passing the tabernacle. However, as our quondam friend used to remark, "we'll give you one *shance* more."

"WE have known," says the Principal, "students so intent upon some particular study as to disregard totally the sensation of hunger." If there are any such among us, point them out, sir, and we will allow them to bear off "the immortal cake."

THE class in Metaphysics, one and all, were of the opinion that the Professor did the "square thing" when he eulogized "(Co)u)sine's Theory of the Beautiful." We are glad to say that since our last issue, this theory has been borne out by fact and *Cosine* is himself again.

WHAT a cordial greeting was extended to a Junior the other day by his stern and reverend father, who found his unworthy son in ——— when he ought to have been in class! Shirking is not always successful.

EVEN the Freshmen are taking liberties. One of them translates *foro expiato*—"the tables of the money changers having been overturned."

There is a place for everything, but a poor Freshie can't be always expected to know the place, and so we forgive you—if the Professor does.

THE gigantic busts in the college on Friday evening were considered beautifully proportioned, there being an equal number of figures.

WITH a "dim religious" mien the Seniors enter the Ethical class-room and, having entered it, with "dim religious" snores they pass away the hour.

SYNCHRONOUS with the disappearance of a large quantity of rubber tubing from the Chemical Laboratory, a student appears with Turkish pipes on a gorgeous scale. To obtain a "Hookah" he became a *hooker*.

It looks ominous to see a letter come to the college, addressed:

Miss. ———,  
Care of Mr. ———.

It betokens intimacy, to say the least of it.

*Georgie*, they say, intends to hang up a nice, large, roomy, capacious long stocking, you know, borrowed of course. It is not known which he will prize the most,—the stocking or its contents. However, it's all in a life time, George.

SENIOR, translating: "*Cum pater ipse porrectus in horna.*" "When the father himself stretched in a *corner.*" "We are not reading 'Jack Horner' this week," says the Professor. Never mind, Senior, Christmas draweth nigh, when such things are in order.

IN response to our advertisement, we have received no less than twenty-two poems of a high order. We publish below the only one admittedly a failure:

"WANTED, A POET," so the legend ran,  
And why should I not be the prayed for man,  
To serve the country and our paper's cause,  
I'll laugh to scorn dame nature's sternest laws.  
"Poeta nascitur,"—all bosh! There's no such thing  
Why those who cannot should be made to sing.  
For me,—I feel divine efflatus rise,  
And bear me buoyant to the pathless skies.  
Waiter! a pen a ream of paper—ink,  
And something more,—Ah yes, a drop to drink!  
The willing Ganymede all speedy ran,  
And thus to write my poem I began.  
"Oh Heavenly Muse," thus fairly wrote, then stopped,  
And thought, and thought, and then I pensive mopped  
My reeking brow. 'Twas useless, I confess,—  
And then I ordered one more B. & S.



"Oh Heavenly Muse!" but still she 'scaped my grasp,  
Nor listened to my suppliant, hopeless gasp,  
E'en when I held her by her golden tresses,  
She fled and left me to my B. & S's.  
The chase was useless and pursuit was vain,  
I turned to read the legend o'er again:  
"Under the influence,"—there the secret lies,  
This gift I have not makes the Poet rise.  
I'll have it yet before you've time to wink,—  
And, waiter, bring another, stronger drink!  
It brought new vigour to my wearied mind,  
I rose once more, the faithless Muse to bind;  
I stumbled, fell,—to rise I was not able,  
"Under the influence" I was, 'neath the table."

OUR Juniors stand in greatest need of the holidays. So weak have they become from being constantly *physicked*, that two of them were unable to lift a hundred and fifty lb. weight. Poor Juniors. Unfortunate Juniors!

"WHEN the swallows homeward fly," sing the students. All right, gentlemen, but be very careful about the *swallows*.

"*Libertate Decembri.*" The Seniors are of opinion that Christmas here is referred to. What's your meaning, Horace?

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### PERSONALS.

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JOHN A. MACDONALD, who attended Theo. Hall for one term, and also took classes in Dalhousie, has given up study on account of ill-health, and turned his attention to farming, at his home, near Hopewell.

R. D. ROSS is a disciple of Hodge in the Theo. Hall.

J. W. MACINTOSH, a general of '77 and '78, teaches "Young America" how "to shoot," out in Washington Territory, U. S.

W. T. KENNEDY still continues Principal of Richmond School, Halifax.

W. R. GRANT, B. A., '77, rusticates at his home in Springville, Pictou, where J. W. FORBES, a regular student in Dalhousie College some years ago, is teaching.

CAMPBELL, a general of last session, is at present employed as teacher in the Mission School at Trinidad.

J. M. MCLEAN, a general of last year, is at home this winter. He acts the part of Great "Village Schoolmaster," not in Folly Village as stated in our last.

JAMES MCLEAN, of the Freshman class of '76, is studying law in the office of D. C. FRASER, B. A., New Glasgow.

J. W. REID, a general of '78, is devoting his energies to the work of enlightening the youth of Milford, Hants Co.

J. McD. SCOTT, B. A., '77, is at home,—Gore, Hants Co.

J. P. MCPHEE, a general of '78-9, and to whom we are indebted for the above, teaches the school at Shubenacadie, vacated by Mr. Davidson.

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## DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY,

HALIFAX, N. S.

### Munro Exhibitions and Bursaries.

Through the liberality of GEORGE MUNRO, Esq., of New York, the following Exhibitions and Bursaries will be offered for competition at the commencement of the Winter Sessions of this College in the years 1881, 1882 and 1883:—

In 1881 **Five Junior Exhibitions** of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years, and **Thirteen Junior Bursaries** of the annual value of \$150, tenable for two years.

In 1882 **Seven Senior Bursaries** of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years.

In 1883 **Five Senior Exhibitions** of the annual value of \$200, tenable for two years, and **Ten Senior Bursaries** of the annual value of \$150, tenable for two years.

The Exhibitions are open to all candidates; the Bursaries are limited to candidates from the Maritime Provinces. The Junior Exhibitions and Bursaries are offered to candidates for Matriculation in Arts; the Senior Exhibitions and Bursaries to undergraduates of any university who have completed two and only two years of their Arts Course, and who intend to enter the third year of the Arts Course in this University.

A statement of conditions, dates and subjects of examinations, &c., may be obtained on application to the Principal, Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

## NOTMAN

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