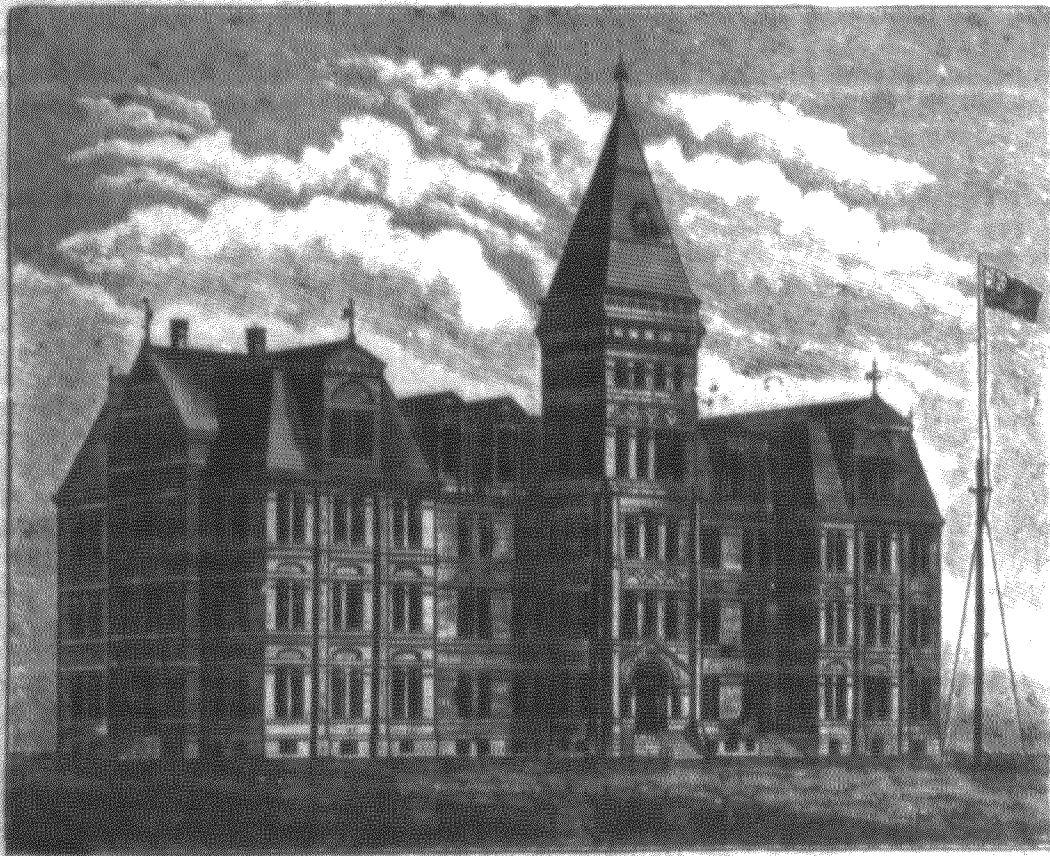


# THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

Ora et Labora.



## Dalhousie College and University.

SESSION, 1890 - 91.

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# The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

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It will be decidedly to the advantage of the  
GAZETTE for Students to patronize our advertizers.

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1891—1876.

"We learn with much pleasure that a proposal has  
been made to raise \$200,000 during the next five years to  
endow Dalhousie College; and especially to enable her  
to give young Nova Scotians an efficient training in  
scientific subjects. The proposal was first made public  
by Peter Jack, Esq., in the columns of the *Morning  
Chronicle*. That paper thinks the plan quite feasible;  
and there can be no doubt that it would be highly  
beneficial to our Province. A gentleman writing in the  
*Chronicle* of Thursday, offers to be one of fifty to give  
\$1000 each. \* \* \* \* \*

"We, editors, agree to raise \$1000 among ourselves  
within five years," etc.

SO reads the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE of April 1st,  
1876. The five years then in prospect, passed;  
five more and now another five are on the  
wing. And during these fifteen years, good fortune  
has befallen Dalhousie in such measure as to turn  
into a reality this dream (was it not?) of her  
warm friends. Not, however, in the way pro-  
posed in the foregoing extract, did assistance  
come to her. No such subscription list was  
passed from hand to hand: but a few years after  
this date—in the year 1879—Geo. Munro, of  
New York, inaugurated his well-known good  
work by the endowing of a Chair in Physics; to  
which were soon added four others, and two  
tutorships. Alexander McLeod several years  
afterwards, endowed three chairs. And still  
more recently, Sir William Young started on  
foot a movement which resulted in our present  
commodious college building, to which he gave  
financial, as well as other valuable support.

These have been her chief benefactors; though  
others, too, on a smaller scale, have within these  
latter days, made Dalhousie the recipient of their  
generous gifts.

And thus, in a sense, has that dream been  
fulfilled. "In a sense," we say; for it would  
seem as if our generous friends of '76, taking  
the course of events of the next few years as a

sufficient answer to the proposal they had made, left the whole burden—or at least, the greater part of it—to rest upon the shoulders of the few heroes who had taken it up. So are they silent. But the friends of Dalhousie very much mistake her financial condition, who think that she is now so rich and increased in wealth as to need no further assistance from them. Greater, perhaps, than ever before are her needs; louder are the cries she sends forth for help. And this, indeed, is a hopeful sign in itself—it is the sign of a growing university. But she has had her losses. The chair of the late Dr. Lyall is vacant; and though temporarily filled by the already over-burdened professor of Metaphysics and Ethics, in justice to him and to itself, it demands a man set apart. According to the conditions of the endowment, the funds necessary to its support were withdrawn on the death of the late incumbent by the Church which furnished them. So, then, until this chair be re-endowed, the friends of Dalhousie cannot rest on their oars.

Then again—and this would take another slice out of that "\$200,000"—we need, absolutely need, an additional chair in Science. The direction of inquiry of the present day demands it. And, we believe, it will be in their respective facilities for scientific instruction that the grounds of comparison between our various universities will yet be found to lie—and that at no very distant date.

Will "history repeat itself" in this matter? Will some generous citizen of Halifax come forward with a similar proposal to that of fifteen years ago? And how many would be found ready to say "here's a thousand, whether one or fifty others will give you the same"? We believe there are just as generous souls to day in this city of Halifax as there were fifteen years ago. We believe an appeal made to them would not be coldly rejected. We hope great things from them and we cannot believe that we will be disappointed. The experience of this Fall—the answer made by New Glasgow and Truro, encourages us. But within what bounds shall we limit our expectations from this city!

We will be more modest than our friends of

fifteen years ago. We will ask for only \$100,000—sufficient to endow those two chairs, the want of which we feel so much. We will not waste time in trying to prove that Dalhousie has been, is, and is destined to be, a great benefit to the city of Halifax. To that, we take it, all intelligent people will readily give assent. And we further take it for granted that they all will acknowledge the justice of our claims. What then is to hinder their warm and liberal support? An opportunity, we believe, will ere long be given them for shewing their generosity; and we trust they will prove true the hopes we have here expressed with regard to their action in this matter.

NOR was it without a motive that we quoted the loyal promise of the GAZETTE editors of that date. It was not, however, to ask them if they have kept their promise; it was not to add our "Amen" to it with the assurance that we are now ready to do the same:—*willing* we would be; but the greater part of the next five years the most of us are likely to spend in college, here or elsewhere, and we are therefore not now prepared to say *ready*. But it was the *spirit* of the promise that we wished to draw attention to,—not the bare letter. Does not that spirit still live in our Alumni? It may be dormant, but surely it is not dead! If then it is still a living principle within them,—if Dalhousians have left any love for their once loved *Alma Mater*,—there is one way, at least, in which their slumbering soul can be roused to conscious activity—one way in which they can practically prove the love that they now merely profess, and that is by their taking the proper attitude to the Alumni Association. That attitude is to identify themselves with it. Let them all join the Association, and make it a power in the University. This they can commence to be by endowing a chair. Thus they will obtain another representative on the Board of Governors. Ah! have we struck the sore spot there? We think we have. Why is it that the other colleges of the Maritime Provinces receive such warm support from their alumni? Simply, we believe, because of the way their *Alma*

*Maters* honor them in return. To their hands almost wholly is entrusted the management of their respective colleges. That, undoubtedly, is what is needed in Dalhousie. There is need of a stronger representation of alumni on the Board of Governors; and this, of course, can only be obtained in one way, (in addition to that already referred to), viz., by the present Board voting them in, as they themselves see fit to retire or are called upon to elect a new man to fill a vacancy. Thus only will the Alumni be led to take a lively interest in their *Alma Mater*; and until this representation be given them, we believe, they will be characterized by the same inactivity as of yore.

BUT in the meantime, what is to be done about those two chairs? It may be one year, it may be many, before they will be permanently endowed. We must make some shift; and so here's A SUGGESTION. Would it not be well to have *lecturers* appointed in these subjects,—the lectureships to be held in pretty much the same way as the present tutorships, and commanding about the same salary? A lecturer in Logic and Psychology, and one in Science, could be easily secured; and there are graduates of our own now pursuing post-graduate courses in these subjects in different American Universities whose services, doubtless, could be easily secured. The first call, we think, is to the Chair of Logic and Psychology, in order that Prof. Seth's shoulders may be relieved from their lately added burden. Will you not, Alumni, do something in the matter before next session?

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

CLASS ORGANIZATION.—We commend to the Junior and Freshman classes, the step taken by the Seniors and Sophomores with regard to class organization. The senior class organized early in the session; the Sophomores, a few weeks ago. The advantages arising from such organization, it is not our intention to discuss; but we would merely press upon these classes the advisability of their at least considering the matter.

FOOTBALL—MONTREAL.—We call the attention of all students, particularly those athletically inclined, to the article in another column dealing with the proposed trip to Montreal. This matter has now been before our attention for several years, but as yet it has never come to any definite head. We venture no suggestions either by way of criticism of the feasibility of the plan, or as additional arguments in its support; but we place our columns at the disposal of all interested, and invite communications on the subject. We will just say that, in the event of its being decided upon, the matter will have to be fully discussed before the opening of next season i.e. during the remaining part of the current session. The reasons are manifest to all.

MIDSESSIONALS.—This new departure, though receiving the commendation of all when first entered upon, was yet looked forward to with considerable trepidation; and results shew that the worst fears of many of the students (for they alone feared, of course) were fully realized. The proportion of the fallen suggests a comparison to the devastation made by the "Black Death," centuries ago. Yet we do not look upon the Xmas Exams, as a failure. The results attained can partly be accounted for, in that they were the natural followers of such an innovation. We feel sure that next session, a better proportion of students will shew up on the safe side. But that is not our subject to-day. Here we are this term, and "what are we going to do about it"? Some of us are anxious, others only curious, for more definite information as to how those exams. are to count in the Spring,—whether as representing half, third or what percentage of the several subjects. Perhaps the knowledge is withheld through consideration of our feelings! Let us not be spared on that account. We much prefer looking our fate in the face, knowing "quid sit futurum cras."

A REQUEST.—Our Sanctum, as a city paper remarked a few weeks ago, is the neatest and most tastily kept of any in the Maritime Provinces. And we wish everything in connection with the *Gazette* to be in keeping with it.

Among other things, we are endeavouring to preserve complete files of our college exchanges. Many of them, we regret to say, are wanting,—having disappeared from time to time from the Reading Room table. In the interests of the students themselves, we ask that they be returned; and that hereafter exchanges be not taken away from the table.

### JAMES F. SMITH, M. A., B. D.

To-day we have to tell of victory. Our late comrade and brother is no longer a soldier. He has fought, he has broken through, and now he has prevailed. He has put off his harness, but he has put on his crown.

The lesson of Smith's life is full of profound significance and encouragement for every one. It has an especial message for Dalhousians; for he was *our* brother. The voice that comes to us from his tomb is no craven or uncertain voice. It is full of loneliness and sorrow, it is true; but it is also full of the Divine. When we view, as we may at some future time, the meagre details of his brief career, we shall find a majestic unearthly thread running through the variegated skein, that was soiled and abandoned in the world's dark tumults all too early.

Perhaps few at present in our halls knew the man. They know not the colossal obstacles he surmounted. They know not the hopelessness, nor the untowardly environment of his boyhood. They know not what was done to wreck him nor how God rescued him. They know not the dark mine he was dug from; and, perhaps, they have little interest in the memory of the lonely orphan or his triumph. But as a brother spirit, who reflected at least a little credit on his Alma Mater, let us pause and look at him.

He came to us in the Fall of '81 and entered as a general student: a short, thick-set, muscular frame; a dark, tawny, olive-tinted, but open honest face, strong, resolute looking too; a rather awkward gait, owing to an injured limb: in short, a hale, but battered young man of 25, who had learned his letters in the work-shop of Cruelty and Toil, and who had gone to school to

that helpful Mistress,—Suffering. He matriculated the next Autumn and became an undergraduate of the class of '86. Perseverance in his case was indispensable, for he had no mentor but his own orphaned soul. He had to shift for himself; and this left him the strong wise man those that were most intimate with him knew him to be. He was not without friends among the Professors, and our honoured and true hearted President was always a faithful counsellor, and a warm-souled refuge for him in his hours of dejection.

He graduated in 1886, winning second rank honours in English Literature and History. Though it was this course he chose, his mind, one could clearly see, ran in the direction of Philosophy: and the more profound underlying speculations of Metaphysics and Ethics were his constant employment and solace. The deep things of the Spirit—it was for those he panted. His mind, however, was more argumentative than mystic. His common sense was too bulky to let the poetry of theories turn his head upside down.

At the close of last session he took his M. A. degree. College-life to him was but a kind of nursery in which chairs were conveniently placed to help his toddling mind to begin its walk: it was only a beginning; the world with its mystery and its distance was ahead of him: So he journeyed onward with the days. So he came up and took his final degree. And even until his death he was still advancing. Political Science was requisite, he thought, for the preacher in our troubled times. This brought him to our class-rooms once again.

As Dalhousians we miss him; we regret he was not spared to honor his college, as to glorify His Lord by the manliness and consecration of his life and work. But we do not weep for him; for, as we said, he has conquered. He was not perfect, but he was true; he was not faultless, but he was tender. And what more beautiful hue of character than "tender and true"? We take our leave of him not without sorrow, for his life was noble and impressive; but we enshrine his memory and the lessons he has taught us, in our heart of hearts.

### SONGS OF THE SEA.

"To him, who in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language."

To no part of Nature's wide domain can these words of Bryant's be more truthfully applied than to the sea, and in no literature has the "various language" which it speaks been interpreted into grander verse than in the literature of the English tongue. How vividly some of our English sea-songs call up memories of the ocean in its infinitely-varying aspects.

Suppose yourself, gentle reader,—I like that old epithet by which writers conjure into their magic circle the readers they love—suppose yourself off for a sail on a bright summer's afternoon. The wind is blowing almost a gale, and there is a voice in it which prophesies rain on the morrow. But that dark bank of clouds at the south-west is still a day off, and there is yet not a cloud to obscure the brightness of the sun.

"Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity."

Dull care is driven away, or rather we flee from it, for we left its shadow on the wharf, as we sailed merrily down the harbor, and every bound of our boat from wave to wave leaves it farther and farther behind us. Soon we round the outmost cape, and yield ourselves up to the glad sense of freedom, which the broadening view awakens within us. While the changing waves, parted by the prow, rush swiftly alongside, and foam out behind, and an occasional one breaking over the bow gives us a taste of the salt sea spray, what better song is there in any language for such a time than this one—

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,—  
A wind that follow fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail  
And bends the gallant mast,—  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the smoring breeze  
And white waves heaving high,—  
And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
The good ship tight and free;  
The world of waters is our home  
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud;  
And hark the music, mariners;  
The wind is piping loud,—  
The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashing free;  
But the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

There is a song by Barry Cornwall, which has sung itself into my memory, and always comes up at such a time, beginning,

"The sea, the sea the open sea  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.

And yet I read some time ago that the author was so subject to sea-sickness that he could not stand the voyage across the "narrow sea" from England to France. So that the verse,—

I love, O how I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,  
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,

must be taken as telling what he would love to do were it not for sea-sickness. What a pity when he has written us such a splendid song he could not enjoy forming one of our company!

But there is little brightness in sea or land or sky at the close of such a day. We sail back as the sun goes down behind the watery clouds. All the light has gone from sea and shores. The dull roar of the breakers seems to fill the heavy evening air. The white foam flies up over the bar at the harbor's mouth as we sail quickly in. How different the language the sea speaks to us now. Kingsey's "Three fishers" speaks our thoughts for us.

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town:  
For men must work, and women must weep  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor be moaning."

The sad voice of the sea at evening has been translated, yet more truthfully into verse in his other song of the 'Poor fisher folk.'

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee!  
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land  
And never home came she.

"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—  
A tress o' golden hair,—  
Above the nets at sea?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes of Dec."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,—  
To her grave beside the sea  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands of Dec."

Byron's farewell to England in "Childe Harold," has the same mournful melody,

Adieu, Adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell a while to him and thee,  
My native land, good night!

For war-songs (the "spirit of our fathers" yet survives in us) we have that spirited naval ode of Campbell's,—

"Ye Mariners of England!"

worthy of the nation that is 'Mistress of the seas,' and his stirring lyrics of naval victories, "which have been sung by British seamen to the fierce accompaniment of the "rushing battle-bolt from the three-decker out of the foam." What one of the many thoughts which the ocean has power to arouse in the minds of men, has not found true expression in English song?

### MONTREAL IN '91.

In Athletics generally Dalhousians do not take an active part. Our season for out-door sport is too short, and of late we have shown little interest in the Gymnasium. Why this is so, I do not know. One game, however, finds favour with us. Rugby football is our forte, and we hold a leading place in the Maritime Association. Last's year record was good; next year's prospects are bright. Success has made

us ambitious to try our metal on foreign soil. Several times a trip to the Upper Provinces has been discussed. In the flush of victory some ardent soul would cry,—"On to Montreal." But, like the snow-drop on the river, his yell lived long enough to die. However this was due, not so much to the impracticability of the scheme as to the fact, that the matter was never brought fairly to the notice of the students. The endeavor of the writer, then, is to briefly state a few of the reasons why the idea should be carried out. What are the claims of football on the men of Dalhousie? Does the game deserve to be fostered? Yes! most assuredly, yes—for it is the strongest tie which binds us together.

"Which is coming it strong  
Yet I state but the facts."

When does College feeling reign highest? When does a true sense of fellowship sink deepest in our hearts? That lack of college sentiment, so much deplored—where is it when Dalhousie's on the ball? If, then, the bulwarks of the college are strengthened by the game, no true lover of his Alma Mater can afford to disregard its claims. Every effort should be put forth to nourish its growth. It is not all play. Training is wearisome work. The men suffer considerable hardship and lose much time. It is but fair, then, that they should have a decent incentive to labor. A trip to Montreal would help the game far more than a dozen matches on our own ground. Apart altogether from this, there is not a student in the University but would walk straighter, and feel himself more a man all over if he heard of a victory in the Upper Provinces. As an advertisement for the College it would do more than whole columns of newspaper articles. Dalhousie is to rise on her own merits. She needs no puff. Nevertheless, anything which brings the college more prominently before the public, cannot but be beneficial. However, before we undertake the enterprise we must feel reasonably sure that we are capable of upholding the honour of our college. *Mitte hanc de pectore curam* (*soph. please translate.*) If next year's team adds no fresh laurel to Dalhousie, then there is no prophet in Israel. Our prospects were never half so bright. Next year then we should go. And with united support we will go. So let us all rally round the yellow and black and remember Montreal in '91.

### RAMBLINGS.

The one great festival of our college year has come and gone. For weeks before the event, we were all busy and expectant; the night came, we enjoyed it to the full; and now it haunts us as a pleasant memory, as the wild, pungent odour of our spruce-garlands clings still to beam and balustrade, in corridor and hall. It is a very pleasant memory, the recollection of our Arabian Night's entertainment. Thanks to an unwearied committee of decoration, the usual austere aspect of our Stoa was changed, for one night only, to that of Aladdin's palace. Everywhere floated the college colours, in their tigerish, oriental splendour; everywhere twined the sinuous ropes of evergreen; everywhere flaunted the gorgeous flags of half the nations on the earth. A host of fresh, pretty faces and smart frocks, shoals of attentive young men in customary suits of solemn black, a necessary sprinkling of elderly respectability and local notability,—such were my general impressions of the Feast of Our Founder, 1891.

I did not hear or see much of the programme. It was perhaps a mistake not to seat a room, as for a regular concert; but that single defect can be remedied another year. Two other things struck me, as I rambled about among the gay crowd. It was, in the first place, rather startling to find everybody actually enjoying himself. The English take their pleasure sadly, say their detractors; but there was no sign of dejection on the faces of the promenaders; in fact, I do not think I ever saw such a number of people, so evidently enjoying themselves. The second thing I noticed was that the supper was eatable, (fair fall the white hands that made those delicious sandwiches!) easy to get at and ample. This is somewhat remarkable: for it is unfortunately too true that the commissariat always breaks down. Our affair is the one exception in my experience. The general verdict was,—a most successful function in every respect; thoroughly enjoyed by the guests and highly creditable to the hosts. This is as it should be, a college founded by a Highland nobleman and bearing his name *should* exercise hospitality. Was it not poor Burns who said he could wish for nothing better in Heaven itself, than a Highland welcome? I do not think Munro Day, '91, showed Dalhousie unworthy of the best traditions of even Highland hospitality. Should this moveable feast of ours be always celebrated in this fashion, succeeding years will only add to our social laurels.

How many of the sons and daughters of old Dalhousie, I wonder, even imagine, as they pass in and out of our commonplace, modern college building, that it and they are heirs of one of the prettiest love stories, that grace the tale of the early settlement of America! For this new world, to us the reverse of romantic, was Fairyland to the first adventurers to its shores. Here poets laid the scenes of poems; here was the home of marvels, fountains of youth, curious animals, and wild brave peoples, whose kings were powdered from head to heel with gold.

The heirship is on this wise. Be patient a moment and I will make all clear. That interesting repository of miscellaneous fact, the Calendar, contains on page seven, this statement; "The original endowment was derived from funds collected at the port of Castine, in Maine." Now Castine is not a genuine Maine name, for it has only two syllables, and does not end in 'gog' or 'unk' or 'skook.' It is French and has the ring of distinction. In fact it is the name of a noble French family. In the time when France had barons and saints, the young baron Castine of St. Castine, left his chateau in the Pyrenees, and sailed away to the westward, leaving his aged father in his loneliness. The ship returns but does not bring the adventurous boy, only letters from him, telling of his adventures in the beautiful land of Acadie. The months slip by and at last the news comes that the young seigneur has wedded a dusky Indian queen, the daughter of an Indian chief. The father dies and for many a year, the old chateau is tenantless and desolate. At last the heir returns, and the village finds to its surprise that the new mistress of St. Castine is not a painted child of the wilderness, but a modest, quiet lady, speaking with a soft foreign accent, its own Gascon dialect. Her skin is a colour between gold and bronze, but what matters that? She is everything a baroness should be, gracious, noble and fair. This tale is in one of the latest of Longfellow's poems, and one of his sweetest. It may be urged that the port of Castine, has a better right to this romance than we; but not seriously. In a matter of this kind, a mere, trading sea-port must give place to a learned college.

Not long since, in the course of a ramble with the Philosophical Undergraduate, the conversation turned upon that all important subject, the choice of a profession. My friend is a man of decided opinions, which do not always accord with conventional standards or accepted notions

of things. I do not hold myself responsible for his erratic speeches, but simply give them to the reader as they were uttered. He said. "My fourth year is close at hand. I find that I have spent four years and much money in acquiring an education. In a year or so, I shall receive the stamp of my college, that will make me pass current in the learned world, as the Goldsmiths' Hall marks 'sterling' on a piece of plate. What is before me? A learned profession? Law, Physic, Divinity have already too many devotees. And I cannot attain to the proud eminence of a recognized practitioner in any one of the three without further expenditure of blood and treasure, grey brain tissue and borrowed money. I have taken my resolution. There is need for educated men in every walk of life. That word 'walk' is significant. I am going to be a postman! The day after Convocation will find me in a fine blue uniform with red facings (on the Queen's service, God bless her!) a big bag on my shoulder, making my rounds. Perchance bringing the mail twice a day to old Dalhousie. My resolve has not been taken in haste. It is the result of much observation and reflections extending through many years. Think of it! What face is so welcome at the front door as the jolly postman's? Not the parson's. It will read your sins. Not the doctor's. It betokens drugs, draughts, pills, nauseous and innumerable. Not the lawyer's. It means fees, litigation. But the coming of the honest postman is eagerly watched for, by high and low. The door is never so quickly opened as to his ring. Pretty girls make him share in their delights, as he hands them their lovers' letters. A thousand hearts thrill at his approach with the mere expectation of news. Letters are more often kindly than not. Only friends take the trouble to write. Bad news rides apace while good news baits. Pleasant things are written; unpleasant things are telegraphed. Only two rounds a day, healthful exercise in the open air, enough to eat, your habit provided for you, your evening for leisure—what more can the heart of the educated man desire?

And he paused for a reply.

'Phil, I said, you had better go back to Way-back-kadie. You are still green, absolute green coloring matter. I think, I shall have to call you chlorophyll.

*The Rambler.*

NOTE.—An apology is due our readers for the unwonted absence from this issue, of the Law Department. The excuse is "examinations." It will reappear in our next.

### BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON, though he stands, perhaps, second to Shakespeare only in the English drama, has yet few readers. Still, if his circle be limited, it is duly appreciated. All unite in praise of his wit, learning, invention, and skill in the construction of his plots. But, while his faults are also as readily acknowledged, they are not so great as to detract seriously from his good qualities: they may even in a sense be regarded as virtues. It was the excess of his love for poetry and his hatred of vice and folly that led him to commit them. If he erred, he did so honestly and in the goodness of his heart; and we can readily forgive him in the light of his virtues. He gave himself heart and soul to poetry; and labored only to deliver her from the power of those who would, as he thought, bring her into disrepute. In this, it is true, he proved himself shortsighted; but it is much easier for one to recognize that now, than it would have been then. We must therefore exercise our charity somewhat in dealing with Jonson; and, while acknowledging his faults, remember what led to them.

A glance at the condition of the English drama in Jonson's time will help us greatly in this. Shakespeare aside, as just in his apprenticeship, the stage was monopolized by the so-called romantic school, which had cast classical traditions to the winds. These play-wrights no more observed the rules of classic art than did their predecessors, the writers of Allegories and Mysteries, and for a very good reason. The conditions under which they worked did not admit of an adherence to those rules. The romantic drama of England was a new type; it was a growth peculiar to the English soil; and had sprung, as it were, from the soil. It was the product of writers, largely, with little knowledge of classic art. Originally the prime object in writing plays had been to amuse and instruct the people, who had few other means of obtaining instruction. The popularity of such a plan for conveying knowledge, and at the same time affording amusement, soon, of course, induced a host of writers to make it their business. Now, even granting these writers to be in all cases men of classical training, what inducement could there be for them to observe the forms of the Greek or Roman drama? Their audience certainly would not expect it of them; and the nature of their task and the character of their subjects well nigh made it impossible for them to do so, had it been expected of them. They found that a romantic story seasoned here and there with plenty of horseplay was the

surest way to the favor of their audience; and hence they were tempted to indulge in all sort of license. Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* is a good example of this sort of play; and its popularity in Jonson's youth shows what play-goers of that time wanted. It has indeed much graceful poetry and some little merit in characterization; but it is altogether structureless. It has little plot and no development. Even Marlowe's good plays clearly show this great defect; and what is true of him, is doubly true of the smaller fry. In regard to style, the case was even worse. Crudeness and exaggeration everywhere prevailed. Stray bits of truly beautiful and graceful poetry did appear; but they were as oases in a desert of bombast or of commonplace.

In such a condition, Ben Jonson found the drama. True, the genius of Shakespeare was already moulding it into nobler shape; but that fact does not seem to have been duly grasped by Jonson. He freely confesses his admiration of Shakespeare's genius, and even of his art; but he thought it misguided. Of the lesser romantic dramatists, he had no very high opinion; and was at no pains to conceal it. The drama, in his eyes, stood in need of reform; and that is the note he strikes in the prologue to his first independent play—*Every Man in his Humour*:

"Though need make many poets; and some such  
As art and nature have not bettered much;  
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,  
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age  
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,  
As, for it, he himself must justly hate."

He was not fortunate, however, in his schemes for reform. He could, indeed, show how to construct and skillfully develop a plot; but he could not impose upon the stage the laws of the unities. The drama of Elizabeth's England was not to be so fettered. Thoroughly imbued with classical ideas, however, he could not regard these laws as fetters. He did not grasp the true spirit of the romantic drama; he did not realize that it was developing under conditions totally different from those under which the Greek drama was developed. The latter could, of course, be imitated; but in art imitations count for little. Only that which has a healthy and natural growth can have real vitality. Though well meant, therefore, Jonson's attempt at reform was ill-judged and unfortunate. It injured him greatly too; for it led him to sacrifice spontaneity of which he possessed no small share, for that rigid and self-conscious art which makes so much of his work stiff and cumbersome.

His choice of subject, too, militates against him in the favor of posterity. Himself somewhat

of an overgrowth, in mind as well as in body, he did not take a rational and sympathetic view of life. He failed to grasp its real significance. Shakespeare could seize the vital, underlying principal, set it working, and produce a character that would take its place as a being that had actually lived; but Jonson could not do this, or at least he did not do it. What impressed him most, in his view of man, was the adventitious not the fundamental or the essentially inherent. It is vice and folly that attract his notice; and to scourge these he conceives it his business:

"My strict hand  
Was made to seize on vice, and with a grip  
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures,  
As lick up every idle vanity."

Moreover, it was not vice and folly in general that he lashed, but the particular vices and follies of his own, age and city. His sketches are photographs, true to the minutest detail, of what he saw in the London around him:

"With armed and resolved hand,  
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time  
Naked as at their birth."

It is this very zeal for truth and honesty that most injures him, for it diverts his attention from the essential and universal to the local and particular. The picture he gives us is that of the London of the 16th century; and when the fashions of that age have passed away, the picture loses the greater part of its interest, and is cherished chiefly by the antiquary. That Jonson suffers on this account is undeniable; but then the fault is his own. "The poet who chooses transitory manners," as Coleridge says, "ought to content himself with transitory praise." But from such a fate, Jonson's genius rescues him in spite of himself.

That genius displays itself most conspicuously in the perfection of his plots and the vigor of his characterization. There is nothing feeble or commonplace in his work. Everything is titanic. Sir Epicure Mammon is the very incarnation of lust for gold and pleasure; but he is a titan, not a man. He is a "humour," an all absorbing passion taking upon itself the form of flesh and blood. In life, as we all know well enough, that is not the case; there is always a mingling of good and evil. Evil does not seize man and stamp its image upon him. Man is the active agent. It is he who seizes vice and moulds it by virtue of his individuality. It is his vice and differs from the same vice in any other individual. Often indeed it is so mingled with virtue as to lose half its appearance of grossness. Sir Epicure Mammon is thus a mere personification, an automaton, which may excite our curiosity or admiration, but never

our sympathy. Even that admiration rests, not as much upon the automaton itself, as upon the mechanic who was skilful enough to create such a piece of mechanism. The wonder is increased at the sight of the masterly skill with which these automatons are made to move and execute figures, each of which takes its place as a necessary part of one grand and perfect whole.

No better examples of this masterly skill can be given than *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, and *The Silent Woman*, the three pieces generally acknowledged to be Jonson's best. *The Silent Woman*, however, though it may rival the others in the completeness of its structure, is yet far inferior to them in characterization. It is farce, rather than comedy; and that, too, often of the coarsest kind. *Volpone*, it seems to me, is the best of them all—the most skilfully constructed, the nearest to truth in characterization, and the most truly poetical. *Volpone* is no mere vulgar monster, like Sir Epicure Mammon; he is a poet, an artist, and takes a keen pleasure in hoodwinking his flatterers and amassing a fortune out of the presents of his dupes. He delights not in the gold itself, but in the ingenuity by which he acquires it:

"Yet I glory  
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,  
Than in the glad possession, since I gain  
No common way."

Neither is his lust for pleasures of the low animal kind. It is the craving for satisfaction, which a nature capable of the most exquisite enjoyment feels. It is the demand for food of an artistic and pleasure-hungry soul:

"Prepare  
The music, dances, banquets, all delights;  
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures,  
Than will *Volpone*."

This poetic grace and beauty, which is one of the greatest charms of *Volpone*, is yet more strikingly manifest in his lighter, lyrical pieces and in his masques. The latter indeed are unique of their kind. Light, airy, and fanciful, they make us wish that Jonson had given rein to his fancy and imagination in the sphere of the romantic drama, which he ridiculed. There was in him the material for the construction, if not of a *Midsommer Night's Dream*, of something very much like it. His masques all abound in light and graceful verses. Take these for example, from *Oberron*:

"Here be forms so bright and airy,  
And their motions so they vary,  
As they will enchant the Fairy  
If you longer here should tarry."

To be enchanted in such a fashion is no common pleasure, and we would fain tarry as long as the poet suffers us.

In general, Jonson's work impresses us with the fact of his great creative genius and artistic skill, directed, however, in such a way as to destroy for modern readers a large part of the interest in that work. When he chooses, he can rise to the highest flights of fancy and imagination, and work spontaneously; but unfortunately he too often chooses to plod along in the lumbering coach of his ponderous erudition, and under the guidance of rules which were foreign to his art, and which could not but be a clog upon him.  
E. P.

#### A SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM.

EDINBURGH, October 24, 1890.

To one familiar with the decorousness of a Harvard class-room, a lecture in Edinburgh University is in strange contrast. It is the custom here for the professor to open his courses with an address apart from the subject of the immediate purpose of instruction, and intended, as it were, to give the collegiate constituency some taste of his quality, preparatory to the enrolment of his classes. I had to choose the other day between hearing Geikie, the well-known author of 'The Ice Age,' and Masson, perhaps even more famous as a Miltonian, for their addresses came at the same hour. I was sitting in the Librarian's office, where I could look across the stately courtyard of the University building to the door which led to Masson's room. As the hour approached, one of the uniformed servants of the University stationed himself without the doorway, a sort of guardian of the precinct, and a few students had entered when I was prompted to join them. The room was the usual academic theatre, with a steep, uncomfortable, circular range of seats, in which I anticipated much discomfort for an hour, but the interest of the occasion made me forget it. The students trooped in rapidly, making a heavy tramp, with which those in the seats joined. Somebody whistled a tune, and in a moment the whole hall was whistling in unison. As some popular fellow came along he was perhaps chaffed above the tumult. Then the whistletune changed into another, and as the number increased, and the tramp of the heels redoubled, the whistlers heaved their breasts to rise above it.

The hall was now nearly filled, and the servant stationed himself within the door, and pointed out the few remaining seats to the still insurging crowd. Presently the whistling and the thumps subsided before the rising cheer, for

the students of the outer ranges had espied the Professor as he left his anteroom across the entry. The ruffled, manly form of Prof. Masson, with his Oxford cap atop his close-cut silvery hair and beard, and blue-lined black gown, nearly filled the door as he entered. The redoubled cheers shook the roof as he walked slowly up the steps and along the platform. He had his cap on the table, and, with his manuscript in hand, leaning across the little desk, his other arm buttressing himself from the table, he looked unemotionally into the room, while the cheers went on. There was the beginning of a hull, and a pretty general hiss tried to suppress the few remaining cheers, and had almost succeeded, when the cheerers rallied, and the unearthly noise swelled once more. At last Masson raised his hand—the signal was enough, and a solemn silence came rapidly over the benches.

"Gentlemen," said the lecturer in a tender, delicate voice, deepened at the same time with a slight Scotch broadness, and every ear was alert. He began by a reference to the loss which the University had sustained in the death during the vacation of Sellar, the eminent Latinist, and, after paying an emotional tribute to his friend, Prof. Masson passed on to the subject of his lecture. This was Scott's diary of his later years, whose publication is now impending, and which, during its passage through the press, had fallen under the scrutiny of the lecturer. Masson's manner is well calculated to elicit the responsiveness of the youthful nature. He gives the sure signs of his culminations, and forewarns his hearers. His gestures are few, and almost always a clinching of the fist to mate his energy, and the swing of it from the front behind. The outbursts of the students' applause, therefore, could be easily foreseen for a minute. When he referred to any blight upon Scott's happiness, the whole room seethed with a sort of wail of commiseration, amid which there was an accentuated *tut-tut-tut*. He referred to the common parallelism which was made in Scott's day between him and Shakespeare; and when he cited from the unpublished diary Scott's own comment on this habit, "Shakespeare—not fit to brush his breeches," the hall burst into a tumult of applause. The lecturer went on to discuss the fluent methods of Scott and Shakespeare, and called them, though different in kind, the most remarkable in literary history; not (he added) that the habit of fluency and speed is safe for lesser writers, or for you (with emphasis)—and the students burst into a roar of laughter. It was interesting to remark how, after one of

these outbursts, the audience to a man settled down at once into the closest attention.

The straightening of the lecturer's broad figure and the illumination of his face showed that the close was at hand; and as he finished with saying that with all the difference of the two men, the Scot and the Englishman, and however inferior the modern was in many respects to the earlier, there was no impropriety in leaving in his hearer's mind the figure of the Scottish Shakespeare in Walter Scott, a tumult of applause followed. The lecturer slowly placed his manuscript in his portfolio, took up his cap, and, bowing slowly, with but a slight inclination, turned to leave the platform. An eager student rushed for the door before him. "Shame! shame!" and a hurried hiss prevented others from following, and a still and deferential air settled upon the standing audience, as the Professor was allowed to lead the way out.

I stepped for a moment into his anteroom, and there I found him at a table, busily engaged re-estimating the throbbing students. It was no time for more than a word, and I left the place with the impression that though we may do this sort of thing with more outward decorum, many an American lecturer would fall behind the Scotchman in the heartiness of the sympathy which he establishes with his hearers. I chanced a day or two afterwards to mention this scene to Sir William Muir, the chief of the University, and his head began to sway from side to side. "Tradition, tradition!" he muttered; "I wish it were otherwise." I find on further acquaintance that there is more or less repression exercised by some of the professors, but the younger classes are in the main irrepressible. Some of the professors are indifferent to it; others seem to like it. There can be little question, I think, that to lecturers of the emotional kind, who throw themselves feelingly into their subjects, this active responsiveness serves to better their performance. I never chanced to see anything like it in our leading colleges, though I believe that in the Law School of the University of Michigan the uproarious element is under very little restraint. It may obtain in some degree in the less known colleges; and indeed the seemliness of quiet attention was not always observed at Harvard forty years ago.—*Nathan Windsor, in N. Y. Nation.*

This scene of elegance in translation has been reached by T-b-n. In a sudden burst of inspiration from Stephenson he rendered '*per fas et fidem decepti*.' "The victim of sacrilegious and perfidious deception!"

## EXCHANGES.

While we are taking exception to some of the jokes in the *Argosy's* "funny" department, the *Presbyterian College Journal* sits down on us quite hard on account of our own attempts in that line. Well! this is too bad. We thought we were particularly funny,—so funny that even outsiders could appreciate us without any knowledge of circumstances at all. But it seems our readers are just as dense as the *Argosy's*.

There is one joke in the *Argosy* we would like to investigate. Not appearing in the Sack column, we presume outsiders are supposed to understand it. We refer to an item in the Personal column in which we are told that—, B.A. '87, finished his studies at the *Halifax Law School* last Summer. We think we are correct when we state that there is only one Law School in this city, and that its session closes early in the spring; and further, that it goes by the name of the *Dalhousie Law School*, in that it constitutes one of the Faculties of the University of Dalhousie, having 2 endowed professorships in Law, and 5 lectureships in the same subject. Perhaps, however, we as a university, are known to Mt. Allison as the "University of *Halifax*" If so, we would inform her that, while not despising the good old name of our city, we still cling to "Dalhousie" as the name of our Alma Mater. Perhaps Mt. Allison is in need of futher explanations; if so, we would refer her to any one of her seven graduates who are at present prospective LL.B's in the University of Dalhousie.

We have always a warm word of welcome for our youthful exchanges, the *Sydney Academy Record* and the *New Glasgow High School Monthly*. The *Record* is in its third year, and has attained quite a respectable growth. The *Monthly*, too, though crediting itself with being in its 1st vol., has been coming to us for three years or so, if we mistake not. Are you sure about your age, friend *Monthly*? We advise the students of the High School to answer the appeal made to them, by contributing to the columns of their paper. Some of them, we observe, do so quite creditably; but more contributors are evidently desired.

The Exch. man of the *Niagara Index*, has a truly peculiar way of replying to a criticism. He does so, not, as we would naturally expect, by making a defence of the points of the critic's attack—but by abusing the critic. We ventured to criticise him; thus were we answered. It is amusing,—very. As to his counterblast with regard to our English, we think it so beneath

our notice as to not trouble ourself by an attempt at a justification of the expression we used. If, however a *comparison* is to be made between our English and his, in all fairness—not to say modesty—let not either of us but rather our contemporaries, sit on the case and return the verdict.

The second No. of Vol. II, of *The Theologian* has been laid on our table. This is the very creditable production of the students of the Presbyterian College in this city. Though not, as a contemporary remarks, of as great pretensions in regard to size, as others of our theological exchanges, yet it need yield the palm to none, as far as literary excellence is concerned. The editors are nearly all graduates of Dalhousie,—which is a sufficient guarantee of their success in this line of work. In the current issue, Prof. Scott of Chicago (an old Dalhousian, by the bye) treats of the God-man. Other articles by prominent clergymen appear. A student gives a very interesting account of his summer "in the field." Besides the usual College notes, etc., there is a well-deserved tribute to the memory of the late Rev. J. F. Smith, whose sad death we also refer to in another column.

## Dallusiensia.

R'ss, deciding at the last minute to do "the grand" at the Professor's lecture, discovers that he only has 17 cents. So he slips in by the back door to avoid paying anything. This is "very dreadful!"

THERE was a student in college named Mash-  
ie, And he had a little, white mustache,  
Which so grew and grew  
To the soph's wond'ring view,  
And with colour so new,  
That now he cuts quite a dash.

LAST year's calender contained no examination papers, except the Matriculation and Bursary. This is to be regretted, but it has been found impossible to continue to publish them. As a substitute, a file of all last years papers will be found in the Library. Students who wish to consult them will find them on the shelves near the Mathematics and Physics table.

A CURIOSITY in the shape of an old book containing the works of King James I, has been placed in the library by President Forrest. The book was published in 1616, and bears all the marks of the crude state of the art of printing of that time. The style of the title page compared with that of a modern book show a marked contrast in artistic arrangement. King James' "counterblast to tobacco," (1604) is amusing as well as forcible.

ONE of the Freshmen was wanted behind the staircase a short time ago. He walked quietly around with that bright, fascinating smile of his. McK.—said

he appeared to be thinking that the Sophs were all going to buy tickets from him for the Professor's lecture. He discovered his mistake when it was too late.

Y. M. C. A. In addition to the usual meetings, the society has had a number of interesting addresses from outsiders since the holidays. On Saturday evening the 24th, ult., Rev. J. MacMillan, M.A., gave an earnest and practical address to a well attended meeting. On Sabbath afternoon, 25th ult., Rev. Dyson Hague, M.A., favoured us with an address. Owing to the day being stormy, and the terrible condition of the roads, the attendance was not large, but those present were well repaid for facing the storm. The address was interesting and eloquent. Saturday, Jan. 31st, we had a visit from Mr. W. H. Cossum, in the interests of the students' Volunteer Missionary movement. On Sabbath afternoon he again addressed the students, President Forrest presiding. Both addresses were listened to with the closest attention, and made a deep impression. In the evening he preached in the First Baptist Church. As a result of his visit, seven of our students enrolled their names for the foreign field.

Do the circumstances of the time make the poet or *vice versa*? We think the times call forth the poet. Witness the following extract from a piece of election poetry in which some blood-thirsty young politician expresses his emotions:

"It may be the greatest battle  
We've ever had to fight,  
But it matters not how great the odds,  
Wrong will be crushed by right.

All honest men's opinions  
We're willing to respect,  
Although they draw conclusions  
Which we know is not correct.

This last may mean that some people draw conclusions, which conclusions is not correct,—good enough sense, but doubtful grammar; or it may mean, that it is not correct to draw conclusions,—better grammar but bad sense. To draw conclusions to his writing poetry, for instance, would be quite 'correct.'

"Truly this is the age of editors and not of authors," exclaimed the wearied English student to the editor, as he dropped into the sanctum during a 5 minute recess. "When shall he have an end of editing? One would think that, when an English author had expressed his thoughts in good English, for the delight of English readers, he might be let alone. But no. Some commentator, eager to air on the title page of a book some letters newly added to his name, fastens on the author and crowds his words between a tedious introduction, and a mass of useless notes, until they can hardly be found." Here we heard the gong in the lower hall. "I'll tell you what I'll do" (here he gathered up his books and rose to go) "I'll not be behind the age. I'll edit a school edition of 'Mary had a little lamb,' with a biography of Mary, and an excursus on mutton-chops!"

We regret to hear that offence was taken at some little pieces in this column last issue. We were all the more disappointed as the offence was taken by the very person for whose good the references were intended. Permit me, my freshman friend, to quote a little bit for your benefit from one of Kipling's sketches. Now pray don't be so dense as not to see the point.

"To rear a boy," this writer says, "under what parents call the 'sheltered life system' is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass thro' many unnecessary troubles; and may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of the proper proportions of things.

"Let a puppy eat the soap in the bath-room or chew a newly blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dog's ears. Being young, he remembers and goes abroad at six months, a well-mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots, and soap and big dogs, till he came to the trinity full grown and with developed teeth, just consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be! Apply that notion to the 'sheltered life,' and see how it works. It does not sound pretty, but it is *the better of the two evils*."

## SCENE—ENGLISH CLASS ROOM.

Prof.—"What's a 'rack,' Mr. K-f-l-r?"  
K-f-l-r.—"Torture."  
Prof.—"Er—ah—what kind?"  
K-f-l-r.—"Mental torture."  
Prof.—"What?"  
K-f-l-r.—"Pulling out thumb nails."

## Personals.

R. M. LANGILLE, B. A., '85, who has been practising law in the Town of Amherst for the past year, has gone to Denver, Colorado, to accept a lucrative position as solicitor for a large firm.

J. G. HARRINGTON, a general during the sessions '88-9 and '89-90, has entered his father's business. No doubt, ere long, we will hear of him as a member of the present firm of Lawson & Harrington.

— SEERTON who attended this university during the winter of 1888, has decided to become a mercantile man. With a view, no doubt, of being one day interested in the concern, he has taken a position in his father's business house.

EBEN FULTON, '90, has been compelled by ill-health, to resign the vice-principalship of Albro Street School and go home. It is his intention to remove to Idaho as soon as the warm weather approaches. The heartiest sympathy of every Dalhousian goes with him and we hope to hear of his complete recovery in the near future.



## Medicine.

R. J. MACDONALD, B. A. . . . . Editor.

CONTEMPORANEOUS with Dr. Koch's experiments upon tuberculous bacillus three eminent bacteriologists in Berlin are conducting a series of experiments with the view of conferring immunity against diphtheria, cholera and tetanus. Fränkel, a pupil of Koch, and Professor of Hygiene at Königsberg, has already made some valuable contributions to the science of Bacteriology bearing upon bacterial poisons, the bacterial contents of ice and the occurrence of micro-organisms in soil. Dr. Ernst Behring is also a distinguished name in German schools. These two scientists are investigating at the present time, the etiology of diphtheria—a scourge which has baffled so far, to a very great extent, the resources of medical science as well as the prophylactic measures of sanitarians.

The third, Dr. Kilasato, is on the track of the cholera bacillus and has already made a study of tetanus germs.

Should these investigations prove successful, and there is every reason to believe they will, Koch will have become the founder of a school that will effectually revolutionize medical science.

As might be expected, the "Consumption Cure" has met with violent opposition on the part of many pathologists. Prof. Virchow, of Berlin, takes the lead in denouncing the new remedy, and even attributes to its use the formation of new tubercles of the same nature as it was reported to destroy. He believes that through the action of the lymph, the tubercular masses in the lungs are broken down, thrown into the circulation and thus brought into contact with new tissues where they succeed in producing a metastatic infection. Prof. Virchow gives the result of his observations in twenty-one fatal cases. Most of these, if indeed not all, were, it would seem, however, cases of an advanced stage, and the fact that the lymph treatment at the Charité under Virchow's superintendence has been much less successful than at any other hospital in Berlin, leaves the remedy still *sub judice*.

TREATMENT with Koch's lymph is still being carried on at the Victoria General Hospital. In three cases the dose has been increased to .010 cc. (about one-sixth of a drop) of the original fluid. In no case was the reaction following this dose so great as that following a much smaller dose at an earlier period. This rapidly established tolerance is one of the most remarkable facts in connection with the remedy, and to a certain extent probably shows improvement. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to show whether or not the lymph is really a cure for tuberculosis, but there can be no doubt that a certain amount of improvement has followed its use in this Hospital. Most of the patients express themselves as feeling better. Some report that they feel stronger and are able to take longer walks—others that their appetite is increased, and yet others that they suffer less from dyspnoea on exertion. How far this amelioration of symptoms is due to the better spirits born of hopefulness it would be difficult to judge. One who realizes the immense influence of mind over disease will be likely to ascribe at least some portion of the credit to this factor.

Most of the patients have lost weight while under treatment—some to the extent of a pound a week. This seems to be a usual result during the earlier weeks of treatment all over the world, but in most cases a more or less rapid gain is said to take place afterwards. In no case treated here has any permanent ill effect followed the use of the lymph.—*Com.*

### DR. ROSS'S PAPER.

ON the evening of the 11th inst., Dr. Ross, of the Victoria Hospital staff, read a very interesting and instructive paper before the Medical College Debating Society on "Anæsthetics and how to use them." Tracing up the history of Anæsthetics from the times when the Egyptians made use of Belladonna; the Chinese, of opium and Indian hemp, and the ancient Romans, of carbonic dioxide, he referred to the method adopted in Paris many years ago, by which the patient was suddenly lifted from the horizontal to the vertical position, producing a partial anæsthesia, it was thought, by thus depriving

the brain of some of its blood. In 1799, Sir Humphrey Davy suggested nitrous oxide, but it was not till some years later that Dr. Wills, of Hartford, Conn., attempted to introduce it into general use. Owing, it would seem, to insufficient doses being administered, its effects were misjudged and it fell again into disuse and disrepute.

Chloroform was discovered, it appears, by Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, and was thought to be perfectly safe, but in the following year a death, due to its administration, modified this view somewhat. These three, nitrous oxide, ether and chloroform have come, however, to be the chief anæsthetics employed by physicians. Dr. Ross pointed out the general and local action upon the body of the different agents used at the present time, including those named, as well as cocaine, carbolic acid and others, and the purposes for which these drugs were used, viz:—

1. To prevent pain, as in ordinary surgical operations.

2. To produce relaxation of muscles, as in dislocations, hernia, or in setting fractured bones.

3. To assist in making diagnoses.

He referred at length to the methods of administration, including the preparation of the patient and the preliminary precautions that should be taken with reference to each anæsthetic; emphasized strongly the dangers to be avoided, and pointed out the restorative measures to be adopted in cases of narcosis and heart failure. As chloroform and ether are the principal anæsthetics used in major operations, the doctor entered very fully into the actions, phenomena and results exhibited by these drugs, describing in detail the different stages leading up to complete narcosis, and cessation of the heart's action.

The space at our disposal will not admit anything like a fair synopsis of a very excellent paper which was much appreciated by all present.

### Medical Briefs

Who was not invited to the skating party?

Prof. in Physiology: "Mr. ——— how many milk teeth are there?" Sundry movements of student leads Prof. to say—"Please don't count."

Prof: "Could you name me another food class in addition to those mentioned?"

Man from the East: "Alcohol, Sir."

Prof. (smiling): "Well, there are some who doubt that."

Man from the East (triumphantly): "No doubt down around our way."

On last Friday evening Dr. Carleton Jones read an excellent paper before the Medical Students on "Cremation." The space at our disposal will not allow us to make any comments this issue on a subject that formed the theme of one of the most interesting lectures yet delivered.

POLITICS is engrossing considerable attention at present, and a lively time is promised for Friday evening next, when the subject "Protection versus Unlimited Reciprocity" will be discussed. Our Friday evening meetings should be more largely attended than they have been hitherto.

THE story is told of a budding Junior who boards in the North End having prescribed for a freshman friend. The latter was the subject of one of the minor ills that afflict humanity, and having had his prescription filled by one of the city pharmacists, asked on receiving it if it was good for a certain malady. "O, yes," was the reply, "but of course it is for an infant." The freshman went home and took the 12 doses in one. He looked slightly better next morning, but evidently does not take much stock in "homeopathy."

A SCRIBBLING wisacre on the staff of the *Windsor Tribune* grows funny over the caption "Medical Briefs" as a heading for Medical College jottings. We regret, however, that his little innocent amusement was cut short by the "ominous paragraph" he found elsewhere in our columns. We hasten to assure him that he has mistaken the import of the paragraph entirely; and lest finding journalism a failure, he should be scared away from making an asylum of the institution in question, by reason of the ugly ghost of "vivisection" which he affects to see in our lines, we pledge the honor of the whole college that, should he migrate hence, no wicked student will ever once trespass on the privacy of his ward.

#### THOSE PRIZES.

Editors Gazette:

Please enter me as a competitor for prizes offered by Freshman, I presume, in last GAZETTE. I don't know a great deal, I haven't much time but I would like to try.

Yours, &c., M. E. DICUS.

I. "Name and classify bones in lobe of ear." Not very well up in comparative anatomy; though ear came safely to hand, have not yet received permission from Board of Health to examine it. Pass.

II. "Locate spine." The spine is situated immediately beneath the brain. Would not vouch however that my examiner would find it, as it may be extremely difficult to find the point of reference.

III. "How many feet has a horse?" A horse has as many feet as a donkey; my examiner will please get some one to count for him.

IV. "It has been asserted that the ordinary man has ten fingers and ten toes. Explain." Explanation is impossible, as those who have feet on both extremities cannot understand.

I hope these answers will meet with approval, and that I will get first prize—the *tin donkey*, though I would be even more highly pleased with a *tintype* of my examiner.

M. E. DICUS.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

G. F. Johnson, \$3.20; D. O. McKay, \$3; R. Grierson, \$2.50; R. H. Murray, Dr. Morrow, \$2 each; J. A. Mackintosh, \$1.50; Miss Jamieson, Miss McDonald, Rev. A. Rogers, Prof. Alexander, J. P. Falconer, H. W. Sangster, Dr. Weldon, T. Lawson, Miss Parsons, W. J. Bowser, R. J. Burkitt, T. R. Robertson, Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, H. E. Dickson, W. S. Calkin, E. J. Rattee, Miss Belle Crowe, — Torey, J. W. Johnston, W. F. Cogswell, R. McCharles, \$1 each. Prof. Macdonald, \$3.

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