

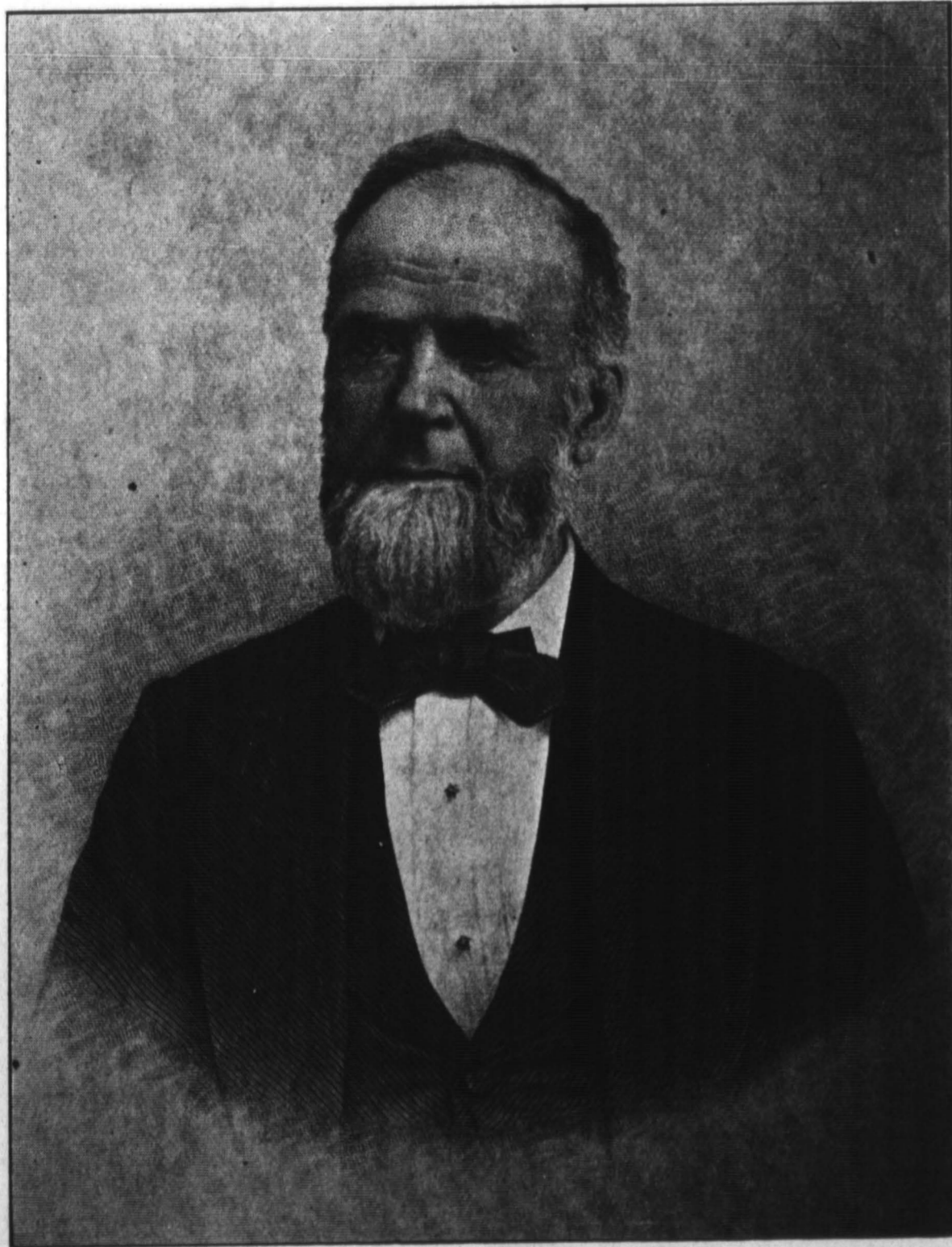
# The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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## OUR BENEFACTOR.

**G**EORGE MUNRO was born at Millbrook, Pictou County, in the year 1825. After receiving the ordinary education afforded in country schools at that time, he entered a printing office in Pictou, and worked for a short time on a local newspaper. His love for learning, however, soon led him to abandon the printing business and resume his studies at Pictou Academy. Here for several years he devoted himself to the study of classics and mathematics under Basil Bell, one of the best teachers Nova Scotia ever possessed. Upon leaving the Academy, he was appointed teacher of the New Glasgow school. After two or three years of successful work he was appointed rector of the Free Church Academy in Halifax. With two able assistants, Fowler, now Professor Fowler of Queen's University, and McKay, now Rev. N. McKay of Chatham, he worked up the Academy to the very first place among the schools of the Province. Here he remained for four or five years, working faithfully in the Academy and completing his studies in the Free Church College at the same time. Knowing the difficulties, with which students have to contend, he has always had a brotherly feeling for, and heart-felt sympathy with college boys. Teaching was not very remunerative in those days, and Mr. Munro, like many other pushing young men, turned his face to the Great Republic. His early experience in the printing office in Pictou directed his attention to the publishing business. Hard work, fearless enterprise and sterling integrity soon placed him in the very front rank of American publishers. As his wealth began to increase rapidly he did not forget his native land, nor did he forget those who were toiling after him up the hill of knowledge. In 1879 Dalhousie College was simply facing dissolution. The government grant had been withdrawn, and the whole endowment of the institution was less than fifty thousand dollars. One professorship had been abolished, and it seemed as if two of the



GEORGE MUNRO.



others would have to follow. The end seemed near at hand. At this juncture, Mr. Munro's generosity saved the College from extinction. In 1879 he endowed the Chair of Physics. In 1881 he established a Professorship of History and Political Economy. In 1882 he added a Professorship of English Language and Literature. In 1883 he founded a Professorship of Constitutional and International Law, and in 1884 a Professorship of Philosophy. All of these chairs are permanently endowed, but this did not exhaust his generosity. He has contributed nearly \$100,000 in Bursaries and Tutorships. These generous gifts, followed as they soon were by the bequests of McLeod, Young and Mott, placed the College on a sure footing, and, although the efforts of the governors to increase its usefulness leaves it still in financial difficulties, the gloom of 1879 has forever passed away.

Mr. Munro is a governor of the University of the City of New York, and takes a very active part in its affairs. He is an ardent advocate of Higher Education. A successful business man himself, he believes that a college education is the best preparation any young business man can have. What the business community wants is intelligence. Dalhousie owes him lasting gratitude and while she stands the name of George Munro can never be forgotten.

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#### THE DETERIORATION OF MAN AS SHOWN BY EXCAVATIONS IN LONDON PENINSULA.

PENINSULA OF LONDON,

January, 3981.

To the Learned Professor of Audition, Doctor Professor Mosel  
Gula of Limpopo:

HELLO,—Some days ago our party resumed digging where ancient pictured books, called "Illustrated News" tell us a great "Learning House" stood, which, as you remember from our study of these books, was named by a curious writer, a Lang, the Bodleia or Bodilee.\*

After we had removed many layers of sand and pebbles, which the great European Ocean had thrown on that beach, we came upon several large boulders with marked ferric discolorations. These boulders, our Glaciologists tell us, were carried down from a range of hills on the north of the great Glacier that

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\* The latter name seems to be the true one; for the Lang, who used it, was much tried by the perverseness of the dull people of that time, who would not understand anything about the real world—the world of Ghosts and Doubles, but who kept saying that the only real things were Dross, or, as they called them, Bodies.

covered this peninsula sometime about the year of Vril 2000. When we had penetrated these heaps of boulders, we came upon the remains of those curious substances, called by that strange people DOHKNOTS. They seem to have been used as projectiles in time of war.

In a portion of the Bodilee, which we discovered comparatively intact, we found a number of leaves with writing put loosely together and not knit with cords like the Book-Leaves. The writing of the bundles seemed to be wanting in uniformity. Some of it we could read easily. This looked like the upper writing in those curious books called KOPEE BOOKS. Some of it, we could not interpret. This seemed like the writing on the papers found in the house (with the marks B. N. E.) of one of those strange men who found out many secrets, talked very much yet told very little, and gathered together many strange slips of paper and queer disks of yellow metal and of white metal.

These Essays (for such was the name given to the Leave-Bundles) seem to have been written for a society called the Anthropological or Man-Science Club. They were of very different dates. One, the oldest, had on it the marks 1895 A. D. It contained a very wise prophecy about man. Another of later date found in another place, spoke of this early prophecy. It bore the marks 2061 A. D. In another place we found a third apparently of much later date than the second.

The first BUNDLE OF LEAVES seems to have been written by one who knew many things about his forbears. He said these ancient men were showing many signs of rapid evolution. "The primitive man," he said, "was covered with hair. As time passed man grew in civilization and hairlessness, until he was left with only the head-covering and whiskers. But in time even the head covering grew thinner and began to disappear." He went on to predict that in a few generations the "haired man" would never be seen except in Barnum's Circus.\*

The second LEAVE-BUNDLE spoken of, referred to this curious prediction, and said "the writer reasoned well. For, several years after his death, the top of men's heads were as free from hair as the upper part of their faces, and their lower faces were also always smooth and hairless, so that the only hair visible was a small fringe running from points situate five-eighths of an inch in front of the apex of the ears to the nape of the neck. The breadth of this fringe varied from one and a half inches to one and nine-sixteenth inches on the thick heads. It was the fashion to wax this hair till it would stand out straight.

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\* The word "Barnum" is found in Dr. Electrotait Phenyl's work on *Buildings*. There it occurs in the phrase *Equi Barnum*. This phrase seems to be taken from a language called "Dead." From its context I should say the word means "House." So perhaps the phrase "Barnum's Circus" means "Queer House"—the "cus" being a writer's error.



But, about this time, the manufacturers of hair-cutting instruments and of hair-brushes and combs, and also the hewers of hair and the dressers of hair formed an association called the *Contra Calvos* or the P. H. I. L. (Protective Hair Industry League). They wrote many letters to the newspapers over such names as "Pomade," "Indignant Tonsor," "One who Knows," "Patriot," "Honest but Poor," "Shampoo," "Tonsorial Artist," "Tonsorial Professor," "Professional Tonsorial Artist," &c.

Then a great roll of paper, called the "Monster Hair Petition" was carried to the Law-Makers. The Great Boss, Patrique Maguire, dubbed G. B. by a devoted public, in an able letter of forty pages, thanked these enterprising citizens for their Hair Memorial, and assured them of his everlasting devotion to the great Protective Principle, and promised to appoint a great Hair Commission to enquire into the best way of protecting these great industries. A commission, consisting of 101 S. B's was appointed. For twenty years it took evidence as to the best means of protecting the hair industry.

Then the C. C.'s or P. H. I. L.'s rose in rebellion, and caught several hundreds of hairless men and treated them with *Pennæ et Pix*. This frightened the Bosses greatly. So they, forthwith, passed two laws. (1.) 'The wearing of head coverings or hats, at any time, is strictly prohibited—the offender to be sentenced to three months selling tickets for concerts.' (2.) 'An officer and assistants, called Swabus Maximus et Socii, (to be appointed hereafter for each town) to apply daily, at the Town Hall, a new juice, called *Spes Tonsorum*, to the heads of all hairless men.' Then, for several months, one might see daily in the entrances of the Town Halls, and in the streets leading thereto, rows of white glistening heads waiting to be anointed with Sp. Tons. In time, hairs began to appear, one here, one there, like venturesome blades of green in early spring. The P.H.I.L.'s again began to smile and to speak swiftly and incessantly, and the sound of 'NEXT' was heard in the streets. And so," moralizes the reflective historian, "the predictions of the wise come to nought."

"This reminds me," he adds, of another no less famous prediction—that of the return of the TWO-WHEEL RIDER to the form of the monkey with arched back, craned neck, and four hands.' But this sage prediction also came to nought. For the woman who ruled the Law Makers, despised the monkey and all his works. They secured the appointment of a commission to enquire into the best way to demonkeyize man. The commission reported in favour of a compulsory Flying Machine, which would straighten the back, and by means of many attractions in the streets below, bring back the neck to the arch of the goose, and also by making the feet the propellers so lengthen, broaden and stiffen them, that they could never become prehensile."

The third Leave-Bundle, mentioned above, contained a still more remarkable historical fact. The writer, who seemed to be well-versed in the customs of the ancients, expressed great surprise at the absence of any forecast, in the early writings, of the prevalent dumbness, although men had predicted many things for the man of the future, such as that he would become 'a hairless ape with spectacles,' etc. "We are confronted," he writes, "with the appalling fact that 'nine-tenths of the men and some of the women cannot speak, and many of these cannot hear. Many theories have been put forward as explanations of this important fact. Some are supremely ridiculous, such as the following, which says that these men and women were the descendants of politicians and godsips \* who had worn out their organs of speech and so deprived posterity of one of the gifts of man. One of the theories, however, is so well supported by circumstantial evidence that "we must believe it true."

"This theory seems to have been first given to the world by Barom Cuizois, P. C., D. C. L., F. S. A. His extensive researches "made it clear that among the early peoples the system of teaching "by word of mouth had been supplanted by a system of "exercises, essays, and much writing on black boards. The pen "took up the work of the tongue. The story-tellers, lecturers, "serious and comic, and the exhorters, of earlier days were "succeeded by books of stories, pictured histories, lessons in "figures and pictures, and tracts with flaming colours. Those "who wished to communicate with others wrote for the news- "papers, magazines, and encyclopædias, or published books.

"The breakfast-table never was without newspapers for "each place. At lunch, which was generally taken at different "times, magazines and illustrated papers were devoured; while "the dinner-table was always well supplied with book racks. "Men lost the sense of humour. Every expression of feeling "was suppressed. The face became like stone. Children poured "over picture-books and stories. Mothers read society news, "and studied fashion plates and missionary books.

"In the factories great inventions were introduced. The "workers were so scattered and few that the noise of machinery "drowned the sound of the voice. On board steamers and on "the train, the pleasant companion, who told stories, while his "hand wandered into another's pocket, chilled the talkative "travellers into silent suspicion. On the streets and in the shops "the Tyrant Commercium forbade his slaves to interchange "words. At the Club, the delights of the Smoke and the spell "of the Game aided papers and magazines in keeping great "silence. The "Meets" of the women were shunned by the men "because of their danger.

\* So named because of their habits of sipping tea like gods and never ceasing to speak.



"Then the noisy parades of men eager to break or remake governments frightened the Law-Makers, who prohibited all speaking in public. Even these makers themselves by their interminable talk and meaningless wrangle caused men to silence them. Silence, because golden, elected its man. Then men learned to write with exceeding rapidity.

"These all combined to free men from talking much. Want of exercise made talking more and more difficult; until at last it seemed as though it would become a lost art."

The writer of this strange Leave-Bundle then went on to point out some defects in Cuizois' theory,— especially its failure to explain the great excess of dumb men over dumb women, and then told how a very painstaking historian, Dr. Gruboo of Plugton, went about the explanation of this fact. I cannot do better than quote from the Leave-Bundle:

"In an old newspaper file, Gruboo noticed the constant recurrence of a column called 'Lady Vane's Jumble.' This attracted his attention. He read several columns through very carefully, but found great difficulty in understanding them. He was particularly puzzled by the phrase, 'smart tea-gown.' At first, he seemed to think that the letter 'r' had been left out of 'gown,' and that the phrase referred to a biting kind of tea grown probably in that country. This was suggested by a remark in an adjacent column about a home grown tobacco. But the hyphen made that interpretation impossible. He then thought that this must be a 'biting gown made of tea'; but in a newly discovered cyclopædia he found that tea was unsuitable for making gowns. He came to the conclusion that 'tea' must refer to some ceremony, and that 'gown' was the garment worn by the one who performed the rite; but 'smart' he could not understand."

"He, then, tried to discover the nature of the 'tea' ceremony. He consulted many writers of great antiquity with little or no success. A dear friend, Dr. Prof. Stu, called his attention to a passage in the mutilated works of one Hol\*\*s containing the words 'giggle, gabble, gobble and git.' The significance of these words, however, remained obscure until another friend, the president of their society, Cir Knozer, called his attention to an interesting discovery which he had made in a place where formerly they used to conceal skeletons.

"One side of this place had been visible for many years. One bright day when Cir Knozer was looking at the stone face he noticed the following marks on it:

Hic Jac  
TOUGAL

amabat

Chaperonibus  
et

widua

"He caused the earth to be removed from other portions of the stone and found on another side the following inscription in somewhat indistinct characters:

HIC JACIT  
TOUGALDUS, CAPREUS  
DONALDI LONGI FILIUS  
ÆT. XXXIV.  
QUI PRAEMATURE MORTUUS EST  
ANNO BABELI ΣΣΙΞ  
MULTOS ANNOS JACTATUS AB  
FIVOGLOCKIS TEATORIBUS  
PRIMUM EXUL IN COVENTRO REMOTO  
DEINDE FLAGELLATUS LINGUIS LOQUACIBUS  
ET DIV EXCRUCIATUS AB CHAPERONIBUS  
POSTREMUM LINGUOCUTUS A  
DOMINA CALUMNIA  
QUIA  
TAM MULTUM ET TAM MULTAS  
AMABAT  
NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM  
AMORES DESIDERABANT  
SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS  
VIDUARUM VESTES LUGUBRES ADSPICE.

"Cir Knozer caused the stones to be removed till the cavern was open. He entered and found there a broad flat vessel of glass, a piece of bent wood with a hole running through it enlarged at one end to about the size of a human mouth, and a piece of brass with marks. These, he concluded, had been put away with the skeleton, as the most precious things of man."

"After careful applications of acid, with the help of several powerful glasses, he made out these words on the brass:

BABYLLIC ODE.

Tea of the Afternoon, five o'clock tea!  
Where they gabble and gobble and git,  
Haunt of the Women, chattering haunt!  
Where they give an' take news on dit.

Tea of the Afternoon, kettledrum tea!  
Where they giggle and gobble and gabble,  
Joy of the Maidens, delirious joy!  
To mingle in gossip and babble.

Tea of the Afternoon, gossipy tea!  
Where they gabble and giggle and git,  
Plague of the Men, pestilent plague!  
Great Jupiter! save them from it.

Tea of the Afternoon, tiresome tea!  
Where they gobble and gabble and giggle,  
Snare of the Bachelors, treacherous snare!  
Where they hopelessly wobble and wiggle.

Tea of the Afternoon, feminine tea!  
Where they giggle and gabble and git,  
Freak of the Ages, marvelous freak!  
The queerest of freaks as yit.



"When the great Gruboo saw the brass and read the words, "a glorious truth flashed upon him. 'Gowns,' he said, 'were worn by women only. Tea was a ceremony of giggle, gabble, gobble-and git. Women seemed to delight in this ceremony. Here at least they must have had frequent and abundant exercise in the great art of GIGGLE AND GABBLE. Men seem to have been excluded *Jove Juvante*. Then in accordance with the great Law of D. L. Sart, which says 'From want of exercise an organ diminishes in size, strength and efficiency until it loses all power of action,' the men became dumb.

"Then Gruboo broke forth into a song of praise, with the words: Most Honoured and Most Beneficial of all human rites wert thou Oh TEA! For didst thou not preserve speech among mankind" In this way was the great Cuizors-Gruboo theory discovered."

This my dear Gula is all I can tell you at present about the wonders of this most interesting 'Learning House' of the once famous Empire of London. When you receive this to-morrow, take passage in the WHISH in the Limpopo Niger and Phoriu Noomatique Toob, and come out to-morrow night to this wild country.

I write amid the howling of the Boogaboo and the roaring of the Dongkee. How did old Jaitee come out of the Zlandee Zoot? Bring a korque skru with you.

Yours anxiously, F. L. A. SOFEE.

#### IRISH STUDENTS AT THE OPERA.

WHEN I was at Trinity College, Dublin, the students often carried on at the theatre in a way that would have been fatal to the sensibilities of "Lady Jane." On opera nights as many as two hundred students, chiefly medicos, would form in solid phalanx at the door of the upper gallery before opening time and half monopolize "Olympus." The price of admission to the lower parts of the house was prohibitory to the poorer students during opera, for the full strength of Her Majesty's, or Covent Garden, and sometimes a combination from the two companies, used to come to the Dublin Theatre Royal for a week or so at the close of the London season. Indeed one sometimes saw stronger casts (though weaker choruses) in Dublin than in London. Shortly before I matriculated, I heard Grisi, Mario, Graziani, and Viardot Garcia, then, I believe, the greatest living performers in the four great roles of the "Trovatore." A little later I heard Titjens, Piccolomini, Giulini and some celebrated baritone (I think it was Ronconi) in "Don Giovanni"; and the competitive efforts of these great artists are things to remember with a thrill. In London, where the season is long, four such stars would have

declined to play in the same opera for fear of establishing a bad precedent and spoiling the public. But it used to be said that great singers appreciated the taste and enthusiasm of Dublin audiences.

Arrived in the "gods," the students not uncommonly took off their coats, for the traditions of the old and the atmosphere of the new "Olympus" forbade a superfluity of clothing. Many of them carried shillelahs, for though students were more prone to use their fists, they were ready to meet a more popular style of argument in a more popular way. An actual "shindy" was rare and never begun by the collegians, who issued no invitations to that form of "diversion," but were always at home to callers. Besides they found their shillelahs just as persuasive with disobliging *prima donnas* as with aggressive citizens. When an artiste declined to answer a much desired *encore*, the occupants of the front row would sometimes bend over and beat the sides of the gallery with their sticks, sometimes irregularly and sometimes in "Kentish fire," until the reluctant singer yielded to the inexorable recall. I have seen Adelina Patti, in the flush of her early triumphs, come back twice with a smile, and once more with an indignant *moue*, to sing "The Last Rose of Summer," in obedience to the *force majeure* of the shillelahs. But she had her recompense afterwards. The horses were taken out of her carriage by the college lads and she was drawn in triumph to her hotel, where she was given three cheers and assured that she was a little brick.


The collegians of Trinity, like those of Dalhousie, never interrupted the performances; but such demonstrations as those of the Dalhousians in our Academy would have seemed mild to an audience sitting under a body of Dublin students on an opera night in those days. During the interludes, they sang in chorus the airs of the opera, of the college, and of the day. They exchanged among themselves repartees that were often audible in the pit. They sometimes even made allusions to persons sitting below, with a rudeness redeemed by wit. Some of the coarser witticisms of the Dublin "gods," which have passed into stories, it is unfair to attribute to the students. But I fancy it was they who were responsible for brutally beating the stuffed effigy of a man and then tumbling it down into the orchestra. And it was, perhaps, one of them who wittily shouted, as the lay figure was being thrown over the parapet, "Stop, boys! Don't waste him! Let us kill a fiddler with the corpse!" I cannot say whether students joined with the occupants of the "gods" in showering fine-cut paper into the pit and ordering men with white hats to take off their tiles, and in other acts of unseemly license. But the collegians generally disapproved of any larks in which rudeness predominated over humor. Of course Trinity men did not habitually frequent the "gods," but large bodies of them did so when operas were played, some for economy and others for fun.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



## THE LATE JAMES DeMILLE.

THE simple record of the stone cross which marks his grave at Camp Hill is only "James DeMille, born August 15th, 1834, died January 28th, 1880." The memorial book-press in our Library adds that he was Professor of Rhetoric and History from 1864 to the day of his death. All that need be added is that he was a Canadian, of good Loyalist stock on both sides of the house, and that after preparation at Acadia and a long tour with his brother in Europe, he graduated from Brown University in 1854. He was at first in business in St. John, his native city; and then for three years held the post of Professor of Classics at Acadia. The rest of his life, the strongest years of his manhood were devoted to the service of Dal-



get that the College owes its reputation for thoroughness to the handful of professors who bore the burden of twenty years of struggle; and that DeMille was not the least of these, not merely as the most prolific and facile writer Canada ever produced, not merely as the true man of letters, but as the faithful teacher, patient, earnest, hardworking, kind-hearted, DeMille must remain the peculiar possession of Dal-

housie. In that service he died. Whoever may forget him, Dalhousians must never let him pass from memory.

DeMille, the writer, was a man of talent, but his heart was in his teaching; and for that chiefly we remember him. We must not forget

## A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

THE flatterer Damocles, we read,  
At banquet saw above his head  
A sword suspended by a thread;  
And, pallid at the sight he ceased  
To find enjoyment in the feast:  
The viands that he clutched before  
In him stirred appetite no more.  
His only wish was to remove  
The dreaded object from above,  
Or that the tyrant would permit  
Him speedily his seat to quit.

And if resemblance should be sought  
Betwixt his fate and our sad lot,  
Just look! The sword that Students fear  
Are the exams. now drawing near;  
The viands that have lost their charms  
Are Novels, Operas, Fire-alarms,  
And Foot-ball games and all the rest  
For which we Students have such zest.  
The tyrant grim, who thought it sport,  
Was like our Profs, if true report,  
That they deep draughts of pleasure take  
Just when the boys begin to quake.

But as a Senior I should be  
Above the dread of tyranny,  
And, if the Muses nine permit,  
And Pegasus don't take a fit,  
And throw me in the gutter, why  
In retrospect I'll cast my eye  
Upon the season that has fled,  
Since Convocation prayers were said.

And first, and towering above all,  
The manly, noble game of ball  
Deserve our notice. We have won,  
And not a single blur upon  
Our scutcheon. Far before the rest  
The race was ours by no close second press'd.  
And now since Xmas tide is near  
The hallowed season of the year,  
When bitterness and spite should die  
And kindlier thoughts their place supply;  
If ever from a student's heart  
Oh, now let prejudice depart,  
And let it readily be allow'd  
The Wanderers are a manly crowd.



In College Hall the din and roar  
Of scimmaging is heard no more,  
The art is number'd with the dead.  
A fine of forty cents per head  
Can bring the valiant, dauntless Sophs  
Upon their knees before the profs.  
And one may read in freshman's eye  
The consciousness of Sovereignty  
He owns the College and the Town :  
The Juniors crouch beneath his frown.  
'Tis true he sometimes does consent  
To recognize the President.

That night, when we took in the play,  
And cheered and sang dull care away,  
Called forth the wrath and roused the spleen  
Of our well-wisher Lady Jean.  
Her ire in print she straight display'd,  
And published virulent tirade  
Against a jovial set of boys  
Whose only crime—a little noise.  
To her we wish the best of cheer,  
A merry Xmas, glad New Year.  
Long may she live, and reign and write  
And, years from now, may it delight  
Her aged eyes, and fill with pride,  
To see her grandson deified  
For play upon Dalhousie's side.

Of Students we have quite a few  
Who grind the weary session through,  
Who break their health and dull their brain  
The honour of first rank to gain.  
But far more numerous is the c'ass  
Whose sole ambition is to pass.

The second error or the first,  
'Tis hard to say which is the worst.  
On either side are rocks and shoals  
Midway between the channel rolls,  
Through which we safe may steer our course  
And never after feel remorse.

And now to end this rambling rhyme,  
As press'd with work and press'd for time,  
To all its patrons, and its friends,  
A greeting warm the 'GAZETTE' extends.

H. F.

PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN, of Mansfield College, Oxford, has been gladdened by somebody, who keeps in the shade, giving £15,000 to found a chair of Pastoral Theology for "Mansfield," Oxford.

## A "SPECTATOR" PAPER.

ON the night of Friday, August 31st, 1711, a private room in Button's coffee-house was occupied by two gentlemen. The heavy table they sat beside was lighted by two tall candles which threw huge, misshapen shadows of their heads and chair-backs on the walls behind them. One gentleman was busy writing. His full-bottomed peruke hung with his hat upon a convenient peg. His tidy night-cap covered his head. The candles were nearest his end of the table, and by their light his face showed a slight flush. Neatly spread out before him were an inkstand, a bundle of quills, a sand-box, and several loose sheets of paper. At his right hand lay a little heap of neatly written manuscript, besides a bottle and a half-emptied wine glass. He sat very prim and erect, his shoulders a good ten inches from the straight, high back of his chair. From his sober, decorous dress and set, impassive face, one would take him to be a clergyman; but he was not in holy orders.

The other gentleman was shorter and rather more thick-set. In spite of his careless attitude, the squared shoulders, erect head and full chest proclaimed the soldier. A pair of remarkably clear brown eyes sparkled from under his heavy brows and lit up his square, dark face. As the evening was sultry, he sat in his shirt sleeves, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his fifty-guinea wig hanging over his chair. At his end of the table stood a tobacco-box, a long pipe, a glass and three bottles, with the corks drawn; one was empty, one was full, and the third contained only another glass of wine. He had turned his chair side ways and leaning his left elbow comfortably on the table, puffed at his long pipe in silence, bestowing now and then a glance at his companion, and occasionally referring to his bottle and his glass. A slight draught of air towards the open window carried the smoke wreaths in that direction, and the smoker watched them float away in lazy satisfaction.

At last the writer laid down his pen, dusted his last sheet with the sand-box, and held it up to the nearest candle. The smoker was all attention in a moment.

"What dost thou think of this, Dick?" asked the gentleman with the manuscript, and then began to read. He ended,

"I then turned to behold the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it."

"Admirable! admirable!" cried Dick. "'Tis as when a strain of sweet music ceases on the air. I can see that long hollow valley of



thine, at one instant swept by the tide and spanned by that marvellous bridge, and at the next empty except for the grazing cattle. 'Tis vastly fine! It reminds me," and Dick's mellow laugh was pleasant to hear, "of an encounter I had in Birdcage Walk t'other day, after a shower. I met two men engrossed in conversation, and almost jostled them into a puddle. The chief speaker was tall and lean; his hat sat on the back of his head. From his dress and accent, I judged him to be from one of our plantations in America. As they came up to me, I heard him say most earnestly, "And then ye see, the whole d—d thing vanishes away like a dream." And thy vision, dear Joe, vanishes like a dream. 'As a dream, when one awaketh'—How does the text go?" said Dick, with a sudden turn. "And what title wilt thou give it?"

"Mirzah's Vision," said Joe. "Wilt thou see if Buckley's boy be in the passage?"

Dick opened the door and called. A sleepy urchin stumbled into the room, and Joe handed him the manuscript without a word. He was used to such errands. As he turned to leave, Dick called him back.

"Wait a moment," he said, as he seated himself again in his chair, and reached across the table for a sheet of his friend's paper and a pen. "Shut the door, boy, the candles gutter. I'll make thee my Mercury, boy. Thou shalt bear a *billet-doux* to my Venus, my Juno, my best of wives."

And he began to scribble.

Mr. Addison emptied his glass with grave deliberation, stood up and taking the pipe from the table filled it slowly, lighted it at a candle; then he seated himself again, but more at his ease with his legs crossed, to enjoy himself.

Meantime Dick had finished his note. It ran,

DEAREST PRUE,

Pray do not expect me Home to-night. I am obliged to attend Mr. Addison in a matter of the Utmost importance, and I shall lie at Carveth's in Fleet st. Let the boy bring my night-Gown, slippers and Cleane Linnen. Though a little in Liquor, I am ever thy  
obdt. sert. and Loving Husband

R. STEELE.

Button's, 11 o'clock.

"Here boy," he said as he folded it, "take this to Madam Steele on Bury street, last door on the left hand but two. There's a shilling for thee, and there's another in my purse, if thou bring back what she gives thee."

He settled himself back in his chair, filled his glass and pushed the bottle across the table to his friend.

"I am glad that paper pleases thee, Dick," said Mr. Addison between the puffs, "for it pleases me. It will please the Town to-morrow, I think."

"It cannot fail to please," said Dick, warmly. "None of us can rival thee in this. Every one knows what *Spectator* comes from Mr. Addison's pen, even without the C. L. I. O. It was a happy thought of thine to take the tale of Marraton and work over the last part of it for a new paper. But the invention of the bridge I cannot trace."

"I am often on the eighth wonder of the world, our great London Bridge, as Sir Roger would say," said the other smiling. "It is not a fashionable lounging place for the wits, but I love to haunt it. The busy throngs upon it always attract me; and if I can find some place where I can lean over the parapet in silence, and watch the silver Thames sweeping under, or the rushing tide coming in, I never heed the flight of time. Running water draws my eye to it, and it is hard to come away. Often in my wherry, I have the waterman pull about the bridge, that I may see it from below. How small man often feels beside the very things that his fingers have made! As one shoots through those ringing arches, in the grasp of the river, the bridge is capable of inspiring him with awe. I am never weary of it."

"'Tis in thy happiest vein," said Dick musingly. "But those happy islands—they conjure up a scene, I never set eyes on, but one the factor from my Barbadoes estate has often described to me. 'Twere easy to imagine a paradise, like those flowery islands of the tropics."

"Perhaps 'tis a recollection of my classics. I cannot say. Perhaps 'tis natural for us islanders '*toto divisos orbe*,' to fancy that happiness has her peculiar home in islands. I sometimes like to think that no one but an Englishman born within the narrow seas, could have imagined that fairy island of Prospero's and its wonderful inhabitants. 'Half its charm consists in its isolation. What dreadful work Mr. Dryden made of the incomparable *Tempest* with his improvements and his Hippolytus!"

"He gave the Town what the Town wanted; but taste has changed since that time. I doubt if three thousand cits and wits would have paid twopence every morning to read *The Spectator* twenty years ago."

"My printer tells me, the list of subscribers is steadily increasing," said Mr. Addison complacently. "Let us be thankful that we write *Spectators* when the Town wants *Spectators*!"

"The beginning struck me as being mighty fine," resumed Dick, after a pause. "I was reading some books of Eastern travel lately, and the religion in those parts seems to consist of bathing and prayers. Thy Mirzah conducts himself like a true Oriental. But that fable of manu-



scripts and translations will deceive many. How easily the Town is gulled!"

"Yes," said the other with a quiet smile, "I shall doubtless have several inquiries by Monday's post as to Mirzah and his history and the other visions. At least one wiseacre will point out that the Latin *genius loci* is out of place in an Eastern apologue. The letters I do not print are often more ludicrous than the concoctions which appear from Tim Watchwell and Jack Anvil."

"The thought of all the first part is summed up in that sentence about man being but a shadow and life a dream. The thought is not new. From Job and Horace to Shakspeare and Mr. Waller, the poets keep telling us the same thing.

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. — We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

"Tis not so much *what* is said as the *way* it is said."

At this moment the printer's boy appeared again at the door, with Mr. Steele's bundle under his arm. Mr. Addison took the damp galley slips from him, unrolled them and spread them out; and then handed his neat manuscript, now all smudged with the printers' inky thumbs, to his friend.

How much better it looks in print!" he exclaimed. "Dick, thou read as usual, and I will make the corrections." And Dick began.

"When in the course of my travels I visited Grand Cairo for the purpose of taking the measure of the pyramids, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me."

"H—m!" said the reader. "That is a good beginning. Everyone will remember the first number and the skit on the Royal Society. But the sentence seems to straggle. Let me draw my pen through '*in the course of my travels*,' and '*for the purpose of taking the measure of the pyramids*.' Does not that read better?"

"It does indeed," said Mr. Addison, "and I think I will change '*visited*' to '*was*.' Yes! That is much better."

In a short time, they had made their last corrections, and the boy was on his way back to the printer's.

"I think," said Mr. Addison, as the door shut behind him, "that I have never written anything that pleased me more. 'Twas a happy thought, that of an Eastern seer. I shall write another paper like it for next Saturday, Dick."

"No," said Dick boldly, in rather a thick voice. "Thou wilt not. Even Mr. Addison cannot write a second Vision of Mirzah." And Dick was right.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

### THE SALADIN.

#### A TALE OF MUTINY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

ON the eighth day of February, 1844, the good ship "Saladin" slipped her moorings in the harbor of Valparaiso, spread out her white sails to the breeze, and glided out upon the sparkling waters of the South Pacific Ocean. She was an English ship, and hailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne. She was now upon her homeward voyage, laden with a valuable cargo, consisting of silver dollars, silver in bars, copper and guano. She was under command of one Captain McKenzie, and was manned by a crew of ten seamen. Four of these had been shipped at Valparaiso, to take the place of several of the crew, who had deserted at that port.

For a time all went well, Cape Horn had been made and safely rounded; and now, like a monster sea bird, the ship sped over the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, hourly drawing nearer home. The crew worked heartily; no token of discontent was apparent; everything seemed to indicate that the voyage would be speedily and profitably terminated. Yet a cloud was forming in the horizon; and soon a tempest, more terrible than the conflicting forces of wind and wave, would sweep her decks from stem to stern.

It had happened, just before the departure from Valparaiso, that a stranger, accompanied by a lad of about fifteen years of age, had come on board. He gave his name as George Fielding, and desired a passage for himself and son, for such the boy was, home to England. He had been captain of a British ship, named the "Victory," which had been seized and confiscated by the Chilian government for infringement of the revenue laws of that country. He was, as the sequel shows, a man utterly unprincipled, for whom no deed of cruelty or outrage was too desperate.

In the mind of this unscrupulous man a plot was formed to murder Captain McKenzie, and take possession of the ship. This plan he revealed to one of the hands named Jones, whom he found disposed to help him. An effort was then made to seduce a select part of the crew to assist them in carrying out their evil purpose. The men, when appealed to, at first showed some reluctance; but they were told, that, if they hesitated, there were others who would readily join in the proposed mutiny. Hints of this threatened outbreak were conveyed to the ears of Captain McKenzie, but being of a reticent disposition he kept his own counsel, and did not seem to appreciate the danger in which he was placed.



When, by bribes or threats, a sufficient number of men had been won over to the side of the mutineers, plans were laid, carefully and systematically, to carry into effect their terrible project. It was arranged that, on the night of the thirteenth of April, an attack should be made; possession of the vessel secured; and then all obnoxious persons could be dealt with at leisure.

On that eventful night, shortly after the larboard watch had been called, Fielding came on deck. The mate was on the "look-out." He was a man of delicate health, and had been ill. Tired with standing, he was leaning against some bulky packages upon the deck. A stealthy step, a blow in the darkness, and noiselessly the poor fellow went overboard. This move gave the mutineers possession of the ship; and they prepared, with great coolness, to follow up the advantage.

When the next watch was called, three men came on deck; one of whom went aft, and, while drawing water, was struck with an axe, and knocked into the sea. Another had seated himself upon a spar; he was quickly dispatched, and followed his companion over the rail. The third, who had gone forward, was followed, struck with a hammer, and thrown overboard.

Two men then entered the captain's cabin; but his dog was with him, and, fearing lest the faithful animal should give the alarm, they withdrew. They then proceeded to call up the carpenter. As he came on deck he was struck, but not fatally injured. A cry burst from his lips, and he prepared to defend himself; but he was quickly seized, and hurled into the dark waters.

The cry of the carpenter had awakened the captain, but the mutineers turned it to good account by raising the shout "man overboard." This brought the captain to the deck. As he appeared in the companion-way he was laid hold of; in vain were threats and remonstrances, a splash in the darkness and all was over. Six lives had been taken, almost without a struggle; and scarce a trace was left to tell of these horrible deeds.

Toward six o'clock in the morning, Carr, the cook, and Galloway, the steward, came on deck. Fielding counselled their destruction, but the men refused to kill them. They were told what had happened; and were threatened, that, if they did not fall in with the plans of the mutineers, their lives would pay the penalty. Deeming resistance hopeless, they made a virtue of necessity, and yielded to the wishes of the crew.

The men now bound themselves together by a solemn oath of brotherhood. They were to take the ship to some deserted place, remove and conceal her treasure, and destroy her. Then they would make their way to the United States, purchase a small ship; returning, they would secure their treasure, and in

foreign lands squander it. But, alas, they had reckoned without counting the cost.

They now proceeded to ransack the ship, and to divide the spoil. With characteristic suspicion, they threw overboard all the arms and ammunition, that could be found on board, except a fowling-piece and a cutlass. Among the supplies were large quantities of wines and liquors, with which they freely regaled themselves.

At this point, the actions of Fielding began to excite alarm. He was drinking heavily. He had said that he would do away with Carr and Galloway before they reached land. The discovery was made, that he had secretly hidden two pistols and a large carving knife. It began to dawn upon the crew, that this desperate man purposed to destroy them all, when he had worked out his plans by their assistance. Their resolution was quickly formed. Fielding and his son were seized, bound hand and foot, and left in the cabin all night. Next morning it was decided to cast both overboard. In carrying out this decision Carr and Galloway were forced to take part, although they protested strongly; and pled, especially, that the life of the boy might be spared. Remonstrance was in vain. Fielding and his son met the fate they had been instrumental in bringing upon others. Seldom has retribution so quickly followed sin.

After the death of Fielding, the care of the ship devolved upon Galloway; who, although he was but nineteen years of age, was the only navigator on board. Their plan was to sail up the St. Lawrence, scuttle the ship, and escape with the specie and bullion, which they had divided among them. Being uncertain as to their bearings, they hailed a passing American schooner, which by mischance gave them a wrong course. After sailing for some distance, one dark, foggy night the ship struck upon Harbor Island, a small rocky island, a little east of the mouth of Country Harbor, N. S.

When day dawned, and the fog had somewhat lifted, the wreck was discovered by some coasting vessels lying near. The captain of one of these went on board, and was soon joined by parties from the mainland. The men told a plausible story. The captain and several of the crew, they said, had been washed overboard during a storm. The general disorder of things on board, and the fact that the ship's name had been boarded over led to some suspicion. This was strengthened by observing that the deck, in several places, had been pared down, as if to remove blood stains. Nevertheless, the crew were left at large, and permitted to unlade the cargo.

So strong, however, did the suspicions grow, that the men were placed under arrest; and the "Fair Rosamond" was despatched to bring them to Halifax. There they were tried before the judge of the Admiralty Court; and, while they told a very fair story, yet there were some discrepancies. They gave



the name of the ship's captain and repeated the story of his fate. Clothes, charts and instruments, belonging to Captain Fielding, were found on board; and these had to be accounted for. The crew said that these were the property of a man, who had died at Valparaiso; and that they were taking these things home to his friends in England. Among his papers, however, were bills of sales effected by him on the seventh day of February; and as the ship's books showed that she had sailed from Valparaiso on the eighth day of that month, the story seemed improbable; and the men were lodged in the county jail.

Shortly after, all Halifax was thrown into a state of feverish excitement by the intelligence that two of the crew of the "Saladin," Carr and Galloway, had confessed to a number of horrible murders committed on board. Writs were immediately issued for a new trial of the prisoners.

The trial came off on July eighteenth and nineteenth, 1844, before a court of mixed commission, specially constituted by British law to deal with cases of piracy on the high seas. Four of the men were charged with the crimes of mutiny and murder. Their names were Anderson, Hazleton, Jones and Johnstone. The prosecution was conducted by the attorney-general, and the defence was in the hands of Young, Doyle and Uniacke. The prisoners pled guilty, and made open confession of their crimes. Their counsel urged that they were entitled to mercy, inasmuch as they had been intimidated by the unscrupulous Fielding; against whom, in self-defence, they were compelled to turn their hands. The jury, however, found them guilty of the charges laid against them. It was necessary for the protection of all sea-faring men that these mutineers should suffer for their atrocious deeds. Carr and Galloway were then tried on two indictments, one for the murder of Fielding, the other for the murder of his son. They were, however, acquitted on both charges. On the morning of Saturday, July twentieth, they were set at liberty and their unfortunate shipmates sentenced to execution.

The closing scene in this terrible tragedy took place on the morning of July thirty-first. The prisoners had been confined in the old penitentiary. From thence a mournful cavalcade proceeded on that sad morning. First came a company of grenadiers, with fixed bayonets. Following them, came the sheriff in a gig. Behind him, lumbered the prison coaches, bearing the prisoners with their religious attendants. Then, another guard of soldiers brought up the rear. The place of execution was the hill west of the Roman Catholic cemetery and south of Spring Garden Road, near where the south wing of the Victoria General Hospital now stands. A guard of soldiers was drawn up around the spot, and an immense concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the gruesome scene. There, in sight of the sea whose blue waters they had

polluted with blood, they paid the extreme penalty of the law for their crimes.

Little more need be said. The skulls of two of these unfortunate men, as well as some of the materials of the ship, may be seen at the Provincial Museum. These sad memorials bear a silent yet forcible witness that "though hand join in hand, sin and evil shall not go unpunished." Nearly fifty years have passed over our good city; years fruitful in change and progress. Life and property now enjoy a security which they never before possessed. Tales of piracy and mutiny on the high seas are almost entirely things of the past. Yet our confidence rests not so much in our boasted advancement, as it does on the assurance that this world and its affairs are under the government of One, whose righteous judgement was made manifest in bringing to justice the infamous crew of the ill-fated "Saladin."

#### A PICTOVIAN REMINISCENCE.—No. 2.

IN last year's Christmas GAZETTE, I tried to tell you a truthful tale of Pictou School: This year, again, if you will bear with me, I shall write of another incident which if it have no other merit, I can at least assure you has that of truthfulness.

Old Pictou boys, you will all know to whom I refer when I speak of "The Principal!" Of course he had other names, some of which he has probably never heard himself; but the name by which *we* knew him and by which he was *best* known was "The Principal."

I feel that I, for one, have never been any great credit to his teaching; but whether it was when he had me impaled with a crayon at the blackboard, demonstrating to the class a question in algebra about which I knew less than the least of them, or erstwhile nabbed as a skipper in the furnace room by his ever watchful eye,—at all times, I can say with truth, that I respected and revered him.

I presume every old school has its traditions and stories, and Pictou is especially rich in this traditional lore. Three-quarters of a century has gone by since the venerable Thomas McCulloch founded Pictou Academy, and the same body, tho' arrayed in garments of a newer and more modish style, still presents its weatherstained brick face to the salt breezes blowing in from the sea. In this time many generations of students



have come and gone, and each set has contributed something to the *unwritten* history of the school. A very great number of the stories which have come down to our set are clustered around the "Principal." He gave the best years of his youth to the school he loved, and made it famous even beyond the province.

In later years he taught the scientific department: and it was in connection with the class in zoology that this little incident arose. All the scientific work was of a very practical nature: in botany we had to exhibit a certain number of mounted, named, and classified specimens, and oh! those specimens! they were the bane of my life. Work as one would, and in spite of such little wiles as the insertion of the same specimen, with a different name, at intervals of about five pages, there still remained a horrid blank space at the end. The class in zoology was conducted by means of lectures, and illustrations on the blackboard—awful looking creatures some of these latter were, too; but the more hideous looking the better we enjoyed them.

Occasionally, we had an illustration 'from the life.' On one occasion the principal wished to illustrate the rise and progress of the tadpole. The better to do this, he procured a healthy young specimen and in view of the class placed it in water under a cover, remarking as he did so, thus: "Now you see (slowly and abstractedly), I'm putting this embryo *Rana temporaria*, or tadpole, or pollywog (use whichever term you wish), in water under this cover. Of course (slight pause as the tadpole is carefully deposited in his element), of course (placing the cover on him), there will be no development for a long time. But we shall look at him from time to time until, in the course of some weeks, he will appear as a fully developed frog."

These remarks were listened to with deep interest by all the class; especially by an alert looking boy in one of the back seats, whose interest, had the principal noticed it, might have aroused a suspicion of something more than a deep-rooted desire for knowledge.

This boy's name was Edward Lawson—at least that is near enough to enable Pictovians to recognize the original. If any fun or mischief (very often synonymous with Ed.) was brewing,

the authorship of it might safely be ascribed to him and his chums. Was the principal's costly thermometer found attached to a steam-pipe (with the mercury going up like stocks on a "bull-market")—the finger of surmise immediately pointed to Lawson and Co. Did a tourist cat make moan with no uncertain sound from the box where the principal had his pet skeleton hung, the laughing faces of the class were turned to the back seat, as if to say, "there sits the culprit."

But his pranks were always harmless, and often very amusing; so they generally passed without attempt to trace their author. Indeed I think the principal himself enjoyed them as much as anyone, altho' they were so often at his own expense. But in talking about tricks, I have almost forgotten tadpoles.

Well, the wave of interest I spoke of a moment ago, gradually spread over the entire surface of Lawson's face until it broke up against his ears; by that time the idea accompanying it had formed itself in his mind. It seemed to this kind-hearted boy (he was very young) that, in return for his teacher's thoughtfulness in making the wonderful workings of nature so plain to his pupils, he himself could do no less than render any help which might be in his power. Perhaps he was a little skeptical about the teacher's statement—and doubted whether, given a tadpole, a frog would result. This being so, he resolved to help out nature with a little art. To do this necessitated a visit to an old mill-dam in the rear of the town, where he knew frogs were wont to congregate.

\* \* \* \* \*

The subject for the next morning was algebra. The roll was called, excuses from absentees' of the previous day received (the majority of which came under the all-embracing head of "home (?) circumstances"), and the work for the day begun.

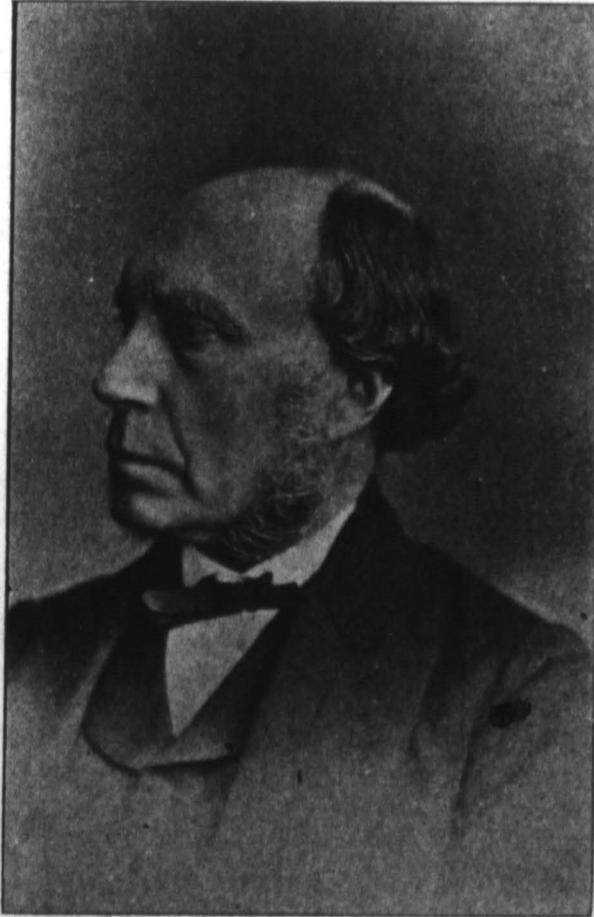
Just here, however, the principal pushed up the sliding door leading into the laboratory and bringing out his *ceratophrys* incubator remarked in an airy way: "Before going on with our work this morning, let us take a glance at our embryo and see if there is life there still." "Of course we know there will be no change," (carefully removing the cover in view of the class)—"It will still be a *ceratophrys* as we left it, but—(here he lifts up the cover and reveals the anxious yet collected face of a large, well-developed frog, looking up inquiringly into his own). Gasping for breath he murmurs, as he lays down the jar, "Astonishing development!" astonishing development!"

T. F.



## THE LATE DR. LYALL.

THE Chairs of Dalhousie have been occupied by a number of eminent men, and among the foremost of these we have a right to rank the late DR. WILLIAM LYALL. Dr. Lyall was a Scotchman, a graduate of Edinburgh. He came to this country about the year 1848. In 1850 he accepted a Chair in the Free Church College, Halifax. In this institution he was the whole Faculty of Arts.—teaching Latin, Greek, Logic, Rhetoric, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Mathematics. In 1863, when Dalhousie College was revived, the Governors appointed him to the Chair of Metaphysics. He continued faithfully to do his work, winning the respect of successive generations of students, till he was smitten with paralysis in January, 1890. On the 17th of January he died.

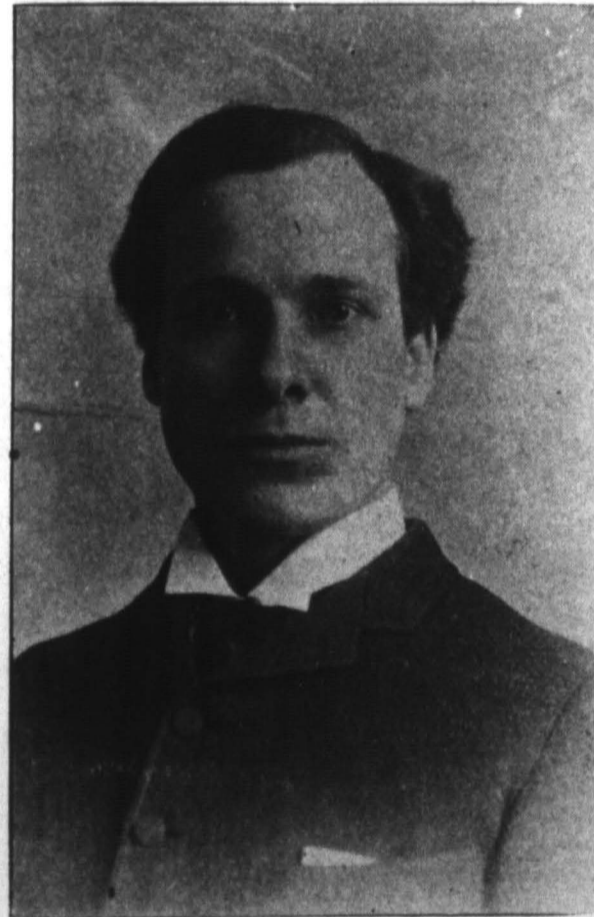


Dr. Lyall was a man of high culture and rare intelligence. He loved the seclusion of his study and the society of the mighty dead. At Edinburgh he studied under the brilliant Scottish Metaphysician Thos. Brown. To the last Dr. Lyall retained an affectionate reverence for his professor; and in his lectures gave more prominence to his system than perhaps it merited. He was an enthusiastic student of Philosophy, and kept well abreast of the literature of his subject till the last few years of his life.

Dr. Lyall published a portly volume—"The Intellect, the Emotions, and the Moral Nature." He was a poet as well as a philosopher, and wrote poems of much merit. He deeply admired Wordsworth, and his own pieces show that he derived a great part of his inspiration from that fount.

## DR. SCHURMAN.

DR. SCHURMAN is a native of Prince Edward Island. He distinguished himself as a student in Prince of Wales College, winning a scholarship in that institution. After leaving Prince of Wales, he studied for some time at Acadia. In 1875 he won the Gilchrist Scholarship, tenable for three years, and of an annual value of £100 sterling. He studied at London, Paris and Edinburgh, but took his B. A. at London in 1877, standing first on the list. In 1878 he received his M. A. at London. In the same year he won the Hibbert Travelling Fellowship for Great Britain and Ireland worth £200 stg. for two years. In 1880 this brilliant student accepted the offer of a Chair in his old Alma Mater, Acadia. Dalhousie secured his services in 1882. He was with us for three



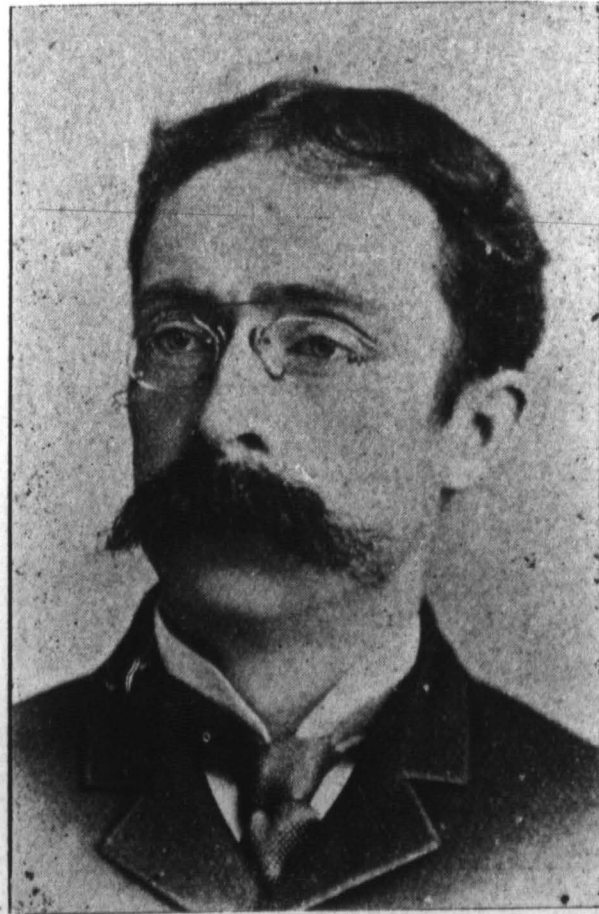
years, filling in a very acceptable manner the Chair in English and Philosophy. In 1885 Mr. Sage, the generous benefactor of Cornell, determined to establish a School of Philosophy at Cornell, and, as a first step, provided the endowment for one Chair. Before this step was taken, President White and Mr. Sage communicated with Professor Schurman and held a meeting with him in New York. The result was his appointment to the Chair. Under Dr. Schurman's management the School of Philosophy at Cornell has grown to be one of the first in American universities. So popular did Dr. Schurman become, that in 1892, when a vacancy occurred in the Presidency of Cornell, he was unanimously appointed to fill it.

Dr. Schurman is a man of commanding presence, a fine speaker, possessed not only of scholarship and talent, but also, what is just as requisite, of the ability to display these to advantage.



**PROFESSOR ALEXANDER.**

**W**ILLIAM JAMES ALEXANDER, was born in the city of Hamilton, Ontario, about thirty-eight years ago. He gave indications even in his early youth of that diligence and acuteness which has always marked him in all his studies. He graduated from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute in 1873, and matriculated at Toronto University. In his matriculation examination he was at the head of the list in English, French and History, and was second in General Proficiency. He thus gained two scholarships but did not finish his course at Toronto. Receiving a Gilchrist Scholarship in 1874 he went to London University and at matriculation stood fourth in point of merit among nearly 700 competitors. He remained at London until 1877 when he received the course before really commencing his life work of teaching. He accordingly went to Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, where he studied Comparative Philosophy. Latin and Greek, as necessary to a complete comprehension of his favorite subject. At Johns Hopkins he was appointed to a fellowship in Greek, and graduated Ph.D. 1883. He then sailed for Germany intending to master the language and literature of that country, but had been in Berlin less than a year when he was called to the Chair of English in this University. Seldom has a Professor won such golden opinions of his students as did Professor Alexander while here. He left us in 1889 to take a more lucrative position as professor of English in Toronto University.



degree of B. A. with 1st class honours in English. For two years after this he was English master in Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown.

But his ambition was to broaden and deepen his knowledge by means of a post graduate

**PROFESSOR JAMES SETH.**

**W**HEN Dr. Schurman left Dalhousie for Cornell in 1886, a worthy successor was found in Mr James Seth, of Edinburgh. Mr. Seth received his education at George Watson's College and the University of Edinburgh. After a distinguished career in Philosophy and Literature, he took his Master's degree with Honours in Philosophy. Among other distinctions, he won the Ferguson Scholarship in Philosophy, open to the Scottish Universities. After completing his Arts Course, he took a complete course in Theology in the Free Church Hall. His summers he spent in study at Jena, Leipsic, and Berlin. In 1883 he was appointed assistant to the Professor of Mental Philosophy—a position once filled by his brother, Dr. Andrew Seth, the present occupant of the Chair Laurie, Scotus Novantius; Prof. Calderwood. Nor should we omit Dr. Davidson, the great Hebrew scholar and theologian.



of Hamilton and of Fraser.

Mr. Seth was happy in his philosophical guides: Professor Campbell Fraser, the philosophical parent of an illustrious family of writers and teachers of philosophy; Dr. Hutcheson Sterling, the philosophical Carlyle; Prof-

In 1892, after six years of excellent work, Mr. Seth left Dalhousie for the Chair of Ethics and Natural Religion in Brown. His marvellous success as a teacher is shown by the record of his eleven Honour men: two are Professors, in Cornell and Wellesley; three Fellows, in Cornell and Clarke; four Scholars, in Harvard and Michigan. Mr. Seth's philosophical essays are characterized by clear statement, penetrating yet sympathetic criticism, and the charm of graceful literary form. Loyal to his native land, loyal to his university, loyal to the true and the good, Mr. Seth was one whom men could not help honouring and loving.



## A TALE OF A STRANGE PEOPLE.

**T**HE EMPIRE OF DALL, over which John the king is set, is composed of three parts. The first, Artes, in which the king doth abide, is by far the largest of the three parts. But, on account of strifes and discords engendered among the different factions which abide in Artes, the strength of her is not commensurate with her size.

Over against Artes, and near unto her, is the country of Legum where the Legi inhabit, ruled over by Richard the Governor as a separate state, but paying tribute to His Majesty the king of Dall.

Farther east, and separated from these states by the space of about ten stadia, is the country of Medica, in which George is chief officer, and inhabited by the Medicæ, a peculiar people whose chief delight is to con over the bodies, and strip the flesh from the bones of the unfortunate inhabitants of Victoriæ near at hand.

Now it happened in the tenth month and about the eighteenth day of the month, that a certain faction of the people of Artes, having found favour in the eyes of his majesty the king, besought him saying, "Oh king, if we have found favour in thy sight, it pleaseth us to make a feast after the manner of our people, and that for us only the whole kingdom should be filled with rejoicing and pie." And the project was well pleasing to his majesty the king, for he also was a man well skilled in the science of pie: and he sent forth a proclamation saying, "Let there be a great feast, and gather from the surrounding nations select damsels of the adjacent tribes, who love pie and honor the king." But the people of Legum and the people of Medica were not welcome, and at the eleventh hour only was a mandate issued that such people would be permitted to attend. Moreover, the people of Legum and certain men also of the people of Artes, who were not in the swim, were jealous of the favor shewn in the matter of banquets aforetime.

But the people of Legum love peace. So they called a council together and deliberated among themselves concerning a season of rejoicing, saying, "Let the people of Legum and those of Medica, and as many as will from the tribes of Artes, come

together and rejoice. But, as we are not skilled in the magic vanishing of pie as some are, let us call together musicians skilled in the use of stringed instruments, and let us gather damsels from the surrounding nations, and let us make merry after the manner of our people." And the thing seemed good in their eyes. And certain men were chosen to lay the matter before Richard the governor. And the governor said, "I object not, but cannot grant permission which must come from the king alone. But I will wait upon the king and, perchance, I may find favor in his eyes, that you may rejoice in the manner that seemeth good unto you." So the matter was laid before the king. And the king called together his wise men—his astrologers and councillors—and took council concerning things to be performed in this matter. And the deliberations were long. And some counselled one thing, and some another. And the council was divided. Then, whereas there was much discussion and whereas there was to be no pie, (a thing much to be regretted in the eyes of the king's servants) they called in Xenophon to offer sacrifice to ascertain if the gods were propitious. And as they waited for a sign a fawn appeared, and at the same time a carrion crow flapped his wings and the fawn was alarmed. Then Xenophon said, "O, king, I read the omens to be that certain people of the surrounding tribes will become indignant if the men of Legum move to the sound of harmonious music, and may write letters in the newspapers; and thy soul, oh king, shall be affrighted, even though thou wouldst have no cause, as Dall is neither denominational nor giveth more religious instruction than mere morality with which the rejoicing of the Legi and Medicæ and select men of Artes is not inconsistent."

But when his majesty the king heard the words of Xenophon he quaked already and said, "We will sit on the people of Legum: they shall have no rights: only the holy men of Artes shall be allowed to rejoice; for they alone have found favor in my sight, therefore shall they eat pie in my dominion continually; but not so the people of Legi,—their name is mud."

And, after they had bound themselves by their usual pledges of secrecy, the council adjourned: each calculating in his mind the number of coppers that would be levied on the Legi if they



had the audacity to go beyond the borders of Dall and hold high carnival in a locality hired for the occasion.

Thus it is that the broad mind of his gracious majesty of Dall is made narrow to correspond with views of the pie-eaters of Artes.

XENOPHON.

“MEMORIE AND RIME.”

HERE are two short pieces of poetry written by an American poet of considerable fame to which I have always had a pet aversion. In the case of one of them, (the author called it “A Psalm of Life,”) I draw my reasons for this partly from the fact that when a school-boy at the common school I had to stay after hours one fine summer afternoon to learn from my old school master to read it with what he was pleased to think was the proper emphasis. Later on it was set to us to be turned into prose for a composition exercise, a favorite species of torture to which we were wont to be subjected under the *régime* of that worthy pedagogue. We detested it horribly then. Now that “years have brought the philosophic mind,” (in a greater or less degree,) we are accustomed to analyze and account for our likes and dislikes. Then, of course, we hated this sort of work without exactly knowing why, but now that I look back to that time I take huge credit to myself for this unwillingness to perpetrate such a high-handed outrage on the poets as to reduce what they said so well (for our readers had for the most part good pieces in them) to our own bad sentences, instead of ourselves trying to imitate theirs. But this indulgence of my self-complacency is leading me from my story. To return. The fragment of prose I succeeded in making that day is unfortunately lost. I wish I had it. I should have given it to the editors for the Christmas GAZETTE. It only ran on for a few stanzas and had at the foot a sketch of the school master himself with a long stick in his hand and his initials underneath. When the exercises were taken up I was noticed detaching the drawing and ordered to hand it in as it was. I had to remain after hours again, and write fifty lines from the *Lady of the Lake*. Fortunately the piece selected was the duel between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, so I didn't consider it after all, a very bad punishment—nothing at all compared to turning Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* into prose.

I think the stanza at which I abandoned the metamorphosis in despair was the one beginning,

“Lives of great men all remind us,”

And at this hour, if the penalty were the transcription of all Scott ever wrote, I don't believe I could guess what Longfellow

had in his mind's eye when he wrote those lines. Just consider now for a moment the circumstances which are to serve for metaphors, and say how “footprints on the sand” could be expected to remain for any considerable length of time, and why at all they should afford any imaginable sort of comfort to a man who had got shipwrecked. These were the questions which in a vague sort of way puzzled my youthful fancy and show no signs of ever becoming clearer. It is hardly in the interests of poetry that the few moral apophthegms in the other stanzas, and the suitable copy-book headlines they contain, should have carried along on their back into general favour such an absurd mass of images under the name of good verse.

The other piece is called *Excelsior*, and is, I think, as silly a bit of poetry as ever got itself into a book. The title, by the way, is bad Latin. An English Latin scholar says that *excelsus* can only mean *high* in the sense of *tall*, and that neither Jack on his bean-pole nor Longfellow's hero on his mountain could be any more *excelsus* at the end than at the beginning of their climb. But that might pass if there were any sense in the situation which has been made the subject of the verses. One gathers from the general trend of the piece that the reader is expected to consider the man with the banner as a hero, for our effort to be charitable and to discover if after all the writer be not joking has proven unsuccessful. But one fails to see what there should be so worthy in going up a hill in the middle of winter with a banner in your hand as to prevent you from staying overnight at a cheerful farm house, especially when such a beautiful maiden was so kindly disposed toward you. I suppose the tear in the hero's ‘bright blue eye’ at this stage of the proceedings is intended to represent him as not altogether indifferent to this latter attraction. The mania for climbing mountains has led to many extravagant adventures, but has never led anybody that ever we heard of to attempt it in the night time. Well, what happens? Why, the ‘clarion-voiced’ youth freezes to death, of course, and gets buried up in the snow, (what else could you expect?) and in the morning the monks come along and dig him out. Of course the verses could be made to teach the heroism of human endeavour if the slightest reasons could be discovered why he should have tried to keep his midnight appointment at the top of the mountain.

But as it is Christmas time I suppose it behooves us to forgive to the author of so much good poetry such a mistake as this. At such a time I even find it in my heart to forgive that old school master, though he would fain have caused much besides Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* to be turned into very sober prose for me.

IDLER.



## A CHURCH, A PALACE, AND A SEPULCHRE.

"The savage Dane  
At Iol more deep the mead did drain.  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;  
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;  
Or listened all in grim delight,  
While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight."  
SCOTT.



PHILOSOPHIC survey of the great race movements in Europe must always prove both interesting and instructive. The four chief sources from which the European population of to-day springs may be generally classified as Celtic, Latin, Teutonic and Norse. From these great elements has grown up the civilization of Europe.

Although occupying the last place in our classification, we must not underestimate the great influence of this truly wonderful people, the Norse, upon the countries in which they settled. Issuing from their Scandinavian retreats in the interval between the fifth and tenth centuries, in their long piratical war-vessels, they plundered, conquered, and settled on every European coast from the White Sea to Sicily. They subdued England and a portion of France. Entering the Mediterranean they established themselves in the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, and at a greater distance, laid the foundation of the power of Russia. At an early date they pushed out and planted colonies in Greenland and Iceland, and it is now generally believed won their crowning triumph in navigation by discovering America about the tenth century.

A people with such a record are well worthy of study, and any architectural remains throwing light on the state of their civilization are invested with peculiar interest.

The Orkney Islands, from their position, fell quite early into the hands of the Northmen. In the latter part of the ninth century, swarms of these hardy warriors crossed from Norway and conquered the Islands, with but little difficulty. Shortly afterwards, the rule of the Orkneyan Jarls commenced, which continued for upwards of five and a half centuries. It is our intention, as the title of this sketch would imply, to give a brief description of three great remains of the Scandinavian occupation in Orkney.

Without doubt the noblest memorial is St. Magnus Cathedral. Beautifully situated in the centre of the Orcadian capital, this noble pile may be seen from many of the surrounding islands. At the first glance one is struck by its symmetry; the proportions are so just that one would not take it to be as large as it really is. The quaint stone houses of Kirkwall are grouped around its base, as if dependent upon the cathedral for protection. The foundation was laid in 1130, after the people had become converted to Christianity. It commemorates the

martyrdom of St. Magnus, one of the most tragic occurrences in the history of the Norse occupation.

The stateliness of the exterior is more than surpassed by the beauty of the interior. The lofty roof, superb arches, and massive pillars invariably inspire the spectator with awe. The place is filled with a "dim religious light" which with difficulty comes stealing in through the Gothic windows of the nave. The voice itself assumes a ghostly intonation as it loses itself among the shadows. We almost expect to see the form of Scott's hero, Cleveland, gliding along the outer aisle. The great novelist, in the "Pirate," introduces some of his characters into the cathedral, and causes one of them to disappear through a secret door in the wall. An examination by the writer failed to disclose this particular door. We could hardly expect such minute accuracy of description, though Scott visited the cathedral in person, but so great is the magnitude and gloom of the interior that the existence of many such modes of exit seems highly probable to the casual observer. The workmanship on three doors of the great western portal is extremely beautiful. They afford us examples of the use of coloured stones in external decoration, which cannot be found anywhere else north of Auvergne.

The pillars, fifteen feet in circumference, form a noble colonnade, but the fine perspective of the range has been, to a great extent, destroyed by the fitting up of the choir as a modern place of worship.

There is a remarkably fine window in the east end, added in the sixteenth century. It has three shafts and a rose of twelve leaves to complete its beauty. The walls are all honey-combed, and shadowy passages, with Gothic arches here and there, lead us to the bartizans overlooking the central aisle below. These tunnels are so alike that it is quite possible for the tourist who has dispensed with a guide, to make a mistake and wander aimlessly between the walls for hours at a time. But, perhaps, St. Magnus Cathedral as a burial place calls up the most memories of the past. It is truly the Westminster Abbey of the north. The sculptured stones, which line the walls, give the nave and choir all the appearance of a huge burial vault. The carvings on these monuments are most curious, and excellent examples of the grotesque. The old sculptors seem to have let their imagination run riot. We see death's heads, cross bones, the hour glass and fantastic representations of the evil one standing erect on his cloven hoofs, adorning almost every nook and cranny of the nave. The epitaph recording the death of William Irving is worthy of note, since the celebrated Washington Irving is a descendant of the Orkney family.

King Haaco, the last of the Sea-Kings, after his memorable defeat at Largs, retreated to Orkney, where he died at Kirkwall in the thirteenth century. In imagination we can hear the clanking armour of his sturdy Norse followers, as they solemnly bear his body up the gloomy aisle to the choir where he was laid to rest until the ensuing spring, when the body was removed to Norway.

Princess Margaret, the "Maid of Norway," who died towards the close of the same century, also lies buried here, surrounded by a silent guard of grim Vikings. As the centuries revolved, the dust of princes and princesses, Norse Vikings and Scottish nobles, prelates and citizens, accumulated around the shrine of St. Magnus, and "in this place of



sepulchre, sacred to old historic memories, the representatives of rival races and creeds have mingled their ashes in the reconciliation and solemn rest of death."

Standing by one of the fluted columns as we take a last look at its noble proportions, we insensibly fall to musing on the changes which have taken place during the seven centuries that have elapsed since these massive walls were erected. We ponder on the marvellous development of the nations of modern Europe, then in their infancy. On the supremacy of England, whose constitution was then in its birth-throes, and above all on the discovery of that new continent, destined probably to become the centre of civilization in the future, whose four-hundredth anniversary the great nation to the south of us has just concluded celebrating with dignity and splendour.

The Bishop's Palace was erected at about the same period as the cathedral. It is now in a state of ruin, and the quaint mixture of the various styles of architecture warrant the supposition that succeeding prelates altered and made additions to the original edifice to suit themselves. It is chiefly memorable as the spot where the last grand old Norwegian Sea-King breathed his last, surrounded by his hardy Norse followers. The Saga gives the particulars of this pathetic death-bed scene, which is the most famous in Orcadian history. King Haco, defeated at the battle of Largs, retired heart-broken to Kirkwall, where he was lodged with his principal attendants in the Earl's Palace. His bitter disappointment so weighed on his spirits, that he became very ill. Conscious of his approaching end, and being a good Christian in the ancient acceptance of the term, he commanded the Bible to be read to him, but his Norse blood asserting itself, he cried aloud to his minstrels to chant the Saga-chronicles of his ancestors, the Norwegian kings. Thus the last of the Sea-Kings expired on September 5th, 1263. "At midnight," says the Icelandic chronicles, "Almighty God called King Haco out of this mortal life." These famous architectural remains are inseparably associated with the memory of the dead monarch; in one he died, in the other he was buried. He would have slumbered on as peacefully in the cathedral of the old Orcadian capital, as in the tomb of his line in "Norroay over the foam," to which his hardy warriors, on the return of spring, conveyed him. Y.

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#### PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISING.

**I**N "Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay" the biographer tells us that his uncle, after his admission to the Bar, got no business worth mentioning, although old Anthony Macaulay, who was not a man of the world, did what he could to make interest with the attorneys, and as a last resource proposed to his son to take a brief in a suit which he himself had instituted against a journal that had grossly libelled him. To this proposal, Macaulay replied in a letter to his father, "I am rather glad that I was not in London, if your advisers thought it right, that I should have appeared as your

counsel. Whether it be contrary to professional etiquette I do not know; but I am sure that it would be shocking to public feeling, and particularly imprudent against adversaries whose main strength lies in detecting and exposing indecorum or eccentricity." The scruples that Macaulay entertained indicate a standard of professional etiquette, which to a great degree still exists in the old country, and which prevailed with us until comparatively recent years. But within the past quarter of a century a remarkable change has come about in our ideas upon the subject. Perhaps there never was a time when professional men did not, in one way or another, contrive to bring themselves before the public, but it was always recognized that as a matter of etiquette, there were certain methods that were allowable and certain others that were forbidden. It might be well open to question, whether the forbidden methods were not on their merits just as good, as the ones that were permitted, and at most the difference was perhaps rather a matter of form than of substance. Thus a distinction was made between a barrister and an attorney, and while it was always allowable for an attorney to advertize, the writer well remembers the horror, with which a barrister of the old country observed for the first time, in one of our newspapers, a card advertising a firm of barristers.

Again, it was not permitted openly to publish a gratuitous puff, but it was allowable, if a fire occurred in the office of a "talented and rising barrister," to call attention to the fact that great inconvenience had been caused to a large and rapidly growing practice, that many valuable documents had been lost, involving litigated interests of large dimensions, and so forth and so on, all to the glorification and advertisement of the "talented and rising barrister." Various other occasions could be "improved" to the making known of the merits of the rising and talented gentleman, and no doubt the judicious improvement of such opportunities for expansion have helped to make the fortunes of more than one of our successful practitioners. To all this there could of course be no serious objection.

Another method of advertising, possibly even less objectionable than the kind already referred to, consisted in procuring notices to be published in the newspapers of every public appearance of the party advertised, and in some cases of the private business transacted in chambers. So far as the newspaper notices consisted of reports of the arguments on questions or of the trials of causes of importance or interest to the public, there could be no objection to this style of advertising either, even when the reports were prepared, as sometimes happened, by the same hand that prepared the brief. So long as the newspapers merely published a fair and honest report of a matter of interest to the general public it was no great harm that immediately a deserving practitioner had been fairly advertised and brought to the notice of the public.



In recent years a still further development of the art of professional advertising has taken place. We have no longer mere reports of the progress of important trials and arguments in court. A poor woman is charged in the police court with theft. She is defended by counsel, and the charge breaks down. Straightway a sensational account appears in the papers of a most remarkable conspiracy, the like of which was hardly ever heard of before, to destroy the character and liberty of an innocent person, together with a glorification of the genius and ability of the advocate who unearthed and exposed the villainous plot, and restored the innocent person to her liberty and her family.

Again, an everyday case of a lie exposed by circumstantial evidence occurs, and forthwith the public are called to read a statement of the most remarkable case of circumstantial evidence that has occurred in modern time, connected of course with the name and fame of the distinguished advocate.

Still later comes an inquiry into the circumstances of a murder. This time the public are really interested and watch the struggle from day to day. Presently a notice of the case appears, in which the counsel are highly complimented upon their skill and knowledge, especially the distinguished advocate by whom the notice was prepared. This is advertising with a vengeance. It is not done by the newspaper men, but they lend themselves to it, and do not even get the price of the advertisement. The public is imposed upon, because it assumes that the judgments so pronounced are those of the editor, or at least of the law reporter, while they are nothing of the sort, but simply the distinguished advocates own opinion of himself and his performance, and in this manner reputations are built up, which would have no existence at all, if nothing more than legitimate advertising were employed. The practice is therefore unjust to the general public, misleading to those who have to employ counsel, and very unfair to the deserving competitors for professional employment who are too modest to resort to so indelicate, not to say dishonest, a method of puffing their wares.

#### THE PHYSICAL AND THE MENTAL.

**I**N the autumn of 1892, I was visiting Boston with my wife. A friend, who had an official position at Harvard University, invited us to lunch with him and one or two others, and to visit and inspect some of the special features of that interesting institution of learning. Time passed very pleasantly—we were all Maritime Province people, and there was just enough of clannishness in the party to make its members agreeable to each other. Lunch

over, we paid a visit to the laboratory, and, at the request of my official friend, the professor in charge was at hand to explain some of the mysteries of the department. I was particularly struck with the fact that a small number of students was present engaged in independent investigation.

Then we went through the mineralogical rooms, where the professor was also in attendance, and an interesting hour or more was given not merely to the examination of the ordinary treasures of that great department, but to an inspection of diamonds and other precious stones in their natural condition, of which Harvard has a most valuable collection. Many of the stones are the gift of a private gentleman in New York, who is animated with the desire that the University shall stand at the head of all institutions of its kind in the value of its gems. Next we visited that portion of the museum in which is a wonderful, and yet much-criticized collection of flowers, artificially made, and intended to reproduce the natural flower in its different stages of development, so that the investigator may study all the phases of its existence in form and color, in leaf and structure, in bud and blossom, and in seed, without even examining the natural plant. Then we looked at some experiments in plant life which were being carried on by Mr. W. F. Ganong, a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, who holds an honoured position at Harvard, and who is fast making for himself a reputation by the carefulness of his experiments and the closeness of his observations. We saw all these things and many more and were greatly delighted, not merely with them, but with the contemplation of the idea that this institution, with its many educational appliances and aids, invited to study and to research, and gave the seeker after knowledge the greatest possibilities to accomplish his desires.

We yielded to the reflection that in such a place the love of play could not dominate over the spirit of enquiry, and that the ambition and hope which nerved the student to explore the fields of learning would not be weakened by exhausting excursions on the field of sport. Perhaps there was a consciousness in our minds, though it did not find expression, that if *we* older and mature persons had the opportunities, we would not yield to any temptations to run away from the studies so invitingly spread before us. And yet it was something of a surprise that we passed through many corridors and rooms and halls and found very few students. The early darkness of a wet afternoon forced us out of the building sooner than we desired, and we almost immediately found ourselves in a large open space, in the presence of an immense mackintosh-clad, and umbrella-covered, and otherwise water-proofed crowd, thus partially protected against the heavy mist that was almost rain. For a moment we hesitated, and in that moment of hesitation were lost. The shouting and cheering of the people of both sexes, the struggling mass of



rapidly-shifting heads and feet, the contorted bodies looming up in the centre of the field indicated that there was a football match. Harvard was contesting with the Boston School of Technology.

The empty corridors and deserted halls of science were explained at once. If there is one thing my wife likes better than another it is to see students diligent at their books. She sees in this evidence that they will accomplish a good work in the world. If there is one thing I prefer to another it is the employment of every moment of time in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Yet we both looked with an increasing fascination as in the mist and mud the strapping young fellows rolled over each other, and pulled, and tugged, and twisted, and ran hither and thither in the excitement of the contest. With deep regret we left the conflict before the result was declared. From this incident I learned one lesson and that was to regard with toleration at least, the earnestness and vigor with which young men devote themselves to their college sports, and I began to ask if older people recognize how much there is of life for youth in his college sports.

A young friend of mine, a graduate of a large university, who has recently settled down steadily to his life-work, spoke with warm feelings of his *Alma Mater* as a place for students, not because of the really great advantages it gave for study, but because of the generally honorable way in which its sports were carried on. Carlyle left his university without taking his degree because he said it had nothing to teach him. This is not written to disparage university education, but it is a plea rather for recognition of the idea that there is something more to be learned in the university than the mere knowledge imparted by books. Possibly college sports and games may be allowed to fill too much space in the minds of the students. That is a thing to be guarded against. Most of us who have accomplished much more than half of the journey know too well that life is a struggle in which physical powers, strength, endurance, courage and skill count for very much. Whether these powers are exercised in our individual lives, whether they are employed legitimately against our fellows, whether they are used to subdue nature to the needs of man, to accomplish great schemes for the benefit of humanity, they are factors not to be overlooked in education.

The old Greek games did not exist for the mere amusement they gave; but they were means to a very important end—the physical education and building of a great race. In this new country the work of developing its resources is not all done in offices, at desks, or within enclosed walls. There is required strength of body as well as of mind, vigor of frame as well as vigor of intellect, endurance of the vital as well as endurance of the mental organism. The development of our physical powers

should be carried on with the education of the intellect. Carlyle, with his rugged nature, might have been able to despise all that his university could teach him, but he was through life a lonely man, who might have been helped in his early years by association with his fellow students on the college field.

On the other hand, while recognizing the value of these sports, there cannot be a doubt that they should be restrained, or at least directed. The hardy young athlete who does not think this to-day, will recognize it ten years hence. He will admit that mind as well as muscle counts for much in life's battles. College authorities everywhere have been compelled to recognize the need for physical exercises and have permitted—if permitted is a strong enough word—the gymnasium upon their foundations. But here there is not sufficient excitement, and out door athletics of a very wild kind have gained a firm footing. It is regrettable to observe that in some of the contests great brutality is allowed. Now brute force is like any other force. When it exists it will make itself felt if not restrained by moral considerations. I have seen lacrosse played in a way to bring out all the evil instincts of a player, and success along these lines has been applauded by the spectators.

But as a death-dealing institution, lacrosse is not to be compared with football. Some statistics recently published show that in the last football season in Great Britain there were twenty-six deaths from the game, and in three years the number was seventy-one. In the United States the statistics are not so closely kept, but I observed an account of two deaths in one day, about a month ago, from the game. With all the facts before him, the public journalist who has to deal with matters of this kind is puzzled as to the advice he can give the community. He knows that youth must have exercise and he cannot deny it some excitement. He sees that it is useless for the collegiate authorities to endeavor to suppress field sports. He admits that the physical powers of man must be trained as well as the mental powers. Age and experience can somewhat easily, if not with absolute certainty, establish what intellectual teaching should be provided, but something more seems to be needed to establish the curriculum of physical teaching.

He cannot very well afford to permit the slaughter of one youth, even in friendly contests upon the field of "sport." Brutal play needs to be checked, and the finer instincts of the young men themselves must force them to this conclusion. Probably, if the authorities in the larger institutions like Yale and Harvard and McGill were to call into their councils the better class of students, an understanding could be reached by which not only the time given to sport but the methods of sport could be regulated, dangerous form of play prevented, and brutal play suppressed. My plan, instead of encouraging any hostility against college sports upon the part of the public, would be to enlist the co-operation of the buoyant, adventurous, active youths who carry these sports on in lopping off some of their objectionable features.

J. V. ELLIS.



# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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

The GAZETTE is for sale at W. E. HEBB'S, 139 Hollis Street.

**W**ITH the cycling months the Christmas season has again come round, and it becomes our duty to say a word *in loco*, a word of well-wishing and gratulation to our patrons and friends. We have done what lay in us to make this number of Dalhousie's journal attractive and creditable to the College. Whether we have succeeded or not in the attempt, others must decide. In this connection we would remark that this season of the year is least of all convenient for such an undertaking. The student-editor, who is always sufficiently rushed for time, now finds himself confronted with mid-sessional examinations which he cannot neglect, even if he would, in favour of journalistic work. For much as the student-editor may pride himself on honest journalistic effort, he is never allowed to forget that examinations with the attendant circumstances of passing or "plucking" are the be-all and the end-all of his college life, and must ever have a first claim on his attention.

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We are pleased to be able, in this issue, to present to our readers the photos. of some of the eminent men who have so

largely contributed to give Dalhousie a reputation both at home and abroad. In the case of three of these, ambition pointed out a higher sphere of distinction, and they severed connexion with Dalhousie. In their present positions, no doubt, their merits are more fully recognized in a palpable way, though they could not be better appreciated than they were in the old school by the sea. Dalhousie regrets that she was too poor, perchance too small, to retain their distinguished services; and she rejoices at their well-merited advancement, and will always point with pride to the roll of professors which contains the names of Schurman, Alexander and Seth. A fourth, Prof. DeMille, died in harness. His memory is much revered by the old students. He was grand as a teacher, and better still as a man. As a man of letters, he attained great distinction during his life, and it remains to be seen whether his posthumous work, "*Behind the Veil*," will not put him at the very head of Canadian poets.

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WHILE thus, as is fitting, intellectual attainments are first recognised, we must not ignore those Dalhousians whose physical attainments brought them into prominence. On a popular view of the question, indeed, the physical ranks before the mental. History tells us that even the intellectual Greeks, in the good old days when they played the game on the Olympian plains, accorded higher honors to the sweaty victors in the contests than to famous poets, historians and other master minds of Hellas. Accordingly we think ourselves justified in directing especial attention to the enclosed photo. of this year's triumphant "fifteen"—the heroes of many a "hard foughten fight," and the doughty defenders of college honor on the campus. We regret that the good old custom of crowning them with olive and erecting to each a statue on the Grand Parade has fallen into disuse. Instead of these old-fashioned honors, they must be content with having their pictures taken for the GAZETTE, and with being for the time the possessors of a three hundred dollar bauble, commonly known as the Trophy. But such is the way of moderns. We heartily congratulate the gallant captain and his brawny men, and hope that their reward will incite the Dalhousie foot-ballists of coming years to similar achievements.



WITH respect to its gaieties and festivities, the better feelings of humanity which it calls forth, and the sympathy thus begotten between all classes, Xmas is a very respectable institution. On a deeper view, and with respect to the great event which it commemorates, the Xmas season stands pre-eminent in the changeful year. For at this time, in ages past, the world received its first grand lesson as to the meaning of Brotherhood and Destiny. Centuries have come and gone, and mankind has learned its lesson but slowly. Will it ever learn its lesson thoroughly? is the question that perplexes the mind of the genuine philanthropist. He longs for the time when fraternity and fellowship, well-wishing and well-doing, shall be not conventional but spontaneous, not peculiar to a single season, but year-long and perennial.

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THE GAZETTE extends to President and professors, to students, to graduates, and to all patrons and friends its best wishes.

May Christmas find ye joyous,  
Blithesome and fu' o' glee;  
May New Year bring nae sorrows,  
But long prosperity.

**I**N this day when the student is exposed to the temptations peculiar to the genius of college life, it is pleasing to observe that the Y. M. C. A. is offering to every college man the opportunity of developing the best that is in his social, moral and spiritual nature. The Intercollegiate Movement of the Y. M. C. A., now established in four hundred and fifty colleges, is one of the greatest moral and spiritual agencies on the American continent. It is seeking to touch our college life at every point, and it is only just to state that it is succeeding admirably in offering to students the possibility of developing everything really grand and true in life. It may be that the unkind criticism sometimes heard regarding our Y. M. C. A. work springs from ignorance of the spirit, aim and real state of the work. It surely means something when the seventeen thousand five hundred young men annually entering our colleges are met by a society that extends to them a hearty welcome and offers to them the advantages of Christian fellowship, excellent lecture courses, bible classes, good literature and the

opportunity of coming in contact with the great modern mission movement. The greatness of the work is very often forgotten. Statistics show something of the meaning it has in our colleges. The greatest thinkers are seeking to promote its efficiency; the most intellectual students have identified themselves with it and testify to its helpfulness, whilst Presidents and Professors recognize it as the great moral factor in University life.

Coming to our own college we find the Y. M. C. A. is working upon what is considered to be the true principle of the movement. Especial efforts have been made to keep in touch with the movement by sending delegates to the Northfield Conferences and the Maritime College Conventions. In addition to this, representatives from the International Committee regularly visit our college, and during these seasons of intercourse, plans, methods and possibilities are discussed, and the ripest judgments of most experienced men are given. These conferences have not been without good results. The Cabinet, as the executive power of the Association, has adopted many of the plans found helpful in other colleges, and an observing eye can detect progress. The charge can no longer be made that the Y. M. C. A. is narrow or exclusive, indeed it is the last society in the college to which this can be applied. The members are found in the Philomathic, the Debating Society, and on our football teams. It has sought the best social interests of the students, has provided an excellent lecture course, perhaps unequalled elsewhere, has given due prominence to the department of Foreign Mission work, and has gladly supported every enterprise for the good of the college and students. It is pleasing to note that our students appreciate the humble efforts made by the Y. M. C. A. The ordinary meetings are well attended. The fact that the Munro Room is often filled on Sunday afternoon and at the monthly missionary meeting, would lead us to hope that students recognize these as helpful and interesting, and it may be that all regard these associations as a sunny experience amid the ordinary routine of college life.

FOUR of the Sophomores were fined lately for ducking a Freshman. The Sophomores deserve encouragement from the advanced years in their noble work. But for them the College would be carried down town by the Freshmen.



## Varsity Notes.

THE law-men lately petitioned the Senate to be allowed to have an "At Home" with dancing as a part of the programme. That august body, after long and sage deliberation, voted down the petition.

THE thanks of the GAZETTE and its readers are due to *Notman* for the valuable supplement which accompanies this number of the GAZETTE. That enterprising photographer undertook to furnish one thousand copies of the team photo, and to have them done in a fortnight. There are several first-class photographers in Halifax, but *Notman's* work will, to put it mildly, bear comparison with the best.

THERE was a meeting of the Athletic Club on the evening of Friday, Dec. 1st. A warm and protracted discussion on financial matters arose out of a motion, made by W. E. Thompson, to the effect that \$100 should be banked for the future needs of the association; that, of the remaining \$40, \$15 should go to defraying the expenses in connection with the presentation of the trophies, and \$25 be transferred to the coffers of the GAZETTE. The motion was finally carried. A committee was appointed to wait on the president and request that the money which has accumulated from gymnasium fees be placed at the disposal of the association.

WE knew it, and warning was given to the Faculty that their action would lead to trouble. It has been the custom from time immemorial to allow the Sophs. to reduce the *recentes homines*, as Horace has it, to order. This year, though, the Freshmen have risen to their position. Henceforward they are to be a power in the College such as they never were in the past. A new spirit has dawned. We live in an age of progress. 'Tis but three months since these youths left the quiet of their homes to mingle with us here, and now they have issued a fiat to the Sophs. and even cast an imputation on the Seniors. Prompt action on the part of the higher classes may suppress the outbreak, but we fear that things have gone too far. The righteous indignation of the Sophs. has expressed itself in a tumultuous meeting. A strong body-guard was placed at the door and our reporter was unable to obtain admission. Muttered cries and threats were heard issuing through the transom of the Arts room. Stealing on tip-toe we carefully listened: the door was opened: and considering the excited state of the members of that worthy class, your reporter thought it prudent to flee to the GAZETTE room. They even had the boldness to storm that door. All this we mention to show that to which the action of the Faculty has led. We can no longer keep silent. The duty of the press is to call the attention of the public to crying wrongs. This is one. We call upon the Faculty to at once rescind their warning. A little quiet scrimmaging will not hurt any one and we can cheerfully pay for the varnish. And remember that it is the men who scrimmaged who have made the reputation of Dalhousie. Consider how disgraceful it is to be dominated by Freshmen. They will soon rise in their might and turn the Professors out of doors. Insulted by a Freshman! our heart fails, our brain reels, our pen refuses to work, and unless a change takes place we shall crawl away and die in ignominy and shame.

FROM the Law Faculty of the University the fiat has gone forth that, for the remainder of this year at least, attendance at the Moot Court will be no longer compulsory. Much might be said in praise of this mandate, as it is sometimes very difficult to see the benefit derived from listening to a labored argument, when the time might be so much more profitably spent in the library. But on the other hand, this is the part of legal practice in which most failures are made. We cannot be too zealous in studying the practical side of things, and the full benefits of Moot Courts, we are afraid, are not realized by more than half of our students. Moot Courts are certainly almost a necessity. Sometimes as much can be learned listening to another, and noting his failures and triumphs, as from arguing for one's self. Points of practice and lines of argument may be introduced by an advocate of which the listener would have never dreamed. Trains of original thought may be laid which may be of great future service, and the mere fact that interest is sometimes lost may be given as an argument against reading Law Reports equally well as against attendance at Moot Court. A great advantage also to be derived from compulsory attendance, is the incentive which it gives to counsel in preparing his argument to know that he is to be surrounded by his class-mates, eager for a point of interest, or, perhaps it may be, eager for an opportunity to deride. And what can we say of those over-studious persons who long to be in the library during Moot Court hour? Well! nothing except that their anxiety for study too often ends when judgment is delivered. We fear the action of the Faculty is a mistaken kindness.

## Facetiae.

I've breasted the ropes at the 'Wonders' field,  
I've howled at the 'Royal Blues';  
Watched the red-coats play for their challenge shield  
And later, seen them booze.

I've gazed at the 'Crescents' in the mire,  
When the oaths flew thick and fast;  
And the 'Hayseeds' dribble, punt, perspire,  
To triumph at the last.

I've been with the 'Boys' when the war was hot,  
I've heard the remark from Gunn:  
"Some one drop a penny in the slot,  
And see Henry make a run!"

And now, at last, that the fight is done,  
And silence reigns again,  
Save for 'a distant and random gun'  
Of the flying 'Lady Jane,'

We'll all unite in a hearty 'yell,'  
We'll give our Upidee;  
For the fifteen men who fought so well,  
For the team of Ninety-three.



MCL—D, (rising from barber-chair): How much, please.

Barber:—Fifty cents, please.

MCL—d:—What! How's that?

Barber:—Well! Your head was so swelled from last night, that I had to go over double the surface. (Collapse, during which head resumed its normal size).

THE poet Laureate was seen "invoking the Mews," *i. e.*, dropping flower pots from a back window, on a quartette of cats.

DEAR JUNIORS:—

On returning from a party,  
At the hour of two-forty,  
Should you offer her your arm,  
Or should you not?

If the way be long and dreary,  
And the lady's feet be weary,  
Should you then *quite* hold her up,  
Or should you not?

When you long to see the maiden,  
And your formal call is paid in,  
Should you go and call again,  
Or should you not?

If she s with another fellow,  
Who don't wear the black-and-yellow,  
Should you punch his head for him,  
Or should you not?

When because her tooth is aching,  
Your poor heart is nearly breaking,  
Should you tell her of the fact,  
Or should you not?

When she's looking too bewitching,  
Her sweet mouth with laughter twitching,  
Should you kiss the little dear,  
Or should you not?

And, oh! if your own true love,  
Of your smoking don't approve,  
Must you then renounce the weed,  
Or need you not?

A SOPHOMORE.

ARTS SOPH. (reading from Jevon's Logic):—A science teaches us to know, and an art to do.

Science Freshie:—Then a bachelor of science is a bachelor who knows, and a bachelor of arts, is a bachelor who does—

Junior:—Very good, sir. Very good.

WHY is Y—r—s—t—n like an Antipodean? Because he goes to bed when the rest of us are getting up.

PROF. IN P. E.:—"It is possible to keep a family of eight on two dollars a week.

Student (aside):—"I'd rather try keeping a family of two on eight dollars a week." Perhaps he will some day.

PROF. OF CLASSICS:—"No, Mr. McGr—g—r, that word is trochee, not trophy.

"THE TALE OF A SOPH. WHO POINTS A MORAL, ETC."

"Two amorous little Sophs" one very, very, stormy Sunday night, walked at the head of the Ladies' College procession all the way home from church.

The Spring Poet clothes the incident in the following beautiful words:

O see ye yon fun'ral march slow in the gale,  
(It's composed of young ladies, there is not a male),  
Tis the homeward-bound students, who braving the snow,  
Came to Church to be worshipped by Sophs whom we know.

In silence they walk out St. Matthew's Church door,  
(There are probably twenty, p'raps one or two more);  
"Two amorous Sophs," a small distance in front,  
Make things rather livelier than is their wont.

"Now tell us, ye ladies of Harvey Street School,  
Why are ye so silent? why are ye so cool?  
For we are the pick of the Sophomore class;  
The man that denies t is surely an ass."

"I dreamt of a maiden both lovely and proud,"  
Cried a voice from the ladies, all wrathful and loud;  
"Deserted and lonely that maiden did seem.  
Mc—I, O! Mc—I, O! now read me that dream.

The S. P. leaves the answer of the Soph. to the imagination of his gentle readers, and proceeds thus:

To the Harvey Street entrance these youths made their way,  
Unfastened the gate,—there was none to say 'nay';  
Stood by the side door, as the dear ones went past,  
With never a word for these lads in the blast.

But hold! I forget me! A maiden most fair,  
With blue eyes so winsome, and such lovely hair,  
Beholding these Sophs of most infinite gall,  
Upon one of them deigned a remark to let fall:  
"Mr. Tupto Mc—I, you'll get wet," that was all

She said, but we common-place mortals so cold  
Little know how these chance words upon this Soph told;  
He marched out the gate with his head lifted high,  
With a grin on his face and quite willing to die.

You ask me to tell, why this change in the youth,  
I'll explain, and you'll get from me nothing but truth.  
A remark from his loved one when marching in line,  
Was what this youth hoped for, for what he did pine.

He explained to his friends whom he met at his house,  
And made them swear oaths to be mum as a mouse;  
And he'd tell them a tale of what happened that night,  
When he met his dear girl, his hearts own delight.

With their ears all expectant, they waited some time,  
(Now give me a chance, till I work in a rhyme);  
For the terrible secret he was to unfold,  
Of some deed of daring or danger untold.



He related with rapture the wondrous remark  
Which fell from the lips of his lady ; but hark !  
A wail can be heard from the guests there assembled,—  
The Soph. grabbed his cane and both his knees trembled.

The whole audience rushed for this fellow who dared  
To tell such a chestnut : They every one swore ;  
They all made a grab at his head and his heel,  
And that is the last I have heard of McN.—l.

## MORAL.

Now Sophs. one and all, sure the moral is plain,  
Don't go after girls in the snow or the rain,  
For the fate of Mc'N.—l is a warning so clear,  
That not to regard it—Come ! pass me the beer !

PROBABLY Euclid is right, but the Freshman cannot see it.

THE St. Peter's Freshman is prospecting for Go(u)ld.

THE FRESHMAN'S FATE : A MONOLOGUE (From real life).

Place.—St. John's Church (Choir Practice). Time.—Saturday night.  
(Freshman McL.—n walking down aisle with young lady).

Young Lady loq : "Come now, we're going to the minister's, to be tied."

THE Freshmen had their photographs taken lately. Evolutionists, who have closely examined the picture, declare enthusiastically that they have found the missing link in the Darwinian theory.

'Twas a dark night. One of our staff was on his way to the office. On a street corner he met fourteen Sophs. They were not Medicals. The days of grave-snatching are past, we believe ; but the days of taking vengeance on Freshmen are not. The big black bag they carried, it was their intent to fill, not with bones, at least, not with those which had done their duty, but with a real live Freshie. Alas ! their plans were doomed to be disappointed. Their little plot had been divulged. A member of the class, which is called the supporters of the Freshies, had given them away. Their wrath is roused. Beware ! Juniors and Freshies they are on the war-path. Dread the anger of the slow to wrath.

A FRESHMAN who has been jilted by his lady-love, takes it quite philosophically. He was lately heard soliloquizing :—

"When I loved you, I can't but allow,  
I had many an exquisite minute ;  
But the scorn that I feel for you now,  
Has even more luxury in it."

"So whether we're on, or we're off,  
Some witchery seems to await you,  
To love you were pleasant enough,  
But oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you."

## THE SOPH'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er old Dalhousie,  
The Sophies have deluged each cheeky Freshie  
With Big McRae's might and McTavish's hose,  
They've cleaned out the first year from caput to toes.

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## TERMS.

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