

JOHN JOHNSON, M.A.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS, DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY,
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All Business Communications should be addressed A. M. HILL, Box 114, Halifax.
Literary Contributions to Editors of Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

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WITH the return of another Christmas season it becomes our pleasant privilege to extend to all our readers the best wishes of the GAZETTE for a joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year! It has been thought best, owing to the heavy expense consequent on previous issues of the kind, to issue no special Christmas number this year. So what we do not give you in the way of attractive cover, illustration and size, we hope will be more than supplied in the excellence of literary material. There have not been many unusual occurrences during the year to disturb the even tenor of our college life. We have lost one very old professor and gained a new one in his place; the Football championship is again ours after an interesting competition; and there now seems no doubt of our having very shortly grounds of our own for athletics. Those are perhaps the only red-letter events—and, oh yes, we have gotten a new bell-boy.

IT is with pleasure that the GAZETTE presents to its readers a portrait of Prof. Johnson. Prof. Johnson has been so long connected with the University, that he is known to almost every student that has ever been within its walls. In the days of small things he was one of those who remained faithful to Dalhousie, knowing that brighter and better times were in store. We honor him for his loyalty to the University; we respect him because of his integrity of character; we admire him because of his ability, so well shewn in the teaching of his own subject. We are sure that this portrait will be treasured by all, both graduate and student, who ever had the pleasure of listening to his instruction.

DEATH, sad at all times, is peculiarly so when one is cut down in the bloom of early manhood, and on the threshold of what, in all human probability, would have proved a successful and useful career. At the Convocation of this University in April last, Hugh McLeod Fraser was one of the graduates who were then awarded their degrees of Bachelors of Arts. By the GAZETTE his loss is particularly felt, on account of his intimate connection with it and faithful labors on its behalf. Only last year he filled the position of editor-in-chief, and at this very season was busily engaged in the preparation of our Christmas number, the success of which was, in large measure, due to his untiring efforts. His was one of the brightest intellects, in many respects the very brightest, in an especially talented class. Eight short months have scarcely elapsed, and we are called on to mourn his early and untimely decease. To his class-mates his modest and unassuming manner had tenderly endeared him; and this break, the second in their ranks, will be keenly felt. The students in general regarded him as one of the most diligent, talented, yet unostentatious students. His frank manner and manly independence made friends of all who knew him. While his death appeals to us as Dalhousians particularly, it is one which the whole country should share, for such young men as Hugh Fraser are needed, men active and energetic, with trained and cultivated minds, capable of grasping with the problems which confront us as citizens. He was made of that stuff which is bound to succeed,

and whatever line of life he followed, would undoubtedly have reached the topmost round.

It will be long ere the vacancy thus made in our midst can be filled; and the memory of his useful labors and honorable career will be ever cherished in "Old Dalhousie."

THESES INSTEAD OF EXAMINATIONS IN ENGLISH.

IN the session of 1891-92, an experiment was made in the English Department. The work had recently been extended throughout the Third and Fourth Years; and, in view of the amount of reading necessary for the course in the literature of the nineteenth century, it was decided that an extended piece of work should be required from students aiming at Distinction, instead of an examination on prescribed works as in the other years. The plan was, that early in the session, the instructor and student should agree upon a subject, and confer upon the work in its different stages throughout the term; the attention of the student was to be thus concentrated on some clearly defined topic, as an offset to the wide range of a course from Wordsworth to Tennyson, and his aim was to add some contribution, however small, to the general fund of knowledge; or at least, to restate and re-arrange results already attained. That the new undertaking was justifiable, will be seen from the list of theses by which their authors have obtained Distinction.

1892. H. ROSS.—*The Relations of Tristram Shandy to the Anatomy of Melancholy*. The results were afterwards checked by Ferrier's *Illustrations to Sterne*; and it was found that Mr. Ross had not only arrived at his results independently; but had noted several resemblances which Ferrier had passed over.

*K. G. T. WEBSTER.—*A Study of "Gaeth and Lynette."* This was a minute investigation of the sources of Tennyson's idyll, based on a comparison of it with Sommer's reprint of Caxton's *Morte Daethur*.

*S. J. McARTHUR.—*Wordsworth's Use of Colour*. This was based on Macmillan's complete Wordsworth of 1891. Omitting varieties of black and white, Wordsworth's palette comprises red, scarlet, purple, violet, pink, rose-colour, blue, green, gray, yellow, with various tones of these. The writer finds Wordsworth rather conventional in his word-painting.

E. B. HARRINGTON.—*Blake as an Imitator of the Elizabethans.*

1894. *F. YORSTON.—*Shelley's Alastor*; edited with an Introduction and Notes, pp. 1-93. The Introduction examines in detail the autobiographical nature of the poem, and the relation of Shelley to other poets. The Notes contain many excellent illustrations of the text from other works of Shelley, and reveal his obligations to Wordsworth.

*F. S. SIMPSON.—*The Ancient Mariner*. Edited with Introduction and Notes, pp. 128. In the Notes, the writer shows Coleridge's obligations to Percy's *Reliques*, and tries to prove that the poet had at the time of composition read only the first volume of that work.

*H. P. DUCHEMIN.—*Wordsworth's Sonnets dedicated to Liberty*. Pp. xxi, text, 44. The Introduction discusses the circumstances of composition. The notes are chiefly historical.

*E. MACKENZIE.—*Introduction and Notes to "The Princess."*

*C. C. HOBRECKER.—*Tennyson's Treatment of Colour in the "Idylls of the King."* Pp. 89. The colours used are white, with its modifications; black, dark and obscure colours; yellow, and its modifications; gray, and its modifications; red, and its various shades, flame-colour, pink, crimson, rose; green and its modifications; blue; purple; violet; russet; brown; cadent shades. The material is treated exhaustively.

*M. J. MCPHEE.—*The Metrical Structure of "The Princess."* An application of Lanier's theory of verse to this poem.

*M. J. MOSELEY.—*Introduction and Notes to the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."*

Those marked with an asterisk are in the College Library; where, in future, copies of all such dissertations will be deposited.

OBITUARY.

DALHOUSIE was surprised and grieved to hear of the death at Pictou on November 30th, of HUGH McLEOD FRASER, B. A., late editor-in-chief of this paper, and a member of our last graduating class. During his final session at College he developed a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, ultimately with fatal results. In the first issue of the present volume of the GAZETTE, his illness was noticed, and the hope expressed that his native air would restore his enfeebled health. But this was not to be, and it is for us to bow humbly in submission to the unsearchable decrees of an all-wise Providence. Hugh Fraser was born in Pictou twenty-six years ago, and at an early age entered a book-store, where he remained for

about two years. Here he cultivated a taste for reading, and here too, his literary operations began. In the fall of 1880, he returned to school, and from then till 1885 attended Pictou Academy. For three years he taught school in St. Peters, C. B., but in 1888 went west, and studied for a time in Victoria, B. C. After spending some months on the Pacific Coast, he came home and again entered the Academy, whence he graduated "Gold Medalist" in 1890. The same year he led the Provincial lists for Grade B Teachers licenses, and won a "Junior Munro Exhibition" on entering Dalhousie. At College his career was exceptionally brilliant, and on the completion of his second year he again carried off an exhibition; and graduated B. A., as we have already stated, last April. Although in poor health at the close of the session, his untiring energy would not rest, and at the B. examinations in July, he secured an A license with exceptionally high marks. Poor Hugh is dead, but his name and memory will linger long in the minds and hearts of Dalhousians. His life was a short one, but was replete with incidents such as tend to make our recollections of the past tender and precious. His death, coming as it does at this joyous season of the year, is well calculated to draw our minds away from self, and fill them with thoughts of things higher and nobler. To the bereaved friends, the GAZETTE extends its heart-felt sympathy and assurances that their bereavement is shared by the whole University.

The feelings of the students found vent in the following resolution passed at a General Students' meeting held recently;

Resolved, That we, the students of Dalhousie, embrace this the earliest opportunity of giving expression (slight and inadequate tho' it be to disclose our real feelings) to our deep and abiding grief at the death of our well-beloved fellow-student, HUGH FRASER;

That we mourn with heaviest sorrow the untimely decease of one whose opening manhood gave such golden promise of an honorable and successful life, whose uncommon intellectual vigor and moral force (the admiration of all who knew him) gave assurance of a shining and brilliant career;

That we recall with pleasure, mingled with sadness, the happy days of companionship with the deceased in student life, when his numerous qualities of mind and heart, gained him love and friendship on every hand; when the strong influence of his strong character was strikingly manifested and felt,—an influence always exerted on the side of good;

That we extend our most heartfelt sympathy to the parents of the deceased, whom we beg to remember in their hour of poignant grief, that our tears of sorrow mingle with theirs, and that the memory of their dear son will ever be cherished by a wide circle of his college friends.

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard, in a recent address, advised students to thus apportion their time: Study ten hours. Sleep eight hours. Exercise two hours. Social duties one hour. Meals three hours.

Contributed.

A BRACE OF TRANSLATIONS.

I.

"*Der Herbstwind rüttelt die Bäume.*"

IN the autumn night-wind dreary,
The branches toss and sway :
Alone in the lonely forest,
I ride, in my mantle gray.

And ever my heart's desire
Rides swiftly on before,
In a breath, it hath brought me lightly,
To the Best-beloved's door.

The ban-dogs bay, the lackeys
Run out ; their torches glare ;
With jingle of spur on the marble,
I spring up the winding-stair.

In her perfum'd, tapestry-chamber,
It is so warm, so sweet !
There She-who-hath-favour awaits me
And into her arms I fleet.

But the wind awakes in the branches,
And an oak takes up the tale :—
"What, thinkest thou, foolish rider,
Can thy foolish dream avail?"

Lyrisches Intermezzo, No. 58.

II.

HOW THE ENGLISH DIED AT MALDON FIGHT.

THERE was crash of breaking bucklers, as the sea-men onward drew,
In the blackest anger of battle ; and oft the spear pierced thro'
The house of life of the Fated. Then Wistan came to the fore,
Wistan, the son of Thurstan, and strove with those fighters sore.
In the thick of the midmost fighting, three of their best he sped,
Before the heir of Wigelin on the battlefield, lay dead.
'Twas a meeting stern of foemen : unyielding still they stood,
The warriors in the battle : down reeled the warriors good,
Weary with wounds so many : to earth fell down the slain.

And ever did Oswald and Edwold, the noble brethren twain,
Make firm the ranks of the English and cheer their hearts within.
With words of strength unflinching, they charged their kith and kin,
That here, at their utmost hour of need, they should still hold out,
And like men and not like weaklings, they should use their weapons stout.

And Byrhtwold too spake bravely. A house-carle old was he ;
On high he shook his buckler and spear of the good ash-tree.
And he taught the men full boldly who were young in the ways of war.
"Our minds shall be all the harder, our courage be all the more,
And keener our hearts within us, as our band grows less and less.
Here lieth our leader smitten with sword, in the midst of the press,
The good lord low on the gravel. He shall rue it ever and aye
Who thinketh now in our peril to turn from the battle-play !
I am old of my life and weary : but never away shall I.
For I mean by the side of my master, that man so dear, to lie."

—*Battle of Maldon ll. 295—319.*

*Dalhousie College,
Saint's Day, '94.*

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

I.—A STROLL ABOUT HARVARD.

"After all, Cambridge delighteth my heart exceedingly."—*Longfellow.*

THE venerable founders of Harvard University seem to have been actuated, at least in their choice of situation, by Bacon's ideal of a university. For in the early days of 1631, the new settlers found on the upper banks of St. Charles, an Arcadian retreat from the already dusty and too noisy streets of the city. So, when in 1636, the General Court of Massachusetts Bay voted to give 400*l.* "towards a schoole or colledge," what could better satisfy the rural instincts of those exiled English, than to choose the quaint, elm-shaded retreat of the 'Newtown,' and what could better gratify their national pride than to baptize it with the name of their own University-town, *Cambridge*. Its present name the College received from Rev. John Harvard, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, its first president, who died in 1638, leaving his library of 260 volumes and half his estate to the new institution. Even in the present century, to the Bostonian, Cambridge was the distant town of gown-clad youths. For when Longfellow, Lowell, and Prof. Charles E. Norton played together on the banks of the Charles, Boston was the city beyond the wooded intervals and hills, to be reached by a ten mile journey in the coach. But now, since the distant banks of the Lower Charles have been brought together by several bridges, and the modern electric car has supplanted the good old coach, it is but a few minutes journey from Bowdoin or Park Square to Harvard Square ; and the thoughtful repose of the old town has fled before the noise and bustle of the approaching city civilization. Perhaps we can faintly picture the consternation and despair of the old Puritan president, could he have foreseen our modern days, and the

electric trams rushing in and out of crowded Harvard Square. No doubt he would disown the namesake of his fond dreams, and flee with the nymphs of the falling groves and the shades of insulted learning, to some distant retreat.

But let us hurry away from the irreverent and dusty square. In the University quadrangle, as in the city beyond, we will find a common play-ground for the spirit of rural and intellectual delights; for Cambridge is a *forest-city*, and the highest educational dreams of the austere fathers of the University have been far surpassed. We retrace our steps until we come to the first crossing, and here with our faces northward we enter the College grounds. But pause, reverent visitor, and remove thy hat! This building facing south on your right, this brown, antique, wooden structure, with mossey gambrel roof and dormer windows, is, excepting one, the oldest of the college buildings. It was built in 1726 for "the Reverend the President of Harvard College," and after the first occupant is called Wadsworth House. This is doubly revered, for here dwelt for a few days George Washington. But it is more than a cherished relic of days gone by. The American is above all things a practical man, practical in the sense of putting things to use; and nothing short of his most ardent patriotism can withstand this bent of his nature. Wadsworth House must justify its existence by serving some purpose, other than an antiquarian interest, in the economy of the University life. Here one of the preachers to the University spends the forenoon, to be visited by any student who may wish to see him; and in the brick attachment at the rear is the Bursar's office. Harvard is a place of startling and sometimes pathetic contrasts. Here the monuments of the old, and the products of the most recent progress stand side by side, as in few other places on the American continent. Look again at the brick dormitories, Beck Hall and Quincy Hall, the two buildings passed as one approaches the square. There they stand boldly facing the square, indifferent and lofty masses of red brick. But how instinct with thought and emotion is the quaint and humble cottage under the trees. This external contrast, however, is but a faint forecast of the shock of feeling the visitor experiences as he comes to the next building on the left. This is *Dane Hall*, whose upper story is given up to the work of the physiological psychologist. Here he dissects brains, and reveals to the wondering gaze of the newly initiated the material secrets of Thought and Emotion, and demonstrates the nonentity of *Will*, and with it the nonsense of the Puritan theology! Can you picture such a scene: In the double quiet of the midnight hour, the old president sits amid his ponderous leatherbound tomes, preparing a discourse for the morning's service. Over him there hovers a shade, with scalpel and microscope ready to trace the cerebral processes whose immaterial (they don't pun at Harvard) effect

will be the morning sermon. The good old presidents must turn twice in their graves at what has become in these days of omniscience a sacrilegious and diabolical fact (?). The lower rooms of this small building are occupied by the Co-operative Society, for the sale of books, furniture and clothing. We are now standing on the south-west corner of the quadrangle. In our stroll we can only mention a few of the most interesting buildings. Walking along the west side we pass on our right, Grey's Hall, and on our left St. Matthew's, two large dormitories, and come to the oldest College building, Massachusetts Hall. It was completed in 1720, and in 1776 the building was used as a barracks for the soldiers, and for many years after as a dormitory. It is now a class-room, and here in the 'barracks' are delivered some of the most delightful lectures in the whole University, and of all subjects, that of Greek and Mediaeval Art. Prof. Norton's lectures are attended by hundreds, and forgetting the crude structure in which he lectures, his face lights up with the love of beauty and the admiration of the Greeks, as he talks of the Pantheon and Pheidias. Only occasionally does the genial professor turn aside to lament the depraved tastes of these days, and the harshness of the constant brick 'boxes' around the quadrangle.

The next hall is very like Massachusetts, and nearly as old. On the roof is the little tower and old bell which was wont in the old days to arouse the student to morning prayers at six o'clock! Many were the ingenious attempts to silence this annoying monitor; once by tying a turkey to the tongue of the bell as a present for the janitor. But this wily tormentor discovered the turkey and the plot before the fatal hour. The bell still does duty, but not at the early hour of six, and 'Harvard' is still used as a reading room and lecture hall. We next turn to one of the oldest dormitories, Hollis Hall, erected in 1763. Several distinguished Americans have roomed in this dormitory, among them Edward Everett, Emerson and Thoreau; and here it was that the club known as the "Med. Fac." had its mock lectures. It was this club that sent one of its degrees to the Emperor of Russia, who gave in return a handsome case of instruments. For Dalhousians a special but melancholy interest attaches itself to this hall. For it was in one of these rooms that a late promising graduate spent his last college days. We next turn to a little brick building, which if marble were substituted for brick, would resemble a Greek fane. This is Holden Chapel, erected in 1744. In the old days of early prayers, this was the scene of many amusing events. A favourite trick was the fastening together of the corners of the big Bible by means of *snap crackers*. The sequel need not be told. He who was fined a penny for tardiness, and two for absence, paid dearly for such a prank. All matters of moment were announced at 'prayers.' On

one memorable occasion, a reliable manuscript says, the Faculty considered the disposition of a keg of bad butter, and at prayer-time the president gravely announced that as the butter could not be eaten on bread, it would be used in the making of sauce. At the end of Holden Chapel and behind Hollis, stands the venerable Elm, known as the "class tree." Hurrying on we come next to Stoughton, occupied in their college days by the late O. W. Holmes and Charles Sumner. Thus we have completed one side of the quadrangle,—historically the most interesting portion of the University. If we strolled around thus leisurely, we would come in turn to different dormitories, to lecture halls and laboratories. But we cannot pass the president's residence without noticing its picturesque beauty, half hid as it is amid the creeping ivy and a fitting evolution from the residence of president Wadsworth. In the centre of the quadrangle stands University Hall, the first stone building in the University, and one of historic interest. Here Longfellow delivered his first lectures, and here did the ancient Professor Wigglesworth water his cow. The former is an historic fact, the latter is tradition. Near by stands Gore Hall, the University Library. We must linger here a moment. The reading room is a large oval room in the middle of the building. At one end are the magazines, and at the other the books of reference in the different departments, corresponding to our "reserved tables." But above and around in inaccessible alcoves and shelves, books galore! to right and to left. But it is only by special permission that one can gain access to the stack. But among the reserved books we can generally find sufficient reading matter. There are, as we might not expect, but as we must believe when we look within, a few Harvard men who do not spend all their time on Jarvis field or in the Hemenway gymnasium. Before leaving, let us go into the room of literary curiosities. Among other things of interest we will see John Harvard's library (the student does sometimes forget to prefix the 'Reverend'), we will see the library of the old presidents, Carlyle's library, used in writing 'Cromwell' and 'Frederick the Great,' and some of Shelley's manuscript poems. As we descend the stairs, a strange cry greets our ears, which at once suggests the sonorous appeals of the court crier in the old Academy town, but which we are told means, in plain English, 'Library closed.' At the sunset-hour all reading ceases, for no light, no not even a lighted pipe, (what puritanical restraint, and how unlike the reading-room of another university, some of us have visited) is allowed. The heat is brought by underground passages from another building, and thus the risk of losing the valuable collection of irreplaceable books is reduced to a minimum. As we step again into the yard, yonder is Dana House. Its cupola and the evening star suggest astronomical work, and the visitor gazes on the infancy of Harvard's gigantic astronomical

achievements, stretched even to the distant mountains of Peru. But it is dinner hour, and we must hurry back across the quadrangle to the main entrance on the north side. Oh yes! on our right is the new Appleton Chapel, where the late Harvard hero, Phillips Brooks, loved to preach and poured out his great soul to the undergraduates. Across the street stands Harvard's finest building, Memorial Hall, built in honour of the students who gave their lives in the Civil War. One end of the building, circular in shape, and about one-third the length of the whole, is Sander's theatre. The outside is graced by busts of famous orators, Demosthenes, Cicero, Chrysostom, Bossuet, Chatham, and their own Webster. The remainder of the building is oblong in shape, and contains one large hall. It is ornamented within by oil paintings, marble busts, and beautifully stained windows representing famous historic figures and scenes. These two rooms are separated by a hall running across the building, the walls of which are covered with marble tablets engraved with the names of those to whose memory this stately structure was reared. The whole is surmounted by a tower 200 ft. in height, at the juncture of the theatre and dining hall, and notwithstanding the criticisms of the connoisseur in fine art, the effect of the building is such as to make the visitor linger around it with delight, and to pay a silent tribute to its designer, H. H. Richardson. But I hurried you hither, with the remark that it was dinner hour. Here again we are confronted with the odd unfittingness of many things about the University. Yes, it is true. Yonder in that homely, thick-walled, heavy-beamed and some-time 'barracks' are delivered the lectures in Fine Art; while here in this greatest monument of architecture in America, under the light that shimmers through stained windows, in the presence of the living marbles and oils, under a roof which is wont to vibrate to the lofty strains of Wagner, Bach and Beethoven, here it is that the Harvard student deigns to eat his dinner. Come to the gallery. Here in obedience to the aristocratic sentiment of New England, we watch them dine. But what means the stamping and hooting? 'Your hat, my visitor.' Did you not notice the big black letters confronting you as you came up the stairs: "*Gentlemen, will please remove their hats!*" But we must hurry away. In the little triangular plot of grass at the west of Memorial Hall, stands a bronze statue of John Harvard, by French, representing him in his Puritan student garb, with an open volume on his knee. You must not tell it, but when Harvard beat Yale at foot-ball,—Yes! they did beat Yale some years since,—in the exuberance of their joy, some of the enthusiasts in riot, forgot their respect for the ancient founder and themselves, and taking up the customs of the Indian College that stood in the yard in the seventeenth century, they declared their triumph and defiance by decorating the bronze figure with red paint. But

we can't go farther this evening. Yonder is the Hemenway Gymnasium, Jefferson Physical Laboratory, the Austin Law Building, Holmes House, Holmes Field, Hastings Building, (the finest dormitory), Carey Building, Jarvis field. Beyond these lie the Peabody Museum of American Archæology, and had we time to go thither, as the gymnasium is closed, we would probably find an old Dalhousian paying *devoir* to some delightful relic of the mound builders. Near it stand the Agassiz Museum and the Divinity Hall. Further beyond lies Norton Wood, a beautiful suggestion of an English castle-park. In this last group of buildings we seem to have a picture of Harvard's intellectual ideal. The study of humanity and the physical sciences, divinity and athletics, all united to develop an all-round manhood, in the strenuous search for truth, which is ultimately and eternally one, through whatever channel it be attained.

But we must return to the quadrangle, leaving our glimpse at Harvard's intellectual life, its ideals and facilities, for another visit. What a charming spirit breathes through these elms, the very witchery of June twilight! One hears echoes of distant Mt. Auburn,—Holmes and Longfellow, Emerson and Lowell, Everything is in the spirit of the hour, from the ivy-leaves resting tenderly on the ancient bricks, to the students lounging in the windows, or loitering around the steps. Sweetest music comes floating across the lawns. The Glee Club sitting on the steps of St. Matthews or Thayer Hall, sings some of the College songs, old and new. And in such an hour, even the spirits of John Harvard and his austere colleagues, (we almost feel their presence), could not be unsympathetic with the students of the nineteenth century. He would even smile as he heard 'Old Johnnie Harvard.' Come to my room and I will tell you how we lounged one summer afternoon under that elm, and listened to one of the Doctors of Philosophy talk as informally as Socrates himself, about Spinoza and Lyric Poetry.

G. F. J.

II.—LIFE AT HARVARD.

The Canadian entering Harvard with advanced standing, say in his Senior year or as a graduate student, as a rule sees little of what is usually known as "Harvard Life." I say as a rule, because there is perhaps one person in ten who does experience Harvard life if not in its entirety, at least so far as it is possible for one to do, who has not been a Harvard freshman. It is the same when a man from another college enters the junior or senior year at Dalhousie.

To begin with, you are of course not eligible for membership in most of the clubs—a very characteristic part of Harvard life barred to you. You must join the Canadian Club, which, however, is more Canadian than Harvard. You may, and almost always do, belong to the Graduate Club, a heavy body that

moves slowly; but where you often hear admirable speeches from men like President Eliot, Charles Eliot Norton, and Hopkinson Smith, the witty writer and artist. You may also be elected to clubs that are harder to get into, for example the English Club, a cosy society composed of instructors, graduates, and undergraduates especially interested in English. But the jolly, thoroughly Harvard clubs, like the Dicky, the Institute, and the Hasty Pudding, are naturally inaccessible to you.

Conferences are partly clubs and partly classes: they are social gatherings, usually at some professor's house, where you chat and have refreshments; but at the same time they are directly under the care of instructors, serious work is done in them, and they count as courses. Some few conferences, for example, the English Conference, are duller, and meet in a class room to discuss papers.

Perhaps I ought to speak more particularly about the Canadian Club. Any British subject studying at Harvard is eligible for membership; and they are not so strict as to refuse to admit you even if you are not at the University and never were, so long as you are a Britisher or a Canadian anxious to meet your countrymen. Yet this freedom is, I think, a mistake. The Club meets every three weeks, on a Friday or Saturday at eight o'clock. Ordinarily we have first either a paper from one of the members, or a talk from some well-known Canadian who happens to be in Boston, or is anyway to be obtained. Once we were fortunate enough to secure Edward Blake; on that occasion, however, instead of having an ordinary meeting, we invited all the University to hear him in the large recitation-room of Sever Hall. After the speech or paper come refreshments; and then we talk till it is time to go. This programme is varied occasionally by an evening entirely social; or by a "Canadian poets' night," or something of that sort. The Club has not been able at times to free itself from the charge of dullness, but last year our splendid President, F. J. McLeod, made a successful effort to have it jollier.

Athletics—where one makes, in my experience, his pleasantest acquaintances—the Canadian student at Harvard generally does not enter; he contents himself with taking regular and profitable, but alas, dull exercise in the gymnasium. In the law school it is often different; and there we have had good cricketers, rowers and runners. It is worth while noticing what a part athletics play at Harvard. Of course there is every facility for exercise—you do not, it is true, find splendid swimming baths or instructors constantly at your elbow, but you do find nearly everything else for indoor and outdoor work. Moreover, you may, for nothing, be measured, weighed and analyzed by Dr. Sargent, and, for a dollar, get a chart showing in what you are found wanting, and a book of exercises with those marked

which you ought to take to attain perfect development. This chart is a great hobby of Dr. Sargent's, and is not to be spoken against; but it is always ridiculously uncomplimentary, quite inexplicable, and really unsatisfactory. One is surprised to see how sensible nearly everybody seems to be in the matter of exercise—the most devoted student, the very morbid, and even the maimed, may be seen in the gymnasium or on the track. It ought to be so at Dalhousie—we have more and better instruction, and a sufficient gymnasium.

Not being a club man then, or an athlete, the Canadian at Harvard lives the "Harvard life," unknown to the newspapers, but not therefore unusual—the life of the hard student. For him studies take the place of athletics, and lectures the place of Clubs.

K. G. T. W.

THE BELOVED AUTOCRAT.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B. A., LL. B.

WITHIN recent years a new word has been added to the apparatus of literature, (the late Walter Pater being the chief sponsor therefor I believe,) which is a decided acquisition. I refer to the word *appreciation* as presently used to signify a carefully studied and sympathetic estimate of a man and his work.

The attempting of such an appreciation of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose death a few months ago may, without undue exaggeration, be said to have for a time at least eclipsed the gayety of nations, is a task that would be peculiarly congenial and delightful. But alas! the pitiless pressure of other tasks whose charms are paramount leaves no room for such an undertaking, and both editors and writers in this instance must fain be content with such brief and hurried tribute as I may be able to pay to him who has been in an unusually large degree my guide, philosopher and friend.

It is most fitting, by the way, that what I may be able to accomplish in this direction should find a place in the pages of the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, for it was while a student at the University in those far-away days when it looked out upon the Grand Parade that I came under the sway of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

I was so fortunate as to chance upon a copy of the first edition (published by Phillips & Sampson of Boston,) whose subsequent history I have related in a recent issue of *The Week*; and once I had dipped into its fascinating pages I became the author's bond-slave.

Thenceforward nothing that he had already written, or was moved to write, either in prose or verse, did I leave unread.

The whole of the Breakfast Table Series; the novels "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel;" the essays "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," and "Soundings from the Atlantic;" the biography of his friend Emerson; the later volumes of conversational philosophy and observation; "A Moral Antipathy," "Over the Tea Cups," and "Our Hundred Days in Europe," and of course the poems without stint. I let none of them pass, and whatever may be the testimony of others this is mine, given without reservation, that from the perusal of every volume I rose with the feeling that what Holmes wrote of Emerson might with equal truth be applied to himself, namely, that "to share the inmost consciousness of a noble thinker,—to scan one's self in the white light of a pure and radiant soul—this is indeed the highest form of teaching."

I do not think that I could upon demand furnish anything approaching a detailed answer to the question: wherein lies the chief charm and power of Oliver Wendell Holmes as a writer. It is quite possible that my attitude towards him has been altogether too reverential and gratefully receptive to be properly critical.

But surely there are blessings that we may take in literature as well as in life without being obliged to subject them to either a qualitative or quantitative analysis! If the fates be at all kind to us we meet with at least one woman—and she need not necessarily be our sweetheart or our wife—whose society has for us a delight the essential elements of which we might have great difficulty in cataloguing. And this is much my relation towards the autocrat. He is of course wise and witty, and informing and inspiring, and genial and comforting, and always a companion of refinement *ad unguem*. But aside from all these qualities there remains an inner essence whose exact nature seems somehow to elude my faculty of expression, much as I should like to make it clear to myself.

Sometimes I have wondered if it was that Holmes has been able to put into pellucid prose or musical memory-haunting verse many of these thoughts and feelings which have played hide-and-seek through our own brains and hearts, but which we have never been able to arrest and identify in language for ourselves. In this way he pays us that most subtle and grateful of all compliments, the suggestion that we are not such dull, commonplace folk after all, but have veins of brilliancy illuminating the otherwise sombre grayness of our composition.

It is our good fortune now and then to meet a talker who has this gift, and in whose magnetic presence we really do, or, which is the same thing so far as we are concerned, imagine we bourgeon out into a display of conversational ability that astonishes no one more than our own selves. Now I would like to ask some of my fellow-appreciators of Holmes if they found him

affecting them in very similar fashion. Possibly herein may be found to lie the clue to much of his peculiar charms.

I shall not soon forget my first meeting with Dr. Holmes in the flesh. It was in the autumn of 1876 while I was attending the Law School at Harvard University. One Saturday afternoon while taking a walk on Boston Common, where the Autocrat had so many delightful (and fateful) morning strolls with the schoolmasters, I encountered a solitary pedestrian, one glance at whom was sufficient to establish his identity. A little man, not more than five feet in height, of spare, symmetrical figure, alert, upright carriage and springy step, attired simply yet with due attention to fashion, he came toward me with the cheerful contented air of a robin in spring-time. His countenance at once suggested one of those russet apples whose wrinkled skins hide so much juice and sweetness towards winter's close. There really seemed no room left for more wrinkles on its smooth-shaven surface, and yet not a hint of decrepitude did it bear.

Familiar as I was with his counterfeit presentments in the form of engravings and photos I could not be mistaken, and my first impulse was to claim acquaintance upon the spot. I have always regretted that I did not do so. Had I then known as much about the man as I did about his books I should certainly have made the venture, and as certainly have been glad of it ever after, for a more gracious, courteous being than the Autocrat this continent has not produced. But before I could bring my courage to the sticking point those quick short steps carried him past me while I stood with my finger in my mouth, so to speak.

Happily the years held yet another chance in store for me, and this I made the most of. It came ten years later when calling upon William Dean Howells, then residing in Boston, he asked me if I had paid my respects to Dr. Holmes, who was his near neighbour in Beacon Street. On receiving a negative answer he at once kindly offered to take me in and introduce me. We went after lunch, the Autocrat was disengaged and at leisure, he received me cordially, gave me a comfortable corner in his library, and a full hour of his precious time.

It was at a meeting of our Shakespeare Club the other evening that several of the members expressed themselves to the effect that they had no desire to meet the writers whose works gave them pleasure, they preferred to regard them as disembodied with the faculty of expressing themselves in practical print, and it may be that this feeling is shared by many who have particularly profound affections for their intellectual leaders. Remembering the tremendous, if not irreparable, injury wrought by Froude's treachery as literary executor to Carlyle in the way of disenchanting the disciples of the Chelsea sage, this point of view is not difficult to understand. But no such apprehension

need ever have been entertained in regard to Dr. Holmes. Every charm that graced his writings was present in his personality, and one would need to be strangely constituted to come away from him in any other mood than that of willing captivity.

So freely did he open his mind, with such alacrity did he take down from the burdened shelves this book and the other, as the conversation brought them into play, that I longed for the power to make old Father Time call a halt, or at least lengthen each golden minute into an hour. I was enjoying a privilege unique in my experience of life, and it seemed hard that the clock hands could not tarry in their orbit. Subsequent to that memorable afternoon some interchange of correspondence took place, but I never saw him again, and now he has gone from us, he who was the last of that rare band of immortals, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier and Holmes, concerning whom one is apt to say sighingly, as one regards the present twilight of literature, that we ne'er shall look upon their like again.

Well, if it prove so, let us, the fortunate heirs of all their royal acquisitions and achievements, even though we cannot clasp their hands, or hear the music of their voices, catch such portions of their spirit as our souls can assimilate, and inspired by the faith in the future, which breathes through all their utterances, go forth to obey the Autocrat's uplifting appeal wherewith he concludes his "Chambered Nautilus."

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

PRINCE HAL AND KING HENRY.

A YOUNG man who has quarrelled with his father, keeps company he should not keep, and is going to the bad generally, is no very uncommon spectacle. But when the father is the King of England and the son Prince of Wales, we may well feel surprise. This is the position of affairs, when we are first introduced to this most natural of Shakspeare's young men, in the second scene of *Henry IV*. We find Prince Henry simply a young man, such as Shakspeare loved to paint; frank, generous, manly, rather wild, but a thoroughly good fellow; very witty and ready with his answers, just such another young blood, in fact, as Mercutio. We discover him bandying jests, certainly "unmeet for ladies," but very good jests notwithstanding, on equal terms with his "chum," Ned Poins and that prince of wits, Jack Falstaff. With these boon

companions he is on the most intimate terms. He is Hal to them and they are always Ned and Jack to him. With all the familiarity of his friends, however, there is mingled a certain deference; something about him compels their respect. This wildness is on the surface. As the scene proceeds, we have a further revelation of his character. When Poins, the gallant, the ruffler, the fast young man about town proposes, in plain English, highway robbery, though as a good joke, and Falstaff asks the prince to make one of the brigands, it is a complete surprise to him and all his pride flashes up:

"Who I rob? I, a thief?"

He cannot forget that he is a gentleman and a prince.

The next thing we notice is his genuine love of mischief and practical joking. When Poins proposes the counter-plot of robbing the thieves after they have plundered the honest men, he gives his ready assent, and carries out his share in this boyish prank with the greatest heartiness and zest.

Then, as soon as he is alone, he becomes himself. He knows he is playing an unworthy part, that he is not true to his best self; but he feels, at the same time, he can break away from these friends and habits, when he wills.

"I know you all and will awhile upho'd
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;

So when this loose behaviour I throw of,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes.

Redeeming time when men least think I will."

Everyone knows how the jest ended, how Falstaff and Gadshill robbed the travellers, and were in turn robbed by Poins and Prince Hal, how the famous men in buckram multiplied, and how, in spite of his exposure, witty Jack Falstaff's wit brought him off triumphantly. But there is one little touch in the highway scene that shows another phase of the prince's character. When he sees poor Jack, the mountain of flesh waddling laboriously away in terror, he says:

"Were't not for laughing, I should pity him."

The two men really are fond of one another, and he half regrets his joke in seeing the discomfort his friend is put to in consequence. This same tenderness is shown at Shrewsbury, when he imagines Falstaff is dead.

"Poor Jack farewell!

I could have better spared a better man."

and again, when he hears of the tragic death of Suffolk and York at Agincourt. Exeter, in describing their end, says

"But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry.— I blame you not
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes or they will issue too.

His boyish humour shows itself again in the teasing of Falstaff about his running away, and when, with the help of Poins, he worries the poor drawer almost to the verge of distraction, when waiting for the rest of the party in the famous Boar's Head at Eastcheap. The same trait is shown in the scene with the hostess, when he and Poins enter marching; he playing on his truncheon like a flute. In this there is more than a dash of recklessness, and abandonment to the spirit of devil-may-care.

"Rivo!" says the drunkard."

The way he sticks by his friends is admirable. He has got them into a scrape. The sheriff and a watch are at the doors to apprehend Falstaff for the robbery, which after all was no joke to the unlucky travellers. The prince conceals fat Jack behind the arras, faces the sheriff and gets his friend off. But he does not stop here; he sees that money is returned. He is too honorable to think of anything else.

As the story proceeds he is reconciled with his father, acknowledging in the frankest way that

"My youth

Hath faulty wandered and irregular."

and promising to wipe out all his disgrace in the blood of the rebel Hotspur whose conspiracy is swiftly hurrying the country into civil war. We see how he keeps his word, redeems this promise to his father, and, on the field of Shrewsbury proves himself a man. Here he comes into the world of action; on war's red touchstone "rings true metal," and shows his *virtue* in the Roman sense, the first requisite in a man, personal courage. The short scene depicting this is admirable. The prince has been badly wounded, and his father, with natural anxiety, is urging him to leave the field:

Harry withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much." "I prythee

He is so excited he does not notice the remark at all. Shortly afterwards, the king says again:

"My Lord of Westmoreland lead him to his tent."
P. Henry.—Lead me my lord? I do not need your help,
And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this."

With this triumphant entry of the prince upon the stage of manhood the first part ends.

In the second part we find him back again with the old set, but he is in a changed humour. His father is very ill, and though he *does* go in with Poins and the rest, the feeling of disgust and the sense of unworthiness are uppermost in his mind. When Poins tries to pry into his feelings about his father, the prince turns on him with speeches that, seemingly in jest, and to be passed off with a laugh, are in reality very much in earnest. For example:

P. Henry.—Shall I tell thee one thing Poins?
Poins.— Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry.--Well, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; at best I could tell to thee (as one it pleases me in fault of a better to call my friend) I could be sad and sad indeed too.

And again:

"But I tell thee my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow."

Here we plainly see the man who is afterwards so sternly to renounce his old companions, and the proud nature striving to hide his feelings from the intrusion of a lower. He is a little bitter too, and reckless as well; he agrees to play another practical joke on Falstaff. He and Poins are to disguise themselves as drawers and come upon him in his room, but it is with more reluctance, and with the feeling of degradation, that he consents:

"From a prince to a prentice. A low transformation. That shall be mine, for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly!"

This is not nearly so excellent a jest as the former one. In the midst of a most discreditable scene in the tavern with Falstaff, Mistress Doll Tear-sheet and others, the prince gets word that his father is at Westminster and war is in the air. The impetuosity with which he breaks away shows how this life was beginning to pall on him, and how willing he was to exchange it for something higher and worthier himself:

"By heavens Poins I feel me much to blame,
Thus idly to profane the precious time.

Give me my sword and cloak,"

and with a hasty good-night to Falstaff, he is gone. This is the last of his wild nights with Falstaff and Poins.

In the famous crown-scene, where, thinking his father's swoon death, he is over-quick to wear the badge of royalty, we see a new characteristic, ambition, love of power. In the subsequent explanation with his father, the frank, generous nature fully asserts itself and brings him to his knees at his father's feet, in tears to beg forgiveness.

Then comes his father's death and he is king. There is everything to fear from the accession of one whose youth had been misspent. His brothers and the Chief Justice, who had punished him once for misdemeanor, tremble for their lives. But the promise made to himself is now redeemed:

"By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him."

As he assumes the new responsibility of his mighty office, his true nature comes out. In the kindest and most princely way he satisfies his brothers, dissipates the Chief Justice's fears, thanks him for his correction and makes him his counsellor.

On his way to the coronation, Falstaff, who has posted up to London, hoping everything from his former friend, hails him with the greatest familiarity and gets the stern rebuke:

"I know thee not old man, fall to thy prayers
How white hairs ill become a fool and jester!"

But he still has regard for his quondam fellow-carouser, he gives him an allowance,

"For competence to life I will allow thee."

It was only right. He had to disown him of course, but we feel for poor Sir John in the sudden blighting of all his flourishing hopes. The *change* in his character is now complete. There is no difference of kind, only of degree. The stern and uncompromising rejection of his old boon companions prepares us for the dignified repelling of the Dauphin's insult of the tennis-balls, the terrible threat with which his speech ends, and the merciless way in which the justly offended king strangles the treason of Scroop and Grey:

"Get you hence,
—to your deaths."

We feel that now we have to do with no rioter, no wild gallant, but with a strong-willed man, not only the king of a great nation by descent and right, but a born ruler and leader, *ἀναξαρτῶν*, a king of men. The hot anger, before which the conspirators quail, we have seen before, and the ambition which leads to conquer France is the same that prompted him to put on his father's crown before the time. But gentleness is still part of his character as well. The tenderness that pitied poor Jack Falstaff bids the soldiers spare the French villages along the line of march.

Even the old boyish love of practical joking and masquerade is still there. The spice of mischief and fun, that dash of recklessness, that earned him the name of riotous Prince Hal still forms part of his character. Just before the day of Agincourt he goes among his men incognito, quarrels with Williams, the typical British soldier, common-place, unromantic, plain-spoken, and sets Fluellen and Ancient Pistol by the ears. The underlying thoughtfulness that made him more than once seek the forgiveness of his father, and of those whom he had wronged, still shows itself, on occasion. Some plain, rough words of Williams about the widows and orphans the glory of the next day's battle will make, bring all his responsibilities before him and sadden him.

One scene more and we take leave of him. We find him at last in the character of a lover. But in this part he is just what we should expect from our previous knowledge of him. In his wooing there is not the strong over-mastering passion of a Romeo, or the deep, melancholy affection of a Hamlet. It is true but not romantic, honest, straightforward, simple, thoroughly English. In the strong self-will, as in such speeches,

"It shall please him well Kate."

and in his humorous attempt to speak French, we see not only the two main features of his wooing, but the chief traits of his gay and masterful character. Such a wooer could not fail, and so in the possession of his fair Katherine, we may well leave him.

D. O'N.

PICTOVIAN REMINISCENCES.

III.

AT every school as in all branches of society, there will be found to some extent what may be called the 'tough' element. Altho' not very marked at Pictou, still there were traces of this 'dry rot,' which if a sharp watch had not been kept and a judicious system of plucking maintained, would have done more harm than it every really did. Then, Pictou was only a small Provincial town, and any very glaring case of misconduct usually came very quickly to the ears of the powers in being. But drinking, and such frivolity was to some extent indulged in, and often kept up for some time before the offender was detected and made the subject of a before-class object-lesson.

None of the present generation of students will remember Joe Mitchell; he 'was' long before your day, and contemporary with the writer, who since that time has seen many classes come and go from our sober old town. But Mitchell was a well known character in those days. There were two lines from Don Juan which he was never tired of quoting, and which, until he gained his experience (the one that 'made him sad') he certainly made the motto of his life. The lines were:

"Man, being human, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication."

Joe was more or less tipsy all the time, and even in class was never quite master of his faculties. But as examinations were an evil not necessary to him, this did not matter very much. He had come to the Academy simply because he felt the need of going somewhere to spend the winter, and as he had not sufficient force of character to work much harm to anyone but himself, he was tolerated by the authorities. What made a changed man of Mitchell, and caused the abduction of William Archibald's leech, I shall tell you.

Archibald was one of those fellows named William, whom no one would ever think of calling "Billy." He generally boarded alone, wore spectacles, and studied so hard that he never could find time to take off his boots till he went to bed. A lad whom one would never suspect of indulging in a joke, yet away down in his inmost parts, wherever the seat of humour is, almost covered up by the neglect of time and daily gorges of Greek roots, was the germ of a joke, which only needed the fostering warmth of circumstance to hatch it out. Archibald had for a long time been greatly troubled by his eyes, and by the advice of an oculist, used frequently to apply leeches to his temples. Bottles of squirming *Hirudinidæ* formed a ghastly sort of frieze over his mantel. In time he became very much attached to

these, the only companions of his solitude, which was only right, seeing that they had so often been attached to him. They were his show feature, and when he had a visitor he would exhibit them and explain their peculiarities with no little enthusiasm. There was one especially, kept in sugar in a large pill box, who was a great favorite with visitors, and the pride William took in him was quite touching. And he really was a fine leech; he was a native of Hamburg, where all the best medicinal leeches come from.

Many a pleasant afternoon I have spent watching the "Drummer," as we used to call him because he had such a huge grip. To make him perform all that was necessary was to tickle him gently on the back, and then such gymnastics! At one moment he would be quite stout and dignified, and the next he would lengthen out as narrow as the views of a Methodist minister, and his drawing powers were something wonderful. William used to say (though some of us doubted this), that the landlady came into his room one day and found that the drummer had escaped from his box, and drawn all the tacks out of the carpet, and was busy rolling it up when interrupted. And I know myself that McIvor, who went to work on a newspaper after he left the Academy, often used to come after the Drummer to help him draw his pay; but William never would lend him, he was afraid it might overtax his strength.

Well, all this is just to show you the powerfulness of the instrument which Providence had selected to bring Mitchell back to the narrow way.

* * *

Thanksgiving day, in the year of Mitchell's reformation, was a very unpleasant one. The ground was too muddy to make the annual foot-ball match possible, and there was absolutely nothing going on. A holiday under such circumstances is almost unwelcome, and so Mitchell found it. The most of the boys had gone home, but his home was too distant to go to for so short a holiday. It was, on the whole, an exceptional day for getting drunk. And a loud and prolonged drunk Mitchell had. From morn to noon, from noon till dewy eve he rushed the growler. At 9 a. m. he started down town with elastic step and an aching void. At 4 p. m. to the police officer who found him braced against a lamp post, with his limbs set as though about to sprint, he remarked: "Dashallright, Officer; please don' disturb me,—houses all goin' past. Want t'catch m'own when it comes 'long." At 12 he started for his boarding house, and all he could do was to 'put his trust in Dollinger,' and keep moving.

To make a short story shorter, he finally found himself at the house where Archibald and the Drummer lived; so he laboriously climbed upstairs, and entered as he supposed his

own room. Archibald was standing by the fire looking at the Drummer, and when he heard his door open, he turned around and forgot to cover the pill-box. And that's what gave Mitchell the D. T.'s.

He looked around vacantly, and then said: "Hallo, you fellow, Arshib'ld! what'r you do'in my room? d'any one askyinhere? 'fnot 'gtout. I wan' go 'tbed."

After some minutes spent by "Arshib'ld" in explanations, Mitchell agreed to go to bed and allow the other to stay for the night, "f'ed no orrer place t'go."

William went on plugging serenely. Nero, at the burning of Rome is reported to have been somewhat calm and collected; but Nero was not a patch on Archibald, who had been known to stick composedly to his book while a Masonic funeral passed the window. In a short time he heard a half-choked gurgle from the bed, and looking up saw Mitchell's blood-shot eyes fixed on the wall. Terror had almost frightened him into sobriety.

"L'k'ere Arshibald, know'in 'nebriated, but is'n that a snake go'nup'ewall!"

Archibald looked up, and there sure enough was the Drummer crawling leisurely over the wall paper; but something prompted him to scare Mitchell a little, so he said: "No, I don't think there's anything there, but I'll see," and going up to the bedside, he put up his hand and swept the Drummer off the wall on to the bed. "No, there's nothing there, old chap, you better go to sleep."

Silence for a space, and then: "Arshibald, were you tryin' t'fool me when y'said there was nothing on wall? 'fnot, I've got 'em."

"Got what?"

"'Vgot the D. T.'s. 'fthas not a snake hangin' to th' ceilin' I nev' saw one, thass all."

Again the Drummer was removed, this time from the ceiling where he was almost drawing the laths through the plaster, and placed under the quilt, close to Mitchell's feet. Archibald declared it was only a cob-web on the ceiling, which lie brought peace for the moment.

An interval of nearly fifteen minutes, and William supposed his friend asleep, when he was startled by the intense solemnity of the voice from the bed:

"Arshib'ld, there's snake eating my toe!"

"Oh! shut up, there's nothing of the kind."

"Arshib'ld, I r'iterate ther' snake d'vouring my toe!"

Archibald turned up the quilt, and there sure enough was the Drummer in clover at last; making up for the time he had wasted to no purpose on the ceiling. "Now, Archibald, d'y'mean t'say don' see thas snake?"

"No," said William unblushingly, "there is nothing there. I wish you would go to sleep and stop bothering me!"

"Allri' Archibald, 'fyou don't see anyshing, 'fcourse isn't anyshing. But Arshibald, would y'min' tak' nim off like good f'low, 'fcourse he isn' there, but would y min' tak' nim off."

This, with considerable difficulty Archibald did, and deposited him in his box again.

"Now, thass 'tright. I'm sober now, Archibald, an' I want 'ytake me 'ome. 'M goin' 'ome right away."

The guileless William, glad to get rid of his visitor, took him home (it was only a few doors away), and deposited him in his own room fully convinced that he had been on the verge of "having 'em."

When Archibald returned to his room he found the Drummer dead in the pill-box; the feast he had indulged in had proven too stimulating.

Well, Mitchell never drank a drop since; and Archibald still smiles when he remembers the reason why.

HALIBURTON AND THE ATHENEUM SMOKING-ROOM.

IN my lecture before the Philomathic Society I observed that Judge Haliburton was not lacking in self-appreciation. I remarked that in the last chapter of the second series of *The Clockmaker*, Sam Slick descanted upon the merits of the Squire's book in a half-joke whole-earnest kind of way. He speaks of it as a rival to the "Pickwick Papers," and far ahead of Washington Irving's works, and suggests that its author should be given an ambassadorship. In "The Attaché" (which describes Sam Slick's proceedings while attached to the United States embassy in London) the American minister observes: "I feel kinder proud to have the first literary man of our great nation as my attaché." And I noticed, finally, that in "The Season Ticket" he makes a gentleman, who is protesting against the absence of a smoking-room in his club, bracket him with the two greatest novelists of the day: "Defend me from a learned club like mine! The members are not genial, and they must be incurable, when such men as Thackeray, Sam Slick and Dickens, who (to their credit be it spoken) are all smokers, can't persuade them that what the white and the black man, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and the Turk, the savage and the Spanish lady do, has at least the sanction of the majority."

The "learned club" referred to I presumed to be the Athenæum, of which Haliburton was a member. I have since come upon a further proof of this as well as of the fact that Thackeray was advocating the same innovation before Haliburton

had joined the club. The first numbers of "The Season Ticket" appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* in 1858; Thackeray's "Fitz-Boodle Papers" were first published in "Fraser's" in 1842. Fitz-Boodle, after pointing out the recently increased popularity of smoking everywhere, uses these words:—

"Ask the club-houses, have they smoking-rooms, or not? Are they not obliged to yield to the general want of the age, in spite of the resistance of the old women on the committees? I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop lolling out of the 'Athenæum' with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel hat."

The smoking-room is there now, I am told, but the bishops who smoke probably continue to do their smoking indoors.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

ALONG THE ROPES.

SCENE:—A large green field; the greater part taken up by a quadrangle defined on the turf by lines of whitewash. At each end is a slim, naked, gallows-looking erection, shaped like a capital H. The sacred enclosure is defended by ropes run through stout posts. Outside of these stand a well-dressed crowd, three or four deep, pervaded by an air of excited expectancy. There is an open-faced building with tiers of seats at one end, and at the other a small wooden pavilion, over which float two broad banners. One is yellow and black. At one side are some willows, and under these, more people in carriages. A sprinkling of red coats and blue jackets.

TIME:—Any Saturday afternoon in the Fall.

DAMOSEL (anxious to advertise the fact that she knows who's who, in a loud tone.)—"Do you see Captain de Bareleg over there? He's the best player in the Garrison. He played for Sandhurst." Repeats the information at intervals. The gladiators enter the arena and take their places. They are able-bodied young men, bare-headed, with dirty white breeches, and close-fitting shirts striped red-and-black and yellow-and-black.

RED-AND-BLACK PARTIZAN (female).—"Oh, they're such big creatures, ever so much heavier than our team."

TIGER-STRIPES PARTIZAN within ear-shot reflects that foot-ball teams are not usually composed of cripples and consumptives, and surveys the tidy figures in the good old colours, with approval. The signal of onset has been given; and after a brief skirmish, the pickets are driven in, and the action becomes general.

SYMPATHETIC LADY (as a runner is laid low at her feet).—"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! They'll get hurt."

The two sides form themselves into two human centipedes and butt their heads together. Several players are dragged out by their hind legs, and their lives saved. The marshal of the lists blows a whistle. The mellay is close.

THE SCRIMMAGE.—"——! ——! ——! * * * *!! ——"

Ball out!"

The waves of conflict ebb. A tiger-striped Jersey makes a dash of a few yards.

RED-AND-BLACK PARTIZAN (female).—"Stop him! Kill him! Oh! kill him."

Chorus of small-boys hooting the College become interested, and repeat the lady's remarks. The College gains, their friends at the centre see their energetic backs and heels well down in the territory of the enemy; and are guilty of cheering their own side.

RED-AND-BLACK PARTIZAN (in a loud voice to lady friend, in order to demonstrate the superiority of the Nicholsons over the O'Connells). "Pity we got into such a crowd of hayseeds."

COLLEGIAN.—"I say, boys, come and hear a man say what he daren't say, if he hadn't a lady with him." Partizan turns red, looks black and holds his little tongue.

SMALL BOY.—"I wish Beale would make a run from one end of the field to the other, and knock them down like ninepins." "Father" obliges him and makes a gallant dash, before he is dragged down.

LADY (who knows the game).—"Oh! they've stopped him! What a shame! Why don't they let him run all the time? Which is the Wanderer's goal?" Escort explains the mysteries in an abashed and anxious whisper.

Desperate assault. The Red-and-Blacks in their last ditch.

R. AND B. PARTIZAN (in a crisis).—"Off side! Off side!"

THE LAST OF THE COVENANTERS (rudely, at his elbow).—"Off side your grandmother!" Collapse of R. B. P.

PRETTY GIRL (who has over-heard various remarks).—"Here, take back your colours, Anastasia." Unpins a scrap of red-and-black ribbon from her jacket, and hands it over to her disgusted friend.

MISS DE SNOBLEIGH (to escort).—"Oh! how I hate them! Just hear them say "ball" instead of baw-ull! Of course they're not gentlemen."

MAN OF THE KING'S (fancies he has heard that de Snobleigh père is a highly respectable tinker of sorts, and is silent).

MISS DE SNOBLEIGH (*intending to be generous*).—"Well, I never expected to see Dalhousie play such a sportmanslike and gentlemanly game!"

MAN OF THE KING'S.—"We've never known them to play anything else."

Miss de S. who had expected sympathy, subsides.

Desperate red-and-black charges bring the contest up the field. The ball is kicked into the crowd and well caught by a matron, greatly to her surprise and the admiration of the by-standers. She does not take the free kick she is entitled to.

TOUCHLINE JUDGE.—"Wanderers' ball!"

GOWNSMAN.—"That's good! You're getting the accent fine, Tommy."

The surviving combatants form a narrow lane. They pant face to face. The ball is hurled into their midst. The fighting shogs down into Red-and-black land, amid College cheers. The invaders press upon the goal-line. A little wasp of a "back," who has been looking for an opening, wriggles across the sacred and well-defended boundary and drops on the ball. Instantly the hand-to-hand battle dissolves.

GOWNSMEN (*in throngs*).—"One! two!! three!!!"

U! pi!! dee!!!

Dal! hou!! sie!!!"

Some continue their slogan with more zeal than discretion. Groans, croaking chorus; tin-horn orchestra in great evidence. Red-and-black jerseys form in line with their capital H. Yellow-and-blacks align themselves forinst them, at a decent interval. The casus belli, the oval, leather Thing remains calmly seated. With almost sacerdotal ceremony, it is carried out by one Yellow-and-black to his brothers. He makes a neat little hole with his heel in the ground, lies down on his stomach, holds the leather suspended till a friend who is standing over him, has it poised to his satisfaction. As it is placed in the hole, the Red-and-black line surges forward, and the standing player kicks the twirling thing over the goal. Then all the trouble begins afresh till the stated time of contest is fulfilled.

M. O. R. TARBOARD.

FOOT-BALL.

ON Nov. 10th our team lined up against the Wanderers in what we fondly hoped would be the final game of the senior trophy league, and we were not disappointed for victory again perched on the banners of old Dalhousie. The first half was a terrific struggle and neither side had much advantage, the ball was for the most part in our opponents territory. The Wanderers played only three half backs and nine men in the

scrim., but our forwards did their work well and were the stronger in the scrimmage. The game was a close one and maul followed maul in quick succession, but neither side was able to score before half-time was called. In the second half the Wanderers did not play up so well, and after about fifteen minutes play Barnstead scored, amid deafening shouts from the collegians and their supporters. It was near the goal and Pickering by a beautiful kick transformed the try to a goal. Score Dalhousie 5, Wanderers 0. The Wanderers kicked off from half field, and for some minutes played in grand form until our boys' superior staying power coming into play, they worked the ball near the line, and Barnstead a second time scored after a brilliant dash. The kick failed and the Wanderers dropped out from the 25. From now until the call of time the red and black made desperate efforts to pass the wary tigers, but all in vain. Beale made a splendid run but was beautifully stopped by Murray near our twenty yard line. No other points were scored and the game ended 8-0 in our favour. Mr. Robertson of the W. A. A. C. refereed the game and gave the greatest satisfaction to both teams. The spirit exhibited in the field was a good one and the best of good feeling was displayed at all times. We have thus won the trophy for two years in succession which should spur our men on to make the same good record in the year to come.

ACADIA VS. DALHOUSIE.

ON Nov. 20th our game with Acadia for the intercollegiate championship came off and our team, for the first time this year, suffered defeat. The day was bitterly cold with a strong wind, and the ground, never at any time fit for foot-ball, was frozen as hard as in the depth of winter. Several new features in laying out the grounds had been introduced, in particular two goal lines at one end and also two touch lines at one side. Our boys were not able to distinguish which was the proper one and were thus at a disadvantage. Again our Acadian brethren, copying from our American cousins, wore the heavy quilted trousers which protected them from the hard ground. The ball was kicked off by Dalhousie and the game started about centre field. The Acadians played with a rush and the ground being so hard our boys were pushed in the scrim. By good work on the touch line the Acadians worked the ball up the field and crossed the line, but in doing so the ball struck the touch in goal flag, and of course the referee decided that the ball was in touch in goal. Our men dropped out and soon after scored. The kick failed and the score stood Dalhousie 3, Acadia 0. In the second half the Acadians kicked off and the ball was scrimmaged in our territory. Scrimmages and touch line plays followed till one of the

Acadian backs secured the ball and scored. The goal was made, and now the score stood Dalhousie, 3; Acadia, 5. After the kick off our boys rushed the game but were unable to score, and just before the call of time the ball was passed to Purdy who, by a brilliant run, scored a second time for Acadia. The game ended 8-3 in favor of our opponents. Mr. Robertson refereed the game and gave great satisfaction, or rather gave great satisfaction to us throughout, and to the Acadians as soon as they were ahead of us. While not attempting to make light of our defeat we cannot help expressing the opinion that on different grounds and with different weather the result would not have been the same, and that Dalhousie would have folded her colours for this season unstained by a single defeat.

College Societies.

Y. M. C. A.—The Association owes much to President Forrest. By his timely counsel and his many hearty expressions of sympathy he has helped and encouraged us in our work. His interest shows itself too in a practical way. The lecture committee are always sure of his advice and assistance in making out their list of lectures. We look for something good from him and are never disappointed. His address on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 18th, on "The Political Economy of the Scriptures," was one of the most instructive and suggestive lectures we have had. All present were sorry when time made it necessary for him to close, and we could wish that we might have an opportunity of hearing him continue the subject further.

PHILOMATHIC.—On the evening of Friday, 23rd ult. Mr. George Patterson, M. A., of New Glasgow, read before the Philomathic a most interesting paper entitled: "Notes on the History of Lacrosse and Football." It was the intention to include "Cricket" in the historical sketch, but Mr. Patterson found his material grow to such an extent that he was obliged to neglect that interesting portion of athletics. While it is to be regretted that our sentiments were not stirred by an account of the rise and progress of this distinctly *British* game, Lacrosse and Football, which possess a peculiar interest to us as Canadians and Dalhousians, were fully traced from their origin through their various stages of development. The paper, besides being exceedingly entertaining and amusing, was highly instructive and deserving of a far larger audience. Mr. Patterson combines the charms of the historian with the facile pen of a ready writer, and showed a thorough grasp of his rather original yet delightful subject. Messrs. Humphrey Mellish, George Shaw,

D. K. Grant and others complimented the writer on his very interesting lecture, and, on motion, the hearty thanks of the Society was extended him for his kindness in favoring us with such a delightful address.

The Society is making an effort this winter to consider topics which are not only interesting but up to date. Perhaps the most important theory in present day science is Evolution, and one of the latest contributions to this subject is Professor Drummonds' "Ascent of Man." This book was discussed at the meeting of the Society held on November 25th. Mr. George Arthur first gave a general review of the book, the history of its publication and some of the chief criticisms of it which have been presented. Mr. Robins then read a paper in support of the theories advanced by Evolutionists, chiefly endeavoring to show how the human moral consciousness could be evolved. This paper had one fault: it was too profound in its treatment of the subject to be fully appreciated at only one reading. It was, however, a very able treatment of the subject from that point of view. Mr. John Stirling followed with a paper showing some very pertinent objections to the theory.

These papers prepared the way for a very interesting discussion, in which several members participated. Perhaps the conclusions arrived at may not have any remarkable influence on the scientific or philosophical thought of the day; but the discussions at least went to show that the members were thinking for themselves and were not prepared to fully accept any theory, unless it had something more in its favor than the fact of its being presented in a plausible way or by a prominent man.

GENERAL STUDENTS' MEETING.—The semi-annual meeting of the general students, held on the evening of the 4th inst., was very largely attended. A proposal of the senate to alter the proceedings at the April Convocation was not acted upon, as being too indefinite. The "At Home" committee reported that the Senate had refused the use of the College building for an entertainment with dancing. Arrangements were made for the usual "Break-up" entertainment on the evening of the 19th. The medical students asked for additional representation on the GAZETTE, but as this involved an amendment to the constitution, action was deferred till next meeting.

Officers for '95-'96 were elected as follows:

President	H. V. BIGELOW,	Law, '96.
Vice-Presidents..	{	A. F. ROBB,	Arts, '96.
		W. H. MACDONALD,	Med. '96.
Sec-Treasurer.	JNO. C. MURRAY,	Arts, '96.
Committee.....	{	A. H. DENOON,	Arts, '97.
		HUGH ROSS,	Law, '96.
		DUNCAN MURRAY,	Med., '96.

GLEE CLUB.—A meeting of students was held November 15th, in regard to the re-arranging of the Glee Club in connection with the College. Mr. Alex. Archibald was appointed chairman, and Mr. Denoon secretary of the meeting. The report of the treasurer of last year's Glee Club was read and adopted. On motion, the meeting proceeded to elect officers for the year. The following were duly elected:

President. ALEX. ARCHIBALD, '95.
 Vice-President ALEX. DENOON, '97.
 Secretary. J. R. DOUGLAS, '96.
 Treasurer. EDWARD CUMMINGS, '97.

It was then moved and passed that the Secretary interview Prof. Gatward in regard to instructing the Club for the winter. Meeting adjourned. A. DENOON.

A MEETING of the Glee Club was held on Nov. 27th, President Archibald in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting (Nov. 15th) were read and adopted. On motion, it was agreed that the Club meet weekly on Thursdays, from 5 to 6 p. m. Prof. Gatward then submitted some music for consideration, and, after some discussion, it was agreed to accept it. The following persons were then chosen to form an Executive Committee:—Messrs. Duchemin, '95; Sedgewick, '97; Archibald, (H. T.), '97. The question of funds was then discussed. It was moved by Mr. Miller, seconded by Mr. Archibald, that the usual fee of 50 cents be charged for membership. It was moved by Mr. Duchemin, as an amendment, seconded by Mr. Currier, that the matter be left over until the first meeting of the Club after Christmas vacation. The amendment was carried by a large majority. The meeting, on motion, then adjourned.

J. R. DOUGLAS, Sec'y.

Exchanges.

WE have received three numbers of the *Collegium* of St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown. The last one shows a decided improvement over the others in many respects. The *Collegium* is comparatively young, and gives in many ways signs of its youth. Some fixed order in the arrangement of its contents would, we believe, add much to its attractiveness.

Knox College Monthly for November has among many valuable articles one which is of peculiar interest to all Dalhousians from the fact of its author being one of our own professors, Dr. MacMechan. This is a continued article entitled, "An Elizabethan Parson's Account of Shakespeare's England." This number contains only an introduction and a short sketch of the life of the parson, William Harrison. If the body of the work fulfils the promise of these introductions a treat is in store for the readers of the monthly.

THROUGH some oversight we neglected to notice the arrival of *The Student*, from the University of Edinburgh. This is the only exchange that comes to us from the old land. *The Student* devotes most of its space to matters entirely of local interest. While we do not find fault with it for this, we do not think it comes up to the standard one might reasonably expect to find in a paper of such a leading university.

THE staff of *Varsity* apparently believe in freedom of speech. They have been making matters interesting for some members of the faculty. The Hallowe'en souvenir number was a very good one. A writer in *Varsity* suggests that students be asked to prepare during the summer vacation papers on different subjects for the college journal. He points out that papers for the different college societies are thus solicited with good results. He says, "By this plan of soliciting articles in advance, a prospectus of the papers for the next academic year could be presented to the subscribers in the closing number of this year. Latent talent would be drawn out. The articles would be carefully written and would embrace a great variety of subjects; so that every reader would find something of interest and value."

THE *Index*, from Pacific University, evidently believes in brevity. It asks contributors to condense their articles as much as possible. A business-like briskness and a certain freedom from conventionality characterize all its articles. In an editorial it says: "If we can express ourselves so our readers understand us, we will be happy. College dialect is not always classic, and we aim merely to reflect every day college life. Its expressiveness more than counterbalances any little lapses from elegance." While we are in sympathy with the desire to express "every day college life," we think it should also be the aim of every college paper to maintain as high a standard of excellence as possible in all its articles. One of the chief advantages, we believe, arising from the publication of a college paper, is the opportunity thereby given to students of developing a good style, and of acquiring ease and gracefulness of expression.

Dallusiensia.

[In future this column shall not be restricted as heretofore, but shall contain items respecting such happenings in and around College as may be interesting to the students generally.—EDS.]

HAS C-h--n abandoned the idea of joining the Northern expedition?

LANGE maketh *Hay* whilst the moon shines and the stars give forth their kindly light.

WE were pleased to see Messrs. K-ddy and lady at several of the football games. Both looking well.

WHAT was Cr-ck-t thinking about when he called out "present" in answer to the young lady's name?

ON Munro Day the students sent the customary congratulatory telegram to Dalhousie's old friend Mr. Munro.

Surely ten will be found ready to join the class in voice culture which Mr. Gatward proposes to organize in our college.

THE "whistling fiend" of last winter has evolved into "ye genial host" of Pine Hill. Further stages in the process will be noted.

WE are sorry to learn that M. MacNeill, '96 met with an accident while working in the Physics Room and narrowly escaped losing his right eye.

OUR friend J. R. Johnston finds it impossible to get to nine o'clock lectures. We would recommend him to lead a *solitary* life.

PROF. W. C. MURRAY gave an address before the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention at Fredericton on "The Place of Feeling in Belief."

WE regret to have to state that after the Thanksgiving holidays three of our Professors were indisposed and consequently unable to meet their classes for several days - Hum.

WE await with pleasure the appearance of Macneill and Gray's work on "The Integral Calculus." The im-port-ance of the work merits consid-er-able interest being taken in it.

THE English table in the Library is supplied this year with *The Academy*, *The Athenæum*, *The Bookman*, and *Poet-Lore*, through the generosity of Mr. Hector McInnes, one of the warmest friends of the college.

PROFESSOR MURRAY continued his series of lectures on the afternoon of December 2nd, by a study of the "Three Temptations of Christ in the Wilderness." Looking only to the human side of Christ's nature he showed how these would have been temptations to him and in what their sinfulness consisted.

CHURCH SOCIAL.--Blushing maiden speaking to "Whiskers." "Where have you been preaching this summer Mr. T-tr-e?"

Whiskers.—Oh, well, er, you! I think you are mistaken Miss.

Fair Maiden.—Are you not Mr T-tr-e?

Whiskers.—Oh no! I am WILD Alf. *alias* Whiskers.

OUR Football Team was defeated at Wolfville. It takes one a long time to hear the whole of a story; but now we know the real cause of this most unaccountable affair. The team, we understand, was shown through the Ladies' College before the match and immediately lost their hearts. On L-chy, our brilliant forward, and on M-N -rn, our sandy half, the effect was visible even before the game began.

THE annual "break-up" is, we be believe, to take place on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 19th. Prof. MacMechan has requested that the march end at his house, where the boys will be invited to partake of light refreshments in the shape of coffee and cake. At the time of our going to press full arrangements have not been completed, but they will be announced later on the bulletin board. It is hoped that as many students as possible will remain to take part in this *grand finale*.

ON Saturday, 8th inst., our "First Fifteen" visited the Notman Studio and had their photos taken. Would it not be well for the students to procure a copy and hang it either in the Reading or the Munro Room. It would be quite an adornment of the walls to have the pictures of our victorious teams hung up where all might see them and future generations might behold those who nobly fought for *Alma Mater* in the bygone days.

A GENTLEMAN who does not wish his name to be known, has for three years given a good-sized cheque to the library. It is to his kindness that the English Department owes the handsome set of the Oxford Chaucer, with the patent "Dun-Flexile" binding, and Lounsbury's Chaucer Studies; works which are well-nigh indispensable for the right study of the father of English poetry.

M-RD-CK (to grocery clerk), Have you any coffee for sale?

Grocery Cl.—We have ground coffee.

M-rd-ck.—No other kind?

Grocery Cl.—None. This is the best ground coffee on the market.

M-rd-ck, (indignantly.)—I don't want it, I got some sugar here the other day with sand in it, and I don't want any coffee with ground in it. You must think I want the earth.

The following delegates from the Dalhousie Association attended the Maritime Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention, held at Fredericton from Nov. 23-25: A. H. Foster, A. D. Archibald, A. F. Robb, A. H. Denoon, W. H. M. McKinnon. One of the papers read was prepared by Mr. D. McOdrum.

THE Monthly Missionary Meeting, postponed from November 24th, was held on the evening of December 18th. The subject was "The Hermit Nation," an epithet Corea will soon cease to merit. The opening paper by Miss Marshall, on "The Physical Characteristics of the Country," was very good. It left a clear, vivid impression, which should be the aim of such a paper. Mr. Barnstead sketched Corea's position politically with relation to each of her big neighbors; the causes that have been at work for the past few years to bring about the present strife; and the benefit likely to accrue to Corea from the war. Mr. Dakin treated the "Religion of the People," indicating some of their beliefs and whence they received them; gave a short sketch of past missionary work among them, and showed the present need of effort on their behalf.

A MEETING of the Short Pants Vigilance Committee was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27. A-tk-n, Commander-in-Chief of the Flat Foots, presided. The chief announced that the meeting had been called by him for the purpose of considering two applications recently made to the committee.

The first, that from Mr. A-ll-n, he had taken the liberty of granting, inasmuch as he had found the applicant capable of consuming two plugs of Pictou twist in a day and a quarter. He had, moreover, produced documents to prove that he had made 95 on an examination in Psychology at Sackville. The chief asked the committee if they approved of his action in granting the dispensation.

Mr. J. C. Mrr-y said he considered Mr. A-ll-n a proper candidate according to the law as laid down by Falstaff in Hen. iv, Part ii, Act iv, Scene iii, lines 81 to 114. He would therefore move that the chief's action be sustained.

Mr. H. T. Arch-b-ld seconded the resolution.

In reference to the second application, that from Mr. McK-nn-n, 1st year, the chief said he had experienced more difficulty and therefore deemed it best to defer action until the matter had been laid before the committee.

Mr. F-lkn-r called attention to the clause in the constitution which required that a candidate should be of sound mind at the time of making application. This threatened to put a stop to all further proceedings until Mr. Young remarked that, according to a section of the bye-laws, a person could testify to his own soundness of mind in case no one was found willing to vouch for him. The chief, in accordance with this clause, ordered Mr. McK-nn-n to be brought into the presence of the committee. He explained the nature of an oath to him and then requested him to take his oath on the big casino as to whether he was at that time of sound mind. After some hesitation Mr. McK-nn-n swore that he was then, to the best of his knowledge and belief, in the full enjoyment of his faculties. As a further safeguard Mr. Reid asked him if he considered black was white, or white was black, or both was one and neither. Mr. McK-nn-n answered satisfactorily. He was then requested to retire to the ante-room until the committee should further consider the case. On motion it was decided the petitioner's prayer be granted if he were found to possess the necessary physical qualification. Mr. D. McR-e was directed to go out into the ante-room and make the examination. He reported that he found Mr. McK-nn-n O. K., but that "one of his legs was longer than it really ought to be." This could, however, be easily remedied if Mr. McK-nn-n should follow the instructions which he (Mr. McR-e) would give, and he moved that on this condition Mr. McK-nn-n's application be granted. On motion passed.

Personals.

R. A. WESTON, B. A., '92, is now a civil engineer on the staff of the Northern Pacific Railway Co., with headquarters at St. Paul.

VINCENT J. PATON, B. A., '89, of Bridgewater, and HAROLD PUTNAM, B. A., '93, of Truro, were among the number of our graduates who came to the city to see the boys win the trophy.

ALEXANDER F. STEWART, B. A., '87, is at present in Halifax, having lately returned from the Canadian North-West, where he has been engaged on important railway engineering works.

D. F. CAMPBELL, B. A., '90, this year, as last, maintained the honor of his *Alma Mater* at Harvard. Mathematically inclined, he pursues an advanced course in his favorite subject, and we hope ere long to greet him as Dr. Campbell.

J. J. DOYLE, of the class of '95, is attending 2nd year classes in McGill Medical College this winter. Joe's many friends in Dalhousie miss his presence round the College halls and the student's favorite resort where he was wont to elaborate theories accounting for all and any phenomena.

MR. HAROLD PUTNAM, B. A., '93, has resigned the position of editor of the *Truro Times*. During the short time Mr. Putnam has filled the editorial chair, he has brought the *Times* to a foremost position in Maritime journalism. Wherever his lot may be cast, the best wishes of the GAZETTE follow him.

MR. GEORGE PATTERSON, M. A., who refereed the final game in the New Brunswick Foot-ball League, between St. John and Mt. Allison, seems to be in hot water with the Sackvillians. We are ignorant of the matter in dispute, but should judge our sister College to be in the wrong, as what the genial Pat doesn't know about foot-ball,—well—is hardly worth knowing.

THE paper on the Chemistry of Cerium by Dr. L. M. Dennis and Dr. W. H. Magee, the German edition of which we referred to in our last issue, has had the compliment paid it of republication in full in the pages of the *Chemical News*, London, (Oct. 26th and Nov. 2nd, 1894.) The paper has appeared also in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, Oct., 1894.

New Books.

A LABORATORY MANUAL IN ELEMENTARY BIOLOGY. An inductive study in Animal and Plant Morphology. Designed for Preparatory and High Schools, by E. R. Boyer, A. B., pp 1-XXI; 1-235. Boston, 1894. D. C. Heath & Co. Price 80 cents.

This Manual ought to be a success, since it fitly serves as introduction to a university course in Biology. Advanced students beginning their course with bimana, by descending steps arrive at amoeba and pass on down to microscopic organisms. This descent is much more intelligible and profitable if we have taken a run up the scale and so have fixed in our minds the interval markers on the way. Such a preliminary glance is admirably given in this little work. Study to begin with amoeba and noting sponge, hydra star-fish, earthen worm, cray-fish, grasshopper, mussel, perch, frog, turtle, pigeon, and cat, we find ourselves at the end of Part I. Each study is accompanied by careful descriptions and accurate instructions in practical dissection. In Part II plants are taken up, and from the yeast plant we are conducted by a series of studies up to Scotch pine and Trillium, noticing on the way brook-silk, green felt, stonewort, liverwort and fern. Each study is based on the laboratory method, and an attempt is made throughout to develop rather than inform the mind. This book should find a place in all our high schools and academies.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANAC for the Province of Nova Scotia, for 1895. Published by D. McAlpine & Sons, Halifax and St. John.

This is the seventieth year of publication of this Almanac. Yet it shows its "three score and ten" not in feebleness and impotence, but in freshness and vigor. It is packed full of interesting matter of every description, and to the busy man is invaluable for reference.

THE ELEMENTS OF METAPHYSICS. By Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Kiel. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Pp 387.

MacMillan's have done students of Philosophy a real service by publishing this interesting book on Metaphysics in their admirable Colonial Library. Dr. Deussen writes from the standpoint of Kant's Schopenhauer. The Kantian distinction between phenomena and nomena is the central idea of the book.

COMMON SCHOOL ARITHMETIC, by W. T. Kennedy, Principal of Halifax Academy, and P. O'Hearn, Principal of St. Patrick's Boys School, Halifax. T. C. Allen & Co. Price, each part, 15 cents, or single volume 40 cents.

In an interesting introduction the authors "state their purpose," and "acknowledge their indebtedness to Prof. Macdonald of the Normal School, Prof. Little of Colchester Academy, Supervisor McKay, and the Superintendent of Education."

This Arithmetic is published in three parts—a most commendable innovation. Perhaps a stronger binding would be more serviceable. The printing is excellent.

The book avoids the defects of such text books, as Sangster, by excluding a great mass of irrelevant matter which does not contain any new arithmetical principles, but which exhausts and irritates the pupil. Though it omits such things, as obsolete denominate numbers and cube root, does it not commit the same fault by introducing, for example, specific gravity? The children must understand what specific gravity is, &c, before they can intelligently work the questions. Should not this be left to Physics or Chemistry?

The examples given are numerous and varied, and, so far as our observation goes, well chosen. Perhaps some will find that too little theory and too many examples have been given. The examples are not too numerous, unless they have taken up so much of the available space, that the theoretical portion had to be abridged. The book represents the reaction of intelligent teachers against teaching arithmetic by rules. To such an extreme has the reaction gone that the multiplication table, which we and our fathers and their fathers have sorrowed over and afterwards blessed, has given place to a rational table, ill-suited to memorizing. The rational arithmetic places multiplication before subtraction.

Given an intelligent teacher with a good knowledge of arithmetic, excellent results should be obtained with this Arithmetic. But we fear that inferior teachers may be led, by the brevity of the theoretical portion and the abundance of examples, to look upon arithmetic as a set of examples to be so manipulated as to give the answers printed at the back of the book. Facility and accuracy, which can be acquired only by working many examples, are no doubt two of the most important objects to be obtained by the study of arithmetic; but the teaching of arithmetic professes to give one of the best possible trainings in reasoning and in abstract thinking. Such training comes from attempts to understand the "why" of arithmetical processes, *i.e.*, through a study of the theory. The "theory," which one asks for, is NOT definitions and rules, but fuller explanations. The theory given is excellent, though very brief.

This Arithmetic is by far the best of the books used in our schools, which have been written by Canadians. The authors deserve to be highly complimented on the excellence of their work.

Law Department.

OBITUARY.

IT is with a feeling of deep sorrow that we record the death of SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON. We feel in common with the whole Dominion,—nay, indeed, the whole Empire—that an almost irreparable loss has befallen us. While the whole city will greatly regret his death, we in particular as students of Dalhousie have to mourn one who was a former lecturer. Those who had the privilege of listening to Sir John Thompson's lectures on Evidence, when he lectured on that subject in the Law School, will remember them as quite unique. The same grasp which he had of Dominion affairs he exhibited in his lectures, and the very pleasure of listening to the man almost precluded the possibility of taking notes. But everything was laid down so clearly and certainly that the taking of notes was almost unnecessary. In the troublous times on which we have fallen we can ill spare a man of Sir John Thompson's universally acknowledged probity and fair mindedness from the head of the cabinet and the field of Dominion politics.

DALHOUSIE is probably the only college of its size in Canada, that can show such a wretchedly equipped gymnasium. With a University of the importance of ours, we should have had, in the first place, a separate building for the purpose; but if this was found impossible, then decent equipment would surely not have been too much to look for. The authorities complain that "the students do not take an interest" in the scheme. Except for a few like the "genial" captain of the football team, it is very hard to work up any amount of enthusiasm over a spavined "horse" with all the hide torn off, and a cracked horizontal bar. If we had proper equipment and a good instructor, we have no doubt the students would be found willing to do their part. After some years of discussion and careful deliberation, the authorities this year

girded up their loins, waded boldly in—and erected a shower-bath. Has any one ever had an opportunity of using it? Personally we have always found it securely fastened; and altho' its shape and somewhat mysterious looking exterior excited some interest among the Freshmen, we are not aware that any one has thus far succeeded in getting "behind the Vail." Could not the authorities have a "show-day," and let us see this monument to their interest in our welfare.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

THANKSGIVING and Munro Day coming together this year, many of the boys took advantage of the opportunity to enjoy a trip home. Monday and Tuesday saw them strolling back again, ready for work.

* * *

AMONG those honoured with seats at the Grit meeting on the 3rd, were Prof. Russell and C. R. Mitchell of the First Year. It is also said that Scott had a "bid" up, but he did not improve the opportunity.

* * *

AT the annual meeting of the North British Society last week were present, our Dean, Prof. Weldon, and Prof. Russell. The toast for the learned profession was responded to by Prof. Russell; and the toast to the Dominion Parliament by Prof. Weldon.

* * *

WE were sorry to hear of the accident to our friend, J. A. Sedgewick. While trying arms in a playful mood with a friend, the bone was suddenly snapped, and he has been detained in the house ever since. However, he is getting better now, and we hope for his rapid recovery.

* * *

ON Wednesday, Nov. 21st, Mr. R. McIlreith, one of our prominent foot-ball devotees, went to New Brunswick to referee three games of the Trophy series there. He remained till Saturday, visiting St. John and Fredericton. Mac speaks in the highest terms of the hospitality given him, and is reported to have given universal satisfaction.

* * *

AT last the word has come about Procedure. The Barristers' Society have passed a resolution to take an examination before the Dalhousie Law Faculty in Procedure in lieu of the Final Examination, which had to be taken before them hitherto. This

is very welcome news,—to this year graduates especially,—who will thus save six months at least in getting to work with the rest of the world. It's a pity the step wasn't taken sooner in the term, but it is only a material difference with this year's graduating class, and they will have less time to get it up than otherwise.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

SATURDAY evening, Nov. 17th, still saw the Outhit-Finlayson government wielding the reins of power for the fourth session. Quite justly might they be called the "Long Parliament," for such a long term has no precedent in the annals of the Mock Parliament—within the memory of the present writer. However fate was waiting for them this evening. Emboldened by previous successes they determined on a radical reform, and the HON MR. OUTHIT introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, that in the opinion of this House the Canadian Federal Union should be dissolved and a Maritime Union of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island should be effected, abolishing the local legislatures of these provinces.

MR. OUTHIT made a good speech, dwelling on the fact that Canada had not made enough progress since confederation, and he believed that a Maritime Union would be more conducive to the prosperity of the three provinces.

HON. MR. ROSS seconded the Bill.

MR. MCKAY, (Yarmouth,) followed. Altho' a staunch supporter of the government from the time of the election to his seat, he could not favour such a radical reform so suddenly. He also couldn't see what gains the Maritime Provinces could get by such a change.

MR. SCOTT, like Mr. McKay, deserted the government on this bill. He thought that there ought to be an election on this very issue before such a sweeping resolution was passed. He referred to the progress of Canada lately and didn't believe it would be so great under a Maritime Union.

MR. BIGELOW spoke next dwelling on the progress of Canada since confederation in contrast to the stationary condition before that time.

On putting the motion it was lost, 13 to 11.

The Premier then, before resigning, conferred the following offices:

SCOTT.—Chaplain of Rockhead.

VERNON.—Inspector of the Infants' Home.

MCKAY, (Little)—Deputy Sub-Janitor of the Murphy Gold Cure Institute.

MCCART.—Minister of Railway Sleepers and Agent for Post Holes in the County of Colchester.

JOCK MURRAY.—Poet Laureate.

AITKEN.—Canadian Commissioner to Australia to report on the methods employed for the propagation of the kangaroo.

CHARLES MCLEAN.—Baron Nicotine.

SNYDER.—Earl of Saint Margaret's Bay.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIE.

AT a recent meeting of the Executive Council of the province the Hon. Attorney-General called attention to the fact that a long-haired, blear-eyed, bandy-legged, law freshman has been in the habit of attending the provincial library and encroaching too much upon the time of the assistant librarian. Immediate action shall be taken should the unwelcome visitor continue making his visits.

THE janitor soliloquizing when in the course of his weekly cleaning he comes across an unclaimed GAZETTE marked "T—n."

Well, this 'ere's the queerest yet,
If this aint that same GAZETTE
That I've noticed every Saturday this year,
Surely none of the byes would let
A number drop out from their set.
I wonder who 'tis leaves it lyin' 'ere.

Where is 'is name? I'll bet
It's one of that Sfransisavior set
Who I allus said don't 'ave no business 'ere,
Why in blazes can't they get
Admitted to some collegette,
Where they'd herd together in their proper sphere.

Well, I think I'd lose my bet,
For it isn't them just yet
But this name that's on it makes it just as queer,
'Cause the chap can't be in debt,
And if 'e 'asn't got it yet,
'E soon will 'ave near three 'undred pound a year.

Well if in 'is way 'e's set
There's no turnin' of 'im yet
And they'll 'ave to do without 'is 'elp that's clear.
The collector for the GAZETTE
Isn't likely to forget,
And perhaps 'e'll take the 'int before next year.

THE new American University at Washington, D. C., is in luck. She has already received \$4,000,000 in donations, besides a \$500,000 site by the city.

THE wealthiest university in the world is said to be that of Leland Stanford. When all its landed estates are cultivated the endowment will amount to about \$200,000,000. This year there are about 860 students enrolled.

Medical Department.

THE MEDICAL LIBRARY.

THE necessity for better arrangements in connection with the library, placed at the disposal of students attending this College, must be apparent to all. The Cogswell library, donated by the late Dr. Cogswell for use of the medical fraternity of Nova Scotia, is at present located at the Halifax Dispensary, nearly a mile from the College, and is not so situated as to be easily accessible to students. The principal use a student in medicine can make of such a library, is that he may occupy his spare moments between classes and at odd times. Yet how can this be done when he has to walk a mile or so, and then, at the end of his journey almost invariably meet with disappointment, owing to the absence of any proper person who can admit him to the room, and show him the whereabouts of the book he wishes to peruse? We would suggest that a suitable room, in the college buildings or as near them as possible, be procured and the books placed therein. The appointment of a librarian, who would consider it his duty to have the room open from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., would also seem to be indispensable. Perhaps a rebate in class fees, or some such arrangement, would be sufficient to induce some student to look after this matter in a proper manner. We are not aware of any disadvantage that would result to the other members of the fraternity from a change of location. The medical course at this university ranks favorably indeed with the other institutions of the kind on the continent, yet in the matter of a library, arrangement is sadly deficient. As the matter now stands the books remain unused and the student is the loser.

This matter should be well considered by the powers that be, in the hope that the grievance may be remedied.

McGILL students are agitating for an open-air skating rink.

THE Governors of McGill University have received another large donation from a generous Montrealer. This time it is a lady, Mrs. J. H. R. Molson, who is the benefactress. She has sent a check of \$20,000 to increase the endowment fund of the Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

STUDENTS' MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE interest taken in this society by the students of all the years continue to increase—the attendance this season being perhaps better than ever before. An efficient staff of officers is working to arouse enthusiasm and make the session of 1894-95 one of the most interesting in the history of the organization. The executive committee has just had printed a neat card, giving the subjects and the speakers for each evening throughout the term. From the names and subjects which appear on this list, it is certain that no student of medicine can make a mistake in attending these weekly meetings. According to the programme a number of the evenings is under the entire control of the students. At these times an opportunity will be afforded to become proficient in debate, as all can take part.

On the evening of November 16th, a paper on "Domestic Medicine" was read by Dr. Hattie. Owing to the short notice given him by the executive committee, the doctor had not time to prepare a lengthy paper. Notwithstanding this his paper was much enjoyed by those who were privileged to hear him. Dr. Hattie said that he had great respect for his mother's "medicine chest," that visions of goose oil galore and decoctions of penny-royal tea were ever fresh in his memory. He showed in a humorous manner the nonsense of many charms and "granny remedies" in vogue in some districts. Nevertheless, he said, some very happy hits were sometimes made by these "Domestic Medicines," that while the why and the wherefore of these applications were not always understood by the administrator, yet the effect in the end was often the same as that sought by the physician. Dr. Hattie is always listened to with pleasure and profit.

Owing to the absence of many of the students on their thanksgiving vacation, no meeting was held on Nov. 23rd. It has been the custom for some years past to leave the direction of at least one evening's proceedings to the first year men. The evening of Nov. 30th had been allotted to this class, and the entertainment furnished on this occasion was somewhat of a diversion from the ordinary. It consisted of readings, and vocal and instrumental music, furnished for the most part by ladies

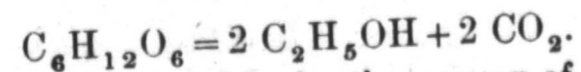
and gentlemen outside of the Medical school. The various numbers on the programme were splendidly rendered, and elicited many well-deserved encores. The attendance at this meeting was unusually large.

ALCOHOL AS A THERAPEUTIC AGENT.

BY A. I. MADER, M. D.*

THE term alcohol, once used to signify ethyl alcohol only, is now generally applied to a series of organic compounds having certain chemical characteristics in common, of which common alcohol is the type. However, at present, alcohol unqualified means Ethyl Hydrate, or common spirits of wine.

You are no doubt familiar with the chemistry of the drug; yet it may not be amiss to refer briefly to a few points of its chemistry as they will help to illustrate some of the facts I wish to emphasize in this paper. Alcohol is produced by fermentation of saccharine bodies, and also by synthesis in the laboratory. A peculiar ferment acts upon saccharine substances causing them to split up into alcohol and carbon dioxide thus:—



When this reaction takes place by the agency of the ferment small quantities of other substances are formed, viz.:—Acetic acid, succinic acid, glycerine and amyl alcohol. The latter, commonly called fusel oil, is the most important impurity, and it is credited with producing most of the toxic symptoms due to so called "bad whiskey." This impurity is an alcohol higher in the series thus:—

C H ₃ OH	Methyl	Alcohol.
C ₂ H ₅ OH	Ethyl	"
C ₃ H ₇ OH	Propyl	"
C ₄ H ₉ OH	Butyl	"
C ₅ H ₁₁ OH	Amyl	"

Artificially produced intoxicants are said to be carefully adulterated with these higher alcohols which are extremely poisonous, or produce quickly those untoward effects which are so injurious to the organism, and which pure spirits have the power of producing, but less quickly.

It is an interesting and important fact that fermentation is arrested by alcohol when present in sufficient quantities. It has the power of destroying its own ferment. This takes place when the amount of alcohol present reaches 18%. If there is still sugar present it remains unchanged, and we have as a result a sweet wine. Therefore the maximum strength of any pure wine does not exceed 10%. If it does, alcohol has been added. The practical point here is—pure wines in

*Read at the Students' Medical Society.

moderate quantities undiluted will not interfere with digestion by precipitating the pepsin of the gastric juice—because not strong enough to act on the ferment quickly it is soon diluted by the stomach. In distillation, water and the higher alcohols are got rid of.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTIONS AND USES.

The value of alcohol as a solvent for inorganic salts, active principals of drugs, alkaloids, essential oils, etc., is familiar to you all.

Locally: it is an antiseptic and it has a cooling effect upon the skin when applied, by withdrawing heat through its evaporation. If evaporation is prevented it has an irritating effect, followed by partial anaesthesia. On account of its affinity for water it has power to coagulate albumen and it hardens the skin.

ACTION ON THE ALIMENTARY CANAL

The action of this agent upon the stomach and intestinal canal is a subject on which you can read and hear much contradictory evidence, so, as practical men, let us study the subject without bias. It is my aim to give you this evening what I believe to be the burden of scientific opinion on the subject, plus a few impressions and observations of my own. Small quantities of alcohol, properly diluted, taken into the stomach produces a sensation of warmth which diffuses itself over the entire body. It is quickly absorbed into the blood. A turgescence of the capillary plexus of the gastric mucous membrane occurs, which is followed by a free secretion of the gastric follicles, caused by the increased supply of blood and also by direct stimulation of the orifices of the glands. Here, just as in any other organ, long continued and excessive stimulation will produce a pathological secretion, and we get mucus instead of gastric juice, and ordinary drunkard's catarrh. Then, if the above be correct, small quantities of alcohol improve digestion, if not persevered in for too long a time. This is a clinical fact beyond dispute, which can be observed in any case of ordinary gastric debility following acute illness. Large quantities of alcohol interfere with digestion in two ways: first—through its affinity for water, and power to coagulate albumen it renders the albuminoids less soluble, and secondly—it produces secondary constriction of the capillaries of the stomach, and thus diminishes secretion. How this secondary contraction of the arterioles occurs will be observed when we speak of its action on the liver.

ACTION ON THE CIRCULATION.

Alcohol has an important action on the circulatory system, but perhaps its power here has been over-estimated, as some of its good effects are now explained by its action on other organs, and as a pure stimulant in many cases we have more powerful agents. Yet alcohol is the type of cardiac stimulants. It acts as a stimulant to the circulation by its direct action on the heart muscle, and also through the nerve centres, and indirectly also through its action on the stomach. In small doses the first effect on the circulation is to stimulate the heart, not necessarily increasing the frequency of its pulsations, but producing

a marked increase in force, accompanying which is a dilatation of the cutaneous capillaries and probably those of the brain. The blood pressure is increased. In poisonous doses there is lessening of the heart's power and lowering of the blood pressure. This is the case when an individual is intoxicated which is, of course, acute alcoholic poisoning. Alcohol does not, however, poison by paralysis of the heart, as death, in fatal cases, is due to respiratory failure. Therefore it must be considered a very safe agent, judiciously used, in diseases prone to cause heart failure, for the heart is last to succumb to its influence; all the voluntary muscles may be powerless, yet the heart still carries on its function. This fact is distinctly opposed to the idea prevalent in the minds of certain practitioners, that alcohol, because it is a cardiac stimulant, can cause death by over-stimulation of that organ. Some of these practitioners substitute camphor which does cause death by cardiac failure. Long continued use of alcohol produces fatty degeneration of the heart and atheromatous arteries.

ACTION ON THE BLOOD AND ON GENERAL METABOLISM.

It has an important action here. It lessens the oxidizing power of the blood by uniting with the hæmagobin. This is injurious in health but very beneficial in certain morbid states. Is alcohol a food? This question has been a bone of contention for decades between advocates of medical tectotalism, and those who were convinced of the virtues of this agent in disease. This question, I believe, has been conclusively settled in the affirmative. Alcohol is a food. When given in small quantities it breaks up into carbon dioxide and water, heat and energy are produced, and this is all any food can do. The sovereign value of alcohol as a food can be understood when we consider its extreme diffusibility and the ease and rapidity with which it is absorbed. In febrile states when there is a deficiency of gastric juice and all the functions are below par, we have in alcohol an agent which supplies energy similar to foods like fats, which cannot in these states be successfully handled by the digestive organs. It, in addition, as we have observed, stimulates gastric digestion, and it is retained by the stomach at times when no other food can be. The amount of alcohol which an adult can oxidize per diem is represented by $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of absolute alcohol, or about fifteen grains to every two pounds of body weight. This applies to non-febrile states. The febrile patient with rapid tissue waste is capable of oxidizing a larger amount than this, but definite figures, I believe, have not been worked out by experiment. We know that such patients consume much larger quantities without harm, and indeed often with great benefit. The excess of alcohol which is unoxidized is eliminated by the lungs, kidneys and skin as alcohol.

When alcohol undergoes oxidation in the system it saves other tissues from being oxidized, or it prevents tissue waste. This is proved by the amount of urea and carbon dioxide being diminished. This physiological action is of perhaps more importance in disease than its action as a stimulant. The decrease in carbon dioxide is also an evidence that alcohol is actually burned up, because it contains less carbon in proportion to the other constituents than oils or proteids, therefore a smaller amount of carbon dioxide must result from its combustion.

When, however, alcohol is taken too long and too freely it robs the tissue of oxygen, and we get a degeneration of albuminous tissue and the body grows fat.

ACTION ON SECRETIONS.

Here alcohol has considerable effect. The action on gastric secretion we have already noticed. The liver being the first to receive the blood freshly charged with alcohol, by its being for the most part absorbed directly from the stomach into the tributaries of the portal vein, receives the agent in a more concentrated form than any other organ, it not being diluted by the general circulation. The first to feel its stimulating effect is this organ, except, of course, the stomach. The liver, as we would expect, is the first to undergo pathological changes. The hepatic cells are stimulated directly by it, and as a result we have an increased flow of bile. If persisted in for a long time the cells enlarge and become infiltrated with fat globules, or we have fatty degeneration. The stronger drinks particularly, if taken undiluted, or in an empty stomach for a considerable period, cause irritation of the connective cells surrounding the portal radicals. These cells proliferate, and the new tissue formed, soon undergoes contraction, as in the case with all new connective tissue, and we get the co-called cirrhotic or hob-nail liver. With the primary new formation of connective tissue we naturally get an increase of the size of the organ, while the secondary contraction causes atrophy of the liver cells by direct pressure, and from diminished blood supply. We then get the ordinary contracted or small liver of alcoholic cirrhosis. In those countries where dilute alcoholic beverages are indulged in, as wines and beers, for instance Germany and other continental nations, cases of cirrhosis are not common. This disease is however frequent in countries where the more concentrated drinks are used as brandy, whiskey, gin and rum. When the portal radicals become very much narrowed, we have interference with the portal circulation producing mechanical congestion of the capillaries of the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane and peritoneum with chronic gastro-enteritis, or drunkard's catarrh, hæmorrhoids and ascites. This belongs more to the toxicology of the drug and is not included strictly in the scope of my subject, but I thought best to notice the pathological changes in the liver, which are similar to those often produced in other organs, as the kidney, heart and nervous system. Let us know well the untoward effects of our remedies in order to avoid them.

(Concluded in next issue.)

MEDICAL BRIEFS.

It is said one of our weighty Freshmen is plugging hard for the clinical clerkship exam.

It is earnestly requested that he confine himself to Wurtz and not consult *O(1)dling* or he may be *organically* plucked.

It is said, to get a *cue on*, a *wily amorous son* must be armed with a stethoscope. It is rumoured that it is a *poor house* that cannot find some use for one.

HE is *daily* becoming more convinced of the fact that he could give the house staff some tips on bandaging.

IT has been suggested that Messrs. B-s-t and Sh-w take a sedative one hour before attending the next political meeting.

A SECOND year-student being in a *dormant* condition, patrolled the south end last Saturday afternoon. He saw nothing, heard nothing, and returned home, his *blanched* and tear-stained cheeks telling of his disappointment at his fruitless search.

JANITOR, (to student.) - "Mr. A-- you are not allowed in this room."

Student. - "That's none of your business."

Janitor, (with emphasis,) - "Yes it is. Get out. You needn't think you can come it over me like you do over the *other* professors."

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN from No. 12 Moran St. a young Soph, recently seen wending his way to Sambro *beset* on either side by a member of the fair sex. When last heard of he was on a north-end car with his *ligamentum teres* on the stretch. Also from the same place and about the same time, a dorsal vertebra, supposed to be in Bedford. Any information will be gladly received by the landlady.

PERSONALS.

DR. A. A. DECHMAN, 94, has recently returned from a trip to Chicago and expresses himself as much pleased with that part of the United States.

DR. H. V. KENT, who has built up a large practice in the thriving town of Truro, was recently married to Miss Bessie Dickie of Upper Stewiacke, N. S. The happy couple left soon after for Edinburgh where the doctor will take a post graduate course. The GAZETTE extends congratulations.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Alfred Whitman, \$4.00. Miss E. Ritchie, J. B. Johnson, \$2.00, each. Ira Cameron, T. A. Morrison, Miss W. Burns, Gordon Dickie, Miss L. Davison, G. A. Grant, H. M. Clarke, Thomas Lawson, W. O. Farquharson, J. R. Millar, Frank Fisher, H. S. Crowe, W. T. Kennedy, Miss E. Kennedy, W. C. Murdoch, Miss May Austen, W. S. Brodie, W. A. McDonald, J. A. Benoit, Miss Grace, E. B. Rice, Miss Bessie Lewis, Miss Bessie Cummings, J. McKinnon, A. H. Campbell, Miss De Wolfe, Miss Archibald, Seymour Archibald, P. Weatherby, R. M. Hattie, S. E. Shaw, W. H. Macdonald, Ernest Archibald, Dr. Weldon, W. J. Loggie, J. M. Anderson, H. R. Sullivan, \$1.00 each.

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