

D. E. McKay


THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

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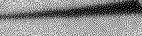
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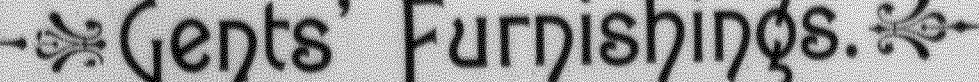
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TERMS.

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THERE has recently been some discussion amongst our students as to what are the qualifications necessary to obtain great distinction, or distinction. The honour applies only to graduates in arts, and is not granted by an exactly fixed standard. The calendar says proficiency must be shown in some certain subject, and in addition *students* have considered it necessary that to obtain great distinction seventeen "points" must be made, and twelve to obtain distinction. A second class in an arts subject is taken as the standard, and is said to be worth one point; a first class is equal in value to two seconds.

This year several students, it is said, are surprised to find that they are disqualified from obtaining distinction, because they are taking law or medical subjects to complete their

course. Now if these students were given to understand previously that such subjects would be equal in value to ordinary arts ones, it is decidedly wrong to deny them a chance for distinction now, but we think ourselves that no one has any right to claim an equal value for law or medical subjects in comparison with arts.

A high first class on the "ordinary" in arts only gives an actual second in the final result; whilst it is the "extra" which qualifies for a first. Now a law subject, excepting that its first class is five per cent higher than the percentage required on the ordinary in arts to qualify for a second, is only equal to an arts subject without the extra, that is, its highest value is one point.

Without discussing the relative amount of work in an "Arts ordinary" and a law subject, we consider the above the only fair way to look at the matter. But there is another argument as well, and that is, it may be questioned whether affiliated students have the right to rewards of merit intended for arts students alone. We are inclined to think they have not, and we must always deplore any change that tends to break up the arts course. If any one finds time (and money) so valuable that a year must be saved in such a questionable manner as affiliation, that is the business of the person affiliating. The University laws *permit* affiliation but they do not necessarily encourage it. But if in future they would count affiliated subjects as equal in value to pure arts ones, they would certainly be setting a premium on affiliation. Those who wished at the same time to carry off the honours in the "general course" in arts would take all the affiliated subjects possible, and the faithful "arts man," crushed with "extras all round," would look with envy on his wiser brother who had taken a short road to an LL. B., and an easy one to great distinction.

THE Acadia debaters have come and gone, bearing away the palm of victory. The decision was what the audience generally expected, but the verdict left the laurels more evenly divided than some people suppose. The decision of the judges read thus: "The Board gives judgment that the arguments, *pro* and *con*, are so evenly balanced that superiority in that respect cannot be assigned to either side, but in respect to form and delivery the superiority rests with Acadia." Thus it is seen that we were a close second, and we think that impartial reports of the debate should record the actual verdict.

However, the Acadia speakers were men to whom it was no discredit for our men to yield the palm, and the Wolfville boys must feel a double satisfaction in that they have not only successfully encountered our arts department but our law faculty as well. It is a significant hint to our sodales, and in our next issue we will have something more to say on the matter.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

THIS debate with Acadia was held in Orpheus Hall, on the evening of the 24th of February. The hall was crowded, and granting of tickets proved a wise thing. From first to last the affair was a success, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Anderson, president of Sodales, for the way in which everything was conducted. The preliminary arrangements were very tedious and required a lot of time and trouble. Without further comment we will give the remarks of the speakers in brief. The subject of debate was: "*Resolved*, that Imperialism is detrimental to the best interests of the United States."

MR. SEELEY, in his opening speech, said that by the new Imperialism was meant the policy so openly advocated of permanently annexing territory to the United States beyond her present borders. The interest of the United States demands that the conquests in the late war be granted their independence. If held at all it must be with a view to statehood, and nearly 12,000,000 people of an alien race, differing from the people of the United States in language, customs and traditions would become citizens.

When the war broke out with Spain, Congress declared: "The people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent," promising to leave the island to the "control of its people." When the Americans entered the Philippines they found only a small territory left to the Spaniards, so that though Spain, in the treaty, surrendered in word her sovereignty over those islands to the United States, she could not naturally do so because they were not hers to give. Even if the United States' interpretation of the Munro doctrine permitted them to consistently acquire more territory, such a policy would be against the cardinal principle of the Declaration of Independence, which says that, "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." The United States has an illimitable amount of territory with immense resources awaiting development at home, and surely it is not to the interest of the nation, under such circumstances, to squander her power in foreign diplomacy and conquest. For the last two fiscal years the deficit of the United States has been enormous, and surely it is not to their best interest to have it increased.

It may be argued that the United States is pledged to give good government to the conquered people. Their treatment of the Negros, Indians and Alaskans does not portend good things for the Cubans and Philipinos. If the 100,000 Chinese in the United States are a menace to its labourers and institutions, would not the conferring of citizenship on 8,000,000 Philipinos be a greater menace? When they have given self-government to those lands their duty will be performed.

MR. MACNEILL challenged Mr. Seeley's statement that acquired territory would have to be made into States. Expansion, so far from being unconstitutional, is in accord with the former policy of the United States. Within twenty-five years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence the United States doubled her territory, so that territorial expansion was not at all a new thing with her. Now all the arable land in the United States has been taken up and people are congregating to the cities and the number of unemployed men is large. This state of affairs demands that the United States shall have some trade outlet. This outlet can not be obtained in temperate regions but only in the tropics, and she must expand in that direction both to get new trade and to retain that already acquired. Increased commerce means more than appears on the face. The nation which controls the commerce of the world, controls the wealth of the world, and hence she controls the world.

MR. DAVISON began by saying that there is no necessity whatever for the U. S. to embark on this policy. If she wants an outlet for trade, why does she keep such high barriers against

Canada and hinder trade with respectable people. Viewed from a business standpoint, she cannot afford to become a colonizing power. To do so she must increase her army and navy so as to compete with Great Britain and Germany. She must increase her fortifications. She must build, dredge and fortify to an extent of millions and millions of dollars. Then it will cost 30 millions at least, to govern the Philipinos, whereas, even by the most excessive system of extortion and plunder, the revenue of the islands has never exceeded 12 million dollars.

Trade does not follow the flag. If such were the case Great Britain would control over half the combined trade of Europe and America; but she does not. United States and Germany are following her closely. If the United States follows this policy she will become entangled in foreign affairs, greatly increase her national debt, and endanger her stability as a nation.

MR. POOLE opened with the statement that the prime object of a fleet is to protect commerce. If the United States, he said, is to maintain her position, she must have naval stations at the points where she carries on her trade. She must have coaling stations on the Pacific, and therefore keep the Philippines, as those islands have a rich supply of coal. Thus she would have one of the most undeveloped countries in the world, and as the islands can and must be developed, the United States should be allowed to enter. Now the Philippines are in a position to surpass either of these. They would make excellent markets for U. S. trade, and trade with other nations would spring up as well. Already their trade has amounted to 50 millions annually. And this can only be taken as a small index of what it would be under the American flag.

MR. OUTHIT pointed out that the U. S. has no excuse for breaking her promise to the world. She undertook the war to remove the grinding heel of oppression from a down trodden people, and has now no reason whatever for imposing on the unfortunate people a new yoke. If the nation sacrificed her word of honor now why should she be trusted again. She would be degrading herself which is not to her interest if she were to enter on this policy. It has been said that the Philipinos are not capable of self-government, but Chinese Gordon—a man competent to judge—once said that the Philipinos are more intelligent and more competent to rule themselves than the Japanese who have been making such strides towards civilization. Manila is the most cultured city in the East. The management of internal affairs indicates a degree of intelligence and civilization that needs no outside assistance. In the face of this, what excuse can the Americans have in breaking their word? None whatever.

MR. SIMPSON began by asking whether the retention of the islands in question would be a violation of international law. If so, then, before the bar of international justice she must be pronounced a criminal. But there was no such violation, because Spain had been the recognized sovereign and had the right to make a transfer. This transfer she has made to the United States, and by the principle of international law the United States holds these islands. History has pronounced beyond dispute that the tropical countries cannot govern themselves. They are not able to assume the responsibility of any stable form of government. The United States has the consent of the governed and her withdrawal would be a serious national blunder. The question of race-supremacy demands that the United States should remain there. The Anglo-Saxon ideals are the same. Already the Slav possessing about one-fifth of the earth's surface has annexed a part of the "Celestial Empire," and has in his ocean front those countries whose influence on commerce must decide the destiny of nations. Can England single-handed successfully contend with the slav? If not, Anglo-Saxon civilization must go down and Russian despotism rise.

MR. McDONALD began by asserting that, in the discussion of this question, it was necessary to consider the constitution. The Federal constitution is an agreement giving the authorities power to be exercised for the good of all. It provides a system of government of the people, for the people, by the people. Liberty of subject and conscience are its key-note.

The inherent right of all territories is statehood. Unrepresented districts have few rights, and therefore the aim of the government is to create states. Accordingly the Philippines, large and wealthy communities, must be immediately admitted to statehood and become part of the Union. This our opponents deny. If, as they say, the Philippines need not be represented in Congress, then they must be ruled by a government in which they have no voice, but this is contrary to the spirit and letter of the constitution. If they force on an unwilling people an administration which they do not want, they will violate the very principle they fought for in 1775. The freedom which is extended to the meanest citizen must be denied the Philipinos.

It has been said that the constitution can be amended to meet this case, but would it not be a colossal blunder to destroy its fundamental principles and to remove the foundation stones of the national institutions, thus destroying the bonds that hold the Republic together?

MR. FERRIS argued that a policy of Expansion will furnish a necessary outlet for the energies of the people. It will bring the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples into greater harmony, and

create a greater bond of sympathy between them. Selfish doctrines are indicative of narrow views. Seclusion and indifference to others will destroy a nation's energies, and breed dissatisfaction, dissension and anarchy. Expansion will benefit the national character, improve the Civil Service, and call into action her best men. This will reflect upon the internal politics with the result that corruption will be mitigated if not exterminated. Responsibilities from without will tend to unite the various elements of the nation, and bring the different sections into closer touch and greater harmony with one another.

MR. MCNEILL, in his closing speech, said his opponents had committed the fallacy of arguing to a wrong conclusion, had proved nothing. Are we to allow the dead hand of the past to reach forth and paralyze the interests of the present? No, this is an age of progress in which the shrivelled ideas of the past will be of no avail. It would be a crime against humanity to leave these people to themselves. Anarchy and bloodshed would reign supreme. The U. S. must not shirk her duty. She must not be content with isolation, with any selfish or narrow views. She must expand.

Nineteenth century civilization demands the U. S. to go in and take possession, educate and train up the inhabitants to industry and economy, and raise them to a high position of social life and influence. She cannot go back. She owes it as a duty to humanity, to christianity, to civilization, to extend her policy to these islands.

MR. SEELEY then rose to close the debate. He said the speakers for Dalhousie had proven that the American people, to pursue this policy of conquest and land-grabbing, would have to violate her most sacred institution and very foundation of her government—the Constitution. She would have to break her word pledged to the world on the floors of Congress. Expansion would mean an enormous increase in the nation's debt, and the bringing of American interests into collision with those of other great nations. That she must keep the Philippines as a trade outlet is absurd when she builds tariff barriers against her immediate neighbors.

What would she gain then by this policy? Simply a little military renown, a small increased trade, and a large addition to her population. To offset this there is the probability of constant insurrection in her new territories, with its consequent waste of life, a vast increase in military expenditure, with a strain upon her resources, and a weakening of her constitution. America's first duty is to herself. Her great statesmen have warned her against imperialism, and voice of reason cries out against

"A wild dedication of herself
To unpathed waters and undreamed shores."

DALHOUSIANS ABROAD.

A BERLIN PROFESSOR.

Among the many celebrities at the great university on Unter den Linden, the most imposing personality is, beyond dispute, Prof. Paulsen, lecturer on philosophy, pedagogics, and kindred subjects. Virchow and Hertwig of the medical faculty, Harnack of the theological, and some other professors, are, perhaps, more celebrated. Their names are known to all, even to thousands who know nothing of their works and therefore every student goes occasionally to hear them, for the name of the thing, if for nothing else. But to none of these men is it granted to influence in a large way the thought of his hearers, or to leave upon their minds the impress of his personality as it is to the grand old Teuton who glorifies the office of the teacher and discusses present-day social questions before the largest and most cosmopolitan audiences that gather in the university. That large, kindly countenance, whose rather common lines are concealed by neither moustache nor beard, is the cynosure of all eyes; of the would-be teacher and of the has-been teacher of whatever nationality, of course; but equally so of every honest, healthy young German of whatever learned faculty, who burns to join in the thought and honorable endeavors of his countrymen.

With all of these, as, indeed, with the learned world at large, what this man says seems to pass current at once as an addition to the world's wisdom. That his words should be accepted as ultimate truth among his younger admirers is not wonderful; for the extraordinary common-sense of the man is obvious, and, besides, he has the aspect of greatness. But his deliverances have qualities that compel attention even from the captiously inclined. After five minutes in his presence, one realizes that he is under the potent magic of personality. The voice and manner of the lecturer, as well as his way of looking at things in general, inspire one with manly confidence, and establish almost at once a seeming community of thought and feeling between pupil and teacher. Herein lies in great measure, no doubt, his success as a teacher. And it is not without some twinges of annoyance that the American realizes the fact that such a teacher and such a thinker is almost an impossibility in his own land. Paulsen, and others of his stamp, bear the imprint of Germany. They are the product of a country less free constitutionally than our own, but emancipated, nevertheless, from an oppression scarcely less odious than that of "Divine Right." That large freedom which Germany enjoys,—freedom of thought; the right of her subjects to discuss fully and freely all topics ethical or religious; the privilege to question even

those verities which finite mind has often declared to be eternal, to teach one's own doctrine and to live one's own life unmolested by the tyranny of a narrow-minded democracy;—all this is a thing which in the English-speaking world, Protestant as well as Catholic, is granted to no man.

Divesting the utterances of the lecturer of all the extraneous aids of a splendid personality, you find them to be the outcome of certain definable mental powers, notably a genius for pithy, convincing expression or, to be more specifically descriptive, an ability for profound, lucid, *audible thinking*. He is never, even for a moment, carried away by that fatal rush of language which so many speakers mistake for a rush of ideas; nor is he ever betrayed into those melodious verbal interludes which, as lesser language-artists think, add completeness to the sound of a sentence though adding nothing to its sense. In short, he seems content to let his thought stand on its merits. Not that his language is lacking in literary merit. By no means. The lucidity, exactness and convincing quality which I have mentioned as characteristic of it, are in themselves merits, the highest indeed that one can look for in a philosophical discourse. Pardon me for saying that in these characteristics of style Prof. Paulsen's utterances recall to my mind the public lectures of a certain mathematics professor of my earlier days. There is something, too, in the large, humane, vivacious countenance of the man that strengthens the comparison between these two teachers of mine.

Along with an open detestation of cant and sham, activity, bodily and mental, is Professor Paulsen's most obvious trait. His round, healthy face, keen eyes and iron-gray hair would indicate a man not far past the half century, while his erect carriage and light step, notwithstanding his two-hundred and odd pounds, would seem to corroborate the estimate, were you not aware that he is much older. He is one of those men whose robust physique are the envy of their weaker fellows. Every Wednesday of this semester, after a forty-five minute session with the class in pedagogics and two sessions each of the same duration with a class in philosophy, he appears in the great auditorium at noon, as fresh as a May morning, to deliver an hour's lecture on Universities and University-Studies. In all of his discourses his style is the same a slow, careful, but fairly smooth arrangement of ideas, accompanied by homely but vivacious gestures which reveal the speaker's conscious endeavor to divest his subject of all unessential qualities, to free it from incumbrances and false growths—an endeavor to "depolarise" it, as O. W. Holmes used to say. His slow, and careful delivery make him an ideal lecturer to the student who wishes to take notes, and the ease with which you follow him with your pencil is enhanced by his clear-cut articulation of the somewhat harsh and sibilant Schleswig dialect.

DAVID SOLOAN.

AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

Every Nova Scotian of course knows that Johns Hopkins University is in Baltimore, but all Nova Scotians do not realize that Baltimore is nearly twice as far away as Boston, or think of comparing it in size or importance with Boston itself, for example. True, Boston styles itself the "Hub," as the centre if not the circumference of intelligence and energy, and is famous for its baked beans, its library, its subway, its handsome men, its moss-grown churches, its Bunker Hill, and Harvard Square, encircled with a halo of literary and historic association. But Baltimore is a close second in population, and claims renown for its oysters, its parks, its pretty women, its Southern aristocracy, its English markets, its lead in exports, even over New York, and not by any means least, its Johns Hopkins University.

Baltimore might be called the "City of bay and climate." Not in the sense in which San Diego, California, is so called, with its continuous sunshine, tempered by the never-failing zephyrs from the "Peaceful" ocean. Nor in the sense in which St. John and Halifax so altruistically attribute such terms to each other. Baltimore combines the warmth of San Diego with the murkiness of the Bay of Fundy, and the result can be better *felt* than described. The weather is most fickle. "Hot and cold, and moist, and dry," are much less harmoniously blended than in Dryden's ode. In the fall, clouds, rain, wind and sunshine in close succession about equally divide the time. In winter, a warm day, when an overcoat is superfluous, the next perhaps a taste of arctic frost and snow, dear to the heart of a Canadian. Skating, coasting and sleighing come in occasional gusts. At those rare intervals when snow is on the ground, one who has no horse and cutter must pay a snug five dollars for an hour's spin behind the sleigh-bells. The writer, being a student, abstains.

When one goes abroad he is almost certain to find the severest weather in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." February 10th was the coldest day on record here, as in many other parts of the United States. The lowest temperature here on that day was 7° below zero; the highest, 2° above. The following two weeks was typical Canadian weather, let down, as it were, like a sheet by the four corners into the midst of the mild southern winter. The phenomenon was simply appalling to the natives.

In two respects, Baltimore resembles Jerusalem: in its plenitude of synagogues, and in being "compactly built together." With broader streets, grassy lawns, asphalt for cobble-stones, trolleys and wires underground, the city with its really handsome rows of residences, countless undulating hills,

and occasional boulevards, easily multiplied, could even be well styled beautiful for habitation.

Baltimore, being south of Mason and Dixon's line, which has not yet been quite obliterated despite Peace Jubilees and the like, is predominantly southern. The people are hospitable, patriotic, more emotional every way than northerners, due no doubt to latitude. They are higher-spirited, outspoken, proud, perhaps, but readily approachable if one is willing to "show himself friendly." Southerners are strikingly fond of colour. Costumes are often seen of various shades of blue, red, black or white, with feathers, trimmings, and even gloves to match. The grouping of these and others colours is varied *ad infinitum*, often with considerable taste. The ladies wear huge "picture-hats" with feathers galore, now tilted forwards, now backwards; gentlemen wear silk hats on dress occasions. The south is proverbially more easy-going than the north, Atlanta being a notable exception, and so it is not always up-to-date. Baltimore is an old city, but its chief growth has been made within the last twenty years. Until recently, misgovernment has prevailed, and that is also a reason why the city still lags in many of the old ruts. But the text taps its little bell to change the topic.

Externally, Johns Hopkins, as it is at present, is very disappointing. Five very commonplace brick buildings in a very unaristocratic part of the city, with a street or alley between, represent the University proper, while a group of rather more imposing edifices a mile or so to the east compose the famous Johns Hopkins Medical School and Hospital, also an integral part of the University, and open only to graduate students. The management of the medical school, however, is somewhat different, and co-ed's are admitted, which is not the case with the rest of the University.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to tell how the University came to be in such poor quarters. Johns Hopkins, from whose bequest the institution was founded, was the owner of a handsome mansion and a magnificent estate called Clifton Park, about two miles to the north of Baltimore. This he designed as the seat of the University, but circumstances interfered. In 1876, when the trustees of the bequest began to take definite action, the university idea in America was a new one, and required to be applied at first experimentally. So that as a beginning, two down-town dwelling-houses were secured, in which to experiment. These were supplemented at length by other structures. Most unfortunately, however, the funds of the institution were confined by the terms of the bequest to an investment which proved insecure, and in 1888, the financial circumstances of the University became very much straitened.

Clifton Park had to be sold, and assistance public and private sought. A liberal public, by which the value of the University is being more and more recognized, has come to the rescue, and the most pressing needs of the institution are provided for. Yet it is to be regretted that the University has not more ample quarters.

In a characteristically happy address on Hopkins Commemoration Day, February 22nd, President Gilman appealed very hopefully for the gift of a large park in the suburbs of Baltimore as a permanent home for the University. It is significant that in the *Sun* of the day following the appeal was strongly seconded, and Garrett Park, in a commanding position near Clifton Park, suggested as a suitable location. It is to be ardently hoped that one or more persons of ample means will confer a lasting benefit, and win merited renown by making such a munificent gift.

But the inner arrangements of the University buildings are not after their outward similitude. To be sure, all is of the plainest, but plain fare is often the best. The chief building of the University group is McCoy Hall, the gift of an ardent friend of J. H. U. This building contains the libraries and lecture-rooms of the language, literature, historical and economic departments, as well as the assembly hall and various offices. Flanking McCoy Hall on either side are Levering Hall, occupied by the Y. M. C. A. and the Gymnasium. In the Physics Building, across Monument Street, are the physical, mathematical and astronomical lecture-rooms and laboratories. The chemical, geological and biological departments are located in adjacent buildings.

Unlike the writer on Oxford, I am *of* the student world, but rarely *in* it. This remark will serve to illustrate the isolation of the several departments of the University, augmented of course, by the absence of such a college spirit as would exist in an exclusive student colony, made up of the same five hundred students. The nursery of college spirit after all is the campus. Then the graduate departments are many, and the labourers in each are few, while a laborious routine of work quite effectually prevents much intercourse outside a small circle taking similar courses. There is an undergraduate department, intended to meet local needs, but the graduates predominate in numbers. The graduate school is first and above all, and it is upon the school of Philosophy and the school of Medicine that the deservedly excellent reputation of Johns Hopkins rests.

The trustees of the University showed excellent sense when they invested in professors and books, rather than in quadrangles. President Gilman well said: "A scholar is born from a scholar, *ovum ab ovo*." The "appropriate hint," the

"skillful hand" of the true teacher are invaluable in developing, guiding, and stimulating latent talent.

Many of Johns Hopkins' professors are famous. Professor Remsen is undoubtedly the highest authority in Chemistry on this continent. Professor Haupt is at the head of a department said to be "the centre of the study of Lenutic philology in this country." The Polychrome Bible is the outcome of his genius. The late Professor Sylvester, called to Oxford some time before his death, drew forth unstinted praise from President Gilman in his recent address. Professor Warren, at the head of the Latin department, was for a time Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome. Professor Bloomfield is an eminent authority on Sanskrit and comparative Philology, and in spite of his subject a most fascinating lecturer. Professor Rowland, well-known in connection with his solar-spectrum discoveries, has recently invented a multiplex printing telegraph machine, which has been successfully tested. Eight separate secret messages can be sent over one wire at once to a distance of fifteen hundred miles. But one operator is required, the instrument automatically registering the message at the receiving end. The invention promises to revolutionize telegraphy. Other noted names are, Newcomb in Mathematical Astronomy, Bright in Anglo-Saxon, Brooks in Biology, and Gildersleeve in Greek, of whom more later. These are representative of the cream of American scholarship. So far, indeed, has their fame been noised that Johns Hopkins is now much the best-known abroad of American institutions.

The wise investment in books was referred to. The remark that "the library is the heart of the University," is full of truth. For the scholar, the companionship with the best books is second only to contact with the flower of living scholarship. If one has learned nothing in college save how to use books, he has received a liberal education, and if he is ignorant of the use of books, his college education is naught. Nor will it avail to have read all the treatises extant on the subject; one must simply learn how to use books by using them. This is not the least important lesson taught by J. H. U. The University library consists of a main reference library and departmental libraries containing most of the special literature relating to the work of the several departments, in all about 90,000 volumes. The smaller libraries are adjacent to the corresponding lecture-rooms, and are very accessible. The books are conveniently tabulated in card-catalogues. The University Library is supplemented by the Peabody Library, containing 125,000 volumes, in every way an up-to-date scholars' library, and the Enoch Pratt Public Library with as many more.

With the John Hopkins University originated the Seminary idea in America. In this, as in many other things, Hopkins

took its cue from the German Universities, adopting German methods to American needs. "College" stands for "drill, discipline," more or less uniform; "University" stands for original investigations, as various as the human mind. A "Seminary" is a group of students doing advanced work along special lines, under the supervision of one or more instructors, who both lay down general principles, and follow up the students severally in exploring the various ramifications of the common subject. The part of the student is research; that of the instructor, suggestion. There is infinitely more of the first, to be sure.

The example nearest at hand will serve to illustrate the seminary idea and seminary methods. Take the Greek Seminary. The Greek course is cyclic, centering in successive years about the following, beginning with the current year:—Aristophanes, Greek Historians, Attic Orators, Plato. Similarly, the Latin Cycle of five years, is: Roman Oratory, Roman Satire, Roman Historians, Roman Epic, Roman Drama. This year, Aristophanes is the centre of Greek study. General lectures are given as follows:—Select chapters of *Greek Syntax* and *Greek Style*; *Greek Metres*; oral exercises in translation of Greek into English, and *vice versa*; reading of the bulk of Aristophanes; collateral lectures on *Greek Tragedians* and *Minor Comedians*. These lectures take up seven hours a week throughout the year. In addition, each student is required to prepare and read before the Greek Seminary, one "interpretation," and one "analysis," each to occupy one hour. A passage of, say thirty lines, of the author studied is given for interpretation, and in the exegesis of this passage, the results of all scholarship bearing thereon up to the present moment are expected to be brought into requisition. The most important textual difficulties, grammatical, syntactical and metrical peculiarities, historical and literary allusions must be dealt with fully, yet succinctly. After the passage is assigned, the student must fall back upon his own *originality*, in selecting points to be discussed, and the method of dealing with them. If editors have not treated his passage fully, so much the worse, or, perhaps, so much the better, he will have a chance to feel the delights of a pioneer explorer. Just at this juncture, a good library comes in handy, and woe to the stranger in a strange library with a paper about three weeks off! This is on the technical side. The "analysis" of a drama, for example, gives ample scope for literary appreciation, examination of the æsthetic effect of the chief stylistic and metrical phenomena, etc. A paper is prepared and read without consultation, as a rule. If it be not satisfactory, one will hear the "afterclap" when the professor reviews the treatment of the passage. In Latin, the paper must first be submitted, and receive its quota of marginal references to works to be consulted further.

Seminaries of this sort are constituted in all the language, literary, historical, and civic departments. In Science, the method is adapted to the nature of the subject. There is no seminary as yet in Philosophy.

Not more than one-half of the graduate students proceed to the degree. But the University is a superior sort of Normal School as far as one chooses to go. No stated period of study will qualify for Ph. D. The nominal minimum is three years of graduate work, of which a part may be taken in an institution of the same standing elsewhere. Four years is usually required in Greek. At some time during the course, one must pass on the elements of French and German. For admission to the graduate departments, the sole requisite is a good Bachelor's degree. For the Doctor's degree, one must take a major subject three years, a first minor two years, and a second minor one year, abolishing them at his convenience. The usual combination in Classics is: Major, Greek or Latin; First Minor, Latin or Sanskrit; Second Minor, Sanskrit, or Latin, or Greek, or English. Sanskrit is studied as the *key* to comparative philology and scientific grammar. It is now regarded as an essential of classical scholarship. One must pass also an oral examination on the major subject. But the *crux* is the thesis covering some hitherto unworked field of special interest.

The Classical department here is quite as strong as any in the University, and compares most favourably, so far as I can learn, with that of Harvard. Indeed, Harvard graduates in Arts sometimes come here to complete their classical course. Harvard has the advantage of ample means, though, I believe, competitive scholarships are about as accessible here, a first year graduate rarely getting one in either case. Harvard offers a great variety of lecture-courses, many with stereopticon illustrations. The library there is extensive, but the students are correspondingly more numerous, and besides, books may not be taken out of the library for consultation as here, and that is a great matter. The library here is most accessible to every student. As regards illustrated lectures, a few are given here, but it is my experience that pleasant and profitable as such lectures are, the crush of work is so appalling that one is simply compelled to concentrate on more essential things.

As regards scholarship, in Greek, at any rate, Gildersleeve is a name "to conjure with." As founder and editor of the *American Journal of Philology*, he has immensely advanced classical scholarship in America, and it is very significant that his articles supersede even those of the Germans themselves. Kühner and Krüger will remain as authorities in Grammar, but in Greek Syntax, B. L. Gildersleeve is second to none. Even so, the course here in Greek is not nearly so technical as in Latin, for instance. *Syntax* is studied as the *Key to Style*. To

those who decry Greek, of all things, as utterly impractical, let this remark of the professor's be quoted: "There are two things necessary to the understanding of Aristophanes: first, *Greek*; second, *Life*." To those who bemoan the exclusiveness of the Greek Seminary and the other imperfections of our appointments, this prophesy will be consoling. "When the co-ed's come in, we shall be able to sample from convenient little boxes all the perfumes breathed by the Greeks of old, and to revive the life of ancient Greece again."

One who can live on \$200 at Dalhousie, will require \$500 here, that is to live comfortably, which is the necessary condition of doing one's best.

It is rather a daring thing for a Canadian to come to Hopkins, as the writer discovered after his arrival. On meeting the President, the first remark he made was this: "The only objection we have to Canadian students, is, that they invariably carry off the prizes." A half-dozen professors have since corroborated the statement. Therefore, one cannot be too well prepared in coming here, if he is to keep up Canada's reputation.

One suggestion: Dalhousie may well take pattern after Hopkins in thoroughly working up the geology, physiography, and biology of Nova Scotia, showing to the public thereby the immense *practical* value of a college. This seems to be the nearest way to the heart and pocket-book of the many. Lectures to teachers along similar lines would produce the same and many other beneficial results.

H. T. ARCHIBALD, '97.

A CHRISTMAS-KNEIPE AT BERLIN.

By arrangement of the managing committees, each member of any of the numerous clubs and societies of the university receives, at the beginning of the semester, a printed card bearing a somewhat peremptory request to the recipient to present himself at the different "kneipes" or "kommerses" indicated thereon. Place and date are plainly specified; further details are omitted. The restaurant may happen to be some well-known and fashionable one, or it may rejoice in a quiet obscurity, both of locality and of reputation. That doesn't matter. If you know what you are about, you will not let any considerations of time, place, or reputation interfere with your participation in the ancient and honored festival, especially in the Weihnachts-Kneipe, the one that ushers in the Christmas season. If a student is known to be strange to the customs and proceedings of the "kneipers," some veteran will probably warn him against coming late to the Christmas-Kneipe, as, in that case, he will miss seeing the Christmas-tree lighted, and will not be able to join in the homely old "Tannerbaum"

chorus. At the kneipe of which mention is to be made here, the stranger from the Canadian Dominion, who happened to be the only Englishman present, took care to be on hand at the stroke of nine, in time to witness the reverent illumination of the tinsel-decked evergreen, and to join his feeble voice to the deep-throated chorus that accompanied this formal opening of festivities.

At the head of the long table sat the student chosen to act as *Præsidium*, and near him were four professors of the Romance and Germanic seminaries, one of them the venerable Emmanuel Schmidt, author of a work on historical English grammar, which the boys here call "The English Students' Bible." Up to a place among these, by no means silent participators in the merriment, the new-comer was courteously conducted, here to endeavour to justify, as it was explained to him, the claims of the trans-Atlantic colony to a position among the beer-consuming nations. It was with no light forebodings of ill that the stranger took his seat among this satyr throng. He knew that he had facts and official figures on his side; but this was not sufficient. It was a living illustration that was demanded. There was no chance to draw back now. Nothing was left for him but to face the situation like a Briton; to chant the war-songs of his native heather even after the legs had been knocked from under him by the deadly artillery of a German beer-hall. Whether the event justified the reposal of his country's reputation in so feeble a representative of her potatory ability is not for him to say. Suffice it to assure his native land that at least she has no cause to blush for the doings of that ambrosial night.

The kneipe had now begun. As in all festivities of this character, the programme was carried through with a certain mathematical precision; and this feature it was endeavored to retain even after the sense for magnitudes had become badly distorted by beer, cigars, and other aids to unreflecting jollity. At times, it looked like an impossibility to bring the noisy, laughing, singing, and gesticulating crowd to order; but, in the very worst case, this is not so difficult. All you require is a *præsidium* with a fierce expression of countenance, lungs of leather, and a thirst. At the wave of his hand, or rather, of his beer-pot, and the command, "Silentium!" in a voice that out-roared the tumult, chaos took its flight. As if by magic, every eye followed the gaze of the charmer; every beer-pot mimicked the oblique movement of the elbow of the *præsidium*; and every half-litre of the delicate and harmless beverage precipitately settled down the gullet of its owner like waters of a geyser subsiding into the bowels of the earth. The silence of the moment was unbroken, save by the gurgle of the liquid; and another moment of utter silence ensued, in which, as it seemed, each member of the kneipe contemplated with inward

satisfaction the fate of his half-litre. Then the noise and fun broke out again with increased vigor, stimulated by the consciousness of a worthy deed and to some extent, no doubt, by the deed itself. Jokes and bantering, mingled here and there with some attempts at serious conversation made the smoky air vocal. The good-nature of the participants was delightful. There was no rudeness, either now, or later; for the sense of decorum is excellent among German students. Another wave,—not of a beer-pot, this time, but of a song-book,—again the roar of the *presidium*, "Silentium! Let song resound!" One of the first pieces sung was the inspiring old "Gaudeamus Igatur," which was executed in a right pagan spirit and with all the lung-power that the opalescent atmosphere of cigar smoke permitted. At the words, "Vivat universitas. Vivat professores," the students rose, and, after the song was finished, Professor Brandl responded to this toast in a few words which, though they conveyed no new truths, were too full of the general good-nature of the occasion to permit criticism. Later, there followed a song in Old German, one in mediæval French, and one in Tudor English, all composed especially for this occasion.

Beer and song thus went on in alternation till the hour of twelve struck, when there was ushered in at the far end of the hall a figure clothed in flowing white, with long white beard and a peaked cap, from under which a venerable profusion of cotton-wool locks protruded. This was the Weihnachtsmann, Rnecht Ruprecht, the Santa Claus of our own land. Another thunder from the *presidium*, "Silentium!" the weakened menace of which was eked out by the rattle of the presidential beer-pot upon the oaken table. "Silentium!" was echoed from every throat; "Silentium for the Weihnachtsmann!" Then the latter introduced himself in a short harangue in mock-solemn verse in which it was explained that he was come in conformity with ancient custom to reward each kneiper according to his merit. A present was accordingly taken from the tree and with all solmenity handed to the person intended. Accompanying it there went a piece of doggerel in which some weakness of the recipient was hit off amusingly, the reading of which, as might be expected, elicited much laughter. The presence of the Weihnachtsmann, together with the distribution of gifts, was of course the distinguishing feature of the Weihnachtskneipe. The presents were of the most ridiculous character: a volume of printer's sample texts, a jack-in-the-box, a small bottle of purgative mineral water, etc., and to the Canadian stranger a small box of candy cigars labelled "For a little gentleman"—a delicate allusion to his stature. The poems were unsparing of the foibles of their victims, the professors coming in for their share, to the merriment of all. It was a sight to witness the utterly boyish glee with which the patriarchal Emmanuel Schmidt took his

little present and poem, and then to see the bald-headed, spectacle-nosed octogenarian wave triumphantly over the heads of his colleagues the little girl-doll that had fallen to his share, his aged countenance the while distorted with laughter.

The hour was now late. Three of the professors showed the white feather and stealthily withdrew. Not so M. Pariselle. Like the Canadian stranger, he felt that his country had a right to expect better things from him. Here he was, in the midst of traditional enèemies, and with the fair fame of the republic entrusted to his hands—or, to speak with physiological accuracy, to his stomach. "The Guard dies, but does not surrender!" That's the spirit that illuminated the countenance and raised the beer-pot of M. Pariselle. Then there were Zena and Wagram to inspire him; and the flippant defiance at Waterloo; and the last stand at Ste. Foy. All this rushed with his beer. Should he retire? No! M. Pariselle stayed. Honor to M. Pariselle!

By 3 p. m., the kneipe had developed some interesting phases. Of these, however, "the boys that fear no noise" do not require any description, the Philistine wouldn't understand it though he had it in print. To the ill-concealed chagrin of many the hour for breaking up had come round too soon. "Zum Schultheiss" closes at 3 a. m., so those joyous youths who still clamoured for communion of kindred minds were obliged to withdraw to one of the *cafés* on the Lindens where falls not night, nor eve, nor any quiet but where the spirit of Thos. Edison watches in eternal radiance over the happiest of earth's children. The real kneipe was over; but outer darkness still reigned; and on all sides one heard assurances that the night was still young. There were feeling hand-grasps, and embraces, and touching protestations of ever-during friendship; and, loud over all other voices of the night, rang out the brave resolve that nothing but the dawn of earth's rosy moon should separate those whom the Weihnachtskneipe had joined together. Now, a December morning dawns late on the 53 degree of latitude. Accordingly, for those to whom the "won't-go-home-till-morning" sentiment had become the ruling passion, it was almost time to be thinking of morning lectures when the Prussian cock crowd in the approaching day. Slowly and sadly the last embers of the kneipe were extinguished. D. S.

THE scheme to have, next term, an inter-class football series, has progressed so far that one may see a design for the trophy on the bulletin board. The GAZETTE heartily approves of the idea, but wonders whether a simpler and cheaper trophy would not serve the purpose as well.

SUNSET SHADOWS.

*But yet I know where'er I go
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.*

—WORDSWORTH.

A golden sunset in a crimson sky,
A snow-clad hill with frost flakes spangled bright,
Some children coasting,—These before my eyes
Have called back memory to another sight.

Long years have fled since, on that self-same hill,
A happy boy, I played with Maggie Lee,
A winsome child, and can I see her still,
With hazel eyes fixed trustingly on me.

I well remember Maggie's little hand
In scarlet mitten cased, or lying bare,
And I could vow there was not in the land
A beauty with such radiant gold-brown hair.

When down the hill our whistling hand-sleigh flew,
I felt fair Maggie's breath upon my cheek,
When hand in hand our burden back we drew,
My heart was full. I, childlike, could not speak.

But now the days and years of youth have flown,
And something less of beauty gilds the skies.
'Tis gone from earth. Perhaps from me alone!
'Tis hidden yonder where sweet Maggie lies.

 ARCHÆOLOGICA DALLUSENSIA.

BY OUR OWN ARCHIE-OLOGIST.

Dalhousie College was born under auspices as peculiar in one way as they were fortunate in another. The man who fathered it gave the benefits of a noble career; but its financial parentage was still more out-of-the-common. Says the Calendar:

"The original endowment was derived from funds collected at the port of Castine, in Maine, during its occupation in 1814 by Sir John C. Sherbrooke, then Lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. These funds the British Government authorized the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir John's successor, to expend 'in defraying the expense of any improvement which it might seem expedient to undertake in the province;' and the Earl . . . decided upon 'founding a college on the same plan and principle of that at Edinburgh.'"

Castine is a small town on the peninsula of Matchebigatus, in the Penobscot River. Matchebigatus is a word of many spellings; it is an Indian name, and its English form is Major

Biguatus, but it has been also reduced to Bagaduce, and Baggadoose. The first white-man's settlement was named in honor of Baron Vincent de St. Castin, a French military officer of considerable repute. In 1665 Castin was sent to Quebec, in charge of a regiment. The regiment was soon afterward disbanded, and Castin went south, into the woods of the Penobscot. He established a trading-post at Biguatus, and marrying an Indian woman, made himself a home, and a fortune. His fur trade grew to immense proportions, and Castine, or Pentagoet, as the French called it, became an important post. A branch depot was established at Port Royal. From 1688 to 1697 Castin was in conflict with the English, in what is known as King William's war. He was bitterly anti-English, and is credited with the leadership of several Indian incursions. In 1701 he returned to France, and the site of his fort and settlement changed owners with the subsequent fortunes of war.

In the year 1840 the river-land of the Bagaduce, about six miles from Penobscot, and a little above Castine, was the property of one Captain Grindle, who unearthed in his field one day a number of old coins. Further search revealed a treasure of over five hundred pieces of French, Spanish, and English money. Mrs. Grindle stood by with her apron spread to hold them, and she is said to have made the ungallant remark that it was "the best lapful she had ever held." It is supposed that these coins had been buried by Castin.

In September, 1814, toward the close of the war, Governor Sherbrooke sent a force against Castine, then held and fortified by the Americans. The place was captured, and until peace was declared, in December, it remained in the possession of the English. In these few months the customs of the port yielded a very profitable revenue, which, as one of the prizes of war, Sherbrooke appropriated in the name of the King. The Massachusetts government was very loath to recognize the justice of the English occupation, and the Marshall of Newburyport was instructed to seize all goods coming from Castine. Under this unwarrantable order a large amount of goods was seized at Halifax.

The excise and import duties thus secured totalled £10,750, after paying the expenses of collection. £1,000 of this amount Lord Dalhousie appropriated to the Halifax Garrison Library; the balance he applied to the College, £3,000 for a building, and £6,750 as a fund for the professorships.

CAUSERIE.

After college, what? is always a live question with the undergraduate. For those with a definite profession in view it is already settled, but the arts student is very often in the dark as to what shall be his vocation, or even what are his personal inclinations. I have been interested in noting that a goodly number of Dalhousians are fitting for teachers. Do any, in their "silent hours of inward thought," aspire to professorships? And if not, why not?

A student will not be expected to know much about the work of a professor, whether it would be especially attractive, or not; but from the life experience of a professor himself, as told in a recent magazine article, it would seem to be about as blissful, and otherwise, as the rest of this world's vocations. From a financial standpoint it is on much the same level. The salary, in the smallest colleges, seldom goes below \$1,200, or in the largest, above \$3,500. The president of Yale receives \$4,200, and his assistant professors a few hundreds less. If one's mercenary ambitions be high, they can perhaps be better satisfied in other callings, but the life itself is one which must appeal to the lovers of the æsthetic.

What has happened to others may happen to you; and some Dalhousians have actually reached the presidential chair. The flocks at present without shepherds include Amherst, Brown, Colgate, Cincinnati, Oberlin, Rochester, Iowa, California, and Yale. Let the pluggers heed.

The difference in management between Harvard and Wellesley has often been spoken of. The one is for men, the other is for—the girls. The other is very comfortable, has a strict discipline, and a number of rules; the one isn't, and hasn't. It is one of the mysteries of college life why comfort and discipline were made twins, but the poor, neglected boys have this wicked consolation, that the girls can't have one twin without the other.

Speaking about discipline, the Glasgow faculty have been having some trouble about the control of convocation. With all their advantages in the old country colleges, they seem to have difficulties which do not apply to us this side the Atlantic, less privileged though we be.

J. M. Barrie's first literary effort was a letter to a Scotch newspaper, while still a schoolboy, advocating longer holidays.

J. M. Barrie was a wise boy.

Easter is coming.

In an address to the Harvard students recently Dr. Edward Everett Hale laid down three rules which he said had been the greatest help to him: Be in the open air all you can; Every day hold converse with a superior; and Rub against the rank and file daily.

Can a college student keep abreast of the times, read up modern history, and digest the best of the new books? Ought he to do it, can he spare the time to do it, and how can he do it, anyway?

Beside the reduction in tailors' bills, does being a student bring one any advantages in the outside world? It used to; but does the average student find it so to-day?

AWFUL.

LAW SCHOOL CLASS LISTS.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Murphy, Gray, Burchell, Newcomb, Waddell, Macdonald, F. *Class II.*—McIntyre, Cameron, Fawcett, Sargeant, Routledge. *Passed.*—Ayre, MacKay, H. S., MacKay, J. J., MacMillan, Matheson, J. D., (special), O'Mullin, Richardson, Slayter, Schurman.

PROCEDURE.

Class I.—Burchell, Matheson, J. D., Murphy. *Class II.*—Gray; McIntyre, Sargent, equal; Slayter, Killam. *Passed.*—Cameron, Cummings, Fawcett, Freeman, Johnstone, MacMillan, Newcomb, Nichols, O'Mullin, F. McDonald.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Begg, Foley, Davison. *Class II.*—Taylor, Hall, Jardine, McLellan. *Passed.*—Ayre, Blenkhorn, Fulton, Keith, Maddin, O'Hearn, Parlee, Reynolds, Routledge, Schurman, Ternan.

SHIPPING.

Class I.—Taylor, Freeman, Nichols. *Class II.*—Foley, Douglas, Jardine. *Passed.*—Begg, Killam, Maddin, O'Hearn, Reynolds.

REAL PROPERTY.

Class I.—Cumming, Sutton, Taylor, Regan. *Class II.*—Hale, Davison, Murray, Schurman, Allison, MacNeil. *Passed* (in alphabetical order).—Blenkhorn, Hall, Livingston, D. F. Matheson, Oland.

WILLS.

Class I.—Begg, Taylor, Hall. *Class II.*—Foley, Allison, Davison, Maddin, Jardine, Blenkhorn. *Passed.*—Hale, O'Hearn, Reynolds, Ternan.

TORTS.

Class I.—Sutton, Cumming, equal; Weldon, D. F. Matheson. *Class II.*—Hale, Davison, Murray; Regan, Allison, equal; Parlee, Oland, equal. *Passed.*—Blenkhorn, Livingston, MacNeil, Ternan, Wallace.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.

Class I.—McIntyre, Gray, Burchell, Richardson. *Class II.*—Waddell, Ayre, Freeman, Cameron, Newcomb, J. D. Matheson, Taylor, F. Macdonald. *Passed.*—Douglas, Fawcett, Hale, Killam, J. J. MacKay, H. S. MacKay, McMillan, Murphy, Nichols, O'Mullin, Sargent, Schurman, Slayter.

CRIMES.

Class I.—Cumming, Weldon, Regan. *Class II.*—Taylor, Allison, Hall. *Passed.*—Blenkhorn, Davison, Hale, MacNeill, D. F. Matheson, Murray, Oland, Sutton.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

Passed.—Cumming, Fullerton, Livingston, W. S. Macdonald, MacKenzie, MacNeill, Matheson, Morrison, Murray, Oland, Regan, Sutton, Thompson, Wood, Worsley.

CONTRACTS.

Passed.—Cumming, McLellan, Regan, Sutton, Routledge, Keith, Livingston, Fulton, Murray, Kent, McNeil, Maddin, D. F. Matheson, Oland, Schurman, Wallace.

SALES.

Class I.—Burchell, Gray, McIntyre, Cameron, Jardine, J. D. Matheson, Freeman, Taylor, Waddell. *Class II.*—Foley, Newcomb, Murphy, Davison, J. J. MacKay, McMillan, Richardson, Sargent, Douglas, Fawcett, Hale, Nichols, O'Hearn, Killam, F. McDonald. *Passed.*—Allison, Ayre, Begg, Blenkhorn, Hall, H. S. MacKay, Maddin, O'Mullin, Reynolds, Schurman, Slayter, Ternan.

EQUITY.

Class I.—Burchell, McIntyre, Gray, Murphy, Douglas, Cameron, Waddell, Fawcett, Newcomb, Killam, F. MacDonald. *Class II.*—Jardine, J. J. McKay, J. D. Matheson, Sargent, Maddin, Hall, Taylor, Ternan, Allison, H. S. MacKay. *Passed.*—Freeman, Foley, Davison, McMillan, Richardson, Hale, Nichols, Slayter, Ayre, O'Hearn, O'Mullin, Schurman, Reynolds, Blenkhorn, Begg.

EVIDENCE.

Class I.—Foley, Richardson, Freeman. *Class II.*—Hale, Maddin, Gray, Waddell, equal; Jardine, Newcomb, McIntyre, equal; Douglas, Taylor, Begg, Schurman, McMillan, Burchell, Fawcett, equal; Cameron, Killam, equal; O'Mullin, Slayter, J. J. MacKay, equal; Nichols; Sargent, Murphy, equal. *Passed.*—Ayre, Davison, McDonald, H. S. McKay, O'Hearn, Parlee, Reynolds, J. D. Matheson, (special).

LO, THE POOR FRESHMAN!

"Dick, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Adolphus Dangleton, a great friend of mine. He's in our class at college, you know, the glorious Freshman class. Dangleton is the Freshman with the least that is green about him of anyone in the class. Fresh? Why, you'd sooner think that he was an old salt, if you were to see the cool way he takes things at coll. The whole class is proud of him."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Dangleton."

"Ah'm, delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Dick. Pemberton flatters me, I am very much afraid. He is really too good to me. I don't just understand why they should call our class Freshmen, though. (To Pemberton). Vale, most noble Jacobus. Must leave you now. Ah, have a call to make, you know. (With a prodigious wink). Don't study too hard on your Cicero to-night."

"Ta, ta, Dolphus." (Exit Dangleton).

"Haw, haw, haw! There goes the biggest chump in college, Dick. Accusing me of studying too hard on anything! He is the incarnation of all that is green, and worst of it is, he doesn't know it. The fellows all talk to him as though they admired him, and the conceited puppy actually thinks they do. I got acquainted with him a couple of months before the term began, and I've had more sport than enough with him at college. I pretend that he is my special chum, and give him lots of 'confidences.' Lord only knows whether there's a bit of truth in them or not, but in return the dear boy pours out his whole heart to me. I know his past history ever since he was 'knee-high to a grass-hopper,' as they have it out in the country. He doesn't come from the country, let me assure you. Oh, no, Adolphus Dangleton is no country bumpkin. Not he! He is, the scion of the ancient house of Dangletons, once of Yorkshire, England. That doesn't lessen his verdancy though in the least. I think the "house" must have run down a good deal since the ancient times, he talks about. His family history wouldn't interest you, so I won't reel it off to you in full, but if you could only hear him give it in his own words, it would make you laugh all over your face, and half-way down your back. This is the story in brief:—The ancient house of Dangleton began to grow impoverished some time ago. Adolphus's father had to sell the estate finally to pay off his debts. He kept the title, however, and armed with it, he came to America to earn his living. By a judicious use of this title he managed to marry a wealthy American girl, and the precious youth who has just departed is the only offspring. His mother dotes on the dear boy, and she sent him to college, meanwhile keeping him dressed to kill, and well supplied with pocket-money. That, by the way, in some measure repays me for the woeful hypocrisy that I am compelled to resort to, and the sharp pangs of conscience that prick me whenever I am with him. He's free with his dough, at any rate, and that 'covereth a multitude of sins'."

"He just delights in reeling off Latin to me, or perhaps a little Greek if he can remember enough for his purpose. Sometimes he actually makes up Latin for the occasion, much to my edification. But he doesn't seem to get along so well with the Latin of the ancients."

"A fellow that he used to go to school with him told me one of his exploits with Virgil. He was translating a passage in the third book of the *Æneid*, and had been giving a shockingly original and free rendering when he came to the words, *eloquar an sileam*. 'Should I speak out or keep silent,' bawled he. Recalled to the class-room from the flights of the brilliant youth's imagination, the teacher gravely remarked:—

"'Speak out, Mr. Dangleton, if you have anything that resembles a translation of that passage; if not, keep silent.' Adolphus flashed up in a minute at this and said that this was a very correct rendering as conceded by the latest authorities, 'if you please.' The teacher put on a very humble look and answered:—

"'Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Dangleton, I had forgotten for the minute that you *were* an authority.'

"One time he got used up worse than that even. It was in a Physiology recitation. He asked the teacher if there were not some more recent works on anatomy than those in the school library. 'Young man,' said the teacher, measuring the entire mental calibre of the youth at one glance, 'There have been very few new bones added to the human body during the last ten years.'

"Say, did you notice what he said when he left us just now? Going to 'see his dearly beloved, he was' That's another thing that 'maketh me exceeding merry.' I know that dear girl better than he does. In fact, I was—er—quite well acquainted with her once myself. She knows he's got pocket money to burn, and way down in my 'inmost,' I think a good per cent. of it is spent on her. It comes in handy to have a fellow like that to take you to the rink, or any other place you want to go. The last time I saw them there, they were relieving the rink man from his duties in sweeping up the ice. That's about all she wants of him, though. I don't believe that she cares any more for him than she does for M—— ahem, you, for instance, Dick. Between the girls, the Sophs., and his own class, the poor fellow gets pretty well taken in—Kind of mean, did you say? Oh, I don't know. That's the fate of all Freshmen I guess, and especially such a glaringly Fresh-man as he is. Well, so-long, Dick. I won't discourse on *meus amicus Adolphus* any more at present."

"How are you, old man? Yes, I have some more news from the dear Dolphy. I don't know but I will have to take back some of the things I said about him. He's a great man. We're prouder than ever of him over at college. He's a very particular chap about his shaving, and the other day he went into a barber shop and having taken a chair, requested the hair-dresser to 'shave down, please.' The barber laughed and said,

'That's all there is to shave.' Adolphus didn't see the point, he couldn't see for the life of him why he couldn't be shaved *up* if he had wanted to.

"Of all the shabby tricks I ever played on poor Dangleton, the most heart-rending one was the time I scared him so that he decided not to be an M. D., but to content himself with a B. A., and trust to getting a D. D. later. His mother wanted her Dolphy to be a minister, and his father thought he should study medicine. You know he had had considerable sickness in the family, and he swore he had given the family physician enough in doctor's bills to give any man a good comfortable living. His son rather inherited the idea that doctors must literally roll in cash, and accordingly he thought he would like to be one. He approached a friend of his who had just graduated from a medical college. Being nothing loth to have little fun at the expense of his youthful questioner, he crammed him full of horrible tales of dissection and vivisection that were inevitable to the medical student, as he said. Adolphus came to me, his confidant. Timidly he asked, 'Do you think that's true about their having to cut up dogs and cats at a medical college?' 'Do I think so? Why, bless your soul I know it.' They even cut up people. Didn't you ever know where all the stray dogs go to? If it wasn't for the medical colleges the land would be full of worthless canines; they would become a plague. The colleges have a hired troop to go around collecting them. Then they take them in and lay them on the table and so forth. Why, I had an uncle that told me the first time he took one of those live kicking curs, and commenced to cut away——. But here, Adolphus began to grow white around the gills, and I wisely forebore from any more detailed account of the horrors. After talking about other subjects for some time, I just mentioned in a casual way:—

"'I don't suppose you know what they do with the bodies of criminals, do you? They give them to the medical colleges to operate on. I saw a piece in the paper the other day saying that as the supply of murderers was getting short, a party of students went to a graveyard and dug——.' This was too much. You should have seen the look that came into his eyes. He turned white as a ghost, and I had to grab him, or he would have fallen. He never mentioned medicine again to me. I think he would have got used to it, and enjoyed it. I guess I spoiled a good doctor to make an indifferent preacher. My mother used to tell me that I would make a minister, and perhaps I will make one—of Adolphus.

"'Talk of Angels,' etc. Here he comes with his blushing beauty at his side. Look at those silver-plated skates, will you? I musn't say another word about him. He isn't half so bad after

all. 'With all his *faults I love him still.' Now, day-day,
Dickimus. James Pemberton has spoken."

Here's to the grassy green Freshman,
The man whom you can't take in,
He's strong,
He's young,
His praise is never sung,
But to pester such a gentleman's a sin ;
Sometimes he's almost flayed,
But always undismayed ;
Oh, he's the *green stock* from which heroes all are made.

R. E. B.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A HOCKEY match was played in the Dartmouth rink, Saturday, March 4th, between the Medicals and Junior Arts. Thy former team won by a score of five to four.

THE bell stealers deserve a vote of thanks from the students. As a consequence of their labours there are now electric gongs in college, instead of the late ear-splitting bell.

WE are glad to see the Annual notice of the Glee Club, calling for parodies. Now is the chance for the college poets, —if there be any such in these degenerate days—to earn an honest penny and advance a good cause at the same time.

FOR CLASSICISTS.

A weekly newspaper, entirely in Latin, is published in Rome, under the title: "Vox Urbis," the contributors to which are the best Latinists of the city: Prelates, Cardinals, and even the Pope himself. It is a well-known fact that Leo XIII. uses the Latin tongue in a masterly manner.

Among the "Aenigmata" which the Pope recently contributed to that paper, the following may be of interest to students studying Latin:

1. Pars prior interdum velis ornatur et auro ;
Altera pars, prisco tempore, nummus erat.
Uno juncta simul verbo pars utraque gentem
Rapto viventem belligeramque natat.
2. Charade :—
Creditur a cœlo noster descendere vertex,
Pes noster medium per mare captat iter.
Sed capiti conjunge pedem ; surgemus ab horto,
Dantes quod foliis, flore et odore juvat.
Nec verum arboribus similes, nec dicimur herbis.
Nec squama, aut pinnis, res tribuenda mari.
3. Et dolet et gaudet pars prima, sed altera servat
Quo vescare ; refert utraque juncta decus.

Students are requested to hand in the solutions of the above in "Latin."

FACETIAE THEOLOGICAE.

De Mille was perfectly right when he sang "When I want a funny man, I'll hunt up some old Puritan." Those who dined with Dr. Pollok and the Pine Hillers in the "Halifax" a week or two ago, will gladly vouch for the truth of this. There was not only feast of fat things, but a feast of reason and a regular freshet of soul. One most enjoyable part was the singing of original songs, made for the occasion by a stalwart choir of six able-bodied theologues. A specimen is subjoined.

OUR BILL OF FARE. *

AIR :—*Drink to me only with theologues.*

Thanks to our worthy Principal, who kindly asked us here,
Where everyone with gratitude partakes of his good cheer,
Out in Pine Hill we never have a dinner like this there,
But that you may know what it's like we'll give our Bill of Fare.

Course one—a dish of Grecian tongue, corned centuries ago,
Some think it an ambrosial food, we never found it so.
There's Harnach, Ramsay, Westcott, Graham, and our Professor too,
Who feed upon it every day, in salad, pie or stew.

Course two—in this we simply taste, cold pantheistic froth,
Nor have we any wish to drink materialistic broth,
But when comes pure dogmatic food, the food that strengthened Knox,
We eat it, and it makes us strong as well as orthodox.

Course three—dish of Hebrew roots, with Massoretic spice,
Made of sh'va, s'ghel gibbuts, and other things as nice ;
But how our good Professor lives on this and looks so well,
How he can relish such dry food is more than we can tell.

Course four—a dish of musty dates, with seeds as hard as horns,
Once grown on mediaeval palms, and plucked ere Huss was born,
We grumbled once, at this stale dish full of monastic germs
And then the Dr. kindly gave to us a Diet of Worms.

Dallustensia.

ARTS.

FRESHIE F-LT-N says he *does* like to hear a Gaelic sermon once in a while—especially when he has four young ladies with him.

U—PI—DYE—I—DYE, my moustache—that's a lie !
For it was the blooming tachieos that was the first to die.

M—s.

LOST.—On Agricola Street car, between Old Exhibition Rink and Willow Park, Saturday, February 25th, A Golden Opportunity. Answers following description. The description is as follows —

I'VE a peach of a little briar "smoker," (say, the Prof. never saw its golden amber stem), and I keep it, with the "means," in my locker. Excuse me if I *crow* about it, —puff—ahem !

"HERE'S to the rose that blooms and blows,
And here's to the lad in the football clothes,
And here's to the lass with love in her eye,
That flirts with the half-back passing by."—*Ex.*

COME, let us cram, week in, week out,
This is no time for spare devotions,
So open wide your knowledge spout
And fill it with examinations.

—R. L. R., in "The Pluggers."

STUDENT, (asking a question)—"Doctor, can you tell me the difference between a 'lane' and an alley?"

B. Ner., (sotto voce)—"Oh, I know that. An *alley* is a place to *plug* in, and a *lane* ditto to hug in."

COME to skate my little pickaninny,
M - sey will catch you if you don't ;
So lean on the arm of your own little Henny,
Mamma ~~isn't~~ coming, nor she won't.

Cho. : O Lou, O Lou, Henny's little sweetheart,
Sweetest little gal on D— Row, etc.

HEAR the tinkling of that bell,
Dinner Bell ;
How the Sophomores and Freshmen when they hear it, loudly yell,
How it grates upon the ears of the third and senior years,
Who have longer heard the swell
Of the boarding dinner bell ;
In whose minds rise visions dread,
Of stale meats and staler bread ;
Suffering more than pen can tell,
At the sounding of that bell ;
That dissonant, clanging, maddening, harrowing, dreadful dinner bell.

* * * * *

But can Gods or Demons tell?
Answer query, that must well
Up from hearts that yearn for knowledge,
Of affairs within our college?
As they wonder where in thunder the Pine Hill lights put that bell?
That large bell, that bronze bell?
Whose familiar welcome tones,
Have so long been wont to tell
When the classes close and open,
And staid lecturers dispel
Fogs and mists from minds of Freshies and of Sophomores more swell,
Is it in the cellar hidden, heaped with coal to keep it warm?
Or has it with stealth been carried to the College on the Arm,
From the Senatus Academicus a cry of anguish swells,
"Where, oh where, this side of Hades have the vandals put that bell?"
That sonorous, penetrating, sleep dispelling college bell.

One more sad tale I must tell,
That Soph's yell ;
That hoodlum conglomeration which suits the class so well ;
Must we, for three weary years,
Have that grating on our ears?
That harsh mongrel combination which were more in place in—well,
That undiscovered bourne of which good folk dislike to tell?
Can we fine, gag, shoot, expel
Those who loudest yell that yell?
Or shall we turn Pine Hill on them to convert them from that yell?
That fiendish, most blood-curdling, vacant sounding, foolish yell.

The following is the list of books purchased for the library by the class memorial fund of '99 :—

Name of Book.	Name.
'Show Your Colours'	C. W. Anderson.
"Jimmy and the Wonderful Chimney," or a sequel to "Alladin"	James Barnes.
"Musquodoboit Illustrated"	C. Fulton.
"Christmas Sports, or Sleigh-driving in Canada"	A. M. Hebb.
"Methodism versus Presbyterianism, or the levelling of Sectarianism"	C. Lindsay.
"Getting on in the World"	A. H. Murray.
"Art of Criticism"	W. E. Outhit.
"Popular Introduction to Society"	C. Cordiner.
"Reveries of a Bachelor"	H. H. Kent.
"Same old Game," a song	C. W. O'Brien.
"My Lady Nicotine"	Frank O'Brien.
"Love," J. W. Longley	Ladies of
"Book of Christian Martyrs," Fox	
Bound copies of last four volumes of "Dalhousie Gazette."	Fourth Year.
"Delineator," "Presbyterian Witness," "Family Herald"	

MEDICAL.

THAT Mr. K-g is certainly the most entertaining young man I ever met.
Don't you think he *snorts* very natural.

WHAT a wonderful change a year as "clerk" makes in a man. He now bows to the skeleton on entering the room.

K-G : "Come on Fr-k, let's go and make a call."

Young Lady : (later) "We are not at home to visitors this afternoon."

PROF. : Gentlemen, remember that a small scratch on the shin is a serious thing.

"Old Rat" : Hear ! hear !

IT is said that the Klebs Loeffler bacillus retains its vitality for sometime in grave yards. Beware ! King.

"Say now do you love me."

S. E. SH-W, M. D. C. M.

J. C. ROD-S-N, M. D. C. M.

Specialists on treatment of cases of youthful drunkenness. Cure guaranteed provided patient can stand alone.

"BIG RAT" : "Miss R. what did you give for that pretty dress? I must get something like that for my girl."

"Hoodey" : "That right Sid., get the goods, I can supply you with the dressmaker."

DR SHAW wishes to intimate to the Freshmen that he has the following articles for sale : 1 sou'wester ; 1 pair oil breeches, 55 x 32 ; 1 pair sea boots, No. 13 ; 1 rockmaple shirt ; 1 T. D., and ½ lb. sailor's twist. The above articles will be sold at a bargain as the Dr. intends remaining on terra firma for his stomach's sake.

OUR Spring poet is responsible for the following :

'Twas evening, and the golden sun went down
Over a host of pluggers, Freshmen all,
And lighted with his dying beams the frown
Of one who, with his back against the wall
And feet upon a chair, surveyed the town
And thusly mused : "If I could but recall
That Brain and Spinal Cord, I'd make a mark
That ne'er was known since Noah built his ark."

The last exam, 'tis true, I fell below
 And made but forty-six, but then I think
 The illustrations were not valued; though
 They marvels were, and drawn in pen and ink.
 I fear that King's, my rival, for I know
 Whene'er I talk of leads I see him wink,
 But once I vanquish him the rest I can defy."
 And then his sweet voice warbled "Coming through the Dye."

There were two fathers in that ghastly crew
 Of Histological fiends, of whom the one
 Preferred, when possible, to sit and view
 The work which others did, then do his own;
 So down he'd stroll to S-I-s F-I-t-n who
 Would talk for hours on Epithelium
 Then homeward to Plug Alley he would hie
 With meditative brow and calm and pensive eye.

The other father, once a careless child,
 Became (a warning take ye by his fate)
 Corrupted by McK——, who simply smiled
 When told he should not plug six hours in eight;
 Now see that father with a visage wild,
 His Schafer on his knee, sit by the grate.
 The fire goes out; absorbed he sits there shivering,
 And give no sign of life save his limbs quivering.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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