Prof C. Macphail

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ARTS DEPARTMENT:	
EDITORIAL: The "Yellow" Journalist and the Hub	257
Dr. MacMechan's Edition of Sartor Resartus	259
A Sea Shore Legend	261
"In Memoriam" (Concluded)	265
Carmen Dalhusiense	269
The Invasion of England	271
A Confident Judgment	275
Alone on the Shore	277
Through Tears	279
Ancient Egyptian Research	281
Dalhousiensia	
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT:	
Diphtheria Antitoxic Serum	285

April 6, 1897. Vol. xxix.—No. 9.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY.

SESSION, - 1896-97.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

REV. PRESIDENT FORREST, D. D., F. S. C., (Lond., D. C. L. Vind.), George Munro Professor of History and Political Economy.
CHARLES MACDONALD, M. A. (Aber.), Professor of Mathematics.
JOHN JOHNSON, M. A. (Dub.), Emeritus Professor of Classics.
JAMES LIECHTI, M. A. (Vind.), McLeod Professor of Modern Languages.
JAMES GORDON MACGREGOR, M. A., (Dal.), D SC., (Lond.), F. R. SS. E. & C., George Munro Professor of Physics
ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, B. A. (Tor.), PH. D., (J. H. U.), George Munro Professor of English Language and Literature.
WALTER C. MURRAY, M.A., (Edin.), George Munro Professor of Philosophy.
HOWARD MURRAY, B. A., (Lond.). McLeod Professor of Classics.
EBENEZER MACKAY, B. A., PH. D., McLeod Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy.

PROFESSOR W. C. MURRAY, Librarian.
SERGT. MAJOR LONG, Instructor in Gymnastics.

FACULTY OF PURE & APPLIED SCIENCE.

THE PRESIDENT *(ex officio.)*
CHARLES MACDONALD, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.
JAMES LIECHTI, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages.
J. GORDON MACGREGOR, D. SC., Professor of Physics, Lecturer in Applied Mechanics.
ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, B.A., P.H D., Professor of English Language and Literature.
WALTER C. MURRAY, M. A., Professor of Mental Science
MARTIN MURPHY, D SC., (Vind.), C.E., Provincial Government Engineer, Lecturing on Civil Engineering.
EDWIN GILPIN, JR., A.M. (Vind.), F.G.S., F.R.S.C., Inspector of Mines, Lecturer on Mining.
F. W. W. DOANE, C. E., Halifax City Engineer, Lecturer on Municipal Engineering.
C. E. W. DODWELL, B. A., M. J. C. E., M. C. S. C. E., Resident Engineer Public Works of Canada, Lecturer on Hydraulic Engineering.
ALEX. MCKAY, Esq., Supervisor of Schools, Lecturer on History of Education.
A. W. H. LINDSAY, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
RODERICK MCCOLL, C. E., Asst. Provincial Engineer, Lecturer on Surveying.
S. A. MORTON, M. A., Lecturer on Descriptive Geometry.
EBENEZER MACKAY, B. A., PH. D., Professor of Chemistry, and Lecturer on Mineralogy and Litology, and Botany.
L. M. SILVER, M. B., C. M. (Edin.), Examiner in Physiology and Histology.
CHARLES ARCHIBALD, M.E., Lecturer on Mining.
H. W. JOHNSTON, C E. (Royal Mil. Col.), Lecturer on Surveying.
ALEX. DICK, M. E., Lecturer on Mining.
W. T. KENNEDY, Prin. County Academy, Lecturer on School Management and School Law.
G. J. MILLER, Prin. Dartmouth High School, Lecturer on History and Education.

PROF. MACGREGOR, Dean of the Faculty.
PROF. LIECHTI, Registrar of the Faculty.

FACULTY OF LAW.

THE PRESIDENT *(ex officio).*
RICHARD CHAPMAN WELDON, A. M. (Mt. All.), PH.D. (Yale), Q. C., George Munro Professor of International and Commercial Law, Crimes, Shipping and Insurance.
BANJAMIN RUSSELL, A.M. (Mt. All.), Q. C., Professor of Contracts, Lecturer on Bills and Notes, Sales and Equity Jurisprudence.
C. SYDNEY HARRINGTON, Q. C., Lecturer on Evidence, Parnerships and Companies.
GEORGE RITCHIE, LL.B., Lecturer on Real Property and Conveyancing.
AEFRED SILVER, LL. B., Lecturer on Equity Jurisprudence.
HECTOR MCINNES, Lecturer on Procedure.
CHARLES H. CAHAN, B. A., LL. B., Lecturer on Torts.
J. MACKINNON, Librarian.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

THE PRESIDENT *(ex officio).*
EBENEZER MACKAY, B. A., PH.D.
JOHN SOMERS, M.D. (Bell. Hosp. Med. Coll., N.Y.,) Examiner in Medicine.
D. A. CAMPBELL, M. D., C. M. (Dal.), Examiner in Materia Medica and Therapeutics and Pathology.
A. W. H. LINDSAY, B.A. (Dal.), M.D., C M. (Dal.), M. B. C. M. (Edin.), Examiner in Anatomy and Practical Anatomy.
JOHN STEWART, M. B., C. M. (Edin.), Examiner in Surgery.
A. W. PAGE, M. D. (Harv.), President N. S. Med. Board, Examiner in Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
HON., D. MCN. PARKER, M. D. (Edin.), L. R. C. S. (Edin.), Examiner in Medicine.
EDWARD FARRELL, M. D. (Coll. P. and S.), N. Y.), Examiner in Surgery.
ANDREW J. COWIE, M D. (Univ. Penn.), M. R. C. P. (Lond.), Examiner in Clinical Medicine.
JOHN F. BLACK, M. D. (Coll. P. and S., N. Y.), Examiner in Clinical Surgery.
ALEXANDER P. REID, M.D., C.M. (McGill), L.R.C.S. (Edin.), L. C. P. and S., Can., Supt. V. G. Hospital, Examiner in Medical Jurisprudence.
M. A. CURRY, M. D. (Univ. N. Y.), Examiner in Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
MURRAY MCLARREN, M.D., Examiner in Physiology and Histology.
WILLIAM S. MUIR, M.D. C.M. (Dal.), L. R. C. P and S. (Edin.), Examiner in Materia Medica and Therapeutics.
H. MCD HENRY, Q. C., Judge of Supreme Court, Examiner in Medical Jurisprudence.
WM. TOBIN, F. R. S C. (Ireland), Examiner in Opthalmology, Otology, and Laryngology.
L. M. SILVER, M. B., C. M. (Edin.), Examiner in Physiology and Histology.
FRED W. GOODWIN, Lecturer on Materia Medica.
GEORGE L. SINCLAIR, M. D., Supt. N. S. Hosp. for Insane, Examiner in Medicine.
FITZ-UNIACKE ANDERSON, L. R. C. P. & S. (Edin.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.), Examiner in Anatomy.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

President, GEORGE G. PATTERSON, M. A., LL. B.; Vice-Presidents, JOHN MONTGOMERY, B. L., LL. B.; DAVID SOLOAN, B. A.; J. C. SHAW, M. A.; J. W. LOGAN, B. A.; PROF. H. MURRAY, B. A.; Secretary, R. T. MACILREITH, LL. B.; Treasurer, W. D. CAMERON, Esq.; Executive Committee, PROF. J. G. MACGREGOR, D. SC.; G. M. CAMPBELL, M. D., C. M.; S. A. MORTON, M. A.; E. P. ALLISON, B. A., LL. B.; J. A. MACKINNON, B. A., LL. B.; Auditors, H. B. STAIRS, B. A., LL. B.; W. A. LYONS LL. B.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

VOL. XXIX. HALIFAX, N. S., - APRIL 6, 1897. No. 9.

THE "YELLOW" JOURNALIST AND THE HOLE.

OUR disciple of the reeking, "Yellow," journalism has at last asserted himself in such wise as to outwear the patience of an overpatient body of students, and has done sufficient to earn the ill-will of students and faculty, and all in any way interested in the college. He has called down upon himself so much hot displeasure that not again will he be likely to lack wisdom and judgment and precious common-sense when he reports events that occur at the college. The report to which we specially refer is well known to everyone. It is known to the students who swarmed round him that day and in their mercy refrained from ducking him, contenting themselves merely with demonstrating to him that he had done something he had no business to do—nay more, that he had done something contemptible. It is also known to people outside the college who read it and wondered what kind of Vandals we are at Dalhousie that tear down buildings and when we intend to tear down their dwellings about the ears of the peaceful citizens of Halifax.

And then he has catered to the town feeling against the college. There are actually people in Halifax who can't appreciate the dignity which Dalhousie gives to the town, and in all their sordidness cannot appreciate the economic advantage which accrues to the city through her; there are some who think Dalhousie an agricultural college, and some who look down upon her as harboring the flotsam and jetsam of Nova Scotian society. And why? Simply because such things as "our reporter" has published are constantly working into the press—things that are untrue and prompted by malice, when they are not the result of ignorance. Hence a strong feeling against Dalhousie exists in some quarters, where such stuff as appeared under the sensational line of "Some students may be expelled," would be eagerly read and considered proof ample enough of the absolute rascality of all Dalhousians.

We might devote some space to the report. It was a falsehood from start to finish; for is not that a falsehood that makes such dastardly implications and separates itself so widely from the truth as to make the slight offence of breaking off a few pickets appear like that of the utter and complete destruction of the whole fence? It is not mere supposition, it is a real fact that citizens thought the fence had been destroyed Students have been questioned by them regarding the event and of course the whole affair was carefully explained, and the whole fate that befel the "reporter" and all the manner of it, so that he now enjoys a rather undesirable notoriety.

Oh, come! for the lily
Is white on the lea;
Oh, come! for the wood-doves
Are pair'd on the tree;
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet;
The thrush pours his ditty,
Loud, varied, and sweet,
So come where the twin-hares
'Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

—*Cunningham.*

DR. MACMECHAN'S EDITION OF SARTOR RESARTUS.

It is a pleasure to be able to bring to the notice of the readers of the GAZETTE this volume by one of Dalhousie's staff. While her students in the past have brought honor on her name in other universities she has not lacked professors to increase her reputation in the literary and scientific worlds, and Dr. MacMechan now worthily takes his place in the goodly company.

The *Athenæum Press Series* to which this new edition of *Sartor* belongs, "is intended to furnish a library of the best English literature, from Chaucer to the present time, in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the general reader," and has among other well known contributors, Dr. Edward Dowden, whose name is a guarantee of the value of the undertaking.

The volume under review contains an introduction of fifty-eight pages, the text of the work, and over a hundred pages of closely printed annotations. In introduction and notes are packed the results of a most competent and assiduous industry, showing the exactness and minute scholarship that we should expect from Dr. MacMechan. The introduction is a very careful piece of work. It contains a short sketch of Carlyle's early life, discusses the literary and biographical sources of *Sartor*, examines the structure of the book, and after a somewhat extended treatment of the style, deals with the principles of Carlyle's thought, and its relation to and influence on other thinkers and his own age. This is well done. One reads the essay with much pleasure, both because of the easy familiarity of the editor with his subject and the clear style in which it is written. It should be a valuable contribution to the literature of Carlyle, containing, we imagine, much original work, especially in the discussion on style. We can agree with Dr. MacMechan in his judgment as to the main source of Carlyle's thought and expression. It is a home-made article, and the home is one that has bred many sturdy and straightforward, if somewhat uncouth, men. The body of Carlyle's thought is Scottish, and its strain is that which ran through many a lowland peasant who rallied to the Covenant. Blunt, rugged, beautiful as rock, and hill and heather-clad moors, and with that beauty that comes with the mist of lowland scenery, or the clearness of the landscape on leaden days instead of those of sunshine—this is Carlylese, rather than the scholarly finish of one who has passed from the lawns of an English home through the ivy-clad gates and fellows' gardens of Oxford.

By comparing his clear meaning with the involved and hazy sentences of Jean Paul Richter, Dr. MacMechan seeks to show that Carlyle's German masters had very little influence on his

style. The average German would be much averse to having Richter represent his language, and even if Carlyle had imitated this dreamer, it might have been difficult to say how much of it was German and how much Jean Paul. Probably the most commendable quality in the genius of the German language is its word-building, the capacity for which it shares with Greek, and one cannot help feeling that at times Carlyle compounded English words in a way that is alien to our methods of speech. It was some of the dye that remained in him after his long immersion in Goethe and German thought.

The last section on the estimate of Carlyle's genius and the quality of his thought is very interesting, and on the whole very just. In assigning *Sartor* a place in the literature of Scepticism Dr. MacMechan makes a very true distinction between destructive unbelief, and the earnest cry that has gone up from such writers as Tennyson in the face of the great riddles of life. From another point of view Carlyle gives us positive guidance, "Love not pleasure: love God, this is the EVERLASTING YEA wherein all contradiction is solved." Dr. MacMechan traces the influence of Goethe here; but surely Carlyle with all his negative thought that leads him to doubt in a personal God and the future is not the pupil of Goethe. Goethe with his serene artistic life of self-culture surpassed Carlyle in much and may perhaps outlive him, but the author of *Sartor* and *Oliver Cromwell* had little to learn from Goethe in intensity and spiritual insight.

We should like to have had a somewhat fuller treatment of Carlyle's relation to his age. How much of his writing might be called opportunism in its highest sense, being the answer to social and national questions of the earlier and middle years of this century? If one is to judge by criticisms, Carlyle to-day is far from the sovereign position he held twenty years ago; and is not the cause to be traced to the new problems of English life that have emerged? Thought is beginning to be constructive, men are making great efforts to solve practical problems, after the period of criticism in science, politics, and religion. The nineteenth century had a long *Wanderjahr*, but to-day its manhood strength has knit and we may look for its manhood activity.

We have also seen very competent criticisms that charge Carlyle with extravagance in his style, and an infusion of insincerity that is perhaps plainer to the next generation than to a man's contemporaries, all of which would interfere with his claim to be a prophet.

But, as we have said, we have nothing but commendation for what Dr. MacMechan has given us in this introduction. The notes are very carefully done, dealing with almost every imaginable difficulty that the student might meet in the text. One almost shudders at the amount of research and verification that their author must have patiently undertaken, though he may have the satisfaction of knowing that no other edition of this kind can supplant it for many years to come.

It is here that we have our only criticism to offer. The introduction and the notes suit two different classes of person. The former, as we have said above, will be read with profit by those who are acquainted with Carlyle's writings and who take an interest in his life and thought. The notes, however, seem intended for the merest beginner in literature, containing numerous references that Dr. MacMechan might have presumed to be needless even to the freshman, unless his ignorance is more monumental than we have any reason for supposing it to be. Those who study *Sartor* should be allowed the compliment of not requiring instruction in the most commonplace allusions. Our objection simply touches the minuteness to which the notes extend, while for their thoroughness, accuracy, and helpfulness we have nothing but praise, so far as from a rather hurried examination we have been able to judge.

The general get up of the book is all that could be desired, and we have no doubt that it will long remain the standard edition, valuable in promoting the study of Carlyle, and adding much to his editor's academic reputation.

A SEA-SHORE LEGEND.

Down on the sea-shore among the shells, the sea-weed, and the sand, lay a little smooth white pebble. Now, it so chanced that this pebble loved the sun—the great, brilliant, heat-giving sun. On fine days when the sun shone, the little pebble would lie quite still where his light might fall on her, and would shine too; timid little shines, something like the first love-blush of a maiden; little shines that were seen and noticed by none but an old crab that was always at hand to tease and torment the poor little pebble. "Oh!" he would say, "ain't you a little fool to get so warm and flustered just because the sun is shining on you to-day. Don't you know that he is shining on every other pebble on this shore? You think because you are smooth and white that he notices you the most. Can't you see that that old rock over there gets far more of him than you do? Don't you know that maybe to-morrow or next day he'll be gone?"

"Yes," the little pebble would say and sigh, "I know he must leave me sometimes, but then, you see, he'll come back again."

But at night, when a wee wavelet had shifted the position of the pebble nearer to the rock, she would look up at it and think: "If I were like that big black rock I would receive

much more of the sun than I do as I am. Oh! if I were only a big rock."

And when the wind blew and the days were stormy, sometimes the pebble would be carried by the waves away out into the waters, quite far from the shore, and at these times she would think: "I am only a little pebble, and the wind and waves can move me at their will, and when I am here under the water the sun cannot reach me, cannot shine upon me. Now, if I were a rock I could stay on the shore always, all day and every day just like that old fellow in there, and then whenever the sun came around I would be waiting and would not have to miss him as I often do now. But never mind," she would add, cheerfully, "I am very smooth and white and pretty,—a rock is black and jagged and ugly,—and when I am on shore he does shine on me, and when I am out here I think he tries to, for he shines upon the waves above me; so I'll try to be content."

Then the old crab, who had come out in the same storm with her, would crawl up to her and say: "Yes, my dear, be content, be content; you might just as well, for even if you are otherwise you can't alter things at all; what is to be will be, you can't ever be anything else but a little white pebble; you must always be at the mercy of the wind and the waves, tossed here and there. Just be content, my dear, be content, for you can't in any way help yourself."

And again the pebble would sigh, but when she'd look up and see the sunlight on the waves she'd smile, and when the little fishes would come leaping up to her, and the tiniest of the waves would give her playful pushes, she would forget all about the old crab and would laugh.

One night the waves brought her back to shore, and landed her right up alongside of the big black rock. It was a moonlight night; the pebble had been for a good many days out in the waters, and all the time the sun had been shining radiantly on shore. The old crab had come back that night too, and coming close to the pebble, he said: "You poor little thing, I do feel so sorry for you; to think of what you've been missing, the sun shining all the time you were away; and how hard, too, to think that you should be brought back at night when he has gone to rest. And do you see how dark and cloudy the sky looks; I expect we'll have rain to-morrow, and then the sun won't shine."

Then did the pebble grew very cold, and she must have wept, for she felt damp and there were shining drops on the sand beside her, and, looking up at the big rock, she said: "Oh! I do envy you so. I do envy you so."

Then something very strange happened. The big rock, without ever moving one way or another, seemed to speak. "Little pebble," it said, "for a long time I have heard at night

your sighs and your murmurings, and your envying of me, and now, little pebble, I am going to tell you a story. Once in the days long ago I was just as small, and white, and smooth, and pretty as you are now, and I used day after day to lie in the sunshine on the shore, and although I did not love the sun so much as you do, yet his warm rays influenced me, the dark days had an effect on me, and the waves and the storms had power to move me. One night as I lay awake wondering, wondering where I had come from? who made me? why? what for? and how? a soft little breeze came by and tenderly touched me, and I was moved by him; I thrilled, and trembled, and then I turned over, and that night I knew what love was—love had come to me, and day and night I thought no more of why, what, and how, only of the breeze, the dear, sweet breeze. I was never so happy as when at night or in the morning he was with me. We used to play together so merrily, just like two children. Sometimes he would run into the water and splash wee waves on me, or sometimes he would cover me with sea-weed, and then playfully throw it off again. But I think I was happiest when he let me lie quite still, and feel his breath close upon me. I gave him all my thoughts, all my love, and all my life. I never pined or wished to be other than I was, except that I might be better for his sake. But when he would go and leave me for days at a time I could not but feel sad and grieve, and then I did sometimes murmur and rebel. And then a time came when he went away from me and stayed, and stayed, and stayed, and one day a little fir cone came and lodged down by the side of me, and whispered to me that she had come from a vast forest and had seen my breeze, and that he was no longer a breeze but a strong lusty wind, and was busy wooing a beautiful tall pine tree. Said I: 'Will he never come to me again, my dear breeze?' The fir cone answered: 'Your breeze will never come again; some day the wind may come to you, other breezes may come, but never again yours.' Then, little pebble, I became exceedingly sorrowful, for I knew that once among the wicked pine trees, intoxicated with their beauty, maddened by their persistent refusals to be lifted up and carried about by him, fascinated by their coquettish tossings and graceful bends, he would never again think of me or wish to see me."

"And then, little pebble, came a long stretch of weary, saddened days and nights; days when there was everything to remind one of what had been, nights when I could only think of what might have been; days of weeping and sorrow, and nights of dull, dull pain and aching. Grief, grief, grief; and the more I cried out and fought against it, the sharper was the sting, and the more did I become aware of the fact that I could not, could not help myself; and yet I was not resigned, nor would I be content or satisfied with the pleasure which I had already

received. I was very wicked, little pebble; I struggled against Fate, and refusing to be thankful for what had been left to me—a place in this world, and endless memories of one short happy period in the past—I reached out my hands after what had been taken from me; and, little pebble, I dared to murmur and call my lot a hard one. And I was punished.

"One night, utterly worn out, I fell asleep, and it seemed to me as though I slept a long time, for when I awoke one day, much to my astonishment, I had grown from the little, white, smooth thing that I was, to the large, black, roughened thing that you see me now. When I awoke it was high tide, the sea was about me, and, looking into the waters,—my mirror—I saw what you see: all my beauty vanished. And I looked so hard, and so cold, and there were such ugly marks upon me, and, what is strangest of all, I did not seem to care. I was glad that I was hard; I liked to be cold and shiver, and I did not wish to remove the hideous marks from off me. Since that time there have been wind storms and rain storms, but the wind cannot move me, and when the rain drops fall upon me they start back frightened, or speedily run off again. Since that time the sun has been shining many and many a day, but it has never warmed or brightened me. Day in and day out I remain a cold, black rock, hard and immovable. And this, little pebble, is the tale I would tell you."

The old rock ceased speaking; the moon went down, the clouds gathered, and a storm had come, and it stayed for days and days. Only clouds and storm, no sun; but the little pebble did not weep or murmur, though she could not but feel very sad, and her heart ached sorely, and when the old crab would come with his taunting remarks about "a maiden all forlorn," and "patience on a monument," she did not feel bitter things against him, though she would say nothing, and strove to put the unkind feelings from her.

So often did the waters go over the poor little pebble, and so pitilessly did they beat against her, that she gradually became smaller and smaller, till at length she disappeared entirely and was never again seen down upon the sea-shore, among the shells, the sea-weed, and the sand.

J. St. Hilary Hope.

There came the jolly summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girloud well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chaufted been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbs with labor hested sore.

—*Spencer*

"IN MEMORIAM."

(Concluded.)

He now turns to the human life here upon earth, and reflects upon it. He sees much that is sinful, much that is imperfect, much that we dread to be seen by God or the spirits made pure. But in the measure of their love is seen the measure of their sympathy. And he further raises the question—Can we not rise above our sin, and even make our experience in sin to develop us in goodness? He does not care to push this too far for fear of making divine Philosophy "Procuress to the Lords of Hell." But he breaks forth into this magnificent psalm of faith:

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

This wish he thinks is God-like; but does not Nature contradict it? With her wild struggle for existence, with her cruel crushing of the weak, with her heartless indifference to the individual, does not Nature contradict this? And the poet is almost crushed with the thought. Beautiful, it seems to me, are these words descriptive of a soul almost overwhelmed with doubt:

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Still another blow. Nature is not even careful of the type.

So careful of the type? but no.
From scraped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, "A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go."

But man's nature rebels against this. Faith rises up and declares that man is no such magnificent failure. "Behind the

veil" is the answer to all perplexing questions. Behind the veil shall we see clearly.

The poet feels almost inclined to give up his task. But an invitation seems to come to him to continue on:

"Abide a little longer here
And thou shalt take a nobler leave"

So the muse tells him; and he continues. But from this point his faith is firmer. He no longer sinks as low as before. Victory is in sight.

He considers whether the immortal one will look upon the life of his companion as a dwarfed life. But no. That is not the nature of love. Rather does that friend, from his now exalted position, look back with pleasure at the point from which he had started out, even as one who has risen here in his earthly life will look back upon the humble place of his birth with joy and affection.

And now there is firm faith. And in the poems which follow is given a picture of the poet holding converse with his friend through the spirit of the past.

But peace of soul has not yet come; and this is seen in the 72nd poem, where is mentioned the anniversary of Hallam's death. He seems to think that there was something unjust in Hallam's being taken away. He calls it a blindfold sense of wrong. Not only did he need Hallam, but the world needed a man of such great gifts.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou were strong as thou wert true?

And he continues to tell of Hallam's greatness. But the thought comes that though his ability was lost to us here yet it will receive its true glory yonder.

This brings us to the 78th poem. Now the second Christmas has come. Fifteen months have intervened between the death and this date. Calmness is the predominant note of this Christmas season. Despair is gone. Doubt is gone. Love is immortal. The question now becomes, How can he commune with his immortal friend? He comes to the conclusion that this can best be done by living for the good of the world, even as his noble friend would have lived had the world not been deprived of his talents. Thus the heart that is opened toward the unseen world where his friend dwells, is also opened toward his brother man in the world where his friend would have worked. He passed beyond the individual to the universal; and in doing so he realizes the true peace of a true love.

Not the least precious part of this section of the poem is that which gives reminiscences of the days which Tennyson and Hallam passed together. He even pictures them now as going down life together—Hallam marrying his sister, boys prattling

on his knee and calling him "Uncle," himself an honored guest at their home; together leaving this earth for a fuller rest,

And He that died in Holy Land,
Would reach us out the shining hand
And take us as a single soul.

Or he is walking again by the old college buildings; he catches the distant shouts; he counts the measured pulse of racing oars; he visits the old same grey flats where together they dwelt.

Another name was on the door;
I lingered; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crashed the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the frame-work of the land.

It is interesting to note that this band of youthful friends referred to in this verse, was known in Cambridge as "The Apostles." There belonged to it Tennyson, Hallam, Trench, Maurice and Helps. Each of these are strong names in the history of the century.

He speaks afterwards of Hallam's devotion to the truth:

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

The second anniversary of Hallam's death comes. There is the same sorrow, but now we note that it loses its individual aspect. He is one of mankind, and he invites all who mourn to come and mourn with him.

The poet is about to leave his native Lincolnshire. It occasions regret. In the 100th poem we see his feelings as he wanders for the last time over the old familiar place.

In the 104th poem we get the third Christmas season. It is amid new surroundings:

We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas eve.

But this is the beginning of what he calls "the closing cycle rich in good." The past is past. Life is broadened. The future takes in the whole race of men. Mankind is to be raised and ennobled. The agency that is going to do it is Love. And so he sings of a deeper love and a broader love than merely one of

friend for friend. Such may be the beginning of love, but its completion is found in love for the race. And the full crowning is yet to come.

For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit.

The New Year dawns and he greets it with song and a wish :

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
The year is going, let him go.
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

There is but little more for me to say. The poet has reached firm ground. His point has been attained. Love is and was his Lord and King. He has not wasted breath : we are more than magnetic mockeries. The concluding poems are to some extent retrospective. He also tells us more about the character of his friend. Then he closes with an invocation, in which the idea of Love reaches its highest. May the power of Him who is Love over all, and Lord of our wills, may His power "flow through our deeds, being appropriated by faith, until we outlive all changes and chances of time, made holy by trust in unseen things."

Then there comes the Epilogue. It is in the form of an Epithalamium on the marriage of Tennyson's sister. This marriage took place in 1842—nine years after Hallam's death. Marriage is with us the highest earthly illustration of crowned and completed love ; and fittingly does this great poem thus end. Looking back the poet sees how his love has grown.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before ;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade

There follows a description of the marriage, with all the attendant festivities.

The poem closes with the thought of the future, in which possibly the new life that rises from this union may take part ; and then with a view of the far future, when the present seed shall have blossomed into fruit and flower. The culmination of this future is : life in God.

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves. [R. G. S.

CARMEN DALLUSIENSE.

[Respectfully dedicated by the author to the Dalhousie College Song-Book, that is to be, and to the Convocation-Day Choristers.]

AIR :—*The Red Fox March.*

I.

Dalhousie for ever ! we raise the song
Of our pride in our *Alma Mater*.
Her fame has grown thro' the years so long,
And time will but make it greater.
In her strong defence we aye shall stand,
And loyally we'll endeavor
To make her the foremost in all the land.
Dalhousie, Dalhousie for ever !

II.

Dalhousie for ever ! to these dear halls,
Where our brightest days were given,
We shall oft turn back, when we leave the walls,
Where for fame or fun we've striven ;
We shall fondly turn, and time shall tell
That death itself cannot sever
Our hearts from our college we love so well.
Dalhousie, Dalhousie for ever !

Floreat Dallusia !

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Anyone who has followed the American papers of late is aware of the tremendous display made over what they were pleased to call an "Invasion of the English market." The reason for this display was one of the results consequent upon the breaking of the steel pool. When that event occured, Mr. Carnegie, by the aid of offices he had previously opened in foreign cities, found himself able to sell where and how he pleased. He soon found his books containing orders for almost two hundred thousand tons of steel to be sent to England alone. Even protectionists were hardly prepared for such an occurrence, and it has therefore been the cause of joy in some quarters, and a source of perplexity in others. Some have found in it the

triumph of protected manufactures, and with considerable reason think that if such can compete with unprotected manufactures now, they can do it yet again and continue to do it. Others regard it as a mere chance, thinking there is little likelihood of the protected American manufactures entering into successful competition with the unprotected ones of England. Like many another problem, it presents much scope for argument on both sides, and is worth investigating; there must be a reason for the sale, and the fact of it indicates a possibility.

In the first instance people are inclined to suggest that the two hundred thou-and tons is a mere drop in the bucket of English importations of steel. That may be; but the fact remains that to-day America can sell steel in England ahead of English producers, which indicates that she can do it to-morrow. But it is no argument to say that the shipment is a slight one. It is not. Just consider what it means, and to this end note what services would be required for its transportation. To haul it from Pittsburg to the sea-coast would necessitate the employment of two hundred and fifty trains of forty cars each, each car bearing a burden of twenty tons; and to carry it across the ocean it would be necessary to utilize forty steamers each bearing five thousand tons. Its importance is yet better appreciated when it is known that the one hundred thousand tons of rails, which made up one-half the order, would make one thousand miles of single track.

There must be a reason somewhere for America's being able to send steel to England, and it can be sought out. There are only two ways by which one producer can compete with another —he must either produce more cheaply, or produce better commodities. Very often the cheaper article is preferred to the better, especially in this money-grubbing age. But it is not impossible for a manufacturer to produce a good article as well as a cheap one. This is done where production is carried on extensively by processes which are least expensive. Mr. Carnegie is an instance of such a manufacturer. It is stated on good authority that he produces steel rails for $12.00 a ton, and billets at something like one dollar less. That is certainly cheap; it is doubtful if anywhere production is cheaper, and certainly in few places is it better.

Some light may be thrown upon this matter by investigating the history of prices of steel in the United States in recent years, to compare them with the present price in England of $22 per ton, to which they have risen owing to demand. They sold at the same rate in the United States in 1895. But during the summer of that year a moderate boom set in and the price advanced to $28. This price became stereotyped, and as long as the trust held out, it held out also. It was almost too high for

consumers; in fact, with one or two exceptions, companies were not using new rails even for repairs. However, at the close of the past year the trust let the price drop to $25, but even then it was weakening, and before two months were out the producers at the principal seats of the industry were accusing each other of cutting prices. Down went the trust and with it down went prices under stress of competition. They finally offered to take orders at $15 a ton.

Even at so low a rate as $15 there would still be a margin for profit, as good iron masters, according to the Boston Post, estimate the cost to the Carnegie company of manufacturing steel rails at not over $12. This would not yield a very great profit, but such a profit as would enable them to remain in the field. And when we consider the fact that the production of the steel pool during the past decade has been 7,000,000, we realize that it has not produced without reward. Even supposing the profit to be uniformly $3 per ton, the gross profits to various producers combined on the one article alone would have amounted to $21,000,000 or $2,100,000 per year. But, as a matter of fact, prices have always been high, the profit for about two years being about $16 per ton, though during that time the sales were not very great. But there is a profit at $15 which it would be worth while producing for, and when they sell in England for $22 they realize a much larger profit. Paying freight rates and other incidental expenses, steel sold in England for $22 a ton would be equivalent to steel selling in Pittsburg for $16.50 per ton.

It is evident that the American manufacturers can produce cheaply, whether as cheaply as the British manufactures or not; and as it is on cheap production that the ability of one producer to undersell another chiefly depends, no doubt the American producer, if he is not on an actually equal footing, is very nearly on a footing with the English or European producer. Certainly American steel is produced cheaply enough to enable it to hold its own against foreign steel, although under ordinary conditions it can hardly gain access to the foreign market.

But why the cheapness? It is notorious that labor is no more expensive anywhere in the world than in the United States, and, for that matter, pretty nearly everything is more expensive there than in Europe. According to the Pittsburg Dispatch, the wages paid in American mills are more than double the wages paid in English mills. But this very fact has compelled the American producer to have recourse more to labor saving machinery, so that the average cost per ton is possibly lower in Pittsburg than in English mills and almost as low as in German mills. The Daily Post, of Birmingham, notes it as a fact that American plants and processes are superior to English, and says that the adoption of American methods would make

future apprehension of competition from across the Atlantic impossible. There is also the possibility that American production may continue to become cheaper, for wages are bound to drop in the United States. There is a tendency for wages to become uniform all over the world as far as compatible with the cost of living. This being the case, the probabilities of future cheap production in the United States are even greater still.

England, the greatest rival of the United States, is largely dependent on outside sources for materials of every kind, and especially is this true with regard to iron. The production of pig iron in England is increasing, but not even yet is the production large enough to supply the home demand. A small quantity is imported from the United States. In Alabama iron is produced cheaply on account of convict labor being employed on it, and this fact, coupled with the fact that cheap freights are obtainable for the pig iron as "stiffening" for cotton ships, makes the cost in England very easy. But even for all that, experiments so far made in marketing Alabama iron in England have not proved very successful for the vendors.

But to argue that England's commerce is failing because she imports American iron is not to argue well. England has for years imported iron in large quantities, because she has not been able to raise enough from her own mines to supply her manufacturers. She takes iron wherever she can get it, and imports large quantities from Norway. So far, then, as American iron going into England is concerned, it is illogical to conclude that there is any real invasion of the English markets.

It is characteristic of Englishmen that they will buy where they can buy cheapest and best. They manufacture little refined sugar themselves because the bounty-fed sugar of the continent can be obtained so cheaply. So if they find that American steel is cheaper than English, they will soon stop buying at home and go abroad. But one who watches things closely will probably notice shortly the introduction of those processes into England which enable the American to produce so cheaply, and make the protection of American steel unnecessary. But even if England does not introduce these new methods, but imports from America, it will not be with loss. She will then produce manufactures of steel and sell them in American markets ahead of American producers, just as she is now doing with the cotton which she imports from the United States and makes into fabrics for the export trade to America. So, even the export of steel from the United States to England is hardly a real invasion of the English markets.

But, after all, there is little fear of Americans selling their manufactured products in England ahead of English producers. England buys steel to-day because there is a tremendous

demand for it,—warships are being built not only for her own navy but for the navies of foreign powers, the construction of merchant steamers is still kept up energetically, and in countless other ways is steel being used more than home produces of steel can supply, so that a price is now put on the article against which the American can easily compete at a time when the demand in their own field is so easy. The English price is not permanent either, and as soon as the present stimulus is removed the American will find it hard, even impossible, to compete; freights will always remain too high.

If we can expect any country to compete with England in her own market, it is Germany. But one fact makes it difficult to do so, and it is the very fact we would expect to operate so powerfully in making her a successful competitor. It is within her boundaries that all the new and scientific applications to manufacturing are originated. They are originated there, and in their first, imperfect stages are a burden to production by reason of their imperfection and originial cost. After that stage, however, they are of immense advantage to production, but by this time England and America enjoy the same advantage that Germany is to enjoy, and accordingly her ingenuity in invention does not aid Germany materially in manufacturing, because the perfect machine is operating elsewhere as soon as she has it perfected. But, while England and Germany may both have the perfect machine at the same time, German labor is cheaper, so German production must be cheaper than English, and cheaper also than American; so that in time of great demand for any particular commodity, Germany, by her proximity to England, would drive America out of the field unless the demand for that article were extraordinarily great, as it is now for steel.

Yet, again, while the United States is not likely to have better processes than Germany, she cannot have cheaper labor under a system of protection, which fact again demonstrates the unliklihood of America competing against Germany. And these very facts show, under ordinary conditions, the United States cannot compete with England in England's natural markets. If England has not such good processes as America now, she will shortly adopt them; for she is always ready to adopt a good thing when she realizes its advantage. Adopting improved processes, being separated by a broad ocean from this continent, and in addition having labor cheaper than a protective system can allow, make American competition in England impossible. In addition there is always the possibility of production in the United States becoming more expensive with the revival of business, so that while there is a sort of momentary invasion of the English market by American manufactures, its permanence is little to be feared.

A CONFIDENT JUDGMENT.

It is really a pity that the critics who disapprove of Mr. Kipling's work, do not occasionally take the trouble to read it before they damn it. If they took this simple precaution, they would not write themselves down so often in the terms about which Dogberry once expressed so much anxiety. The latest example of imperfect sympathy due to misunderstanding of the text is T. G. M. in the *Queen's University Journal* for March 13. He may be right in his dissent from the verdict of such inexperienced critics as Norton and Stedman, but he does not set about convincing people in the right way. He says:—

"In his 'Soldier and Sailor, too,' where he celebrates the heroic conduct of the Victoria's crew, when that noble ship sank, *he makes them say*:

'We're most of us liars, were 'arf of us thieves, an' the rest are rank as can be.'

'*Now, sailors in the British navy do not talk in this way.*'"

Nobody said they did. The words are put into the mouth of a linesman, who has been sea-sick on the "Crocodile," and and although he has fought with the marines in dock and in trooper, he admires their sterling qualities, especially as shown by the behavior of the recruits on the Victoria. For similar admiration see account of the American naval officer, Captain Mahan, in his "Ironclads in Action."

Again, T. G. M. writes: "The sailor on board a man-of-war is a *well-mannered gentleman, with considerable polish* caught from the noble officers, at whose glance he is ready to act." Mr. Sullivan has told us that the British sailor's a soaring soul, as free as the mountain bird; but T. G. M. improves on this. The blue-jacket afloat or ashore is a very decent fellow, but a "well-mannered gentleman"—how the stokers of the Crescent would grin if they heard the term applied to themselves. And what is to be reserved for the Admiral and such men as Curzon-Howe?

But T. G. M is not content to leave his own ignorance in doubt. He shows explicitly that he does not know what he is talking about, when he continues:

"There are, no doubt, some who would in a rollicking moment call themselves "Victoria's jollies," but they are the exception, not the rule"

T. G. M.'s knowledge of the British navy is truly profound. He does not suspect that "jolly" from time immemorial has meant "marine," and that the marine is as different from the mariner, the sailor, as the foot-soldier is from the cavalry man. Such ignorance is excusable in a man a thousand miles from the sea, but he should not on this basis criticise such a writer as Kipling, who has apparently summered and wintered with all branches of Her Majesty's forces by sea and land. If T. G. M. had read "Soldier and Soilor Too," with any attention, he would not have missed the point.

Just a word in closing to all critics of Mr. Kipling. He does not wear his heart on his sleeve at any time, least of all when he makes use of the actual dialect of the Army and Navy in his Barrack-room Ballads. He would be untrue to fact if he did. All through the service, from highest to lowest, there prevails a habit of under-statement, and of taking the humorous view of things. This makes the talk of soldiers and sailors so delightful, but outsiders do not understand it How can such writers as T. G. M. deliver such confident judgment on artistic reproductions of their language, when they do not know the difference between a blue-jacket and a marine?

DON.

ALONG THE SHORE.

In reading Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," I was reminded of an experience of my own—that is a week spent on the Western coast of Nova Scotia, the home of the despised "Novys." We pitched our tent, or, to be quite correct, took a house on one of the numerous islands that stud Mahone Bay, within easy reach of Chester and Oak Island, where, as everyone knows, Capt. Kidd hid his treasure so well that no one since has been able to find it.

We left Halifax on a small steamer, and reached our destination without a single adventure and not much fog. The women, old men and children of the island gave us a hearty welcome; all the men who were able having gone to "the fishing," either on the Grand Banks or Labrador. The men from Labrador get home about the middle of August, the "Bankers" a few days later.

The day after our arrival we went over to Chester to collect the rest of our party, who had come down on the Lunenburg. One of the most important members, the most important, in fact, next to the engineer, was big Mary, our Gaelic cook. She hailed from Cape Breton, and, according to her own story, could make better bread than any one else in Cape Breton. We wondered why such a treasure had been allowed to leave the Island, but were never able to find out. One day we all went off on a pic-nic, and left Mary at home. She celebrated the occasion by making a lot of Washington pies. We took them quietly out the front door, and after breaking them with an axe, and as little noise as possible, gave them to our neighbor's chickens. This was to prevent Mary's feelings being hurt.

The shop-keepers in Chester did business in a most playful manner, we found. The butcher (there was only one in the place) always went out at out five minutes before we arrived, and stayed several hours. If we wanted anything he didn't happen to have, such as chickens, his remarks would be something like this:—

"Chickens—well, now, I don't know as any one here wants ter kill this week, but there was a man in here yesterday from down the road apiece, and he said he knew a man that lives about two miles from him that has some chickens, perhaps he might let you have some. How many? Oh, two pair. To-day's Saturday, isn't it? Oh, I guess you can have them by Thursday."

When we were tired of going to Chester and the Bay, we went to Lunenburg and got caught in a thunder-shower, which effectually stopped our plan of having a pic-nic on the shore, so to save ourselves the trouble of putting down the anchor, we made fast to a schooner that had just come home from the "Banks." Her name was the "Leader," and she belonged to that class of schooner known to the trade as a "tooth-pick" She had taken about twenty-four hundred quintal of fish, so the crew were in great spirits. They were all in their shore-going clothes for the first time for months, and of course were eager to hear what had happened while they were away. Shore boats of every kind, sort and description crowded round her, as she lived up to her name and was one of the first boats home from the fishing, and brough letters from the less fortunate boats of the fleet. As the schooners come in they fly the pennant with the name on it at the mast-head, and the red ensign at the peak. They fire guns and blow horns, and make as much noise as possible all the way to their anchorage Needless to say the boys simply swarmed on board, and the cook took them all down in the fo'cas'le, or whatever it is on a schooner, and feasted them on pea-soup. "The best stuff I ever tasted," was what they said about it, so the rest of us who had'nt had any hoped they hadn't eaten the pot too. The weather began to look threatening, it began to blow a "breeze o' wind," in fact; and our man Friday decided that if we wanted to get home that night we would have to leave the "Leader" behind, so we reluctantly cast off, and made the best of our way home before the storm broke. Big Mary greeted us with the cheerful remark that she thought "You's was all drownded." The dinner was spoiled. She came to the conclusion that if we didn't come home in time "Her can cook him's own dinner to morrow, him can."

The German farming is very different from ours. It amused us very much at first, as wherever the grass is thin they changed the crop. In one small field we counted five crops—potatoes, flax, barley, rye and cabbage. When they put out the cabbage they count each plant, so they know how many they have. A neighbour of ours on the island wasn't able to put out her cabbage herself, so she got a friend to do it for her, and of course asked how many there were. Did you put out a hundred? Oh, more than a hundred. Two hundred? More than two hundred. A thousand? Oh, it was just millions, and trillions—and with that Mrs. John had to be content. She probably went and counted them herself.

THROUGH TEARS.

There was once a very strong man who was exceeding stern and severe, never had he wept, and never had he smiled, and he was nigh on forty years old.

When he was a baby, a wicked woman, who hated his father, put a bad spell on the little boy. It was this: Never in all his life should he smile a soft or gentle smile: he might laugh—hardened, embittered, or cruel laughs, but never must he smile. And he must never weep, his lids would not ever know the moisture of a tear; nor should he love, or dream a pretty dream: unless—and as the wicked woman made this proviso her lips were curled in scorn, for she knew quite well that the lad's own mother died at his birth, and knowing this, thought she, "it is not likely any other person's mother will shed tears of sorrow over him," unless he can feel about his neck the clasp of a mother's arms, on his lips the press of a mother's kiss, against his breast the beating of a mother's sobs, and his face be washed with a heart-torn mother's tears.

Dark and loveless would be his life; anger and hatred be his only passions, and racking pain the only thing to make him feel

For many years this man lived by himself in his old stone castle, till one day—that he might have some one to direct his servants: and that he might have an heir to will his lands to when his hour should come to die—he married, a small, shy, pale faced woman, who, through all her childhood knew and pitied him, and when she grew into a woman loved him. He hated her because she loved him.

One day a little child was born to them; not a son to inherit his lands, but a frail golden haired girl. At this the stern man became more morose than he had already been, and hated the little thing because she had not been a boy. As the child grew, she proved to be of a shrinking timid disposition. She loved her father, for her mother taught her to, but she also feared him.

In the old stone castle was a high, high tower with a dark and winding stairway, and at the top of it a little platform with no enclosure, but a railway; outside of it a little ledge ran round. Coming upon mother and child in the hall one day, the father vowed to make the little daughter brave and sturdy, and take the trembling and the fear from out her nature. Said he:

"I'll place upon the ledge of yonder tower a golden trinket, you shall go alone and climb the stair, stand upon the platform, reach out and get the thing and throw it to me in the court beneath."

In vain did the mother weep and wring her hands, in vain did the child shiver and cling to her mother's shirts. "Go!"

the father said, and go she must. She began to mount the stairs; up, up she went, at each step growing fainter and more dizzy. She at last reaches the top, and stretching forward holds the trinket ready in her hand to throw. Just a moment she looks down, sways, loses her balance and falls; not all the way to the ground, for a great tree holds out its branches and receives her The father lifts her from the tree and carries her into the house, she is dead, quite dead, but there is no mark to mar her beauty, not a bone is broken, not a scratch or bruise to be seen upon her.

The mother meets the father and his burden in the hall. She does not speak or cry out, she swoons, and is carried upstairs to her bed, where for three days she remains unconscious. The third day she rouses up and comes down to look for the last time on the face of her little daughter—her little dead daughter. The curtains are drawn close, all the light is shut out, there is a heavy odour of roses in the room, and all is hushed and still—so still. On a little white couch is stretched the little white form, and beside that couch stands the father, his face cold and stern as always.

The mother kneels down and takes her baby's hands in hers. Her head is bowed, and her face is covered; but she is not weeping, she is thinking; not altogether of the dead child, mostly of the living man beside her. All of their lives together he has been to her unduly harsh; giving her scorn for esteem, hatred for love, and cruelty for tenderness; and now he has killed her child,—and yet she loves him.

"Ah!" she thinks, "big and strong as he is, small and weak as I am, he needs my love. He has had no mother, he needs me, I must cling to him."

Then she lifts her head and sees the blue-white lids closed over the eyes that will never again look into hers, and then rising to her feet she puts her arms about her husband's neck and cries the cry of a broken hearted mother. Her sobs beat his breast, and her tears bathe his face. The spell the wicked woman put upon him so long ago is broken, the strong man's heart is softened, and he, weeping with his wife, loves her.

The little one has been buried many days before the father smiles, and for a long time his smile is but a saddened one, and his dreams are all of a little dead face and a grief stricken mother. Yet, by-and-bye, when other children play about, the smile grows brighter and the dreams more hopeful; though he never ceases to remember through whom, and how, the wicked spell was broken.

J. St. Hilary Hope.

—If a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

—*Moore.*

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RESEARCH.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF ON. BY DR. NALHUHU.

The manuscript of which the following is a translation was unearthed recently on the banks of the Nile. Some of the words have no equivalent in English, and so it has been necessary to give a phonetic translation. The date is about 2700 B. C.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—My paper to-night deals with a certain strange people living before the flood. In the year I., G. M., there was situated on the eastern side of Danaca a small piece of land jutting out into the sea, and called Ai Ca Dee. This is a Chinese word meaning "abounding in," and was given to the country because in certain parts the flood waters, instead of quietly rising and falling as such waters are wont to do, came a-bounding in, and sometimes rose to the extreme height of twelve men. Other explanations of the name have been given, but the above seems to be the most reasonable. It is this jutting piece of land and its people that call our attention.

In a part of this land was situated the town of Ha-Lee Facts. The meaning of the compound word has been lost in antiquity; that of the last, however, has been fortunately preserved. It is found in such expressions as "solemn fact," "plain fact," and is supposed to be akin to Pslandure, a disease very prevalent in the town An old roll gives us "fact is a ly and a half." This establishes our theory, for ly was a small germ called a back-terrier or back-biter, which is the cause of the spreading of this disease. We also note that pslandure was very prevalent in this town. The first peculiarity that we notice is that all the civilized people of Ai Ca Dee, that is the most advanced for their time, lived at the town. The inhabitants of the surrounding country were Haeceedurz, or savages, and knew nothing save to till the soil in a rude kind of way, and mind their own affairs. Both these occupations were scorned by the people of the town.

The customs of the people would appear very strange at this remote date. Their styles of greeting were particularly odd. One method was for one of the persons meeting to address the other with the word "how-del-doodle-doo," or more commonly it was abridged to the first three syllables. The person so accosted would reply with the same word, then each would pass on, having acquired a considerable amount of information. When it was necessary to be more formal it was customary for a man to remove part of his clothing. If the person so honored were a man he would immediately commonce to undress himself in return; if a woman, however, she would simply shorten her neck and pass on. Often when two women met they had the habit

of bumping their heads together. This was supposed to express a very friendly feeling.

The god worshipped in this place was Zozietee, and his worshippers would often be compelled to do peculiar things. Their uniforms were particularly strange. The women wore coverings reaching from above the waist to the floor, while the upper part of the body was naked. One writer explains this nakedness by saying that it intended to give the bearer less weight to carry. We think, however, that this cannot be correct, for they often dragged a much greater weight from the bottom of their garment. It consisted of the same material, and dragged for about the length of a man behind the wearer. Its name, in the annals of Zozietee, was traen. The only clear reason that has been given for this peculiarity of the partial nakedness of the body, with the super-abundant covering at the feet, is that it was the wish of their god, and to go against his wish would bring on a sudden and severe attack of Pslandure.

The attire of the male worshippers of Zozietee was also very strange. A white band, made hard by the application of vegetable juice, and then polished, reached from their shoulders to their ears, their feet were wrapped in skins of animals, usually black and very smooth, they wrapped their legs in cloths of various colours, while the body had several coverings. We will only speak of three. First comes the Khote. It was a garment reaching from the shoulders to the waist, having attached to it coverings for the arms; also, although it only came to the waist, it had two staeamers, each about the width of a man's hand, fastened to the back and running down to the knee. These streamers were usually of the same material as the khote, and had several uses. When the people were worshipping Lozietee in that solemn ceremony known as wals, these streamers would flap behind in unison with the music most impressively. Another use of the streamers was to retard the great haste of men. Zozietee does not believe in hurrying, and so if any were inclined to become speedy the streamer would stick out straight behind. Soon some friendly door would close it in a fond embrace, after which the wearer would mutter an incantation and go slower. It is supposed that the traen of women and the khote-tael, as the streamers of the men are called, were at one time the same, but, owing to the evolution of species and survival of the fittest, the traen became longer and broader, while the tael became shorter and narrower. The other two articles are the wexet and sarke. A fairly good description of these is found in the Millenium Fictionary, from which most of our information regarding the past is derived.

Zozietee also gave certain rules for eating. The peculiarity of these rules was that they did not govern the quantity of food and drink, nor yet did they refer to the things eaten, but simply

to the method of taking the food. They were called the laws of Ette Quit, and were so called because it was not necessary to quit when you had eaten enough if you could continue according to rule. These laws are of about the same date as, but are much more important than the law of gravy tay shun. One of the most stringent of these laws was that which made necessary the use of a small metal instrument consisting of four daggers fastened together at the handle, and called from their number fourque. It was compulsory to use this instrument on all occasions, and it was surprising to see what wonders the worshippers of Zoziette would do, armed only with the fourque. For instance a dish of green peas might be set as an accompaniment to a plate of lamb, and the four-fold weapon would be placed beside it. The priest of Zoziete comes in, seizes his instrument, and with wonderful dexterity conveys the struggling peas to his mouth in the style most approved by Lae De Yaen, a great authority on such matters. Of course a few of the victims will escape for a time and flee across the floor, but only to be captured by an attendant after a hard chase, who soon has them impaled on the fourque and carried off in triumph to the afore mentioned orifice. A favorite pastime was the eating of that delicious fruit known as Slitsed 'Am, with simply and only the fourque as an instrument of destruction. The Haeeedurz use the nief as an assistant in the game of 'am, but the Factors scorn its use. One benefit of the exclusive use of fourque in the game of 'am was that you could play upon one piece for a full course, and it would still be intact and ready for the next comer.

Such, gentlemen, are a few characteristics of the people "There are others."

Dallusiensia.

WE would call the attention of the freshies to Peart's ad. on the last page of this number.

MCI—SH, C. C., (standing up in class)—"The muse desires me to sing.' Class tremblingly awaits the dire event.

WE recently noticed our esteemed Prof. of History in a grocery investing in *dates*. We fear he is laying in a stock for the exams.

A. H. &C., &C., M—RR—Y was recently seen entering the office of Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Poor boy!

WE would advise the sophs to make less noise in the college hall lest it too be taken down to the basement and locked up.

A NEW and valuable volume, entitled "McAskill on Class-meetings," is soon to be added to the library. Some of the rules are a bit striking, and will no doubt revolutionize procedure in college meetings. Strong efforts are also being made to secure a sister work on "Obstruction and Interruption" published by Routledge.

He had looked for her all through the halls of the Ladies College and all the satisfaction he got was,—"She seems to have disappeared, Mr. M—rr—y."

Stormy, (looking at his note-book in which he has written,—"An elipse is a flattened circle.")—That second word does't look right to me.

Voice—You have left out the *c*

Stormy (writing "An eclipse is a flattened circle"—Yes! that's better.

The race between A-d-rs-n (Philosophic) and O'B—n, mentioned in our last was not completed. Stormy learning that James Addison, &c., by bringing undue influence to bear upon certain members of the judges' committee, already obtained an earnest of the prize, gave up the contest in disgust. Pace-maker Pa, however, still presses forward, presumably running against time.

After the exhibition of calisthenics at our *sister* college recently, a great discovery was made. A couple of fair maids descried two monstrous, black-looking masses standing upon the stage. They were somewhat in the shape of rubbers, but oh, so large. One of the girls thought they were boats, the other said that they were too big for that, in fact she thought they looked like small sized barns. The last guess was right. They were *Barnes'*.

O W E D.

TO J. W. G.

The Pine Hillers swooped down like the wolf on the fold,
Armed with axes and saws like the settlers of old;
Their poor prey the fence,—no purpose at all,
Save to shorten the road thro' the woods to the Hall.

Like trees of the forest in Acadie Land,
Those pickets at even' right firmly did stand;
Like leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
Those pickets at morning lay scattered and strown.

While perfidious vandals those pickets did reap,
The sad Mail reporter his vigils did keep;
And the heart of the sleepless stopped beating, was stilled,
As the prospect of lucre him passionately thrilled.

At the president's door on the morrow he waited,
His mission with haste, but precision, was stated;
On the president's brow impressed was the frown,
That augurs expulsion from college and gown.

And the students of Dal. all protestingly rail,
As they read with dismay in the Evening Mail,
An account of that incident, distorted, untrue,
Reflecting discredit and stigma undue

Now the wrath of the Demos, great monster, has risen,
And popular fury has found deep expression;
And after it all has passed by and is gone,
There is left a sad man and a wise Morrison.

CUPID'S SONNET A LA SHAKSPERE.

There is a wondrous sophmore,
Who's noted for his piety,
At dinner he the Grace does roar,
And keeps alive society.
He's J. H. A. that singing man
Who always quotes philosophy,
Who sometimes says to love-sick Dan,
"There's something else behind thee."
He often goes to Harris Street,
And whiles away his time.
He knocked poor Cupid off his feet
Who oft went there to dine,
We wish him well in all affairs
And now we'll leave him to his fear,
(of Hebb sr.)

To Young Poets.

There was a time when I was young
I thought I saw Pegasus' wing,
And so I tuned my trembling harp,
As poets say, and strove to sing.

But now my sight has better grown;
My vision is now sharp and clear;
And what I took to be a wing
I find is but a donkey's ear.

And now this lesson I would draw
With other poets of my class,
Who think they ride on winged beasts,
Though each turns out a braying ass.

Your headstrong steeds you cannot drive,
But oft fall off upon your nose;
So since we may not soar in verse,
Let's all get off and walk,—in prose.

'Tis true that once some years ago
Love held me fast with golden chains;
And then I pranced in Cupid's yoke
While you, my charmer, held the reins.

But now I must confess my dear
I'm much more docile than before,
For many hands may guide the steed
That only you could drive of yore.

Oh yes! I own that I am changed.
You say my love goes round in whirls,
And I protest it is most firm
But broader: it includes all girls.

When first I met you and obtained
Such moving glances from your eyes,
What wonder that those looks of thine
Could fill my heart with amorous sight.

And now I find to my surprise
In other eyes the self-same light,
While smiles from other ladies fair
Can make my life both sweet and bright.

What blame to me that when I kissed
And pressed you to my throbbing breast,
I wondered if the same great joy
Would come from kissing of the rest

'Twas you that first awaked my taste,
And now for this I give you praise,
For by the knowledge thus attained
I've spent a hundred happy days.

Then chide me not with want of love,
Whate er my faults they are not such.
If any fault you have to find
'Tis only that I love too much.

And do not say I am not true
To you my first—perhaps my best.
If love is what you ask of me
I'll love you still,—among the rest.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. R Cunningham, Catherine T. Mair, Edith McG. Reid, Nora K. Mackay, R. D. Bently, M. L. Randall, M. McLean, J. Reynolds, Miss E. Ritchie, Rev. W. H. Smith, Dr. G. N. Murphy, W. V. Goodwin, N. Pratt, A. F. Buckley, M. D. McKenzie, M. G Archibald, R. A. Brehm Rev. John McMillan, A. D. McDonald, Miss Ritchie, Miss Stairs, J. C. McLeod, H. E. McEwen, M. D.—each $1. George Grant, $1.50; M ss Grant, $2. Prof. J. G. MacGregor, H. M. Strambery—each $3.

Ten numbers of the GAZETTE *are issued every Winter by the students of Dalhousie College and University.*

TERMS:

One Collegiate Year (in advance) $1 00
Single copies 10

Medical Department.

DIPHTHERIA ANTITOXIC SERUM.*

The laboratory does not furnish any more impressive experiments than those which demonstrate the power of antitoxic serum to prevent and to cure disease caused in animals by inoculation with the diphtheria bacillus or its poisons. These experiments prove beyond question that this healing serum possesses properties which are directly and powerfully antagonistic to the toxic action of this bacillus, and there is no good reason to doubt that under similar circumstances this antagonistic power, so readily, surely and uniformly demonstrable in the case of lower animals, will manifest itself also in human beings.

As regards the preparation of diphtheria antitoxic serum, probably the best method is as follows: As virulent a culture of the bacillus of diphtheria is obtained as possible. This culture is grown in large flasks containing a proper medium, the flasks being placed in an incubator and kept at a constant temperature of 37° C. until the bacilli have become very numerous, and have secreted an enormous amount of active and powerful toxin in the culture medium. When this has taken place a microscopical examination is made to see that no foreign bacteria are present, and the diphtheria toxin contaminated. If uncontaminated, an antiseptic is added to prevent contamination, and to destroy the bacillus of diphtheria. The medium, or, as it is now termed, the diphtheria toxin, is filtered to separate it from the dead diphtheria bacilli. No bacilli are therefore injected into the animals to be immunized, and they are not given diphtheria, but the toxin secreted by the bacilli. The strength of the toxin is determined by its injection into guinea-pigs, and, if it be of the desired strength a definite amount will kill the control-animal in a definite number of hours.

For the preparation of diphtheria anti-toxin any animal may be selected, but horses are preferred, because they are easily operated upon, and moreover they furnish excellent serum in liberal quantities. The finely bred horse is not suitable for immunization; being sensitive, he frets at his inactivity (for no work is performed by the animal while being immunized, only a sufficient amount of exercise being given to maintain good health), neither does he take kindly to the injection of the toxin nor the subsequent bleeding operations. The preference is given to large, compactly built animals of dark color, of quiet disposition, and in good health.

*For many of the details described in this article we are indebted to an interesting treatise on the subject published by the H. K. Mulford Company, of Philadelphia.

The primary injection of the toxin is 1 c. c., and in equal periods of from six to eight days constantly increasing amounts of the toxin are administered until in about ten or twelve weeks as great a quantity as 300 c. c. of powerful toxin may be borne with tolerance. When the injection of these large amounts is accompanied with but little elevation of temperature, and but slight œdema is manifested at the site of injection a trial-bleeding of 20 c. c. of blood is made, the blood always being taken from the jugular vein. This blood is tested, by a complicated process, and if by this time there be sufficient anti-toxin developed in it, the horse is bled a large quantity, the blood being collected in sterile bottles, and placed in a refrigerating-room for sufficient time (about twenty-four hours) until coagulation allows the clear serum, which contains the anti-toxin, to separate. This serum is drawn off with pipettes, and preserved by the addition of an antiseptic solution.

The most important step now awaits the operator—the determination of the exact strength possessed by the anti-toxin. The degree of strength is expressed in what are termed immunizing units. An immunizing unit is the amount of anti-toxic serum required to save the life of an ordinary sized guinea-pig from ten times the minimum fatal dose of diphtheria toxin. The space at our disposal will not permit us describing the method of ascertaining the strength of anti-toxin.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to arrive at the exact dose for therapeutic application by the same method, since the human subject is much more susceptible to the poison than the guinea-pig, and it is impossible to determine the amount of toxin secreted by the diphtheria bacilli in the patient suffering with diphtheria; therefore, if any error is made in the amount of anti-toxin administered, it should be its administration in excessive rather than insufficient quantity.

While anti-toxin is a delicate substance, yet, when a proper preservative in a sufficient amount is used, and it is hermetically sealed in sterile vials, it will preserve its strength and anti-toxic value for at least six months; indeed, repeated experiments prove that it retains its activity for a much longer period. It is usually supplied to physicians in bottles containing varying quantities of serum, but of a certain number of immunizing units. Serums are now produced of which each c. c. contains as much as 800 units, and it is expected that as great an amount of anti-toxic units as 1000 to the c. c. will be produced in the near future. By using a small quantity of the serum containing a large number of units, more prompt absorption will take place, insuring quicker results. Besides the attendant dread caused by the appearance of the large instruments necessary for the introduction of larger amounts of weaker serums will be avoided; 2000 units may thus be administered with an ordinary hypodermic syringe.

We do not know what action takes place in the serum of the horse producing the anti-toxin, nor do we know positively its action upon the organism of the test-animal, or the patient treated for diphtheria. The fact that the test-animals always recover under anti-toxin, while they always die with but one-tenth the amount of toxin (without anti-toxin) and the reduction in the mortality of patients ill with diphtheria, are, however, so convincing that no one can reasonably doubt its efficiency. No reason can exist for its non-payment on the ground that we do not know the nature of the changes produced by anti-toxin, for who knows the action of arsenic in anæmia, mercury as an alterative and many more of our therapeutic agents? The accepted theory of the action of anti-toxin is that it renders the living cells of the organism tolerant to the toxin liberated by the diphtheria bacilli, and by increasing this tolerance they are able to overcome these toxins and neutralize their deleterious action.

Now regarding the method of application. The dose should always be estimated in anti-toxin units, and not in amount of serum; for large children or adults, 1000 to 1500 units is an ordinary commencing dose. In proportion a large amount is deemed necessary for children of small size, on account of their great susceptibility to the disease. In ordinary cases a second injection should be given within six to twelve hours if no improvement be noted. When the case is severe, as manifested by the pulse, temperature, respiration, and other constitutional symptoms, rather than by local manifestations, it is advisable that the above doses be increesed by one-half and that a second injection be made in from four to eight hours of twice the ordinary dose. Early and vigorous dosage is to be commended, since the best results with the anti-toxic serum are secured when used in the first twenty-four or forty-eight hours of the disease, and since no ill results have been reported from over dosage. For conferring immunity 200 to 300 units should be employed, depending upon the age of the individual treated. The injections may be made whenever the skin is loose, between the scapulæ, near the hip, in the side of the abdomen, the latter being preferred, since this point is comparatively free from pressure while the patient is in bed. The site of the injection should be thoroughly scrubbed and cleansed with an antiseptic solution.

The use of diphtheria anti-toxic serum does not warrant the neglect of other therapeutic measures; one should not neglect the local lesions of the throat, any more than one would neglect to dress an ulcer after the cause had been removed. Though anti-toxin is a specific for antagonizing the poison of the diphtheria bacilli, it must be remembered that it has no action on the streptococci or staphylococci which frequently are present in true diphtheria. To destroy these germs the physician may make use of any local treatment which his experience has taught him to be of value. Concerning the use of anti-toxin in

diphtheria, H. C. Wood, Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics at the University of Pennsylvania, in a lecture at that institution delivered Feb. 20, 1896, says:

* * * "I am absolutely of the opinion that the value of the treatment has been sufficiently shown to require every conscientious physician to use anti-toxin in diphtheria, just as much as he would use quinine in malaria.

* * "A fact we are especially interested in, however, is that large numbers of physicians still believe that anti-toxin does no good in diphtheria. The reason of this, I think, is not far to seek. In the first place, as I have told you, anti-toxin cures by assisting the growth of the bacillus. If you give the anti-toxin the third day you may stop the growth of the bacillus, but every tissue of the patient's body is already poisoned unto death with toxin, and most tissues have already undergone irreparable degeneration. The child goes on to death, although you have arrested the diphtheria, because of the ravages which the disease has already produced. It does not die directly or immediately of the diphtheria, but it dies from the effects of the diphtheria. The second reason is that in bad cases of diphtheria there is more than a diphtherial infection. Right on the heels of a diphtheria, co-brethren with the Lœffler bacilli, come various streptococci, and the minute the throat becomes ulcerated you have added to the diphtherial infection, streptococcic infection, and though you do kill the Bacillus in time, the case goes on to death by streptococcus infection. It is the secondary infection which kills under these circumstances.

* * * "There are very few, if any, well observed cases of diphtheria on record in which it has been positively determined that the anti-toxin administered during the first few hours after the outbreak of the disease has failed to bring about a cure.

* * * "Our modern municipal scientific methods, notwithstanding all their laudations, are very liable to become causes of death. A case of suspected diphtheria presents itself to the practitioner; already the child has been sick, it may be, one or two days. A culture tube is prepared, sent to the municipal laboratory, examined, and the result sent back to the practitioner, who then goes to see the patient. It is very fortunate if not more than a day is lost in this way, and the loss of these hours may well mean the loss of life, for the time has elapsed during which the anti-toxin would act.

"There is no reason at present for believing that the anti-toxin used in moderate quantity does any harm when the child has not diphtheria. When, therefore, any cases present the clinical aspect of diphtheria, the anti-toxin should be used at once. For educational purposes, and for rendering definite our knowledge, the municipal laboratory is very useful; for therapeutic purposes the less attention is paid to it, probably the better for the patient.

* * * "I cannot find that there is any case on record in which a fatal result in diphtheria was fairly attributed to the anti-toxin."

A. E. SILVER. J. A. PAYZANT, LL.B.

SILVER & PAYZANT,

Barristers, Solicitors,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.

Redden Building, - HALIFAX, N. S.

W. B. WALLACE, M.P.P. A. A. MACKAY.

WALLACE & MACKAY,

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

74 BEDFORD ROW,

HALIFAX, N. S.

RITCHIE & MENGER,

Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries,

21 GEORGE STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN R. SINCLAIR. GEO. PATTERSON, M.A.

SINCLAIR & PATTERSON,

Barristers, Notaries, Etc.

77 PROVOST STREET,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

DANIEL MCNEIL. ALEX. MCNEIL, LL.B. GERALD B. TERNAN, LL.B.

MCNEIL MCNEIL & TERNAN,

Barristers, Solicitors and Conveyancers.

ROOMS 45 TO 48,

METROPOLE BUILDING, HALIFAX, N. S.

P. O. BOX 292. TELEPHONE 672.

HENRY W. C. BOAK, LL.B.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Solicitor of Patents, Copyrights, Etc.

13 BEDFORD CHAMBERS, HALIFAX.

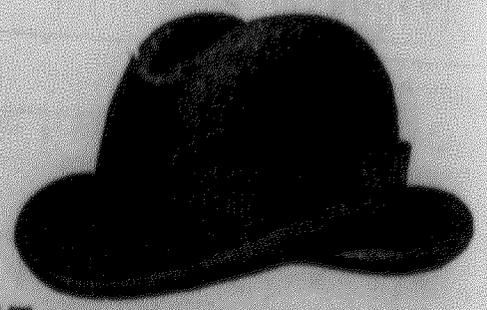
JOHN Y. PAYZANT & SON,

Barristers and Solicitors,

95 HOLLIS STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Only New Styles



AT

Richards

33 GEORGE ST.

A NEW DEGREE.

"BACHELOR OF HARDWARE."

HAVING PASSED (with some degree of success) the tests applied in the School of "Long Experience," we accept, with deference and a sense of unworthiness, the title, as above bestowed on us by some of our Dalhousie friends. We suppose it is because they find they can buy: **Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Razors, Scissors, &c. Skates, Bicycles,** (Agency for "Columbia," Waverley, &c.) **Household and Builder's Hardware, Plateware, Tools, Novelties, and Popular Priced Goods for Presents, cheaper than elsewhere in Halifax.**

CRAGG BROS. & CO.

CORNER BARRINGTON and GEORGE STS.

W. B. ROSS, Q. C. H. MELLISH, B. A., LL. B. F. F. MATHERS, LL. B

ROSS, MELLISH & MATHERS,

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

74 BEDFORD ROW, - HALIFAX, N. S

R. E. HARRIS, Q. C. W. A. HENRY, LL. B. C. H. CAHAN, LL. B.

HARRIS, HENRY & CAHAN,

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.

MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING,

21 George Street, - HALIFAX, N. S.

MATTHEW N. DOYLE, LL. B.

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office: 60 BEDFORD ROW,

HALIFAX, N. S.

R. RUSSELL, Q. C. FRANK W. RUSSELL, LL.B., LL.M.

RUSSELL & RUSSELL,

Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, &c.

52 Bedford Row, HALIFAX.

Cairo Cigarettes.

M. MELACHRINO & CO.

ARE THE

Largest Cigarette Makers in Cairo, Egypt.

And their Cigarettes are the finest in the World. TRY THEM.