

CELEBRITIES OF DIVINITY HALL.

No. 3.

"PANDITE nunc Heliconæ, Dææ, cantusque, movete"! Come down, ye muses, with both feet, for our theme is a lofty one! Guide our pencil aright while we sing of one whose exalted station demands no common strains! And if, in our guileless simplicity, we may chance to err, preserve us, we entreat thee, from the vials of his righteous indignation!

At Queen's a queer little man you may see—

A little man all in grey,

Merry and bright as a button is he,

While from care and from whiskers he's equally free.

"Ma foi, I laugh at the world"—

What a gay little man in grey!

When dealing with stars of lesser magnitude we found comparatively little difficulty in launching forth into a discussion of their respective characteristics. But now, we hesitate to exhibit any undue levity, and fear that, in the execution of our task, we may be accused of a flippancy from which our intentions are far removed. The subject under examination, we may begin by saying, is tolerably well known in the University. While, in the past few years, his finely-moulded features have not been seen in our halls and corridors as often as they might be, his name is familiar to every honest opponent of tyranny and oppression. To the chaste and timorous Freshman, who feels himself ground to earth under the iron heel of a despotic senior class, our friend proves a champion of no feeble calibre. Despising, as he does, the laws of college life, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, alter not, he boldly combats wrong-doing, whether there be against him one or one thousand. Gifted with a resistless flow of eloquence, a monumental cheek, a flexible B flat voice and the courage of his convictions, there be few who would seek in cold blood to measure swords with him. His "tout ensemble," as it were, is not impressive. Indeed, we cannot help remarking that it is a burning pity the architect who constructed him did not add a couple more stories before he took down the scaffolding. Even a mansard roof would have been preferable to the abridged tho' symmetrical structure which we daily contemplate. Still we can reflect with Bacon that tall men are like tall houses—the attic is usually empty! No. 3 affords us a living testimony to the fact that piety and pastimes go hand in hand. An ardent supporter of America's national game, our little hero may be seen on a fine summer's day, clothed in a neat but not gaudy costume of *écru* flannel, his curly locks protected from the searching rays of the sun by a fantastic sombrero of pale blue felt, and, seated on the scorer's bench at the ball grounds, recording notes of the game in a fat memorandum book and occasionally giving vent to shouts of glee as the other side "fanned out," or Ostey "slid home." And not only as a spectator does our hero shine. As shortstop he has few, if any, equals—in Divinity

hall—and we have seen him folding flies to his bosom in a manner that would drive a spider to suicide. In the political arena No. 3 is a prominent figure. Like the man with the wooden leg, he is often on the "stump," and it is when we see him in this capacity—the clenched fist of his right hand extended emphatically, his left plunged up to the shoulder in his breeches pocket, fire in his form and blood in his eye—then it is that we see him to the best advantage—then it is that we are consumed with an immense astonishment that the United States Government does not secure a bronze cast of his person and stick him up in New York harbour with a kerosene lamp in his hand in place of that knock-kneed libel on the human form that, at present, disfigures the approaches to the Yankee metropolis. A few enemies of No. 3 have ventured to couple the epithet "obstructionist" with his name, but this is a charge we feel it our duty to refute. As we have remarked before, the trifling fact that he is alone in his opinion affects No. 3 not one jot. And we claim for him a great deal of credit that he never suffers himself to be influenced by the blatant jeers of those who, exulting in their numbers, seek to reflect on his "small" minority. Upon the foibles of youthful humanity No. 3 looks with a lenient eye. He rightly considers that the road to—ah—well, a warmer climate, is not necessarily paved with Bass's "Marines" and *enchre* decks. Being somewhat of a smoker himself, he believes that the man who fearlessly purchases a plug of Myrtle Navy, in full view of the world, is as eligible for a sunny hereafter as the sad-eyed individual who holds up his hands in holy horror at the mention of tobacco and then fills his pockets with cigar-stubs when no one is looking. No. 3 regards the truly Christian man as a consistent being. The passport to grace is not wrapped up in a lengthy countenance and a six-months-in-a-hospital look. When No. 3 goes forth from Queen's he will not pose as a "Saint n'y touche." He will pose as an original, and, mark our words, he will be a "hustler."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING:

I AIN'T answering questions to-day, professor.

F. K-NG.

What's the matter with me as a chairman?

J. C. A. M-LL-R.

I pay a good deal of attention to *Elta-quette*.

D. ST-N.

Oh, who will deliver me from the snare of the—I'll wait till the clouds roll by.

O. L. K-LB-N.

Ain't it handy to have your girl next door.

A. G. H-Y.