

ing, presented a short communication on a peculiar form of galvanic battery on which he was working. This gentleman is a fellow in Physics. There is also in attendance another Canadian, a graduate of Victoria University, whose special courses are in History and Political Economy. Four compatriots greeted each other fraternally, and rejoiced that the doors of the Johns-Hopkins University were as freely open to us as to those born beneath the stars and stripes. And here I may mention that all that is offensive in the American character, especially the manners of a certain class of Americans, seemed absent—wholly wanting—in the men I met at the Johns-Hopkins University. Excepting some trifling peculiarities of speech, I would not have known that they were Americans at all, unless, indeed, by a warmth of kindliness I never in my experience have known surpassed. I find them, in a word, kindly gentlemen—not thrusting themselves upon one, but when made acquainted ready to do numerous kindnesses, and in a manner that made it appear as though they did them not. But to return to the Scientific Association. I was greatly surprised to find undergraduates, fellows and professors, all on equal terms, discussing science apparently regardless of everything except the attainment of truth. This setting aside of so-called dignity was to me a new experience, and seemed like the realization of an ideal which, in my chronology, I had placed a good way in the future, when mankind had advanced considerably in development. But, after all, is there any true dignity that is not founded on real worth? and do not students always appreciate this, whether they stand hat in hand or not? On the other hand, is it not the secret belief of many a student who lifts his hat to the holder of position, but not the

possessor of merit, that the man that expects—possibly exacts—this show of respect, is simply a pompous old fool?

One Saturday afternoon was delightfully spent with the Naturalist Club. During the fine weather it is the custom for this club to go weekly out into the country, or the vicinity of Baltimore, and work up its natural history. On this occasion we took rail to a little station six miles from the city, which brought us to the edge of a beautiful ravine. The party comprised Professors Martin, Brooks, and Sedgwick, several graduates, and some undergraduates. Upon reaching the exploring ground, the party separated a little, the better to attain the end each division of scientists had in view. For myself, I kept mostly with the people that looked after living things higher in the scale than plants, and I have a most pleasant and lively recollection of the patient study by Professor Brooks and his followers of the peculiar habits of some colonies of ants; and before all was over, I began to think with Mark Twain or the *Danbury News* man (I forget which), that the ant was an over-praised insect. In fighting, at least, they seem to rival Homer's heroes of old. Here again was the delightful mingling of student with professor,—no enforced reserve,—yet no lack even in the forms of respect. In speaking of lectures, I omitted to make mention of the teacher of Chemistry, Professor Remsen. But certainly neither in England nor in this country have I heard any lecturer who seemed to me to combine in a more eminent degree the qualities that make the entertaining lecturer and the successful teacher. There was perfect clearness and great simplicity, combined with elegant and scientific diction. He not only gets his ideas into the minds of others, but throws so strong a light upon them, so to speak, that the impression must be