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STAFF:

E. H. BRITTON, - *Managing Editor.*

EDITING COMMITTEE:

Arts—S. W. DYDE, M.A. JOHN MILLER, '84.

W. J. KIDD, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

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author of any article, whether local or literary.

JUST as we go to press the gratifying intelligence reaches us of the victory of our football team in Toronto and its consequent retention of the Association championship. A full account of the match will appear in our next issue.

THE history of the Faculty of Law in connection with Queen's is susceptible of easy epitomisation. Born about 1860, it fell into a state of coma in 1864, returned to partial consciousness in 1880 and died peacefully three years later. Probably a resurrection will not be attempted.

THE hero of the incident related below was not a graduate of Queen's:

"An old medical friend of ours, having occasion to leave his country practice for a few days, engaged as his *locum tenens* a young fellow just fresh from college. Upon his return he enquired of young Sawbones what fresh cases had come in.

"Oh, nothing of importance," was the reply, "except a birth."

"And how did you succeed with that?"

"Well, the woman died, and the child died, but I think I'll save the old man yet!"

WE call the attention of the graduates and alumni among our readers to the notice of the Registrar of the University Council, which is to be found on the last page of this issue. By it, it will be seen, voting-papers will be sent only to those who apply to him for them. The retiring members are seven in number, and are eligible for re-election. Their names are to be found on the same page as the notice.

MORE than fifty per cent. of the students in all departments of the four leading American Universities are said to be avowed Agnostics, and, it is added, the percentage is even higher in some of the less prominent institutions. We don't know who is responsible for these figures and are inclined to doubt their correctness. In Canada at all events infidelity has not nearly so strong a hold.

MANY and various are the stories told of the eccentric habits of work adopted by authors and journalists, but none are quite so strange as those related by Mr. Delane, of Stepniok, the Russian novelist and statesman. When in the mood for writing, it is said, he goes to bed at midnight, rises about two, and works until noon without any intermission whatever. Then he sleeps for about four hours after which he again works until midnight. He keeps this up usually for four or five days, and the two days following are spent in almost continuous sleep. During his working period he eats scarcely anything but drinks great quantities of the strongest and blackest tea.

THE publication of the last volume of the Carlyle Memoirs with the vast amount of gossip, comment and anecdote to which that event has given rise, recalls a paragraph which appeared in an American paper shortly after the first fruits of Mr. Froude's labor were given to the public. The "skit" in question was not as widely quoted as some others much less deserving, and possibly it will be new to many of our readers. In any event, we are sure they will forgive us for bringing it to their notice:—"A communication from Carlyle in the spirit land to our special medium: 'Tell that wretched creature Froude that had I known he was sic a meeserable hugger-mugger eejit he wad never hae seen any remineesinces o' mine. There are several meelion speerits up here—maistly fules.'"

THE Minister of Education is evidently anxious to distinguish himself in the work of University Reform. He has held two conferences with the heads of Queen's, Toronto, Victoria and Trinity, the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the four Universities being invited to meet him at the education office and discuss the situation. The one official apparently excepted was the Chancellor of Toronto, in whose stead the President of University College was invited. Besides the eight representatives of the Universities, the Principals of three Divinity Halls in Toronto, and the heads of two literary institutes affiliated to Toronto, Woodstock and St. Michael's were requested to be present. Those fourteen gentlemen are to meet again next month, and we are sagely informed that when they have agreed upon a plan it will be given to the public. Being in the prophetic mood, we are inclined to affirm that if the public must wait till such a consummation is reached, the public will be wise not to be in a hurry, If asked to fix a date, we should say the Greek Kal-

ends. Should it be a year earlier, Mr. Ross will certainly be the Archon Eponymas of that memorable year, and meanwhile, if the friends of Queen's are wise, they will go on lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, without reference to conferences that are trying to square the circle.

THERE are in Ontario eight or nine hundred students in Arts, and between one and two hundred who have finished their Arts course and are now studying Divinity. Let us have one college for the eight hundred and six or seven colleges for the one hundred and odd, exclaim the friends of Toronto University. How easy it must be to teach classics and mathematics; how difficult to teach theology. It is of no consequence how many Freshmen are in a class, but don't put more than from ten to thirty Divinity students under one Professor. We would have thought that a wise man would have recommended an opposite course. Divinity students are usually graduates, and it is as easy to lecture to a hundred as to lecture to ten. Would it not be more in accordance with educational necessities to have four or five well equipped Arts Colleges in Ontario, and at the most two or three Divinity Halls?

WHY is it that in Ontario, the largest, by far the most populous, supposed to be the wealthiest and most intelligent Province in the Dominion, so little is given voluntarily to develop our Universities? One Nova Scotian, Mr. George Munro, has given to Dalhousie College about four hundred thousand dollars, whereas the utmost sum given to any University in Ontario, is thirty thousand dollars given by one donor to Victoria, whereas the contributions to all our Universities put together would not greatly exceed Mr. Munro's benefactions, which we ought to say have been given un-

asked and in his lifetime. Montreal is ahead of us as well as Halifax. McGill was founded by one citizen and is being steadily enriched by others. Redpath, McDonald, Molson and others have done much for the Faculty of Arts, and D.A. Smith has broken out magnificently in two new spots, the Medical Faculty and Higher Education for Women. It is indeed said that Senator McMaster having built a Divinity Hall for the Baptist Church, intends to go on better by endowing an Arts College with three or four hundred thousand dollars. This would doubtless stir up some of our old friends to make a beginning towards that quarter of a million that the Principal pointed out clearly two years ago to be required to equip Queen's fully. In the meantime, the work actually done in Queen's, in proportion to her means, is simply amazing. We believe that if her friends understood the situation, they would not delay longer, but would at once organize a new Endowment fund.

THE FOUNDATION OF PARTY GOVERNMENT.

"Judge Armour—The foundation of party government is bribery, is it not? Men are party men for the spoils. They support the Government for the time for the sake of the spoils. If a man "kicks," and gives an independent vote against the party, he loses their patronage, does he not? Is not bribery the corner stone of party government?"

Mr. Stephen Richards—I think it is."

WE have culled the above extract from the report in the *Toronto Globe* of Dec. 5th, of the proceedings in the conspiracy case. A Judge and an ex-Minister should know something of the party system, and so far as we have seen the party organs have not even protested against their description. Unless then bribery is legal, honorable and purifying we are living under an illegal, dishonorable, corrupt and corrupting system, and yet men are told that unless they belong to one party or the other, they are not patriotic. We are asked, what else is possible but party government? That is equivalent to the question asked by the thief, the adulterator, "must I

not live?" "I don't see the necessity," answered stout Samuel Johnson. When party means organization to effect a given Reform it is all right. When it means, as it usually does, organization to keep a certain set of men in power, it is all wrong. The party as a means to a right end. That is common sense. Rest in it as an end, as is usually done. That is idolatry.

A SUGGESTION.

IT MUST already have become apparent to the members of our Rugby Football Club, that they, in common with other University Clubs, labor under a very great disadvantage under the present system of Association ties. It is not possible for them to get together for practice until the middle of October at the earliest, and by that time all the other teams, except those from the colleges, have already worked into pretty good shape for the season's play, and the first set of ties is a thing of the very near future. The result is, that the club enters into the first match with really no team practice at all, the chances being that about half the men have not been upon the field half-a-dozen times. The opposing team has the advantage of long practice, and the consequence is, that unless the University men are markedly superior to the opponents, they lose all chance for the cup.

We do not for a moment impute this to any fault in the management of the ties by the Association Committee; the University Clubs are in the minority, and cannot expect the matches to be delayed for their benefit, and yet it is an indisputable fact that there is a weakness, and that too one which does a great injustice to an important section of the association. Wherein lies the remedy?

Clearly there is a remedy, and a simple one too. To come to the point at once, it is this: Let the Association be divided into

two sections, one of which will be comprised of University Clubs alone, and let these sections have distinct sets of ties, the final winner in each to play for the championship. Then the ties for the University section can be delayed without effecting the interest of the other clubs. The only objection which can be raised to this scheme is not a very important one. It will cause a certain amount of inconvenience in bringing together the competing clubs, and consequently more travelling expenses, but this is a very small matter compared with the benefits to be gained.

If something of the kind is not done shortly, the inevitable consequence must be a secession of the University Clubs from the main body of the Association. This we would be sorry to see, though we must admit that it would be preferable to the present state of affairs. We trust our representatives will bring the matter before the notice of the Association at its annual meeting, which takes place before long.

→*POETRY.*←

MEDITATION OF A HINDU SCEPTIC.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps
of a God?

Westward across the ocean, and northward ayont the snow,
Do they stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest
know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree tops, or the gusts of
a gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks
are seen,

Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may
the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open and over the censer swings,
As they to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient
kings;

And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of
the hills,

Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot
that kills;

Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand
unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to
a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns
hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the
twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain
crest,
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a
rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful
guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the moun-
tain side,
For ever the shot strikes surely, and over the wasted
breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient
name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who
died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are
spirits who guard our race—
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of mut-
tering priests,
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the silence? hath even a
whisper come
Of the secret—Whence and whither? Alas! for the gods
are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from
the uttermost sea?

"The secret hath been told to you and what is your
message to me?"

It is nought but the wide-world story how the earth and
the heavens began,

How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was
man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers
of India dwell,

Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the
earth with a spell,

They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured
the unknown main—"

Sadly turn from the venture, and find that the quest
is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and when shall the
dreamer awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the
mirror break?

Shall it pass, as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is
gathered and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning
are level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the hail and
the levin are hurled,

But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the
rolling world?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to
silence and sleep

With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices
of women who weep.

PROF. GOODWIN'S LECTURE

**On Alchemy, Delivered on the Evening of University Day,
Oct. 16th, in Convocation Hall.**

Mr. Chancellor, Gentlemen of Convocation, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is usual for the speaker on university day to address you on some subject connected with that which he professes in the university. I shall not depart from the custom. The study of the earlier stages of growth of a science, as of an animal or a plant, reveals those peculiarities of origin and structure which have given the mature science its characteristics. The history of science is a most attractive one. It is the history of man's efforts to pierce the dark clouds of mystery which enveloped, and still obscure, the physical world. In the infancy of the race a man whose intellect was a century in advance of his time, questioned nature, got startling answers, excited the amazement of his kind, and became a magician. Another, mapping out the heavens and tracing the mazy paths of the "wanderers" there, heard coming to him, as the waves from the infinity of space, the "music of the spheres," and telling how this music sweeps across the tense chords of human life, throwing them into sympathetic and ever-varying vibrations, Astrology was born. Then some peering mortal looked close at Protean matter, tortured it into new and wonderful forms, dreamed of dull lead changing into glowing gold, told of an *elixir vitae*, renewing the youth of all who drank of it, and brought Alchemy to life. Magic gave rise to Natural Philosophy, experimental physics. Astrology developed into the exact Science, Astronomy. Alchemy gave birth to Chemistry and Mineralogy. It is of Alchemy in its relations to Chemistry that I would speak to you. The word Alchemy is very significant. The prefix "al" takes us away back to that age in which the Arabs took kindly to a civilized life, and brought their keenness of vision and clearness of thought to bear upon the sciences and arts. It was a golden age.

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free,
In the silken sail of infancy."

The infancy of civilization.

"A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

The rest of the word is, in all probability, derived from the ancient name of Egypt "Cham" or "Ham." Thus, Alchemy and her daughter Chemistry come to us from the land of the sphinx and the pyramids, veiled in all the sweet mystery of the "Arabian Nights." Alchemy was *The Chemistry*, and had for its aim two things: (1) The transmutation of

THE BASER METALS INTO GOLD

and (2) the discovery of a marvellous potion which could confer corporeal immortality on the drinkers of it. These were the articles of the Alchemist's faith, and visionary though they were, they led him in his search to the discovery of a thousand valuable facts, so that out of Alchemy came Pharmacy, Chemistry and Metallurgy. The Alchemist had certain traditions woven into his creed, traditions of the origin of his art. The art of making gold; according to these traditions, date almost from the beginning of the history of man. It was not a human invention but was communicated to mankind by the angels, whether of light or darkness it is not stated. This legend is interwoven with that passage of the Bible which tells us that the sons of God "took to themselves wives from among the daughters of men." It is assumed that these sons of God were angels who thus abandoned

heaven and taught the human race among other things the art of making gold. Hermes Trismegistus figures largely in alchemical legends. Ages after the flood a woman Sarah, found in a cove near Hebron a dead body, still intact and holding in its hands an emerald tablet on which were engraven thirteen sentences in the Phoenecian language. They were:

"The words of the secrets of Hermes Trismegistus.

"1. I speak not fictitious things, but what is true and most certain.

"2. What is below is like that which is above, and what is above is even as that which is below, to accomplish the miracles of one thing.

"3. As all things were produced by the meditation of one Being, so all things were produced from this one thing by adaptation.

"4. Its father is *Sol*; its mother is *Luna*; the Earth is its nurse.

"5. It is the cause of all perfection throughout the whole world.

"6. Its power is perfect, if it be changed into earth."

"7. Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, acting prudently and with judgment.

"8. Ascend from earth to heaven, and then again descend to the earth, and unite the powers of things superior and things inferior. Thus you will possess the glory of the whole world, and all obscurity will fly far away from you.

"9. This thing has more fortitude than fortitude itself; because it will overcome every subtle thing, and penetrate every solid thing.

"10. From this the world was formed.

"11. Hence proceed wonderful things which are of this nature.

"12. For this reason I am called Hermes Trismegistus, because I possess three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.

"13. What I had to say about the workings of the sun is completed."

This was the oracle of the alchemists. In its obscurity they discovered all knowledge. Taking these sentences as texts they elaborated wonderful sermons on the properties of things, theories of the constitution of matter, and processes for making the potent philosopher's stone and *elixir vitae*. This philosopher's stone was to be the finger of Midas turning all to gold. It was this golden vision which inspired the alchemist in his trying and laborious experiments. With keen, eager eyes,

DEEP SET IN A WAN FACE.

sharpened by midnight toil and disappointed hope, he bent over the glowing crucible, stirring, varying the ingredients, pushing the fierce heat to a yet brighter rage, and noting with intense anxiety the slightest changes in appearance. Many changes were observed, and often the addition of a powder brought out the yellow flash of gold, but the gold was only gold in its glitter. Many tales are told of the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and processes are given for its preparation. These are all clothed in mystical language, so that it is impossible to translate them. Here is one process taken from a tract ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus,—"*Tractatus aureus de Lapidis Physici Secretis*." "Take of moisture an ounce and a half; of meridional redness, that is the soul of the sun, a fourth part, that is half an ounce; of yellow seyr likewise half an ounce; and of auripigmentum a half ounce, making in all three ounces. Know that the vine of wise men is extracted in threes, and its wine at last completed in thirty." No doubt if a modern chemist could obtain a little 'soul of the sun' the philosopher's stone would soon be discovered. Many strange stories are told of mysterious travellers who produced supplies of gold by equally mysterious

operations in crucibles. One of these will suffice to show the easy credulity of men on this subject even at a late period. This story is given by Magnetis on the authority of an English Bishop, who told him the tale about 1685 at the same time giving him a piece of the gold. A stranger, mealy dressed, came to Mr. Boyle, and after conversing for some time about chemical processes, requested him to furnish him with antimony and some other common metallic substance, which then fortunately happened to be in Mr. Boyle's laboratory. These were put into a crucible, which was then placed in a melting furnace. As soon as these metals were fused the stranger showed a powder to the attendants which he projected into the crucible and instantly went out, directing the servants to allow the crucible to remain in the furnace until the fire went out of its own accord, and promising at the same time to return in a few hours. But, as he never fulfilled this promise, Boyle ordered the cover to be taken off the crucible, and found that it contained a yellow colored metal possessing all the qualities of pure gold and only a little lighter than the weight of the materials originally put into the crucible. The Arabian Alchemists considered the elements as under

THE CONTROL OF SPIRITUAL BEINGS,

(recalling the Clerk Maxwell's "demons") which could be influenced by human means; and all the wealth of the oriental imagination was brought into play to picture races of Genii and Gnomes who wrought magic for the delight of mortals. These Arabs were conquerors, they felt the delight of power. Having become suddenly possessed of abundance they acquired an extravagant idea of the power of gold in giving happiness. It seemed as if with unlimited gold and eternal youth this earth might become once more a paradise. But the Alchemists did not waste all their time in vain dreaming. It is easy to see how the pursuits of these two phantoms, the Philosopher's stone and *elixir vitae*, would lead to advancement in the science of chemistry and medicine. The very doctrine of transmutation was a theory of chemistry,—a theory which has reappeared more than once since chemistry became a science. The possibility of changing the baser metals to gold was deduced from the old theory of certain elements or principles out of which all matter is formed. "Fire," "air," "earth," and "water," or later "sulphur," "salt," and "mercury," were the elements. Not the substances themselves but refined principles having the properties which distinguish "fire" and the rest. But the human mind is not satisfied until it reaches unity. These *four elements* of Empedocles were held to be the *manifestations of one primitive substance*, the essence of all things. This unity had been imagined earlier by Thales, reappeared in a modified form at the beginning of this century as Prout's Hypothesis, only to be thrown aside as untenable. But now again the same idea has forced itself upon the attention of chemists and certain phenomena observed with the spectroscope and by means of modern vapour density apparatus seems to point to that fundamental unity in the constitution of matter for which the mind longs. If all substances are merely different arrangements of the same universal element, transmutation is possible; but we may never realize the conditions. It is not unusual now-a-days to see ridicule thrown upon these old theories of the constitution of matter. This is unjust and shows a presumptuous shallowness on the part of those who thus decry the "old things." Dr. Samuel Brown, in his "Alchemy and the Alchemists," treats the subject differently. "Thales of Miletus originated the conception that *water* is the first principle of things. He inculcated the dogma that water is the one substantial or underlying essence, of which the rest of nature is but the manifold expression. Water was represented in his system as the

sole and primeval matter, convertible, and actually converted, by some plastic power, into the thousand-and-one familiar creatures in the universe; now into this one, and now into that; now into wood, and now into stone; now into the grass of the fields, and now into the body of man itself. Nor does this doctrine appear to be fanatical, when one reflects how rocks and salts can be extracted by mere boiling and evaporation not only out of the sea, but also from the most insipid of lakes and streams, and even from rain. It is not yet beyond the memory of man that Lavoisier was careful to distil water backwards and forwards in an alembic for many long days and nights together, in order to settle the question whether water were actually convertible into earthly matter. It is not fifty years (seventy now) since Davy conducted his celebrated experiments on the electrolysis of water by means of the galvanic current, with very much the same object in view. It is, accordingly, easy to perceive that the ceaseless circulation of the liquid element from the ocean into the air, and through the air again to the earth, in dews and mists and rains, only to run once more from springs and streams and lakes and rivers, down to the ocean whence it rose, must have impressed the youthful science of ancient and imaginative times with the supreme importance of water in the economy of creation. But this contemplation of nature as one vast alembic for the revolution of that beautiful and life-like creature, was not the only motive to its exaltation as the best and first of things in the mind of Thales. The marvellous effects of moisture in its varying forms of river, rain and dew, in covering the hills, the valleys, and the plains with verdure, during the flushing spring of Asia Minor and the Archipelago, to say nothing of the indispensable necessity of water not only to vegetation, but also to animal vitality itself, must have gone deeper still into the thoughts of those venerable seers who were first visited by the

INQUISITIVE SPIRIT OF WONDER.

Willing to forget the moon and all sublunary science I have stood beside the sea a whole year round and abandoned myself to its first impressions in the spirit of antique faith and awe. It moved forever at my feet, now driving me before it, and then drawing me after it, its everlasting voices in my ear. One day it murmured about my steps, kissing the brown earth, never weary of kissing the softened beach; another it was testy as a great wayward child, and chid the world the livelong day; on a third it was as angry as a brawling woman, and chafed along the shore; another time it panted and heaved and lashed like a hundred orators arousing the nations with their ire. Anon it swelled and roared, like an assailing host, or an infuriated people; and again it thundered responsive to the heavens, flashing back flash for flash, reflecting an infernal blackness upon the chaos of the falling sky. Its varieties of expression were as many as the days of the year, and far more; but always it was moved from its very inmost. It never lay still; it could not be at rest; it could not get away from itself. In vain it threw up spray and vapour and clouds; they returned to its unresting bosom through unerring channels. They went and they came as surely as it ebbed and flowed. They and it were always one and all nature was penetrated by the unity. Wherever it touched, living things sprang into being, plants, animals, and man; only to be resolved into the mighty organism of the waters when their lives were done. The ocean, reaching down to Hades and stretching beyond the clouds was the very blood of nature,—"the blood which is the life." Blind to sun, moon and stars, insensible to the firm earth on which I stood, and deaf to the solicitations of the air and all its winds, I was lost in the contemplation of what seemed more alive than they; and then I understood how the

first-born of the wise-men of old pronounced the great deep to be at once the womb and the grave, the beginning and the end of all created things!" "This conception of one aboriginal source of all visible things is a scientific statement of the poetic myth which pictures Proteus as the solitary and God-begotten shepherd, eternally driving innumerable herds and flocks of all kinds of creatures before him." The idea is as old as the hills and as new as this moment. It is a part of us. It came down in a modified form from the Grecians to the Arabian Alchemists of the eighth and following centuries. It suggested to them the possibility of transmuting baser metals into gold and silver, and this led them on the path to an accurate metallurgy. They saw how the vernal showers renewed the youth of the grass, trees, and flowers; and they imagined a more subtle liquid, a fiery essential elixir, which should give eternal youth to mankind. With this thought to lead them on they wrought at the discovery and preparation of medicines, and pharmacy was founded. It must not be supposed that every chemical operation conducted by these alchemists had for its aim the discovery of the elixir vitae or the philosopher's stone. They believed in these substances and hoped that they might be discovered. "They toiled away at the art of making many medicines out of the various mixtures and reactions of the few chemicals at their command. They were a race of hard-working, scientific artisans, with their pestles and mortars, their crucibles and furnaces, their alembics and aludels, their vessels for infusion, for decoction, for cohobation, sublimation, fixation, lixiviation, filtration, precipitation, coagulation, and bothations of every sort. Many a new body they found; many a useful process they invented; many a good thing they did." Adapting from Dr. Brown "the chief and remarkable difference between these excellent Arabian doctors and modern followers of the art of Galen consisted perhaps, in the circumstance, that they had a kind of scientific religion over their sweating heads. They believed in the transmutation, in the first matter, and in the correspondence of the metals with the planets, to say nothing of potable gold; whereas their modern counterparts see through every species of humbug liver-pads, electric belts, St. Joseph's Oil, spirometers, *et hoc genus omne*."

The labours of the Alchemists were not always appreciated by the initiated of their own time, nor even by those of later times. The earliest of the Arabian Alchemists of whom we have a record is Geber who wrote the treatise "Summa Perfectionis"—the Height of Perfection,—which treatise, however, was so little intelligible to later readers that, according to Dr. Johnson, the name of its author has become a term of reproach in the word *Gibberish*.

Still it is evident from the records of the Mahommedan dynasties of the eighth and following centuries that

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE,

(and along with it pharmacy) was a popular study. We read that the Caliph Almanzor founded a *medical college* in the city of Bagdad, and that this college became so celebrated that it drew within its courts as many as six thousand students. Extensive laboratories were fitted up and in these the students were taught the art of preparing medicines. From that time onward the infant science of chemistry was considered as part of that of medicine, and it is only in later days that it has been erected into a separate and self-sustained science. In the old days the physicians were often the best educated men of their time. The amount of study and travel necessary for the education of a good physician in the middle ages would appeal any modern candidate for the doctor's degree in medicine. They thought themselves ill-prepared to experiment on their fellow creatures until they had studied all sciences kindred to that of medicine. To do

this to the best advantage they were obliged to travel over all Europe and often a part of Asia. But that was nothing to these ardent seekers of truth. Would that this spirit of study and research were more common in our day and among our doctors! It was groping in the dark for Geber, Avicenna, Albertus Magnus, Basil Valentine, and their successors, but they did a great work. Their zeal advancing their science was untriting. The Moors brought alchemy with them into Spain, whence it spread over civilized Europe. Returning crusaders also brought among their strange treasures this strangest of arts. Some of the most ardent students of alchemy in later days were found in Germany and Holland. Grotesque, weird figures they were, for the most part a race of brawny inquisitors of nature, inspired by ideas great enough to enable them to live aside from the world, if not above it, on the one hand, and to do a good day's work for the world, on the other. From Roger Bacon of the 13th century to Paracelsus of the 16th, these European alchemists wrought, until the half-mystical alchemy became the matter-of-fact chemistry. After the time of Paracelsus, who died in 1541, alchemists separated into two classes, or rather there were no true alchemists, Paracelsus being the last of that hard-working, nature-torturing, mystery-loving race. Henceforward the loyal followers after truth relegated the mysteries to the far off, fast disappearing cloud-land into which they, not often, gazed with regretful longing, but only for a moment. The Elixir of life and the Philosopher's stone became to them as the fairy tales of childhood, and who does not regret his loss of faith in fairies, gnomes, kelpies and brownies? Alchemy became chemistry, and this science was cultivated, most assiduously by physicians as a means of increasing the number and efficiency of their weapons against disease and death. But there were still pseudo alchemists who used the art in order to impose on the credulity of the ignorant. They were men who moved about Europe with the philosopher's stone in their pockets and yet (*mirabile dictu!*), they remained poor and disreputable-looking. They were willing to sell their great secret for a few pounds, and found people dense enough to buy the receipt for making gold, not asking themselves why the chemists did not use their receipt instead of *selling* it. There are many modern representatives of these imposters and their dupes. It is needless to mention them. Roger Bacon was the greatest of the alchemists. His enlightened genius enabled him to see far in advance of his generation. He studied in Oxford and then in Paris. His education was encyclopaedic. Thomson, in his "History of Chemistry," tells us that he was a great linguist, familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Arabic. He was also a grammarian; was well versed in the theory and practice of perspective; he understood the uses of convex and concave glasses, and the art of making them. The camera obscura, burning glasses, and the powers of the telescope were known to him. He was well versed in geography and astronomy. He knew the great error in the Julian calendar, assigned the cause and proposed the remedy. He understood chronology well, was a skilful physician, and an able mathematician, logician, metaphysician and theologian. Add to these his love for chemical experiments and I have no doubt you will sympathize with his fellow friars who, according to one historian, attempted to poison him. Doubtless they concluded that if they did not poison him, he would in the end poison them. But in all soberness, the good Friar Bacon was

A MARTYR FOR SCIENCE.

The power over nature which his knowledge of experimental physics enabled him to exercise brought down on him accusations of magic, necromancy, and other absurdities,

although he had written "de Nullitate Magiae," and had thrown ridicule upon such arts. He was imprisoned repeatedly and haunted almost to the day of his death. Envy of his great learning, and attempts made by him to expose the ignorance and corruption of certain of the clergy, added to the virulence of his persecution. He died in 1284 or 1285. With all his great love for the practical, the good Friar was a believer in the transmutation of the baser metals into gold. He also firmly believed in the elixir of life, and told of an old farmer of Sicily who ploughed up a golden phial filled with a yellow liquor. This liquor he drank off, and immediately he was transformed into a handsome youth. Roger Bacon was perhaps the first student of experimental science who gave due weight to observation and experiment. He emancipated the intellect from the vicious circles of Greek Philosophy, which had for so many hundred years excluded experimental science. He worked with grand ideals and small means upon an obdurate and unbroken soil, while we stand on the fields ploughed by him and the other great men of old, armed with an elaborate instrumentation, and too often guided by ideals which savour more of the shop than of the universe. Following Roger Bacon came Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Raymond Lully an enthusiastic missionary and reformer, Basil Valentine, and then Paracelsus. Philippus Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastus Paracelsus ab Hohenheim; so was he self-styled. His real name was Theophrastus Bombastus. He was as strong-headed as Bacon, as inventive as Albertus Magnus, as indomitable as Lully, and as mighty an enthusiast as Basil Valentine, but he lacked the truthfulness of character which animated all his predecessors. He was carried away on the frothy crest of a huge wave of popularity, and that wave broke on the shores of failure and receding drew him under. Born with the sixteenth century he shook off the bonds of authority which Galen, Avicenna, and their followers had imposed on the medical science to its great hurt, and although in a wild, irregular way, yet with lasting benefit to both medicine and chemistry, he lectured, experimented and boasted, to the end of his half-spent days. His education was very irregular, and very deficient, and it is doubtful if he ever took a university course. He travelled much and increased his stock of knowledge by contact with the great medical men of his day. He says himself that he "drew much precious information from old women, gipsies, conjurors, and chemists," a category not very flattering to old women and chemists! He never read books; and boasted that his whole library consisted of six sheets! He was appointed professor of chemistry in the University of Bale in 1527. Inaugurating his course by publicly burning the books of Galen and Avicenna, he drew around him crowds of enthusiastic students, who heard for the first time lectures delivered in their own language, instead of in Latin. His assurance knew no bounds. He told of the wonderful cures wrought by his medicines, and called upon the whole German nation to hear him and follow in his footsteps. Yea, the whole world was to look unto him. "Me, ye shall follow, you Avicenna, you Galen, you Rhazes, you Montagna, you Mesue. I shall not follow you, but you shall follow me. You, I say, you inhabitants of Paris, you inhabitants of Montpelier, you Suevi, you Miseniensians, you inhabitants of Cologne, you of Vienna; all you whom the Rhine and the Danube nourish, you who inhabit the islands of the sea; you also Italy, Dalmatia, Athens, you Greek, you Arabian, you Israelite, I shall not follow you, but you shall follow me. I am beyond dispute the greatest physician among the Germans." Is it any wonder that we of to-day call such boasting *bombast*? His arrogance led him into trouble, drew such a whirl-

wind of opposition about his head that he was blown out of Bale. He wandered about, now raised to some responsible position and winning great renown by remarkable cures, now driven out into the world again by some extravagant freak, until at last, having

GIVEN WAY TO DEBAUCHERY,

he died in a tavern at the age of forty-eight. He was the last of the alchemists, and the most practical of the race. He says the true use of chemistry is not to make gold but to prepare medicine. Believing in the elixir of life he was led to seek for it in the essences of vegetable and mineral matters. His theory of substance was that of Empedocles modified. All substances are forms or manifestations of the four elements. These four elements have a quintessence common to them all, and of which they are the manifestations or embodiments. The elixir vitae is to be found by searching among the essences of things, by extracting from plants and mineral substances the principles which render them active as medicines. Thus originated the method of extraction which has produced such valuable medicines as quinine, morphine, veratrine, strychnine, and a hundred others. These substances produced in a marvellously intensified degree the effects of the plants from which they were extracted. They were the essential principles of these plants. A substance *alcohol*, common to all wines and liquors, could be obtained directly from these. It was so potent that the smallest quantities produced the exhilaration so characteristic of the effects of these. It was to Paracelsus the quintessence of intoxicating liquors. It burned like fire in his veins. It sent bright, gorgeous images sweeping through his brain. He grasped the whole world in his hand,—the secret of eternal youth,—but it was all a vapour, and jaded, older instead of younger, he sought elsewhere for the great elixir. In looking back over the lives and labours of the alchemists one is impressed with the peculiar influence of the search after gold. The first effect was to stimulate research, experiment, and industrious study; for was it not a noble object to find for mankind the source of universal wealth and happiness? Thus, this great impulse drove apart the gold seekers into two companies. The true alchemists were noble men for whom the science became almost a religion. They devoted their lives,—their all,—to it, 'making the search for gold a search for golden truth.' In the words of Lord Bacon "they were like those husbandmen who, in searching for a treasure supposed to be hidden in their land, by turning up and pulverising the soil rendered their land fertile; in seeking for brilliant impossibilities they sometimes discovered useful realities." And this characteristic of the work done by chemists has not been confined to the infancy of the science. While advance has been made, principally by methodical and well-directed research, happy accidents have brought fame and wealth to men who were groping in the dark, or chasing shadows. Perkin in trying to make quinine discovered the rich mine of colours and flavours in coal-tar, and laid the foundation for that industry which has driven out of the fields nearly all natural coloring matters and has contributed to the pantry essences which cannot be distinguished from those of the fruits themselves. We may contrast with this the discovery of a method of manufacturing indigo from coal-tar products. As everybody knows, indigo is obtained from the juice of a tree, and when pure is costly. Baeyer, of Munich, has spent fully a quarter of a century of his life in trying to obtain indigo by an artificial process. Little by little he got at the secret of the

STRUCTURE OF THE INDIGO MOLECULE

and then he had a guide to direct him in his efforts to

build up the substances. Year after year he added to his knowledge of the allied substances, until at last he succeeded in forming indigo in small quantities. But his task was not ended. He must improve his processes so as to render *manufacture* of the substance possible and paying. This he has done. His life-long labours have been at last rewarded by success. Patience and perseverance could not have a more striking illustration than this quarter of a century of toil. Chemists are still the hard-working devotees of the science described so quaintly by Dr. Samuel Brown. Instances might be multiplied of this methodical search for a path pointed out clearly by that fruitful theory on which modern chemistry rests. But it does not *rest*. It is ever rising and expanding. New facts brought to light necessitate continual modifications in the theory. These modifications suggest new paths in which to pursue investigation and so *ad infinitum*. In the hands of chemists the molecular theory of matter has certainly been one of the most powerful levers ever devised by man for prying open the great secrets of nature. Without this theory chemistry would be a mere heterogeneous assemblage of facts, and the great advances, especially in organic chemistry, would have been simply impossible. Those unacquainted with the science do not understand the immense practical importance of the molecular theory in guiding and suggesting experiment. Baeayer's labour would have been fruitless had he not been able to *imagine*, to picture to himself the constitution of the ultimate particle of indigo. Every chemist who is an ardent lover of his science pierces more deeply into matter than the most powerful microscope. He sees there the whirl and clash of microcosms,—a universe of almost unimaginable minuteness of dimensions, and rapidity of motion. He sees a system with a central sun of carbon atoms and clustered planets of Hydrogen and other atoms. He pictures the position of each planet in this system—present vividly *in his imagination*, and then he sets himself the task of producing such a system artificially. And this is the scientific use of the imagination, an instrument so much abused by the alchemists and earlier chemists. The alchemists delighted in mystery,—allowed their imaginations to run riot through our planetary system; finding a bond between the sun and lustrous gold, between gloomy Saturn and dull lead; or peopling chemical substances with myriads of controlling spirits, explaining all mysteries by shrouding them in deeper mysteries. They tortured facts into subservience to theory instead of making their theories express and explain all the well-established facts.

This chapter of the history of science well repays study. There is to me something pathetic in these gropings of the awakening intellect after truth. Viewed in the brilliant light of this century the pictures left for us are mere grotesque school-boy drawings, bare angular misrepresentations, but we look upon them as one looks upon the rude first attempts of some hand that has "lost its cunning." Their very *faults* are dear to us, and often some bold curve or strong upward stroke reveals to us the bright genius that strove in that far off shadowy age.

R. J. MACLENNAN, B.A., '84, was admitted to the Law Society in October, and is studying with Messrs. Mowat, Macleennan, Downey and Langton.

The thanks of every member of the Alma Mater Society and every one interested in the success of the JOURNAL are due to Mr. Herald for the prompt and courteous way in which he relieved the temporary financial embarrassment under which the business managers of the paper were laboring. His kindness ought not to be forgotten.

HOLIDAY JOTTINGS.

A STUDENT'S TRIP TO MUSKOKA.

SOMEWHAT wearied with continuous labor and languid with excessive heat, I eagerly welcomed the change of a holiday excursion to the wilds of Muskoka, where I should be untroubled by cuffs and collars, away from the exactions of conventionality. Here basking in the sunshine, fanned by the gentle zephyrs that play across myriad lakes, reclining amid the foliage of forests yet pristine, or perhaps engaged in the more exciting chase, I hope to be restored prior to another session at Queen's. To those unacquainted with the vast solitude of this district, its bush life, and the many attractions it presents to the tourist and the traveller, perhaps my letter may not be uninteresting. The road from Longford to Gravenhurst, over which we drove for the purpose of seeing the country, is not unusually rough. Striking features, however, present themselves along the line. Now a succession of huge boulders towering in mid-air, stares one in the face like very Gibraltors, on one of these gigantic columns, I am told, an old Highland Scotchman who had not forgotten the sound of the Pibroch and the Clarion Call, mounted a cannon, which made these rugged heights more impregnable looking than ever. In the rear, spectre-like, rise lank-looking trees with little foliage, apparently eking out an existence against odds. Farther on are the clumps and stumps, and charred remains of veteran pines and oaks, which have stood many a wintry blast, but at last succumbed to the woodman's axe or the ravages of fire. As we proceed, the open door, and the empty dreariness or dreary emptiness of an occasional log cabin plainly indicate, "To Let," or perhaps its occupation in winter only as a lumber camp. Now and again the chatter of a brook is heard, with its eddies and embryo falls playfully rippling amid its banks of basalt on its way to join the brimming river. At Gravenhurst, the Sawdust city of the North, one notices a busy activity. Station and wharf present their quota of tourists and sports fresh from camp life or the hospitality of friends, returning home, while, too, may be seen many a pale recruit on his way to some rural solitude or happy hunting ground. I embarked on the steamer Wenonah for Bracebridge. Two other boats steamed out at the same time for points on the picturesque Lake Rosseau. The afternoon was delightful, and as our steamer wound her way among the islands of the fairy-like lake, and along the meandering Muskoka river, all eyes were intent on the rapturous scenery around.

While thus engaged I was patronized by one of the class "Oldest inhabitant." In the words of Parhassius: "He stood a grey haired and majestic old man," and I heartily wished at that moment that he were chained to a pillar, for I fear that he was more loquacious than reliable. He told me there was just an island for every day in those lakes, viz: 365, and very modestly added he had stood on each one of them. I cannot vouch for the truth of my informant's statement. But islands and islets there are.

Their name is legion, and this accounts for the remarkable placidity of the waters. During the afternoon, we had a perfect calm, scarcely a ripple was observable. As we peered over the sides of our staunch craft a beautiful sight met our gaze, a forest upside down. Indeed, so perfect is the reflection in the water of the foliage and trees overhanging the banks of the river that it were difficult to distinguish the real from the unreal, the likeness from the original, or rather to tell where the one ends and the other begins. But at length after turning in and out among the tortuosities of this fantastic little river, we are landed safe at Bracebridge. The stage meets us. We are *en route* to Dwight, via Baysville. All aboard! and we are immediately seated in a capacious stage drawn by stout horses, driven by a stout driver, all strong and adapted for the country through which we pass. Now through a verdant vale, up a steep hill, down a decline, rough and tumble, topsy turvey. Our driver Joe manipulated the ribbons with a dexterity acquired only through practice. He was evidently as much accustomed to being bored by travellers, as he was to the uncertain undulations of the waggon, for he said little, held his briar well, and smoked like a Turk in Oriental calm. A weakness for the Myrtle Navy or the *big ten cent cut plug* seemed Joe's prevailing characteristic.

But here we are at Baysville, an admirable site for a village, but it is yet a hamlet. A boat will leave in the morning for Dwight, fast becoming known as a summer resort. It boasts a summer hotel and magnificent surroundings. It is too, the headquarters of the Dwight and Wiman Sporting Club. In the meantime we accepted our host's invitation for the night and had a calm and untroubled sleep. The morning broke, but not propitiously—

"The dismal fog from out the misty clouds,
Poured down in drops of rain."

The rain did not fall in torrents but came and went in fitful drizzles. At length though, Old Sol, nature's electric light, broke the monotony, and lighted up the gloom. Our little steamer, the Marie Louise, bravely plows the Lake of Bays. The landscape is beautiful. At times perpendicular masses of rock rise from the water's edge to a great height clothed with luxuriant foliage to the very summit. At other places beaches of white sand extend for long distances affording delightful bathing places. We are cordially received at Dwight and immediately begin recreation. During a stay of three weeks we were engaged in exploring the country, fishing for trout, and to garnish these innocent amusements we had an opportunity of a deer hunt.

"Now happy fisherman, now, twitch the line,
Now the line tauts, behold the prize is thine!"

These lines occurred to us as we captured several beautiful specimens of trout with which these waters abound. I shall not detail you our hunt; ours was the proverbial luck, no blood shed. This was not our fault, but may be accredited to circumstances or else to the dilatory move-

ment of our dogs. For a fact it is, had they been on hand at a certain critical moment our canoes would have been laden with venison. But I shall never forget the experience. We had crossed three small lakes, portaging some three miles between them. It was a beautiful morning and quite early. The sun had just risen, and the fog which covered the lake was by this time rising slowly, the still waters revealing in their transparent depths the lovely tints of the opposite shores and the various aspects of the sky. Everything seemed to be *en rapport* with the harmonies of nature. The barking of the hounds was a "concord of sweet sounds." They had been away an hour when we espied a deer across the lake, a fine buck with splendid antlers. My guide, a clever fellow, perfectly familiar with these northern waters, and whom I may call my guardian too, commenced paddling across, gently, quietly yet swiftly. Within three hundred yards we were unheard and unseen. Oh, if we had only a rifle! The buck stood exposed broadside at the water's edge. We were still paddling. I had covered him with my gun, awaiting the word "fire" from my guide, when the deer, his red side glistening in the sun, having drunk his fill, leisurely surveyed his surroundings and disappeared in the thicket. Our companion who had watched the other end of the lake, paddled up at this moment and told us he had seen a doe and a fawn but could not get near them. This was the critical moment of which I spoke. Had our dogs been now on hand they would soon have driven the whole of them into the lake and we should have nothing to do but *slay*. As it was, the dogs were *non est* and our game escaped. But I felt amply rewarded, I had seen beautiful sights. The crack of the rifle and the deep bay of the hounds, sounds with which I afterwards became more familiar still ring in my ears. Many a tradition and reminiscence of the hunt I heard which I shall not soon forget.

Our excursion among the neighboring lakes that morning would have rewarded a mouth of toil. Such pretty little lakes nestling in the bosom of the great backwoods, resonant with breezy music wafted from sylvan woods dotted with wild fowl and hiding myriad fishes in their wondrous depths. It was indeed pleasant to glide over these glassy waters in a canoe, these rippling glistening waters, the fog fast disappearing, every sound producing an echo. The woods, too, are lovely in their emerald colors; the road carpeted with crimson; the atmosphere balmy and odorous of pine and balsam. And thus the time passes, the sportsman revelling in the chase—the settler, I speak of the poorer classes now, busy at his clearance, cultivating his small farm, raising his Muskoka potatoes, laying in his stock of venison, food for the winter. His wants are few and simple; his life is uneventful. With what warmth he welcomes the missionary on his occasional visit! This is an item of interest to the settler and his family, and affords a pleasing lull in the monotonous routine of his life. I say the visit of the missionary affords a pleasing lull, for the settler has his ups

and downs like other men. He may not have financial embarrassments, but he has an equivalent. Dry weather or a lack of game means a slim larder, few potatoes, little meat and less flour. In nine cases out of ten the settler is an old countryman. Perhaps he has seen service in the army or navy, then he loves to recall youthful memories. Is he a native Canadian, then the probability is, he was driven hither by the winds of adversity or drifted in from his listlessness or thriftlessness. In each case a ready sympathy is required. Here is ample work for the missionary. It requires some self sacrifice, to be sure, to leave University life and become a recluse, in these wilds, but the kind hospitality of the people is refreshing. The Christian sympathies of the student are "twice blessed." An experience and a pleasure is afforded him, invaluable in his after professional life, while his sympathies elevate and enhance the lives of his fellows and incite them to paths of rectitude. The simple service of our church is conducted perhaps in some log house, and as the echoes of the "Old Hundred" die away, sung lustily and earnestly by the unaffected settlers, it reflects not a little unfavorably on the cold charity and indolent apathy of our more favored congregations.

But it is now three weeks since we came here, and as I conclude, I recall a moonlight excursion in a canoe or a night in camp. The clear, cool night is bright with stars the full moon hangs just above the woods across the lake. From our canoes a beautiful sight is presented. The slightest rustle is heard. A paddle by night in these solitudes is impressive. All about you stretches the still water colored with the colors of the sky, stars in the dome above us mirrored in the waters beneath. On one side towers a sheer wall of dark rock fifty to a hundred feet high, topped with pine, casting a black shadow over our course, on the other side rises a dense forest of maple, birch, balsam and pine; not a sound is heard but the dip of the paddle or the ripple of the canoe. Whether owing to the sentiment of the moment or an old grudge we had against the rest of the party, I don't remember, but we sang "Beautiful Star," and right glad we were when the appearance of a light told us we had but "one more river to cross." At last we round a point, the camp fire comes in view, figures of all shapes are moving about, and we receive a hearty welcome to their friendly blaze and blanket. But what a refreshing sleep! Talk about your beds of down and the delights of modern spring beds! Well may Principal Grant say "what a bed for a king the twigs of the aromatic balsam make." Here is the chemist's alchemy so long sought the, air impregnated with nature's medicaments. Here let us rest close to the "heart of nature" among the "incommunicable trees." So ends this slight record of a delightful trip. We are truly sorry for the man who has not the opportunity of spending a fortnight in the woods, that he may get a taste of that life "under the greenwood tree," which the good Duke in the forest of Arden commends so feelingly.

T. McEWEN.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

RUGBY.

QUEEN'S vs. CADETS.

A FRIENDLY match between our Rugby Club and that of the Royal Military College took place on the grounds of the latter club, on Saturday, Nov. 8th. Both clubs put on strong teams, and the game was well contested throughout, though the advantage was certainly in favor of Queen's. The Cadets played a "ground game," putting on a heavy scrimmage, so that very little quick play or scoring could be done. At the end the game stood three rouges to none, in favor of Queen's.

ASSOCIATION.

QUEEN'S vs. VICTORIA.

THE anxiety of the members of our Association Club concerning the result of the first tie in the championship series is now at an end, and Queen's prospects are brighter than ever. The match was played here on Wednesday, Nov. 19th, a fine, clear and cool day, highly favorable for the players, though rather uncomfortable for the spectators, who were consequently not very numerous.

The clubs appeared on the field prompt on time, Cobourg being uniformed in their usual crimson and black costumes, and Queen's wearing the handsome new colors which have called forth such admiration. The teams were composed as follows:

Queen's—Goal, H. Dunning; backs, Irving and McCardel; half-backs, Heslop and Whiteman; centre-forwards, McLennan and Mitchell; right wings, Bertram and McFarlane; left wings, Pirie and White.

Victoria—Goal, J. R. Starr; backs, Lett and Atkinson; (Captain); half backs, Steinhaur and Nelles; right wings, Williams and Langford; centre-forwards, Kerr and Ryckman; left wings, Mahood and Wilmot.

Umpires—Mr. Bruce for the Victorias; Mr. McLachlan for Queen's.

Referee—Mr. Snider, Port Hope.

The ball was kicked off by Queen's, who had a slight breeze in their favour, and was immediately rushed up to the Vics' goal, but returned by a free kick given upon a foul, only to be once more passed up by the Queen's backs, when some lively play ensued immediately in front of the visitors' goal. A foul was claimed by Queen's, and a close attempt at a goal made. Once more the sphere was kicked off by Starr, and once more returned by Irving, causing a heavy competition around the Vics' goal. Here Pirie claimed a foul, and by a pretty piece of play between him and Bertram, the first goal was secured for Queen's—Time, 25 min.

The kick off was made by the Vics. and both sides seemed to warm up to the work. Once the Queen's goal was in imminent danger, but it was saved by the cool-

headed and clever play of Dunning, who succeeded in protecting his charge from a combined rush of three of his opponents. Bertram now captured the ball, and took it up the field in spite of all attempt made to bar his progress. Several shots were made at the Vics' goal, but Starr repeatedly warded them off. At last, however, McFarlane tipped it to Mitchell, who passed it through with a neat high kick—Time, 15 min.

During the remainder of the half the Vics. showed up in much better form, Steinhaur, Williams, Lett and Nelles doing some splendid play. No further advantage was scored, however.

SECOND HALF.

Upon play being resumed, Queen's at once made a grand rush, and for a time it seemed as if they were going to carry all before them. Bertram and McFarlane showed up in a particularly good form, playing to one another in a way which seemed to completely non-plus their opponents. Once Bertram made a kick for goal, the ball passing only a couple of inches above the bar. Finally the Vics' backs pulled together, and by the fine combined play of Atkinson and Lett and the forward rushes of Williams and Mahood the ball was carried up the field, and a foul was secured. The ball was secured by Langford and passed to Mahood, who scored a goal for the Vics.—Time 20 m.n.

From this out the play was decidedly in favor of the visitors, Queen's showing an evident want of training, as the majority of the men appeared to be completely wind-ed. The Vics. on the other hand, were comparatively fresh, and their team play was certainly improving. Williams made some grand runs, being loudly cheered, while he was ably backed by Atkinson, Nelles, and Mahood. Several corner kicks were obtained, but each time Queen's managed to pull together sufficiently to rush the ball away from its dangerous proximity to their goal. McCardel, Heslop, Bertram and McFarlane doing excellent service. This the game ended amid the intense excitement of the spectators. Finally time was called, Queen's winning by a score of two goals to one.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

It would be indeed hard to say which player is deserving of the most praise. For Queen's all the old reliables showed up in good style, and it only needed Harry Pirie to make one think of last season's successes. His place was well filled, however, by his younger brother, who plays a game second to none. McFarlane is an addition of whom we may well afford to be proud. White plays a good game, but he is rather apt to lose his head. Whiteman and McLennan have improved wonderfully, and both distinguished themselves highly. With the Vics. we are not sufficiently familiar to particularize. Their play is certainly greatly improved since last season. We might perhaps make especial mention of Starr, who is a grand goal, Atkinson, a splendid back, Williams, whose dribbling in the latter half was unexcelled, Steinhaur,

who fully sustained his reputation, and Mahood, who played a fearless game throughout, though he was at a disadvantage in having to check such men as Bertram and McFarlane.

Queen's is without doubt the better team, though deficient in staying powers. If they can improve in this respect, we confidently predict their success in the match with the winners of the Toronto group at Cobourg.

+DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.+

Only one unpleasant incident occurred to mar the game between Queen's and the Vics. It arose from one of the Queen's backs becoming angered at a visitor whom he claimed to have repeatedly "scragged" him during the game. No hard feelings remained, however, after the excitement of the game had subsided.

The conduct of the students in the balcony on the night of the Telgmann Concert appears to have annoyed some ultra-musical individuals, who give vent to their feelings in the columns of the city papers. Unprejudiced parties state that the students were decidedly moderate in their actions.

The following letter speaks for itself:

DEAR JOURNAL.—Your favor was duly received and as the fee was quite satisfactory, I at once proceeded to carry out your instructions. I examined most minutely the condition of the different Societies mentioned and have to report as follows:

ALMA MATER.—Pulse very irregular, sometimes (under influence of election excitement) gets up to 478, after which it almost immediately sinks to 4, 4-5. Requires first a powerful purgative, second a strong tonic.

MISSIONARY.—Action of heart, etc., regular. No organic trouble. In good condition generally. Only trouble is poverty (No doubt the writer meant to add "of blood." *Ed.*)

DIALECTIC.—No signs of life. Body has begun to decompose. Members all gone.

ÆSCULAPIAN.—In A I condition. Am afraid to go into particulars. My professional phraseology might not pass muster.

MATHEMATICAL.—From state of corpse I should imagine death occurred simultaneously with that of Dialectic.

RIFLE COMPANY AND GYMNASIUM CLUB.—I asked the coroner to hold an inquest, but he declined. Said he wasn't holding inquests on mummies this year. Coroner evidently thinks he is a very funny fellow. I don't.

GLEE CLUB.—May recover. Needs careful nursing and an infusion of new life.

The Concurus Iniquitatis, Senate and Board of Trustees do not seem to require treatment. Football Clubs healthy.

Yours,

B. ILIOUS, M.D.

LAMENTATIONS.

1. Man that is born of woman is of few days and much trouble.
2. Yea, he is small potatoes and few in a heap.
3. In the evening he Bummeth with the Bummers, and in the morning he knoweth not the translation which it was ordained that he should know, and the Rabbi reproveh him.

4. Or perchance he prepareth his work, and the Rabbi calleth not upon him. What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the Sun?
5. He hideth his talent in the billiard room, and when examination time cometh, behold, he is weighed in the balance and found wanting, and, as a sheep before his shearers, he is dumb.
6. In the morning he getteth money from home, and in the evening behold it is all gone. It vanisheth as a tale that is told. It goeth and no man knoweth whither it goeth.
7. He arrayeth himself in gowd and fine linen, and the publicans and sinners and small boys revile him and speak in many tongues and cry out to him with a loud voice saying "Jude" and "souplate" and "come off."
8. All is vanity and vexation of spirit.
9. To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose.
10. A time to crib and a time to grind, a time to pass and a time to be plucked.
11. There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, but what profiteth it him to eat the uncertain hash and the boarding house stew? This also is vanity.
12. Much study is a weariness to the flesh and of making many books there is no end.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

The second concert in the series of four, held under the auspices of the Society, took place Friday evening, the 5th inst., in St. Andrew's Hall. The concert *per se* was a grand success. All those who had the pleasure of attending were delighted with it. The attendance however was a grand failure; financially the balance is on the wrong side of the books. This is really too bad and the students on a whole should, and we believe do, feel ashamed of themselves. These concerts are their own, gotten up by a Society of which every one of them is a member, and it is to the interest of each one of them that they should be a success. This of course is impossible unless every one makes it his business to see that it is such. There is not one of the three hundred students in the University, but who could sell a couple of tickets, if cared to take but a very little trouble. During election week the good of the Society is in everybody's heart, there isn't anything that they would not do for it, but when an opportunity occurs to put a little of their fond desires into execution, most of these good-of-society men are found wanting. We ask the boys to think over this and if they do we have no fear about the attendance on the next two concerts. The programme was as follows;—

PART I.

1. Instrumental..... Mr. O. Telgmann
2. Reading..... Mr. C. Cameron
3. Vocal Solo..... Miss McMillan
4. Vocal Duet..... Mrs. Mavety and Mrs. Stilwell
5. Instrumental..... Miss McAdam

PART II.

6. Vocal Solo..... Mrs. O'Reilly
7. Reading..... Miss Shibley
8. Song..... Mr. Neville
9. Song..... Miss Morrison

Every piece was well rendered and all did so well that it is perhaps hardly fair to particularize, still we think that the singing of Miss Morson and McMillan worthy of special mention. The Society feel they owe a debt of gratitude to these ladies and gentlemen and to those who aided us in our last concert.

Boys of the Physics Class, shame on you! The Professor of Physics in announcing the results of an examination said that the highest place had been taken by the only lady in the class. There is too much football going on, boys; stick to your work or make the women play football too.

The members of the senior year met and reorganized for the present session the venerable *Concursus Iniquitatus*. The following are the officers:

- Judges—Mitchell and Lyon.
- Senior Counsel—Max, Dennistoun.
- Clerk—Milne.
- Sheriff.—McCull.
- Constables—D. M. Robertson, Thomas and Smith.

The curators of the reading room are enforcing their ideal rules to perfection. Men move about in this sacred hall with a silence and decorum that the priest of Jupiter might envy.

A great deal has been said in the daily papers concerning the behaviour of the Students in the Opera House on the night of the Telgmann concert. Those who say that the students behaved badly do not speak the truth. The only occasion on which anything was said by them was when one of the Professors attempted a high note and broke down, then some body shouted "He struck a snag, boys." Even this was not done until the gentleman was off the stage. Neither was there any singing done by the boys except between the performances. We would like to point out to the people of Kingston that the *Whig* gave a very different account of the students' behaviour on the night in question.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE annual election of officers took place on Saturday last, and resulted in the choice of the gentlemen whose names are given below. The election was conducted much more quietly than usual:

- Hon. President, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, M.A., B.D.;
- President, H. M. Mowat, B.A.; 1st Vice-President, W. J. Kidd, '84; 2nd Vice-President, C. D. W. Clark, '84;
- Secretary, J. Foxton, '85. Assistant Sec'y, W. Rankine, '88; Treasurer, N. H. Dunning, '87; Exec. Com., Gordon Smith, E. Pirie and S. Richards.

We notice that Fred W. Johnson, '84, who was preaching during the summer in Merrickville, was made the recipient of a purse by his congregation before leaving for College. These purses are a good thing, for while lining the pocket they also prove that the person to whom they are presented have the affections of the congregation.

REV. PROF. CLARK, M.A., Oxon., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Trinity College Toronto, will preach the Anniversary Sermon in St. Paul's Church, Kingston, on Sunday, January 4th, 1885. We regret that the sermon is to be preached during the holidays, as nearly all the students will be out of town; but for those who do remain in we bespeak something exceptionally good from Prof. Clark.

J. F. KIDD, M.D., '83, Gold Medalist, is still at Carr. Frank is one of the men of whom the "Royal" is greatly proud, and his friends will be pleased to hear that he has a very large and lucrative practice and moreover, that he is becoming quite a public man of late. He has occupied the "chair" at many public important gatherings.

T. CUMBERLAND, '84, is located at Camlackie, and we are glad to hear is in his usual good health, and is kept very busy. Whether his success is due to his medical skill or to his genial manner, we cannot say; but it must be a strange malady that can resist the combined influence of both.

+BON MOTS.+

A WESTERN paper says, rather ambiguously, that the Cornell Freshmen this year will embrace twenty young ladies.—*Ex.*

This problem is sent by an enquiring correspondent to the *Boston Journal* :—

Mr. Editor : Tell me why colonel
Is spelled in a style so infolone? ?

Shed one ray of light
On a sorrowful wight,

Who for years has subscribed for the *Jolone*.—*Ex.*

There is a metre prosaic, dactylic,
There is a metre for laugh and for moan,
But the metre which is never prosaic,
Is the "Meet her by moonlight, alone."—*Ex.*

The *New Haven Register* says: "Two car-loads of cigarettes and a bundle of text books were switched off on a side track at the depot yesterday; college begins today."—*Ex.*

A ST. LOUIS editor received in his morning mail, by mistake, proof sheets intended for the employes of a religious publication house. After glancing over them, he rushed to the sub-editor, yelling, "Why in the world didn't you get a report of that big flood; even that slow old religious paper across the way is ahead of you. Send out your force for full particulars. Only one family saved. Interview the old man, his name is Noah."—*Ex.*

A Maine ceontemporary recently announced that no poetry would stand the least chance of insertion unless it were distinguished by brevity. The next day he received a composition which its author recommended as a model of terseness. Its title was "The Ballad of the Merchant"

"Trust —
Bust."

The poem was inserted.—*Ex.*

A pretentious orator said to a resident of a country village, "How would a lecture by me on Mount Vesuvius suit the inhabitants of your village?" "Very well, sir; very well, indeed," answered the resident. "A lecture by you on Mount Vesuvius would suit them a great deal better than a lecture by you in this village, sir."

Every editor, ex-editor, contributor, manager, and even the printers and publishers of the JOURNAL, will appreciate the story of an Irish Editor, who being left without assistance in a busy time, found himself unable to cope with all the intelligence, late, later, and latest, that flowed in upon him, so that toward four in the morning he wound up his night's work by penning a notice extraordinary, in these words: "Owing to a most unusual pressure of matter, we are compelled to leave several of our columns blank!"

SCENE.—Dinner table, mother on one side, two youngsters on the other, sitting close together. Mother—"Freddie, my dear, what dirty hands you have. Cleanliness is next to godliness you know, my love." Dick, to Freddie, "That's so Freddie, you're next to me, you know."

It must be true that Boston is slow, for the following joke, which the *Globe* of that city prints for new and original, was one to greet Columbus in the New World:

"Do you see that old man near the frog pond on the Common? Well," continued he, "thirty-two years ago that old man came to Boston with one suspender and a sore toe. He also had a basket of apples which a farmer in Lexington had given to him. He peddled the apples on Washington street and netted eighteen cents the first day. How much do you suppose he's worth now?"

"Oh, a million and a half," said one.

"Two million," cried another.

"Six million three hundred thousand," was the estimate of a third.

"I give it up, remarked No. 4. "How much is he worth?"

"Not an infernal cent and he still owes for the basket," was the answer.

Professor to Student leaving the room, "Sir, if you leave the room before the hour is up I must mark you absent. What is your name, Sir?" Student, "You will see on the roll book, Professor."—[Exit. Student.]

PERSONALS.

D. A. GIVENS, B.A., '78, who studied for some time in the office of Britton & Whiting, in this city, has removed to Toronto and entered the service of Messrs. Foster, Clark and Bowes as their Managing Clerk. James O'Reilly, B.A., '82, is in the same office.

CHARLES J. CAMERON, '85, now proudly walks the streets of Kingston and filled with parental pride talks about "my son."

JOSHUA R. JOHNSON, B.A., '82, Carleton Place, has been made Head Master of the High School there. He was formerly the assistant master of the same school.

REV. JAMES CORMACK, B.A., '72, son of Mr. John Cormack, of our College and lately of Alexandria, was inducted on the 24th of October, into his new charge at Lachine.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Kingston, an Alumnus of Divinity Hall and a licentiate of the church, has been placed as an ordained missionary over the Presbytery of Mill Haven and Ernestown.

The retiring members of the University Council are M. Sullivan, M.D., Jas. Burgess, M.A., Rev. M. Macgillivray, M. A., Rev. J. B. Mullan, R. V. Rogers, B. A., Wm. Caldwell, B. A., M.P.P., Rev. Jas. Gordon, M.A.—[See Calendar, page 11.

UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.

Notice is hereby given that voting papers entitling graduates and alumni to vote at the approaching election of members of the University Council, will be sent to those graduates and alumni only who make application for them.

A. P. KNIGHT, M.A., Kingston.