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All Business Communications should be addressed A. D. ARCHIBALD, Box 114, Halifax. Literary contributions to Editors of Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

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THE Xmas number of the 'GAZETTE' was favourably commented on in all quarters, and the congratulatory notices in some measure, repaid the editors for the labour and time spent on it. The item of time would have not been grudged at any other season, but right before exams. the average student realizes the truth of the adage, "Time is money."

The present board of editors feel it a duty incumbent on them to give a word of advice to next year's board. As Augustus bequeathed to his successors the advice of confining the Roman Empire within the bounds prescribed by nature, so the present staff of editors of the 'GAZETTE,' though in no sense classed among any order of potentates, would advise those who have the misfortune to succeed them, not to be too ambitious, but rather to give up the bad precedent of a special Xmas number. The position of editor, which it has always been hard to get good men to accept, will become still more repulsive, if it necessitates a large demand on the time and energy of the student-editor before the mid-sessional examinations.

RECENT CANADIAN VERSE.

THE shelf in the De Mille Press directly under the portrait is reserved for Canadian poetry. It is not large and by no means full; but in 1893, it received important additions in the shape of three volumes of native verse, published within the year. Each of these has individual excellence of its own, of a high order; and it would be vain to hope for three such volumes every year. That they appeared together will distinguish 1893 in our literary history as an *annus mirabilis*.

Dalhousians must feel a special interest in the first to appear, Mr. W. W. Campbell's *Dread Voyage*: for Dr. Weldon's name stands in the dedication. The book shows a decided advance over his first volume, *Lake Lyrics*; but Mr. Campbell is not yet completely master of his instrument. He often does violence to language; he shows undue partiality for certain words, such as "weird"; and his control of verse-form is uncertain. His claim to distinction is his eager intensity of feeling. Alone among Canadian poets he has touched in *The Mother* the note of universal humanity. In tone he is sincerely pessimistic; and pessimism, we are told, is the only religion now possible. The dominant note is struck sharply in the first poem, which gives the book its title. The voyage is, of course, life. The symbolism of such a characteristic verse as this needs no interpreter:

"Without knowledge, without warning,
Drive we to no lands of morning;
Far ahead no signals horning
Hail our nightward bark
Hopeless, helpless, weird, outdriven,
Fateless, friendless, dread, unshriven,
For some race-doom, unforgiven
Drive we to the dark.

Other poems have a philosophical tendency, or touch on questions of belief such as "Tama the Wise," "The Were Wolves," "Unabsolved." "Tama," the dying sage, refuses to make confession, or listen to the sacred books. His hope is in dreamless death,

"Down in the brown earth, under the flowers and grass,
Beneath the boughs of some old spreading oak
Beside the washing of some mighty stream
To sleep for ever where the great hills dream;
And let the maddened march of time go by,
While over all broods the eternal sky,
Majestic, restful, as the ages pass."

The were-wolves who fly forever from the dawning light into the eternal circling darkness, around the pole, are

The souls of men
Who in the far dark ages
Made Europe one black fen.
They fled from courts and convents
And bound their mortal dust
With demon, wolfish girdles
Of human hate and lust.

These who could have been God-like
Chose, each a loathsome beast
Amid the heart's foul grave-yard,
On putrid thoughts to feast.

Who these people are does not clearly appear. Apparently they are sensualists; for they girdle themselves with lust. If so, why do they fly the courts? If they withdrew from both courts and convents how could they make "Europe one black fen." One would think such a withdrawal would effectually limit their influence. The poem is drastic and obscure.

Again, the inconsistent culprit in "Unabsolved" makes this excursus in the midst of his confession:

Oftimes I think you churchmen do not feel
You wear a mask and mumble petty hopes,
And show a righteous patronage of scorn
Toward all poor creatures who have shown life's sting.

Further extracts need not be given. The foregoing are sufficient to show Mr. Campbell's attitude. He interrogates life; but, apparently, he receives no clear or harmonious reply.

The human interest in Mr. Campbell's verse, is his chief claim to distinction. "Out of Pompeii" is simply a graceful pose. The lovely girl has lain down with her head on her arm, dreaming of love: the volcano bursts; her life is blotted out; and she lies there buried in the buried city, a shape for poets to dream over. "Pan the Fallen," is full of sympathy for human frailty. It is a parable of charity. The poet recognises under the grotesque disguise the innate worth of fallen man. "The Dead Leader" is a lament for one Canadian who will perhaps recognize in

"Him of the wider vision
Who had one hope, elysian,
To mould a mighty empire toward the west:
Who through the hostile years
'Mid wrangling words, like spears,
Still bore this Titan vision in his breast."

But the poem which has brought its author most fame is that alluded to; "The Mother." It was quoted far and wide on its appearance and received much praise. Though it has not the simple pathos and strength of the Scots ballad, from which both the theme and verse-form are taken, it has a rich sweetness of its own. It says, in effect, mother's love is the strongest thing on earth, and the germ idea is in the couplet from the ballad.

"The nicht was cauld and the bairnies grat;
The mither under the mools heard that."

The mother is dead, but the cry of the neglected children comes to her "under the mools." In Mr. Campbell's poem the mother comes to the child and takes it from the arm of the stranger, to rest with her in the grave.

"I was a bride in my sickness sore
I was a bride nine months and more"

From throes of pain they buried me low
For death had finishad a mother's woe

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.

The situation is the most pathetic of every day tragedies: and the treatment is delicate and almost every touch true and unerring. Mr. Campbell deserves to be known if for this alone. It is the best thing he has done.

In strong contrast to *The Dread Voyage* is Mr. Bliss Carman's book, *Low Tide on Grand Pre*. Mr. Carman is first and foremost a musician in words. He sets before us no formally imperfect work. His poems have cadence, full, varied, satisfying. They would be agreeable reading if they had no more meaning than the immortal "Jabberwocky." They are genuine lyrics; "musically made" and clinging to the least retentive memory. Their faults are lack of purely human interest, and at times a teasing obscurity, the besetting sin of all Canadian poets. The tone is pure, contemplative pagan. The thoughts are such as might rise in the brain of a faun. There is an undertone of regret for a woman, but it is subdued and not poignant. This is how he thinks of nature:

The sleepless guide to that outland
Is the great mother of us all,
*Whose molded dust and dew we are
With the blown flowers by the wall.*

And all the world is but a scheme
Of busy children in the street,
A play they follow and forget
On summer evenings pale with heat.

The dusty courtyard flags and walls
Are like a prison gate of stone,
To every spirit for whose breath
The long sweet hill-winds once have blwn.

But waiting in the fields for them
I see the ancient Mother stand,
With the old courage of her smile,
The patience of her sunbrown hand.

*They heed her not, until there comes
A breath of sleep upon their eyes,
A drift of dust upon their face;
Then in the closing dusk, they rise,*

And turn them to the empty doors;

Still the old secret shifts, and waits
The last interpreter: it fills
The autumn song no ear hath heard
Upon the dreaming Ardis hills.

The poplars babble over it
When waking winds of dawn go by;
It fills her rivers like a voice
And leads her wanderers till they die.

*She knows the morning ways whereon
The windflowers and the wind confer:
Surely there is not any fear
Upon the farthest trail with her!*

The same tone, sweet and grave, is heard all through "Pulvis et Umbra," "The Vagabonds," "The End of the Trail." The tone is distinctly new in American verse. It is not eager, it is not insistent, it is not shrill. At the same time, it is anything but wearisome. The poems of a more personal interest, "The Eavesdropper," "A Northern Vigil," "Through the Twilight," are for a lover's ear alone. The last has much the same *motif* as "Porphyria's Lover." The lover dreams of his mistress; she will come; may be if I open the door I shall find her behind it.

"The red vines bar my window way;
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,
For he hath sent this fleet-foot day
A year's march back to bring to me
One face whose smile is my desire,
Its light my star.

Surely you will come near and speak,
This calm of death from the day to sever!
And so I shall draw down your cheek
Close to my face—so close!—and know
God's hand between our hands for ever
Will set no bar.

Before the dusk falls—even now
I know your step along the gravel,
And catch your quiet poise of brow,
And wait so long till you turn the latch!
Is the way so hard you had to travel?
Is the land so far?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,
But in this bush of brooding weather
A gleam on twilight's gathering line
Has riven the barriers of dream:
Soul of my soul, we are together
As the angels are!"

But the Canadian poet, who has produced most and has attained the widest recognition, is Professor Roberts. His present book, "Songs of the Common Day" is the third volume of verse which he has given to the world. Many of the poems here printed have appeared in the magazines and elsewhere, and are therefore not a surprise to the reader. But they will all bear printing. The sonnet series, which comes first, deals with the ordinary aspects of Canadian country life. The poet is able to extract poetry from such unpromising themes as the peafields, the cow-pasture, the potato harvest, when the emptying baskets

"Jar the hush
With hollow thunders."

An this is the poet's mission; he should be an interpreter. Here is one taken quite at random.

THE OAT-THRESHING.

A little brown old homestead, bowered in trees
That o'er the Autumn landscape shine afar,
Burning with amber and with cinnabar.
A yellow hillside washed in airy seas
Of azure, where the swallow drops and flees.
Midway the slope, clear in the beaming day,
A barn by many seasons beaten grey,
Big with the gain of prospering husbandries.

In billows round the wide red welcoming doors
High piles the golden straw, while from within,
Where plods the team amid the chaffy din,
The loud pulsation of the thresher soars,
Persistent as if earth would not let cease
This happy proclamation of her peace.

In this aquarelle there is nothing but what any one might see. The characteristic features of the Nova Scotian farm are enumerated, almost in a matter-of-fact way. The only 'poetic' notion is that by the roar of the thresher, the earth is proclaiming peace. But somehow these commonplace things have henceforward a different look. The only faults one can find is the inevitable suggestion of labor, inherent in this form of verse; and the occasional forcing of word or phrase. The finest in its simplicity and pathetic self-repression is "The Deserted City."

"There lies a little city leagues away.
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long
Its busy, sun bright wharves with sailors' song
And clamour of trade ring loud the live-long day.
Into the happy harbour hastening, gay
With press of snowy canvas, tall ships throng.
The peopled streets to blithe-eyed peace belong,
Glad housed beneath these crowding roofs of grey.

'Twas long ago this city prospered so,
For yesterday a woman died therein.
Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,
And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din;
The thronging ships have been, the songs have been;
Since yesterday it is so long ago.

The whole cycle is a series of pictures and are to be read again and again with increasing pleasure. Most of the remaining poems have appeared in different publications, such as "Ave" and "The Tide on Tantramar!" The former is one of the finest memorial poems ever written by any one and will in time receive due recognition. Such verse as this, describing Shelley by his works, is of a very high order:

Thyself the lark melodious in mid-heaven;
Thyself the Protean shape of chainless cloud,
Pregnant with elemental fire, and driven
Through deeps of quivering light, and darkness loud
With tempest, yet beneficent as prayer;
Thyself the wild west wind, relentless strewing
The withered leaves of custom on the air,
And through the wreck pursuing
O'er lovelier Arnos, more imperial Romes,
Thy radiant visions to their viewless homes.

One distinctive feature of all three books is the Canadian tone. Campbell eulogizes Sir John Macdonald, Roberts writes "Atochthon" and weaves around the name of Shelley, the names of some of the most impressive scenery in the province. Carman has no "Collect for Dominion Day," but his imagery is thoroughly native, as this stanza in "A Northern Vigil" will show:

"Come for the night is cold,
The ghostly moonlight fills
Hollow and rift and fold
Of the eerie Ardisse hills.

These touches too are equally unmistakable:

And all the world is but a scheme
Of busy children in the streets,
A play they follow and forget
On summer evenings, pale with heat.

The noise is hushed within the street;
The summer twilight gathers down
The elms are still; the moonlit spires
Track their long shadows through the town.

This is not a slight merit. Less than ten years ago, I knew of a Canadian volume of verse published in England, and the author changed 'robin' to 'thrush' in order to be intelligible to his audience. That would not happen now. Not only for their intrinsic worth, but for their distinctively Canadian tone, they are to be commended to the hearty support of all true Canadians.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

IBSEN'S "ROSMERSHOLM."

OF the prose dramas of Ibsen which have appeared at more or less regular intervals during the past quarter of a century, "Rosmersholm" may be taken as fairly representative. This play bears date 1886, and is undoubtedly an outcome of a visit which Ibsen paid to his native land in the summer of 1885.

That was the year that marked the conclusion of a long-drawn contest between the Lower House of the Norwegian legislature and the royal prerogative exercised by King Oscar. It was a repetition of the struggle for Responsible Government which our fathers waged in the provinces of Canada during the first half of the present century. Political feeling ran high, as it does in small communities. All rational discussion of the principles at stake was drowned in the bitter and vulgar personalities which the conflict evoked; the press was prostituted to party; and men who had once been friends were hurried away in the heat of the conflict to indulge in the most fanatical conduct towards each other. The enmities roused by this fierce strife did not cease with the victory of the Liberals: they were

still manifested in a bitterness of spirit and a brutality of tone, the prevalence of which affected Ibsen with pain and sorrow and left upon him the impression, as he himself expresses it, that "Norway was inhabited not by two million human beings but by two million cats and dogs." In the drama before us the background of the action is political. The *dramatis personæ* is not large. There are three principal persons: Rosmer, a retired clergyman; Rebecca West, a young woman who had lived in Rosmer's house as a companion of his late wife, and who continued to reside there after the wife's strange act of suicide; and Rector Kroll, head-master of a school, and a bitter Royalist.

The Rosmer family traditions were of strong Royalist and religious cast. The walls of the fine old house at Rosmersholm are covered with portraits of members of the family, ancient and recent, who had served their king and church. The gentry of the district had long looked up to this ancient house as a radiating centre of piety and loyalty; and every association, every interest tended to bind the spirit of Johannes Rosmer to his ancestry.

The dramatic situation is somewhat as follows. Rosmer had, unknown to his wife, emancipated himself from the traditions of his house. In this changing of standpoint, moral and political, the guiding spirit was Rebecca West, on whom Rosmer had learned to lean as the staff of the new and free life which he proposed to lead. Not only in politics had he freed himself from the bonds which custom and ancestry had thrown around him; but in religion, also, he had shaken off the chains of dogma and tradition.

All this is before the action of the drama begins. Gradually the wife, a fond creature, whose devotion to her husband was deepened by the circumstance that she had borne him no children, had grown to realize the change that had come over her husband; and little by little, too, she was drawn to suspect the relations that subsisted between the man for whose love she longed and Rebecca West. Miss West took no pains to discourage these suspicions; and the end of it was that the poor distracted wife threw herself into the mill-race within sight of the house.

Unconsciously to Rosmer, Rebecca had grown necessary to the spiritual life of her disciple. It was not a case of infatuation, but rather of communion of congenial minds, developing ultimately into the pure passion of love. There was one obstacle, however, to Rosmer's happiness—the thought of the joyless, desolate life which his wife must have passed, leading up to the agonizing climax in the mill-race. The weak woman had been totally unsuited to a meditative, intellectual nature like Rosmer. She could hardly be regarded as an influence in his life: she was merely a worshipper. But it is for this very reason that Rosmer's heart goes out in pity for the overstrung, tortured

creature who ended her life that her husband might be free to live happily and after his own heart. This is the phantom that rises to reproach Rosmer.

"Oh, all these horrible fancies! I shall never get rid of them. I feel it. I know it. At any moment they will come rushing in upon me and bring back the thought of the dead."

In so far as accomplishing the end that she had set before her, Rebecca triumphed. She won the heart of Rosmer. But it was at the sacrifice of truth and conscience. Nothing could be done more fitly and naturally than the dramatist's portrayal of the growth of passion in the man until the moment when he discovers that his feelings are more than those of friendship. Rebecca knows what is passing in his mind before the tender sentiment is uttered. It is for this supreme moment that she had adventured and intrigued.

We must keep in mind that her position in the Rosmer household offered strong temptations to a friendless, unmarried woman of thirty. True she had been introduced to Rosmersholm as a dear friend of the wife, who was then alive. But Mrs. Rosmer (Beata, as her husband calls her,) was as unsuitable a companion for this intellectual, free-thinking woman as she was for her husband. It is Rosmer that is best able to profit by the society of such a person as Rebecca. He becomes fascinated by the new ideas which she unfolds. They read the same books, and discuss together the new ideas which to him are a revelation and an evangel. He feels that a new life is opening before him; and he makes a mighty resolve to cast off the shackles of custom and convention, and live his own life.

ROSMER. "I will live my life, Rebecca. I will not have my course of life prescribed for me."

REBECCA. "No, no—do not. Be a free man to the full, Rosmer."

So he shakes himself free from all trammels. Henceforth he will devote his life to the emancipation of his fellow beings. He has begun to live. His spirit is buoyant with a new youth.

Then comes the shock of his wife's tragic end, and with it the consciousness of his guilt. He had never made his wife a partner in his interests and ideas; and it pains him to think that she must have suspected his innocent intercourse with Rebecca. The poor wife had concluded that life had nothing to offer her, now that she despaired of her husband's affection. He had, indeed, always been tender and respectful towards her, but that was not love; and nothing but passion could satisfy her. She loved him, but despairingly. So, with a generosity marvelously beautiful and pathetic, she sacrificed herself for his happiness. It is these facts that he broods over.

Rosmer. "Oh what a fight she must have fought. And alone, too, Rebecca; desperate and quite alone! And then, at last that heart-breaking, accusing victory—in the mill-race."

The phantom never ceases to haunt him.

Rosmer. "Oh, all these horrible fancies!"

"I shall never get over this—wholly. There will always be a doubt—a question left. I can never again revel in that which makes life so marvellously sweet to live!"

Rebecca (bends over his chair-back and says softly): "What is it you mean, Rosmer?"

Rosmer (looking up at her.) "Peaceful, happy innocence."

Rebecca (taking a step back.) "Yes. Innocence."

Rebecca entreats him to cease brooding over these insoluble enigmas, and to forget the past by entering into new relations. He must not forget his mission to man—his mission of winning over minds and wills, of creating noble men around him in wider and wider circles.

There is only one means, he answers, by which he can restore himself;—and that is by having Rebecca as his wife. This is the declaration for which Rebecca longed, and yet which she strangely dreaded.

Rosmer. "Don't you see how I can best shake off all gnawing memories—all the unhappy past?"

Rebecca. "How?"

Rosmer. "By opposing to it a new, a living reality."

Rebecca. "A living —? What do you mean?"

Rosmer (comes nearer.) "Rebecca, if I were to ask you—Will you be my second wife?"

Rebecca (for a moment speechless, then cries out with joy.) "Your wife? Your —? I?"

Rosmer. "Come; let us try it. We two will be one. The place of the dead must stand empty no longer."

Rebecca. "I—in Beata's place—!"

Rosmer. "Then she will be out of the saga—completely—for ever and ever."

Rebecca (softly, trembling.) "Do you think so, Rosmer?"

Rosmer. "It must be so! It must! I cannot—I will not go through life with a dead body on my back. Help me to cast it off, Rebecca. And let us stifle all memories in freedom, in joy, in passion. You shall be to me the only wife I ever had."

But Rebecca's ideas of life had, in the meantime, undergone change. She, too, like Rosmer, felt that she had sacrificed "peaceful, happy innocence," when she wove the web of deceit that entangled the unhappy Beata. Calmly, firmly, but with breaking heart, she refuses the tender proposal of Rosmer, confessing to him, at the same time, the guilt and sorrow that overwhelm her. He reads the whole riddle of her conduct now: how she had schemed to obtain a footing at Rosmersholm, and how she had accomplished her every end, up to the enslaving of

Rosmer in the pleasing bonds of love. But then began, on her own confession, what broke down her will and crippled her energy.

Rosmer. "What began? Speak so that I can understand you."

Rebecca. "It came over me,—this wild uncontrollable desire—oh, Rosmer!"

Rosmer. "Desire? You—! for what?"

Rebecca. "You."

"It came upon me like a storm on the sea. It was like one of the storms we sometimes have in the North in winter time. It seizes you—and sweeps you along with it—whither it will. Yes, I thought it was love. But it was not. It was a wild, uncontrollable desire."

"I have never stood farther from my goal than now."

Rosmer. "Tell me how this has come about."

Rebecca. "It has come about through my life with you. When I came to live alone with you here,—in quiet—in solitude,—when you showed me all your thoughts without reserve—every sweet and delicate mood—just as it came to you—THEN the great change came over me."

Rosmer. "Oh, what is this, Rebecca?"

Rebecca. "All the rest—the horrible sense—intoxicated desire—passed far, far away from me. All the whirling passions settled down into quiet and silence. Rest descended on my soul—a stillness as on one of our northern bird-cliffs under the "midnight sun."

Happiness—the happiness of innocence—is denied her forever. She views life differently now. Rosmer and Rosmer's noble conception of life have awakened her to a realization of her crime. And with this birth of conscience, this terrible conviction of sin, she feels all her energy, all her old buoyant will depart.

Rosmer. "How do you explain what has happened to you?"

Rebecca. "It is the Rosmer view of life—or YOUR view of life, at any rate—that has infected my will."

Rosmer. "Infected?"

Rebecca. "And made it sick. Enslaved it to laws that had no power over me before. You—life with you—has ennobled my mind—"

Rosmer. "Oh that I could believe it!"

Rebecca. "You may safely believe it! The Rosmer views of life ennobles. But—but—"

Rosmer. "But—? Well?"

Rebecca. "—but it kills happiness."

"Dear,—never speak of this again!—It is impossible!—For you must know, Rosmer, I have a—a past behind me."

In the meantime, the change of views that has taken place at Rosmersholm has been made a matter for the bitterest comment in the Conservative press. Sensitive, high-strung, intellectual Rosmer suffers too keenly under the cruel taunts and the unworthy suspicions of vulgar partizans. It is not strange that all desire of action was discouraged in him.

Rosmer. "It was only an immature dream, Rebecca—a precipitate idea, that I myself no longer believe in. Ah, no, we cannot be ennobled from without, Rebecca."

Rebecca (softly.) "Not by quiet love, Rosmer?"

Rosmer. "Yes, that would be the greatest thing—almost the most glorious in life, I think—if it were so." (Moves uneasily.) "But can I assure you myself on such a question as that?"

Rebecca. "Do you not believe me, Rosmer?"

Rosmer. "Oh, Rebecca—how can I believe in you fully? You who have been cloaking, concealing such a multitude of things!"

* * * * *

"Give me my faith again! My faith in you, Rebecca! My faith in your love! Proof! I must have proof."

Rebecca. "Proof! How can I give you proof?"

Rosmer. "You MUST!" (Walks across the room.) "I cannot bear this desolation—this horrible emptiness—this—"

The proof is soon forthcoming. The world-wearied, despairing woman is ready to seal her love with her life. Rosmer SHALL have his faith again—faith in his mission, faith in his power to ennoble human souls, faith in the human soul's power to attain nobility. What she has sinned, it is fit that she should expiate.

Rebecca. "But I—after this day—I should only be a sea-troll, hanging as a drag upon the ship that is to carry you forward. I must go overboard. What would it profit me to remain up here in the world, dragging after me my own crippled life? To brood and brood over the happiness that my past has forfeited forever?"

* * * * *

Rosmer (with resolution.) "Well, then, I am firm in our emancipated view of life, Rebecca. There is no judge over us; and therefore we must do justice upon ourselves."

* * * * *

"If you go—I go with you, Rebecca,—now I lay my hand on your head, and I wed you as my true wife"

Rebecca. (Takes both his hands, and bows her head towards his breast.) "Thanks, Rosmer. Now I will go—gladly."

And so they both go—man and wife—down to death together in the mill-race.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

DEAR SIRS.—As a subscriber I wish to say a word or two upon a subject in which you all are interested, and in which, I am sure, you must disagree with me. A college education, as understood in this, the last decade of the 19th century, is a course of training of the mind, extending over a time, varying, including preparatory High School work, from six years to a much longer period. It calls for a man's undivided energies during this time, and requires all his attention, leaving no chance for the more practical training of his physique for the demands of practical life.

The period between the ages of 14 and 25, would, if filled with regular work, produce great results, almost as great as would any other eleven successive years. But more momentous than this consideration is the fact that these years are, to a great extent, the moulding and formative period. During this period a man acquires permanent habits; the tree is being bent in the direction in which it will invariably grow, and the course is being taken from which retreat is impossible. The question to be answered is, does a man gain anything by devoting a large part of this period to study? Are the results commensurate with the expenditure? For my part I must solemnly and sadly reply that I do not think that there is any gain in an education, but rather a loss. Nor are the reasons which force me to this conclusion far to seek.

In the first place education tends to make men unhappy. It injures their health by compelling them to live an inactive and unnatural life. They bestow their attention upon the cultivation of their minds and neglect their bodies. This is not a theoretical, but an experimental fact. If we want to find a strong and healthy man we do not seek for an eminent scholar, but for an unlettered laborer, and we are seldom disappointed. And the most dismally-ludicrous part of it all is the petit attempt of these philosophers to persuade themselves, notwithstanding their manifest misery, that they are happy, and the only ones who are happy.

Education also alienates their attention and desires from the natural and satisfying pleasures of those whom they love to call "the vulgar herd," and they are worried by their seeking after other "higher" pleasures, and annoyed and soured by their signal failures. It degrades men morally also by leading them to abandon their confidence in, and reverence for morality and religion, because, forsooth, judged by their standards they are untrue, and they prepare a new code of morals, and worship new gods, more in harmony with their own opinions and less with the prosperity of the rest of the world. Infidelity has its birth in scholarship, though it has, by its comely appearance, commended itself to many among the ignorant.

The greatest indictment, however, against education and knowledge, is its impracticability; knowledge is power only in a very narrow sense. A student, during his undergraduate years, certainly acquires habits of physical indolence, which totally unfit him for manual labour, and the amount of attention given to study induces an abnormal restlessness of the mind so that his desire for knowledge and thought becomes tyrannous, and labor becomes not only exceedingly irksome, but almost impossible. He may be able to judge accurately, argue logically, and speak learnedly, but he can do nothing of practical value. But I must be very brief. It would be very interesting, though not a very practical inquiry, whether the race, as a whole, has been really benefited by the learning of the few, but space forbids. However, my opinion is, though I am open to argument, that, if we can cast aside that ancient and mysterious halo which encircles the scholar's head we shall see him as an actually degraded man, filled with vanity, and unfitted for practical work, solely by that baneful influence, that pinnacle of human ambition, unnecessary intellectual development.

CRANK.

The Editors of the Gazette.

GENTLEMEN,—Owing to the accident of not having read it in proof, my brief notice of Prof. De Mille in the Xmas *Gazette* was, I regret to state, in some important respects, inaccurate. I wish now to set matters straight. De Mille's grave at Camp Hill is near the Pryor lot, off the second main avenue, counting from the north. The headstone is a small, plain cross of gray granite, based on a rough pedestal of the same material. The inscription is not on the cross itself but on the pedestal, and being cut in relief and uncolored is not easy to read. It runs:

JAMES DE MILL,
Born Aug. 23, 1833.
Died Jan. 24, 1880.

Strange to say, this last date is incorrect, by four days, his death having really occurred not on the twenty-fourth, but on the twenty-eight of January. This inaccuracy is the fault of the stone-cutter and was not discovered till it was too late to be rectified, except by the cutting of a new slab. The date of birth is, however, correct. The spelling "De Mill" is also probably due to the stone-cutter. De Mille's autograph, so far as it has met my notice, always contains the final 'e.'

In justice to myself, perhaps I ought to add, that for the reason already mentioned, the punctuation of my notice was almost wholly the result of chance.

Sincerely yours,

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Jan. 6th, 1894.

College Notes.

WE were sorry that owing to sickness some of our students were unable to present themselves for the mid-sessional examinations. We are pleased to see them with us again fully restored.

WE are pleased to see Prof. MacDonald back again, and to find that he is able to continue his work as usual. We extend to him a hearty welcome. He has now complete charge of the Honor Classes, while Mr. Rowlings assists him in the ordinary classes.

THE skating rink is now open. There is no doubt but many of the students during the winter will spend some pleasant hours there developing their physical and social natures. Hockey is now talked of. We learn that "Plug-Alley" team has already sent out some challenges.

THE results of the Xmas Examinations were announced in a general way. The Profs. seem to have found the papers of these examinations up to the average, although a few have been found wanting. We have no doubt but these will make up for this deficiency before they are again placed in the balances at the spring exams.

THE Sabbath afternoon lectures given under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A. last session were found to be so helpful and successful, that a similar course has been provided for this winter. The first lecture of the course was delivered by the President. This lecture being the first was on that account introductory in a measure to the series of lectures, Dr. Forrest chose as his subject The Pentateuch. The second lecture of the course was delivered on Jan. 14th by Prof. Murray. The subject of which was "The Book of Job." A large number were present and listened to a very interesting and instructive lecture. On Jan. 28th the next lecture of the course will be delivered by Prof. Falconer on the Prophet Jeremiah. The lectures are delivered in the Munro Room on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Every student of the University is cordially invited to be present.

THE students of the University had their holiday break-up celebration, and in connection therewith, the presentation of the trophies to the football champions, on Wednesday evening the 20th Dec. The entrance hall of Dalhousie College presented a lively scene. A large number of the students congregated to celebrate this occasion. The President and Professors of the University, on pressing through the halls, were greeted with hearty cheers. A number of the fair sex also presented themselves to witness the celebration. In the examination room, brilliant with festoons of yellow and black, the students, together with a large company of friends, were gathered. On the platform were:—Gov. Daly, Pres. Forrest, Colonel Clerke, Prof. Johnson, John Knight, M. R. Morrow, A. A. MacKay, R. H. Graham, W. E. Thomson, J. A. MacKinnon, R. MacIlreith. R. H. Graham acted as chairman. He explained the object of the gathering and asked A. A. Mackay to announce the result of the games. Mr. MacKay, president of the committee, then formally declared the result of the contest and awarded the honors to Dalhousie. Governor Daly was asked to make the presentation of the trophies, who said that he did so with much pleasure, and after making a few happy remarks formally made the presentation. D. R. Grant, president of the Dalhousie Athletic Club, accepted the trophies on behalf of the College. Then followed a few short addresses by John Knight, President Forrest and M. R. Morrow, president of the Wanderers. A vote of thanks to Governor Daly for presenting the trophies was moved, to which his honor replied fittingly. Then a short programme was pleasantly rendered. After this came the procession, which was one of the best ever held by the students. The members of the teams with some friends continued the good time at the Masonic Hall where they had supper together. Here some pleasant hours were spent by the footballists recalling to mind past contests and victories, and former players of valor. It is a pity that some of the second team players were left in ignorance of the supper and were not present at the festivities in consequence.

Exchanges.

WE have received a copy of *Night and Day*, which gives an account of the work done among the very poor of London by Dr. Banardo.

THE *Buff and Blue* while presenting a very uninviting exterior has some very good articles, notably the beginning of a series of the *Birth Place of Shakespeare*. Its criticism, too, of the general run of editorials in college papers is very just.

STARTING its No. 1 with the new year comes *The Nova Scotia Magazine* devoted "to the History and Literature of our Canadian Provinces." We wish you success in your undertaking and hope that the time will soon come when you can let us know more definitely who you are, but continue to publish as interesting and patriotic matter as the present contains. Our Province is not as well known as it should, and we say hail! to every attempt like the present.

Kings College Record expresses itself thus in an editorial: "Then, apart from the utility of the thing, it is only fair that the man who is in his third or fourth year, should, by virtue of his longer residence, apart from any personal qualifications, be entitled to some degree of respect from those who are lower standing in residence." Certainly, but it looks as if that were going to be a thing of the past here as well as at King's from the way the Freshmen have conducted themselves this year.

THE *O. A. C. Review* comes out with a well illustrated Christmas number, and takes a step in advance of us by publishing a cut of its editors. We are now able to look upon the face of the critic of college papers in that institution. His criticism of the function of the college paper, while very good, contains some hackneyed phrases. The general appearance of the number, however, leaves nothing to be desired and is a credit to the Institution, and must have cost the editors some amount of effort to get up.

A WAVE of enthusiasm for the study of Milton has evidently passed over St. Martin's if we can judge from the prominence given that author in the current number of the *Bema*. Its principal article is *John Milton as a Poet*, which is followed by another, *The Age of Milton*. We copy one of its *Locals* and leave it to the public as to its justness. Smart Senior: "That last *Bema* would make a fine fly screen." Junior: "Why?" S. S.: "Because not even a mosquito could get his head through one of the Local Ed's jokes." If any one has tried to understand the *Locals* he will see how true the *Smart Senior* was. Our small powers of judgment fail to show us the use of such trash as some college papers publish in the local column.

THE *Williamette Collegian* contains an interesting article on the Boyhood of Sir Walter Scott. This is particularly interesting to our Senior English class as we are fresh from a course of lectures on that finest of men, and we are eager for any information concerning him. In the same number are some good *don'ts* for students. "Don't think you can get an education by cramming." "Don't think you know everything; you may be a student all your life and in the end come far short of wisdom." "Don't pretend to know." "Be honest at all times." "Don't fear criticism."

THE opening article of the Christmas number of the *Student* is entitled *Professors' Night at the Pantomime*, and under very plain ellipses we see the supposed actions of the venerable teachers of Edinburgh at a ballet dance. What would be the result if we were as plain spoken about our Profs.? The experiment has never been tried and the writer for one would hesitate before attempting anything of the kind lest our *sanctum* be invaded and we be carried to trial before that august body, the senate, sure to be convicted. However much they satirize, the articles in the *Student* are always most interesting.

THE *Argosy* contains among other things a cut of Mrs. Harrison, that singer whom several of us had the pleasure of listening to at the Sackville Jubilee last winter. We must say, however, that it does not do her justice and would only be known as that lady by the fact that her name is beneath the picture. The *Exchange* editor of that paper takes offence at our copying the account of the "At-Home" from the *Herald*, and indulges in some sarcasm, as we take it, but let it pass; if that were the greatest of our sins we would escape quite easily. A correspondent to the *Argosy* takes great offence at the statement made by some U. N. B. man that the work there was as good as any done in the Provinces; but surely it is time every one knew that one's own college does the best work in the known world, and passed over the same idea in others.

THE *Educational Review* contains the opening address by Prof. McDonald at the Normal School. It is entitled *The Development of Intellectual Power*. He puts much emphasis on the training to be derived from the right study of the classics, meaning by *right* study that without the aid of a translation. Certainly very much of the work now-a-days put upon Latin or Greek is thrown away owing to the misuse of *keys*. See what the Prof. says about it, "Discipline of the mind should therefore be held up as an *object* of study—indeed the chief object of study. And to this end the teacher should encourage the pupil to work out difficulties for himself, to avoid extraneous helps such as keys, translations and the like, to learn one thing before going on to another, to refer what he learns to what he knew

before, and to try to systematize his knowledge into a mental whole." We copy this as a warning, particularly for the Freshmen lest they form bad habits in their first college year. The *Review* also has a short sketch of the history of the Normal School, and much other interesting matter, but is spoiled in appearance by having its advertisements mingled with the reading matter.

THE holiday number of *Outing* opens with a complete story "Ivan of the Mask." A Colonel and his blind daughter are travelling in Russia. Pursued by wolves, they are on the point of being devoured when they are rescued and brought to his dwelling by a strange man. This man has a sad history. Infatuated in his early life by another man's wife he gambles away all his property to her, only to find she cared nothing for him. Fighting a duel with a brother officer he kills him and then attempts his own life; by a miracle he is saved and retires to the lonely spot where we find him. The Colonel is detained a few days, and the natural result follows, Ivan their rescuer falls in love with the daughter and the passion is reciprocated. The result is best told in the words of the author. "A castle rears its towers where the rest-house stood; green lawns, fountains, flowering shrubs, and flower beds that burn with semi-tropical magnificence through the short summer months, make it lovely; and there is never a sick or sorry soul on the whole estate, if Ivan and his blind wife can prevent it with love or money." "A Christmas Fox-Hunt in Old Virginia," is a thrilling account of a wild chase across the country and the subsequent dinner and evening. Here is the manner in which they passed the evening. "The laugh and jest pass around, and the genuine country mirth over the mishaps of unlucky riders rings out unrestrained. Suddenly there is a pause, Carter and Jack have carried off Captain Whit and Christiana, and we hear the tuning of the fiddle and banjo. There is no use trying to finish old stories, or even to complete a sentence. The table is vacated in short order, and music bursts forth of the kind that sets the foot to keeping time in rhythm. Then all the company break into the favourite country Christmas song. I have never heard either the words or the tune sung anywhere but in old-Southampton. Like all the best Southern airs, it is borrowed from the old plantation darkeys, and where they got it, the Muse only knows. This ends the evening, everybody is tired; though neither are hungry nor dry. Good-nights are uttered, and as I turn to leave, my eye lights upon the fair face of my hostess; and I think if I were only a score of years younger I would settle down in Old Virginia and follow the hounds every hunting day—that is, if the stately Diana led the way, and—but it is time to go, and soon we are all hunting in our dreams." "Nomads of the North," gives us a short account of the Lapps of Norway. Perhaps the writers own sum-

mary is as good as any that can be made, so we give it. "Indeed these Lapps seemed to have but few ideas beyond the eminently practical. They made coffee, tended reindeer, poached elk and trout, and about these matters they chatted freely enough. They had no objection to discussing the methods of building sod-houses for the winter, of trading peltries and venison, and of moving over snow on *ski* or round wicker snow-shoes. But of all else they were ignorant. Though they were, perhaps, the oldest tribe in Europe, they seemed to have retained not traditions of the past. Folk-lore was a dead letter. Pride of race they knew not. Of ambition they had none. Their number neither increase or diminish. What their future will be no one can say definitely; but probably it will run much the same as their long past." In the Foot-ball department for the present number, *Outing* gives an account of the two great games of the year, Harvard vs Yale, and Yale vs Princeton.

Dallusiensia.

Row: "That logarithm contains three nines."
Vox Pokerosus, (absently): "Better than three eights!!"

THE Freshman of milk jar fame was recently taken to the "town's end" by some naughty Sophs and handled like a wild beast from a *minnagerie*.

FRESHMAN, (to Soph): "Have you any books to sell, sir?"
Soph: "Yes, I have a Lexicon."
Fresh: "I don't want it; that's what they read for extra Latin isn't it?"

WE have before us an account, culled from the *Mail*, of "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," in which the Man of the Cane of Hallowed Associations, the quasi-freshman of the third year, and the lover of Domesticity, were the chief participants. We are sorry to notice that the unaccustomed fare of turkey, rasins and onions overcame them. Intoxicated with cranberry sauce they wandered about the town till "daylight did appear," making night hideous with their cries for their nurses.

"MURDER WILL OUT."
A Break-up Tragedy.

Orator: "I know for certain that once a student, a football-player, made 29.8 in one exam, and a professor persuaded the faculty to add .2 because the student *was* a football-player"

Omnes: "That was Prof. J—ns—n!"
Orator, (continuing): "That particular student played centre scrim—"
Omnes: "That was Danny!"

THE annual official report on the hirsute appendages of the freshmen was late in reaching the Sanctum. The following are some of the results: Ritchie, 32.501 (evidently worked hard and conscientiously. Sorry we can't give him a class)

MacKay, 57, (2nd class), (lacks color.)
Pyke, (failed ignominiously. Recommend the use of some fertilizing agent).
Conrod, (started but fell out after a week's wear)
MacDonald, 49.07, (would improve if some transplanting were done).
McLean, major, 89, (1st class. Only one who took extras in curling).
Chamberlain, .00001, (will disappear on application of Pearline and scrubbing-brush).

ONE of the members of the 2nd year is evidently sure that he possesses a charming voice. He disturbs the worthy north end citizens by singing to his loved one every morning. The endurance of the neighbors has reached its cli" *max; well*" may they say with the psalmist, "O, Daniel G. how long?"

ODE TO AN IDEAL LADY.

AIR :— *Widow Machree.*

Lady O'Jane, 'tis no wonder ye frown,
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
For the College boys put the dear Wanderers down ;
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
And they won, by strange chances in sunshine and showers,
The Trophy from players, all Skill, by the powers !
Who monopolized Pluck ; only Brute Strength was ours.
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !

Sure, isn't it strange ye niver found out,
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
That football is brutal, the divil a doubt,
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
Till our boys wiped the field with cheir forwards and backs,
And our goal was secure from their wildest attacks.
Can this be your reason, with mildness we ax ?
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !

Lady O'Jane, take a word of advice,
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
As good as a lawyer's and not half his price ;
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
Move away from the city, or stop up both ears,
Or your nerves may be hurt, when next season appears,
Again by Dalhousie's victorious cheers.
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !

Lady O'Jane, one more favor we crave,
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
Don't cease to abuse us, continue to rave,
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !
That our friends are so many, our foes are so few,
May be largely set down to your writings and you :
And we think we should give every—Lady, her due.
Och hone ! Lady O'Jane !

—TIGERSTRIPES.

New Books.

THE PITT PRESS SERIES ; ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, by Alfred S. West, M. A., Cambridge University Press, 2898, pp. 288.

This is a model English Grammar which for information and conciseness cannot be improved upon. The Etymology of the Language is comprehensively set forth, and every syntactical question is fully dealt with. A peculiarity of the book is its completeness while it is well suited for beginners, it is at the same time almost invaluable to those more advanced. Perhaps the introductory chapters are not the least valuable, including as they do a short historical survey, remarks on the constituents of our vocabulary illustrated by a few well chosen examples,

a treatise on Grammar, and a very instructive chapter on phonology. An exhaustive index and a few questions on the most important points in each section, leave nothing to be desired.

THE PITT PRESS, SHAKESPEARE ; A Midsummer Nights Dream. Edited by A. Wilson Venby, M. A., Cambridge University Press, 1893, pp. 200.

Mr. Venby has already built up an enviable reputation as an editor of Milton, and this edition of the well known play is fully up to his standard. The introduction is full and complete. Yet so judiciously divided into twenty sections that any question in connection with the play can be easily and readily answered. The answer to the question, "Why is the play called A Midsummer-Night's Dream?" is very satisfactory. The notes are of an explanatory nature, copious. Yet nothing irrelevant, unnecessary or apparent is inserted. They contain rational criticisms of the action, explanations of verbal forms and of otherwise unintelligible terms and references. The editor seems to be steeped in the spirit of Shakespeare, and never is guilty of gross implied anachronisms or expressed impossibilities. The binding, paper, and type are excellent, and the proof sheets have been carefully read.

Law Department.

ANOTHER New Years' Day has come and gone, and another vacation season, bringing its joys and sorrows, is ended, and again we find ourselves back in the Law School, on the eve of our examinations. The brightness of heart, and gaities of the holiday season must now be laid aside for the sterner duties of life, and strength of mind and body must be conserved for the coming conflict. It is now the season of the year when the law editor finds it impossible to concentrate his mind upon GAZETTE work, and feels that the balmy paths of journalism are not all strewn with flowers. Therefore, if the Law Department is less interesting than it should be, we crave the indulgence of our patrons ; and while we wish them a happy and prosperous New Year, let them understand it as a wish from the heart, and not a mere multiplicity of words.

IT speaks well for Dalhousie that at least seven of the most prominent citizens of Bridgewater whose portraits are given in the "Christmas Bulletin," are graduates of our University. We may add that they are all comparatively young men and are not only a credit to the town which claims them as representative citizens, but are bright jewels in the crown of their *Alma Mater*.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

Saturday night, Nov. 18, ushered in a government composed of,

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| HON. WM. L. PAYZANT..... | } | <i>Minister of Justice,
and Premier.</i> |
| " A. B. COPP | | |
| " MR. GILLIS | | <i>Minister of Finance.</i> |
| " MR. SCOTT | | <i>Minister of Public Works.</i> |

The bill to be brought forward was one relating to the much vexed question of taxation, viz., that certain institutions, bodies and corporations should not be exempted from the payment of taxes, as is now the law. However, the whole session was taken up with other business. The Government was put under a heavy fire of questions from the members, but from which they emerged with reputation untouched and policy unshaken.

The great event of the evening though, was the introduction of a "private bill" by Hon. Mr. Williams (Trinidad). Expressed in forcible and very pointed language, it set forth the needs and wishes of the inhabitants of that distant isle. They were desirous, as Cæsar says of the ancient Helvetia, of new things; to change their form of government from that of a Crown Colony, to one of a representative government. The evening was all too short for this most important measure, so the debate on it was adjourned to another sitting.

Saturday evening, Dec. 2nd, again saw the treasury benches occupied by the Payzant Government. The taxation bill was brought up, discussed, and carried, the government being sustained by a large majority. Shortly after nine o'clock, it was whispered about among the members that an old friend, one whose voice had often been heard from the floors of the House, had sought a place of modest exclusion in the gallery. On a nod from the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms immediately conducted our old and very distinguished friend, Professor Jackson, to a seat on the right of the Speaker.

The debate was speedily ended, and the Speaker invited the Professor to address the House on one of the burning topics of the day, and the Professor wisely chose foot-ball. But he did not confine himself solely to that, but in eloquent and fiery language, held the House spell-bound, both with the remarkable and ceaseless flow of language, as well as with the wonderful learning exhibited by our worthy friend, while he discoursed on almost every subject in the encyclopædia. Nestor of old was in the shade when Prof. Jackson had once taken the floor. Cicero would have starved, had he had such a counsel opposed to him. Cheer upon cheer greeted him at every fresh out-burst, and frequently his remarks were wasted on the members for five or ten minutes at a time. Finally, at 10.30, as he stopped for a

second to recover his breath, the Premier arose and thanked Prof. Jackson for his well-timed address, informing him that upon consultation, the government would confer upon him the title of "Grand Duke of Dalhousie, and Earl of Mud-Lake." The Professor in fitting language thanked the House for the honour thus conferred, and the House adjourned.

Upon the resignation of the Payzant ministry, R. A. Irving, the hon. member for Kent, was called upon to choose colleagues, and fill the seats on the treasury benches.

The evening of Dec. 9th, 1893, saw Premier Irving installed in office, and he introduced his cabinet as follows:

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|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| HON. R. H. GRAHAM..... | <i>Finance Minister.</i> |
| " A. S. BARNSTEAD..... | <i>Minister of Public Works.</i> |
| " KEEFLER | <i>Minister of the Interior.</i> |
| " H. E. ROSS | <i>Postmaster General.</i> |

As a departure had been made from the usual number of ministers, by the addition of a new office, Minister of the Interior, it was contended by members of the Opposition that such a course was unprecedented in the history of the Mock Parliament, and also that the same was unconstitutional. The Government claimed that owing to the largely increased trade of the country, that they found it impossible for four members to sufficiently look after the best interests of our country, and denied the statement that this course was inconsistent with the constitution.

The Speaker was asked to refer to the constitution, and upon search it was found that one or other of the contending parties had guarded well against this settlement of the dispute, by wrongly converting the constitution for their own selfish motive. An investigation was at once held, and the missing document was found in the possession of a prominent citizen of Halifax. This gentleman being unable to give a satisfactory explanation, was summoned to appear before the Bar of the House, to answer a charge of obstructing the proceedings of the House, by taking and detaining therefrom the aforesaid constitution. Upon examination, it appeared that the document had been given to him by a prominent member of the Opposition, who fruitlessly endeavoured by a Big (and) Low effort to exonerate himself from blame.

Premier Irving now arose, and in an eloquent and well-pointed speech, brought down the Government resolution as follows:

Whereas, it is expedient in the interests of this Dominion that every effort be made to consolidate British North America;

Therefore Resolved, That the Imperial Government be asked to make such changes in the B. N. A. Act as will make possible, inter alia, the annexation of Newfoundland, and the gradual abolition of the French language in Quebec and Manitoba.

The Hon. Minister of Finance, in his usual animated style, seconded the resolution, showing the great advantage to Canada by the adoption of such a measure. The debate was then carried on by Messrs. Barnstead, Loggie, McDonald, Gerrior, and Copp. The House divided at 10.30, the resolution being carried by a large majority.

Saturday evening, Dec. 16th, saw the last and most interesting session of the year. Every member was in his place sharply at 8 o'clock,—loaded with questions to fire at the Government, which was quickly answered by the Hon. Minister of the Interior, who had an abundant and ardent supply of the information desired.

The Hon. Minister of Finance then moved the following resolution:

Whereas, the present administration has been derogatory to the best interests of Canada;

Therefore Resolved, we place ourselves on record as opposed to such administration.

This measure, as may be expected, brought forth an interesting discussion, in which the majority of members expressed their views. When the vote was called by the Speaker, the resolution was carried, 24 to 6.

The Hon. Premier, before tendering the resignation of his government, made the following appointments:

SPEAKER ROBINSON, Keeper of the State Trade;
 McDONALD, Sexton of the Church of St. Agnes;
 FRAZER, Keeper of Fox Brook Kindergarten;
 LOGGIE, Chaperon for Mt. Allison Ladies' College;
 KEIFLER, Billposter-General;
 MCLEOD, Bell boy for Dalhousie;
 HEWSON, Dominion Philanthropist.

At the close of this session, the last for the College year of 93-94, several of the Senior Class made farewell addresses, and then all joined hands and sang that parting song, Auld Lang Syne.

NEW BRUNSWICK NOTES.

W. H. TRUEMAN, LL. B., of Dalhousie, lectures on Contracts in Kings College Law School, St. John.

COPIES of the New Brunswick Judicature Act which it is proposed to introduce at next session of the Legislature, have been distributed among members of the bar. The proposed new system of practice is not being very cordially received by the majority of the lawyers, and it is doubtful whether it will become law or not.

THE following Dalhousians have been admitted attorneys of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, and have opened offices in the following places:—B. S. Smith, St. John; John Montgomery, St. John; R. B. Bennett, Chatham; H. F. Puddington, St. John; L. P. D. Tilley, St. John.

MOOT COURT.

SIMONDS, Plaintiff, }
 v. }
 EAGAN, Defendant. }

Nov. 10th, 1893.

Before WELDON, C. J.

This was a motion for a new trial upon a case stated as follows:—

Plaintiff was a ship-wright in the service of defendant. His ordinary work was that of a hewer, but it was part of his work to assist the planker in pulling in the planks on the side of the ship. In bending planks to fit the ship's side ropes were used. The plaintiff, with others, when called upon, would carry the steamed plank up the staging, when each would take a reinstaff with a rope attached (of which a number lay ready for use distributed along the staging), and attaching it to a ring-bolt in the side of the ship, with a turn through a seam of the vessel, pull upon the rope until the hot plank was bent to proper shape. The rope broke, and plaintiff was in consequence thrown to the ground and injured. Defendant was a practical ship-wright, and was about the ship nearly every day during its construction. He however employed a competent foreman. When the keel was laid, defendant furnished a number of new ropes of the best quality. These were fastened to reinstaffs by other men in the yard, who put them on the staging, ready for use by those who fitted the planks, plaintiff being one of such fitters. The rope had been considerably worn, for it appeared chafed where it afterwards parted.

The jury found in answer to the questions put by the trial judge:—

- (1.) Rope broke because it had been chafed in use;
- (2.) Plaintiff could by ordinary diligence at the time he used the rope, have seen the defect;
- (3.) Defendants' foreman was a competent man.

The trial judge directed the jury, that if the defendant had selected good rope for the planking, he would not be liable unless he knew or ought to have known that the rope had become unsafe.

The judge on appeal, receiving the evidence, doubted the soundness of the second finding of the jury. The evidence of the foreman was in terms: "That while the regular planker had to take the ropes up in the stage and distribute them, plaintiff, and men of his class, would have no option as to the ropes they would use." At trial judgment was for defendant.

A. B. Copp and Thos. Frazer appeared in support of motion, and contended that there was misdirection by the judge, that the verdict was against the evidence, and generally that defendant was liable; citing *McDonald v. McFee*, 3 Pugs., 159; *Wilson v. Henry* L. R. 1 Schapp, 326; *Hernes v. Pender*, 11 Q. B. D., 503; and *Walsh v. Whitby*, 21 Q. B. D., 371.

R. A. Irving and R. D. Gillis, contra, contended that there was no misdirection, and the verdict was in accord with the evidence; or in the alternative, that the facts as cited by plaintiff, even if admitted, would be insufficient ground for a new trial; citing *Mutual Life Ins. Co. v. Moore*, 5 App. Cases, 644, 656; *Metrop. Ry. Co. v. Wright*, 11 App. Cases, 152; *Webster v. Friedberg*, 172 B. D. 736; *Doherty v. Mayor of St. John*, 26 N.

B. Rep. 18; *Priestly v. Fowler*, 3 M. & W., 1; *Williams v. Clough*, 3 H. & N., 239; and *Griffiths v. London and St. Katherine Docks*, 12 Q. B. D., 463.

WELDON, C. J., dismissed motion, on the grounds advanced by the opposing counsels.

LAW SCHOOL PERSONALS.

WE are glad once more to see the genial face of S. E. March, LL. B., of last year's class. He looks quite well, notwithstanding the worries of a prosperous law practice and the cares of a family.

VICTOR FRAZEE of last year's class is reported very, we may say exceedingly favourably from Providence, R. I., where he is teaching commercial branches in the high school. Victor! Dalhousie wishes you the success you deserve, which will be no small portion.

TWO of last year's most prominent and popular graduates, Mr. G. A. R. Rowlings and Mr. W. E. Thompson, have formed a partnership and are doing a flourishing law business at 43 Sackville Street, under the style of Rowlings & Thompson. Two more capable and more respected young barristers would be hard to find, and success is certain for the firm of Rowlings & Thompson, for "They are jolly good fellows which nobody can deny."

THE GAZETTE extends its congratulations to our Dean, Dr. Weldon, and wishes for him and his bride health and happiness, long life and prosperity. We are sorry that the press of work for the coming exams forbids our taking the melodious tin horn and the tuneful cow bell and going down to the Dean's residence to show our good will on the occasion. We know that we are very remiss in our duty to let such an opportunity pass, but trust that the Dr. will forgive, though we know he would love to hear the sweet voices of his loyal classes with a tin whistle accompaniment. Notwithstanding our withholding this treat from Dr. Weldon we wish to assure him that our best of good wishes are most heartily tendered on this occasion.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIE.

THE Queen Street chips of the bar
Are not acting on the squar';
They rake in the tin
From whoever comes in,
At the game of P—o—k—e—r.

WHERE did Charles spend his vacation? Does any one know? Charlie, it is well the wife was not with you.

RY. vs. WILLIAMS.—LOGGIE accessory both before and after the fact. GRAHAM, counsel for defendant.—To be heard on appeal Feby. 14th, before VICKERY, C. J.

DICK has started a branch business at No. 2 Bauer Street. Call early and avoid the rush. After eleven o'clock, come in at the little side door. P. S.—N. B.—Bring your own tobacco with you.

THE Governors, we are told, are asking for tenders for the construction of a stair from the Mock Parliament window, so that the member for Yarmouth can make an easier exit in case of a threatened bouncing.

ALL last week the gaze of the multitude might have been attracted by huge posters advertising the loss of the popular member for Cape Breton. When last seen, he was attempting to get into the Yarmouth

Duck & Yarn Coy.'s office, to purchase a ticket for Boston via the fast boats of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. It was at first reported that he had a sunstroke, and was sent to the Y. M. C. A. for special treatment, but this was unfounded. The chief fact of which we are in possession is, that he is now over a week behind in getting back to classes, and any information as to his present location will be thankfully received by his anxious and sorrowing friends.

THE Law Librarian is asking for tenders for Beef Tea Powders. Feeling the need of something to strengthen him in the wee sma' hours, when meditating on the beauties of Snell on Equity and other poems, he invested in a small vial of Essence of Cow, which, for the sum of \$1.00, was guaranteed to make fifty gallons of Prime Beef Tea. With eager eyes and appetite on edge, the first brew was made by himself and room-mate. With great eclat and rattling of spoons, they seated themselves by the festive bowl. But ere the first mouthful had passed the Oesophagus, they found to their horror that they had been brewing, not Beef Tea, but Violet Ink, and that's why the Librarian looks so blue, Mondays.

Medical Department.

WE have been again indebted to McGill, for her kindness in extending an invitation to us to be present at her annual dinner. Mr. Dechman, who so ably represented our interests on that occasion, speaks in the highest terms of the kindness and attention shown him by the McGill boys, who, as is well known, never do things by halves. We are also indebted to Queen's University, Kingston, for a similar courtesy. What's the matter with a dinner given by the combined Faculties of our own University? Dalhousie never wants to be outdone in any thing. True, it is a somewhat formidable undertaking, but why should we not at least take it into consideration.

DESPITE the vaunted refining influence of woman, the Medical department of the GAZETTE has never favored the co-education of the sexes along the line of professional study. We have always been in doubt as to whether it should be with feelings of pride that our *alma mater* points to the fact that she was the first college in Canada to open her doors to lady students. But once having entered the portals of a Medical College, and having assumed the garb of undergraduates, lady students should bear in mind the fact that they are

simply students of medicine, and that if they are to dissect with gentlemen students, and together be present at operations of every descriptions, such exhibitions of prudery as recently took place at a meeting of the Medical Society, are decidedly incongruous. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

BEFORE breaking up for the Christmas vacation, a new departure was made, by the medical students giving an At Home to their friends. Unfortunately, there are, at the Medical College, no rooms suitable for such social gatherings. However, through the kindness of the Halifax Medical Society, its commodious rooms at the Dispensary were placed at our disposal. On behalf of the Students' Medical Society, the GAZETTE tenders heartiest thanks to all those friends whose kindly interest contributed so largely to the success of the undertaking. While, however, we feel that in a measure, it was a success, yet, as in the case of all innovations, errors crept in which we greatly deplore. Arrangements, of necessity, were made hurriedly, and as a consequence several names were unintentionally omitted from the list of invitation. In apologizing to all those who were thus inadvertently slighted, we beg to assure them that such omission was the result of accident, and not of design.

CONSTERNATION and dismay have disturbed the peaceful calm of the medical sanctum, in view of the fact that the column headed Medical Briefs, has fallen under the terrible bane of disfavor with a would be fastidious and decidedly over nice element, whose approbation we scorn to court. Scathing criticisms and thundering anathemas have been hurled at us *ad nauseam*, because, in the greatness of their superior intellectual powers, these omniscient critics have placed *their* interpretation upon an item appearing under the Medical Briefs of the issue of Nov. 25. Once for all, we wish distinctly to state that this particular column refers solely to the STUDENTS of the HALIFAX MEDICAL COLLEGE. Hence it is neither expected, nor intended, that students of the Departments of Arts and Law, or any one not connected with the Medical College, shall

understand or appreciate any item appearing under Medical Briefs. Consequently, no one other than a medical student has any right whatsoever to place any construction upon the various Briefs. While the medical editor exercises the most careful and rigid supervision of all articles appearing in the Medical Department, he absolutely and most unqualifiedly refuses to accept as his censors, individuals whose ignorance of medical terminology is as appalling as their impertinence, and whose interest in the Medical College does not extend beyond a hypercritical and cynical fault-finding. We would very respectfully, but very emphatically, assure those whose astute minds could interpret a Brief, understood by only an initiated few of us humble followers of Hippocrates, that out of their own mouths shall they be condemned, for evil be to him who evil thinks.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT OF HALIFAX MEDICAL COLLEGE.

To those interested in higher education, and more particularly those who take an interest in medical education, a few words concerning the Halifax Medical College cannot at any time be out of place. This institution,—the only one of its kind in the Maritime Provinces,—has been in existence for a quarter of a century, having just entered upon its twenty-fifth session, and no better evidence is needed of the good work it has done, than the success which has attended its graduates. Some of them occupy positions which may well be the envy and admiration of the profession. The reasons for this degree of success are twofold. First, the self-sacrificing efforts of her hard-worked, but poorly paid professors, who often with great inconvenience to themselves, rarely fail to meet their students at the appointed hour. Never did a band of foreign or home missionaries, labor with more zeal and smaller pay. To them in a large measure, is due the success of our College. Second, the class of students which attend a college, has largely to do with its success. As a rule, the students who attend our College are not only of more than average ability, but with perhaps a few exceptions, belong to that class who have to carve their own way in life, in other words, make their own money, and they as a general rule, know how to spend it to the best advantage. This, we believe, Nova Scotia students cannot do better than by attending their own college. While other institutions offer attractions in the way of more elaborate buildings, better paid professors, and larger hospitals etc, we are convinced that for

honest work and individual teaching, Halifax Medical College compares favorably with any institution of its kind in America. But while we are pleased to note the success which has attended our College in the past, we should not be, and are not contented to rest satisfied. We take it as an expression of confidence in the College, that each year its number of undergraduates is increasing. This is also true of its graduates. Still there is much to be done. At present, a large number of our men go to other colleges, where they think the advantages are superior to our own. Every effort should be made to place our College in such a position, that it will be able to compete with older and more richly endowed institutions. The number of Nova Scotians studying at McGill last year was 35. As many, if not more, would probably be found scattered among the different American Colleges. Others again, go to London and Edinburgh. This not only takes a large number of young men from our province, many of whom never return, but at the same time represents a large amount of money, when we remember that the cost of a medical education ranges from \$1200 to \$1500. Why should not this, to a greater extent than at present, be spent in our own city.

The question of denomination, which has proved such a barrier to college union in the Maritime Provinces, cannot be raised here. All denominations meet in the Medical College on an equal footing, and among no class of students does more harmony exist. Here then is a chance for some of the wealthy men of our city and province, to render their names immortal, and to erect for themselves a monument which will be more lasting than the mummy tombs of the Egyptians. For a sufficiently long time has the struggle for existence lasted. Our professors are worthy if not wealthy, and deserve assistance. The history of the College is such as to command the confidence, and call for the support of the public. Professor Mills, in addressing the students of McGill Medical Faculty at their last annual dinner, said the reason why the benefactors of McGill College had contributed so liberally to the College was that they had faith in her graduates. They, the benefactors, were shrewd business men, and on business principles they supported the College. Men of wealth and liberality, have you not the same faith in the graduates of Halifax Medical College? Have they not reached the top of the profession in our own province. That they have, is a fact which need not be commented on here. While the College at present is doing good work, much is required to make it perfect. We want more college room, better equipped laboratories, and our men placed in a position in which they will be enabled to devote more time to college duties. We do not expect this all at once, but it is time a beginning was made. There is no reason why we should not

have a first-class Medical College in this city, and keep our students at home. Our hospital facilities are second to none in the Dominion. Here the student has ample opportunity of studying disease in all its forms. The fact that we have the finest harbor in America, thronged with ships from all parts of the world, gives us an advantage over inland towns, as all sailors requiring medical treatment, secure this at Victoria General Hospital. The Government has done much for the College by enlarging this hospital, thereby increasing the facility for medical research, and also by contributing directly to the support of the College. Let the city do something by removing taxation. Let our philanthropic men of wealth, even before they die, do something towards the establishment of a Medical College in the City of Halifax, which will be a living monument to themselves, and an object of admiration to the collegiate world.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF EXALGINE.

EXALGINE, or Methylacetanilide, another member of the coal tar series, is described by Wood as a tasteless powder, scarcely soluble in water, which in toxic doses produces in animals loss of sensation, violent cramps, and death from asphyxia. It has been used to a considerable extent as an antipyretic, in doses of from five to ten grains, taken during the twenty-four hours, but it seems to be distinctly inferior in certainty, pleasantness and safety of action to Acetanilide. From the *Therapeutic Gazette*, the following brief note of its action is culled:—

After a careful study on the physiological action of Exalgine, MARANDON DE MONTYEL finds that it has little action on the digestive system, such action being limited to an increased flow of saliva and a bitter taste in the mouth, accompanied by a feeling of tightness about the stomach; and that these symptoms are absent if the drug be taken with food. The urine was decreased, and the color darker than would be expected from the diminution in quantity. In sufficient doses, urobilin and indican appeared, associated with a loss of weight in the patient. Arterial tension was increased, except in a few cases where a short fall preceded the rise, always accompanied with the tightness of the stomach above noticed, and therefore probably reflex; the pulse rate, respiration and temperature were all lowered in patients *without* convulsive tendencies, while these were increased in patients *with* convulsive tendencies. Vertigo, flashes of heat and ringing in the ears were present; a local or general hyperæmia, or cyanotic surface, followed by paleness, sensations of cold, also local or general, with formations were observed. It improved the intellectual and sensory disturbances of reflex origin, and aggravated the others. Its action was prompt, but fugacious, the brain being the first organ affected, and the first also to recover. By giving it with the meals, most of the ill effects noted were avoided.

MEDICAL BRIEFS.

MAC.'S interest in the surgical ward seems to have ceased. Why?

PROF. of Clinical Medicine to class :—"What are the symptoms of Bronchitis?"

Voice from rear :—"Goose flesh."

FOR SALE OR TO LET —Pad-lock keys of most approved pattern and reputable make. In perfect order and as good as new. Only reason for selling, the present owners have no further use for them. Apply at this office.

A FRESHMEN'S ward has been fitted up at the V. G. H. in connection with the operating room. This will be under the direct supervision of one of the staff. Fainting Freshies will be placed upon the hydropathic regimen.

AH, ye cruel Fates. From the august assemblage of the powers that be, has gone forth the mandate: "No *more* visiting the V. G. H. in the evening."

WHY did it not occur to the gigantic brain of the Minister of Finance to placard the rooms where students ARE ALLOWED to go. It would have saved printer's ink and been decidedly more economical.

PROF. of Surgery :—"Now Mr. S. what are the lesions of Urticaria." S—"Wheals,—W—h—e—e—a—l—s."

PROF.—Yes, quite right,—that is, your orthography is quite right, even if the rest is second-hand."

GOOD resolutions do not always *far(e)(w)ell*. This is how he planned to spend his time: 9-10—Study; 10-12.—College; 12-1.—Study; 2-8.—Hospital; 3-5.—Practical Anatomy; 5-6½.—Study; 7-8.—Study; 8-10... Practical Anatomy; 10.30-11.30.—Study.

This is how he actually did spend it :—9-10 —Loaf; 10-12 —Smoke; 12-1.—Loaf; 2-3 —Siesta; 3-5 —Loaf and smoke; 5-6½.—Meditate; 7-8.—Loaf; 8-11 30.—Play pool.

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For Xmas No.— Prof. Forest, \$5.00. Prof. Weldon, \$4.00. Prof. Lawson, Prof. Johnson, Prof. Murray, \$3.00 each. Prof. MacGregor, \$2.50. Prof. MacMechan, Prof. Liechti, \$2.00 each.

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