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UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.

THE recent failure of the attempt to successfully run the St. Martin's Seminary, has given another blow to the theories of those who uphold Denominational Colleges. The Seminary above mentioned was started in the interests of the New Brunswick Baptists, and professed to give a training to either sex, that would fit them for the higher spheres of activity. It had not the power to grant degrees, but was working towards that end. It was supported by fees and by the contributions of the Baptist people. Its failure shows the folly of trying to sustain a denominational institution where there are others already in existence that can do the same work far more efficiently.

This petty feeling of denominational rivalry has always been the bane of higher education in the Maritime Provinces. In a section of country with a population that does not exceed 800,000, we find no less than six degree-conferring colleges; and

of these six, four are denominational. The result is that not one of them can do as thorough and as advanced work as if there were but a single university. The money that would then go towards enriching and making more efficient the departments of this large college, now is expended in supporting Arts professors in each of the six. In some cases this has reached almost the height of absurdity, for we find a denomination expending some \$12,000 a year to give to some thirty students an education, which might be procured by those students at a neighbouring university, without any more cost on the part of that university than it has to-day. Of course we know there is always a feeling of attachment for a college through which one has passed, and it is this feeling which to a great extent prevents unification. Then there are vested interests, buildings and property, which prove a barrier to the removal of a college to another town. But it is a question whether these things should prevent the consolidation of all the Maritime universities.

The Presbyterians may be blamed for the way they acted with regard to Dalhousie in its early days, but later they saw the folly of their course, and entered heartily into the support of this undenominational university. Instead of trying to build up a university of their own, they expended their money in supporting some chairs in Dalhousie, and in establishing a Theological college in affiliation with it. The result is, that Dalhousie is strengthened, and that the Presbyterians can give their theological students a training in Halifax not excelled by any that can be procured in America. If the Episcopalians, and the Baptists, and the Methodists would but do the same, they would have far better trained men in their ministry, and the Maritime Provinces would have a university that would rival in size as well as in thoroughness of instruction any university in Canada.

THE Valedictory question has been settled for this year, at any rate as far as the students are concerned. At the General Students' meeting, the whole matter came up for discussion. Dr. Forrest was present, and gave the views of the Senate with regard to this and kindred subjects. After a thorough debate it was decided to continue the three valedictories with a time limit, for this year. The other courses proposed

were, that there should be but one valedictorian for all the graduating classes, and that the valedictories be abolished altogether. It was not considered feasible to have but the one valedictory, and the debate waged around the other two courses. Finally, by a small majority, it was decided as above. Then the Senior Class in Arts took the matter up at one of its meetings, and debated as to whether they would put forward a valedictorian, or decline to do so. They at last decided that it would be better to act as did the other classes, and have a valedictorian. So that in this respect, the convocation proceedings this spring will be as usual. But the opponents of valedictories think that although defeated, yet they have gained a victory. It is foolish to say that this feeling against valedictories emanated from the Senate. If it did, the Senate is shewn to have a power over the opinions of the students of which we never conceived. Rather, what the Senate said was but the match that started the flame. The feeling already existed among the students that valedictories were becoming a nuisance, and it only needed a word to develop this feeling into open agitation for abolition.

As to the course that shall be taken next year, a good deal will depend on how the valedictories are appreciated this spring. But, unless we discern the signs of the times wrongly, it will only be a matter of a few sessions before each graduating student will be instructed to make his "farewell" privately.

THE papers read at the last meeting of the Philomathic Society were of very great historic interest. They dealt with matters dear to every Canadian who is a true lover of his country. For whose heart does not thrill with pride when he hears recounted the glories of heroes who fought and bled for home and country? Such papers as these make us think more of our native land. They stir up within us that patriotic love of country that we all should have, and in which we as Canadians, perhaps, are lacking. It is one of the aims of the Society to stimulate historical research among the students. And what opportunities they have during the summer months of picking up little bits of history, interesting not only to themselves but also to the Society and to their fellow-students! We are very glad to be able to publish in this issue one of the papers read,

and only regret that space forbids publishing the others. At the next meeting of the Society, on March 22nd, Professor Roberts of King's College, will deliver a lecture on "Canadian History." This lecture should be heard by every student, for it will be well worth hearing, as Professor Roberts is a master in his subject. The Society is purchasing a number of books on Canadian history and other subjects, which will be placed in the "Canadian Corner" of the Library, when received.

Contributed.

SONNET.

A bird with power for plumage and a heart
 Of music, comes into my dreary life
 Like our white star that cleaves with light's keen knife
 The dark expanse of winter's skies apart,
 And shews the way for millions more to start
 Their earthward flight thro' cloudy regions rife,
 Till all the air is filled with music's strife
 And deserts people like the crowded mart.
 Then sing the birds and sweeter are the notes
 Than ever mortal ear had chanced to hear;
 The melody like distant chantings floats
 Thro' all my being like eternal clear,
 And life for me is all devoid of fear
 For love has come and crossed time's barren moat.

MACL.

STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

THE title is large and as bewildering as a request to give one's "Impressions of life in the States." There is student life in Berlin, intense, modern, instinct with the importance of the German capital, and there are also quiet hill-towns such as Jena, Marburg, or Tübingen, where divinities of an older student civilization are still worshipped, only to linger, however, till they are met by the 19th century *Zeitgeist* of Berlin and other centres.

The first year of student life at one of the smaller universities is a holiday in which the meaning of "freedom" is learned and rejoiced in. The *Gymnasium* has been a veritable house of bondage, where by day and night the boy has slaved in the grinding-mills of Pharaoh in the shape of a school-master. But Pharaoh became a terror of the past when with his exit examinations he crossed his Red Sea. His Egyptian experience, however, has given him a knowledge of classics, mathematics, and modern languages, such as an ordinary Arts graduate might well covet

So he comes up to the university for a rest. His first coming up is a sort of pilgrimage of thanksgiving, and the shrine he seeks is in a small provincial capital whose glory dwells in its house of learning.

Many of these university-towns lie among well-wooded hills or clamber up their sides perhaps towards some mediæval castle at the top, which is almost hidden in the foliage so abundant in the hot German summer. The streets, steep and rough-paved, wind in and out between close-built, old-fashioned houses, their inhabitants seeming proof against the ill odours of their narrow alleys. As the student hurries to lectures in the morning he threads his way among a busy crowd of housewives out to market, and dull looking peasants, the men in blue smock-frocks and with long pipes, the women dressed in various colours and fashions, while their country produce is exposed for sale on a cart, beneath which sleeps a savage dog, their beast of burden; with other passers-by he makes way for a troop of soldiers that come tramping heavily over the stones on their way to drill. Most of the little world moves along under the windows of the old building in the heart of the town, used long ago as a monastery, and now as a seat of reformed learning. The beautiful low gothic corridors which encircle a small garden once paced by quiet feet of monks on their way to the old chapel at the further end, are now filled for quarter of an hour between the hour-bell and the opening of class with students, some walking arm in arm dividing their attention between eager conversation and the breakfast they had not time to eat before leaving home. Another with hat off and hair on end smokes his cigar and lolls his spare moments out. Then there is the frequent salute as one club-man meets an acquaintance from another club, and acknowledges him with profound bow and a swing of his cap at arms length. And what dignity is there. But little is wasted on the "loose" man who can boast of no club and who wears an unshapen straw hat or coat of country cut.

There are two distinct strata of students that seldom mix. One type comes up with little money in his pocket, and no fine manners in the world, but with a good school record. His looks are low but his heart is high, for he aims at nothing less than a career beginning with *privat-docent*, and ending with *professor ordinarius*. He wears the badge of no historic *verein* or students' society, his face is earnest, his spectacles are heavy-rimmed. Under his arm is a black bag crammed with note books, and it must be large and his ink-bottle well-filled to supply the twenty lectures that he sits out every week.

This is the man who will by and by get married in order to have some one to cook digestible food for him, though even the very eating will be such a loss of time that he will seek to retrieve himself at the family dinner-table by poring over a

book of dates, or scientific measurements. Confessedly this specimen is extreme. The average working student with more of the weakness of humanity in him pursues his quest with somewhat intermittent purpose. A German student has been known to nod at lectures. On a desk in the class-room of a somewhat tedious lecturer there is an inscription expressing the habits of more than one, which reads *te salutant O professor dormituri*. On the same desk there are other evidences of wanderings in dreamland so bewitching that a name has been thoughtlessly written down, and the student of the next hour has the secret of his predecessor's reverie.

The other type of student is the club man, "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel, seeking the bubble reputation" at the rapier's point. His thoughts in peace are of beer and ladies. The club-man can be known even in the distance. His brilliant cap marks him out. It is green, or red, or yellow, with a rim of parti-coloured silk, and ridiculously small sits lightly on one side of his head, so as to show his carefully combed and oiled hair. Round his shoulder, too, is a silk sash with his colours, the honour of which he has upheld in many a duel, as his much-slashed face bears witness. Club-men are gregarious. They are often followed by large dogs, which possibly by contrast, are at times strikingly intelligent. The chief occupation of the club-man is to parade the town in the afternoon, drink beer at headquarters in the night, and practise for his duelling engagements on Saturday. Sunday is spent in exhibiting a bandaged, slashed, highly-carbolized hero of some conflict of the previous day. Athletics are unknown, and instead of the manly, well-developed student of Britain or America, you find a rotund epicure with a disfigured face.

However, the *Verein* which is the great institution of student life in Germany, is not by any means exclusively a dwelling association. There is the *Verein* for philology, science or theology, and what makes it distinctly German is its social element. The *Kneipe*, a word meaning properly a beer or coffee-house, comes to be in ordinary student parlance, the gathering that meets there, and is a mixture of good-fellowship and serious discussion. Naturally it is in the smaller universities that this social life flourishes. Here and there on the hillside float flags all day long marking the rendezvous of a *Teutonia* or *Arminius* club, from which after nightfall there come across the valley, or down the village street loud peals of songs sung over the beer. These *Verein* resemble in some ways the American fraternities, with their chapters in various colleges, some of them of such standing and so widely ramified that a stranger is welcomed by his club kith and kin wherever he may go to study. The advantage of this is evident when it is considered that a German student seldom remains longer than two or three sessions at one university.

Each man must be enrolled in some university for the number of terms prescribed for his profession, but his examinations are conducted in his own province, and he is at perfect liberty to attend the lectures of any professor in the subjects of his course. Thus the class-rooms of good teachers, be the university small or large, are well-filled, and a popular professor in some remote college will draw students from every part of the Empire and beyond.

The goal of every well-regulated and ambitious youth is Berlin, and even though he may belong properly to one of the larger universities, such as Leipzig, he aims at having some of his course in the capital. In these cities the proportion of workers to wasters is greater than in Heidelberg or Jena. A great city has a sobering effect. The struggle for existence in a European capital enters into the student, and turns him from a fresh provincial youth into a man with something of the strain of life in him.

Berlin, with its magnificent equipments in most branches and its large share of the best talent of Germany, has attracted 6000 students. The old university buildings are plain, and as usual in Germany badly ventilated, with little accommodation. But the new laboratories for physics and physiology offer the best advantages. Immediately across *Unter den Linden* opposite the University stands the Royal Library, which, as one of the best libraries in Europe, is an inestimable boon to those who are carrying out some line of work, especially as the University itself is rather deficient in library facilities. To understand modern German thought one must visit Berlin, which has had in recent years such leaders of learning as Mommsen, Helmholtz, Harnack, Zeller. Few of the smaller universities can boast of more than one or two men of mark in each faculty, and as their fame grows their chances of remaining diminish. A professor of more than ordinary ability is a bird of passage whose native home is Berlin or Leipzig. Smaller towns of the good old German stock, slow-going and conservative, dread Berlin, for with its insatiable greed for population it has gathered much of the best life of the provinces to itself, and transfigured their old traditions with a new *fin de siècle* spirit. The stream runs fast and furious in the capital and the student who is not to sink in it must brace himself up for a hard struggle.

Universities as well as professors have their reputations. These too are as transient as all other things in this mundane sphere. Göttingen was once famed for its mathematics and oriental languages; Heidelberg for its chemistry. In days gone by Tübingen possessed a school of theology whose memory still lives. Leipzig was known for its philology, and Berlin has a great name in almost everything. The princes of Prussia are trained at Bonn, but its aristocratic patronage has not hindered

it from taking good rank in departments of learning to which there is no royal road.

In the smaller towns the students show some of that same irresponsibility of conduct which is so well-known in English and American Colleges. Landladies and gentle townfolk vent on them imprecations of little weight while admiring them withal. Nevertheless the German has a much more tractable spirit than his representative in the Anglo-Saxon world, showing far less of the latter's boisterous activity in corridor, class-room or town. The waster is necessarily less magnificent in his ideas than his British or American compeer; the student proper while a much better scholar with more power of concentration on his work than our average man, is less master of his knowledge and can less readily turn it to practical use. These differences are rooted in distinctions of national character.

FORT MONCKTON.

FORT Monckton was situated on a slight eminence at the head of Baie Verte. To many of us, I doubt not, this beautiful sheet of water is unfamiliar. I well remember, when at school we followed the teacher's pointer gliding from bay to bay upon the map as we named the coast waters of these fair Provinces, that I was particularly attracted by Baie Verte. I do not know that any other person has had a similar experience, nor do I know the reason for my preference, unless it were, that the broad open appearance which that Basin presented as contrasted with the narrow irregular aspect of others, led to an expectation of seeing there a wider and grander expanse of the blue deep. Nor is one disappointed, when, perchance, standing by this old fort he gazes seaward.

The country around is low. Marshy flats are covered with salt grass, and washed by the sea at high tides. Inland it rises with a gentle sweep to a moderate elevation. All around lie beautiful well cultivated fields, with comfortable farm buildings. A little distance to the south is situated the village of Baie Verte, and to the north upon the banks of a river called the Gaspereaux, but not the most famous one of that name in the history of Acadia, stands the town of Port Elgin. On all sides, landward, distant hills meet the horizon, and are clothed to their summits with the sturdy growth of the forest.

Here, on a little plot of land about half an acre in extent, may be seen traces of the fortifications. The site is only a few feet above the ocean, and little higher than the surrounding ground. The fortifications consist of earthen embankments protected by trenches. These are distinctly traceable. They are covered with weeds and tangled brush-wood. Golden rod and

briars contend for possession. Clustering cherry bushes mingle their modest growth with that of more vigorous and thrifty birches. The interior of the fort is quite smooth and the soil has been cultivated. Several rows of old apple trees still stand, whose gnarled trunks and withered branches indicate a lingering vitality in clusters of stunted leaves. In the rear may be seen excavations, where buildings once stood, all other traces of which have vanished. In one corner, where the weeds and tangled bushes are thickest, are several small mounds with tiny head stones, which mark the graves of children of people living in the neighborhood, who have deemed the spot a convenient and beautiful burying place. In the front, the incoming tide breaks at the very foot of the mounds of the fortification, or its retreating waters leave bare large tracts of sandy beach, scattered boulders and heaps of seaweed.

Outside the fortifications, on a little plot of green near to the shore, there is another cluster of graves. At the head of these stand rude tablets of stone bearing well nigh effaced inscriptions, giving the names and other details of interest concerning those who lie so quietly beneath the mould. Some of these stones are broken, but on the remaining fragments one may read some such record as this:—

JAMES W. ———

Killed by In—

leaving it to the imagination to fill the blanks. These are the graves of soldiers, brave men who sleep by the sounding sea far away from the land that gave them birth. Around these lowly mounds, which are overgrown with wild roses, children play, and during the summer months they pluck the sweet wild flowers, or when leaden autumn settles over the land they gather the bright red rose hips with never a thought of care or danger.

The peace and security thus enjoyed contrast strangely with these crumbling memorials of a time when things were far otherwise. The mind goes back to these bygone days and questions what is known of the history of this ruined fortress. We shall briefly relate the scanty information we have been able to collect. It was built, we believe, in the closing years of the struggle between the French and British in America, perhaps less than ten years before the expulsion of the Acadians. Hither, at the instance of the Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Canada, came M. La Corne with two ships having on board 600 men, with arms and ammunition, and stores of all kinds. It seems to have been his purpose to fortify and hold the Isthmus of Chignecto as a key position between Nova Scotia and the mainland. Having erected a small fort at Baie Verte, he pushed across the Isthmus and built a larger and stronger one upon the bank of the Missaguash, near the head waters of the Bay of

Fundy, which he called Fort Beausejour. Between these outposts, along those splendid marshes, lay the Acadian settlement of Beaubassin. These both, but especially the Fort at Baie Verte, became store houses for the French and Indians, and afforded them a safe retreat in time of danger.

It soon became a necessary step in the British policy to reduce these strongholds. Accordingly on the 20th of April, 1755, Col. Monckton left Boston with a number of transports conveying a force of 1800 men, and on the 23rd he landed near Fort Lawrence. The following despatch from Governor Lawrence to the Secretary of State in London gives the sequel:—

Halifax, June 28th, 1755.

“I have the honor to acquaint you that the French Fort of Beausejour surrendered to Col. Monckton on the 16th inst., and the next day a small fort upon the river Gaspereaux, running into Baie Verte where the French have their principal magazine for supplying the French inhabitants and the Indians.”

From this and other sources we learn that on the day after the capitulation of Beausejour, Col. Monckton sent 300 men under Col. Winslow to offer terms of surrender to the garrison at Baie Verte. Col. Villeray, who was the officer in charge, had no alternative but to make the best possible terms for himself and his men. Stipulating that the troops be sent to Louisburg he bade the fortress gates be opened to the enemy. Slowly and reluctantly the tricolor fluttered down from its proud place, and very soon there floated out upon the breeze the broad banner of old England. For a short time the fort was occupied by the British, but, finally, it was dismantled and abandoned. Since then the years have swiftly flown, each contributing its quota toward the obliteration of these historic monuments, and the remembrance of the events which they commemorate.

It is nearing noon of an October day. A little distance from this deserted and ruined fortress, farmers are busily at work; their shouts to their horses and to one another can be distinctly heard. A brilliant sun shines in the bright blue vault of heaven. Old ocean lies quiet and still, miles of its level surface sparkling in the sunshine, or darkened by ripples as the breezes play upon it. Away in the offing a large ship trims her sails and numerous smaller craft are in sight. The cry of the sea-gull is faintly caught, as tipping his white wings to the sun he hovers over the waste of waters. A light breath of air rustles the withered grasses at our feet. The scene is one of quiet tranquil beauty. One can not help thinking of other days, when stirring scenes were enacted here; when rival nations contended for the possession of a continent, and their minions with jealous eyes scanned sea and land to guard lest the enemy obtain an advantage; when the wild savage prowled sulkily through the forest in the rear,

and looked in dumb anger upon the rival parties, who had wrenched from his sway the land that had been his fathers' for many centuries, and who were now fighting over its partition. Do we wonder much, that if an unwary foot ventured beyond the fortifications, the red-man's tomahawk was swift to avenge his injury?

But all this has changed. The echoes of war have long since died away, and now all traces of this stronghold are fast disappearing. Peace and plenty smile upon a prosperous and happy people. Gone is the red-man. In his favorite haunts the woodman pursues his way unmolested. The busy hands of men have changed even the face of nature. Trade and commerce have long flourished, with all their attendant benefits and blessings. Yet shall we not more deeply love our land, when for a time we turn aside and muse on other days? We should be truer, better men, when we recall these heroes of the past, who dared the perils of a new country, far away from other sunny hills and dales, which must forever remain more dear to them. These were no laggards, content to rot in slothful ease. For them life held many a prize, offered many a conflict, well worthy of their powers. Manfully did they toil and suffer, yea, even die, that to succeeding generations they might bequeath a glorious heritage. And while we value the peaceful homes in a prosperous land which they have so dearly bought for us, we esteem still more highly that memory of their noble efforts which inspires to like high achievements. May ours too be that same temper of heroic mind,

“That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads.”

J. D. M.

A WILL AND A WAY.

IN that month of December Labrador was white. Months before its brownness, its barrenness, its bleakness had vanished with the summer. Away back in October, the indigent half-breed inhabitants had removed from their exposed fishing grounds to their more sheltered winter dwellings, and now they were sparingly consuming their scanty provisions—the meagre proceeds of a whole summer's fishery. Through the short days, on little round snow-shoes, some tramped from trap to trap or wandered far over the wide hills in search of deer, others more sociable and gay, on long low komatics, drawn by teams of barking, yelping dogs, scoured across the snow-covered ice on visits to distant friends.

Comfort and happiness were not universal. Many a wretched family, through laziness, was starving in idleness and repining.

Every one longed for the short days to lengthen, for the dreary nights to shorten, and the sweet spring to come again. Then the welcome trader would bring fresh supplies of tea, tobacco, and greasy pork. Then the incorrigible Newfoundlander would plant himself along the shore, and with his merry maids, his long prayers and doubtful yarns, would bring the world, that great unknown, into touch once more.

No one, however, felt as lonely as old Sam Holwell, the uncrowned king of Domino. "Skipper Sam" was only sixty-five, though I often thought him more, but I judged from the outward appearances, which was that of one who had been battered and beaten by storm and sea. This quaint, odd person seems to come before me as I write. Grey, grizzly, untrimmed, uncombed, unwashed whiskers played a back-ground for a nose of more than pleasing proportions. Little, keen, shrewd eyes were ever peeking and blinking far back from great over-hanging eyebrows. The old faded cap that perched upon his head added to his grotesqueness, but not a whit to his beauty. His tall, lean, stooping form was clad in garments old and patched, which ever threatened to drop away from him. I often thought that the trousers in ages gone by must have belonged to the great Goliath of Gath, so loosely did they hang and wrinkle about him. Enormous feet supported this picturesque being, and it was his wont in winter months to encase them in four pairs of woollen socks, and over all draw a mighty pair of sealskin moccasins. It was not a country of dudes, and Sam knew not, cared not, for style as we know it.

Poor old Skipper Sam! hard, and mean, and shrewd! His heart was young, and in it a yearning grew and grew, until it reached a perfection only attained by love lorn freshmen and widowers of five years standing. A distaste for his dreary single state had sprung up within him, and day by day, and night by night, that feeling became more and more irksome, refusing to be satisfied.

He determined to marry, and being a king, all that was necessary was to make his choice. His eye fell approvingly upon the buxom form of his middle-aged housekeeper who, since his wife's death, had carefully managed his household and delighted his soul with the luxurious greasiness of her young duck stews and her steaks of delicious seal. Whether she on her part had long treasured an amorous desire towards him, I would not like to express an opinion; but I do know that when one day he drawled in his dry, surly voice, "Begor, Betz, let's git married," she didn't faint, nor cry, nor raise her dusky hands heavenward, but simply said, "Begor, Skipper Sam. Don't care. Just as yer says," and then, without waiting for reply, proceeded with her work, and save for a joyous kick at an intruding dog,

which sent him yelping and howling away, the little warm glow that had lighted within her was carefully concealed.

Alas! she was the sister of his dead wife, and that great bar stretched itself across the way to wedlock. The canny old skipper soon felt that that fact meant trouble, and proceeded to lay plans by which the real desire of his heart might not be denied him.

A dusky plump little beauty just budding into womanhood, with dancing eyes and a gay little silvery laugh, stormed the crumbling ruin of the old man's heart, and all fell before her. Soon a secret understanding was made between them, that if any difficulty should prevent his marriage with his earlier choice, that she would stand beside him and be his wife.

Christmas came. All through the short afternoon komatics from far and near dashed to the low door. Fierce greetings between the dogs ending in furious fights; the shrill shrieks of the women, the hoarse shouts of the men, the thuds of kicks and blows upon the combatants, give a weird, hilarious welcome. It was cyclone-like, but the most bashful mortal in such a moment easily lost his excessive self-consciousness. Among the last to reach the dwelling was little Tom Furnishee, an ancient half-breed. His welcome was the feature of the day. What a barking, what a yelling, what a melee of struggling dogs, what intensity was put into the angry kicks of the men, what fury lent force to the women's clubs, as that important personage stopped at the end of his long journey. He was the man who was to join the skipper in the holy bands of matrimony. Though not licensed to marry he could read, and possessing that rare and elevating art, he was thought peculiarly set apart for the task. Slowly he entered the house, and exchanged dignified greetings with every one. The cup of steaming black tea which the smiling housekeeper offered him he solemnly accepted, and drank it slowly, gravely and thoughtfully, as though it were a fitting incident in a solemn service. Holwell then walked up and roared in his deaf ears that he and Betz were ready, and as the boys wanted a dance they had better be tied at once. But cautious Furnishee, though he knew as much about law and doctrine as I know about Sanskrit, had a faint idea in his head that some one at some time had told him that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was unlawful in Newfoundland, and after a few moments of dignified meditation, confessed that he could not perform the ceremony between them.

No time was to be lost, for the boy at the back of the room having supplied all missing fiddle strings with white cotton thread, was busily tuning the instrument. Sam shuffled softly across the floor, grabbed the coy and smiling maid by the hand, led her forward, and politely requested old Tom "to fire ahead; he

guessed he'd get married anyhow." Pompously the spectacles were put on, the worn prayer book was produced, and then in loud, distinct roars each word of the marriage service was read. In the middle of this solemn ceremony, so I have been told, a voice from the listening crowd called loudly, "Begor, Skipper Tom, yer seeing glasses is upset." They were upside down, but soon adjusted, and without further interruption the weaving of the knot around the ancient Skipper Sam and his dusky bride was continued and ended merrily with a wild shout and an hilarious "hoe down," which made the old house tremble.

Congratulations followed. Here the fiddle struck up a merry jig, and in a minute all was revelry and mirth. The house-keeper took things quietly, perhaps she consoled herself with the fact that she had not lost much. Any way, she danced in the wild melee they call a dance in that half-civilized country, with a gusto only equalled by the happy bride.

KROK.

MEMOIRS OF THE ACADEMY.

ON Sackville St., opposite the R. E. Barracks, may be seen a large brick building with granite facings, which, if the corner stone is correct, was erected in 1878.

This building has many names. By some it is called the "High School," by others the "County Academy," but the name given to it by the educational authorities is the "Halifax Academy." Often when passing this institution, memories both of my school days and of my class-mates, some of whom are now Dalhousians, come before my mind. And as I look up at the windows situated in the north-east portion of the building my recollection serves in bringing before my mind an incident which it is my intention to relate to you.

The windows to which I above referred admitted the sun-light into the room occupied by the teacher of modern languages. About this time a change had taken place in the instructors of the institution, and among the newcomers was a hale, hearty, and rather stout German, who, for convenience sake, I shall call "Von Screwdriver." This gentleman had recently left his native land, and without any knowledge of the English language, (or rather a very, very small knowledge of it, as I shall soon show you,) had come among strangers to earn his living.

Professor "Von Screwdriver" usually began his class by attempting, with the aid of a dialect compounded of French, German and English, in which the latter was conspicuous for its absence, to pronounce and call aloud the names in his class-book. The name of one lady, (for ladies were to be found in this class as in all other places on earth,) in particular, he could never

pronounce, and so contented himself daily by asking if Miss *Horse* was present.

The back seats were occupied by a friend of mine, whom I shall designate "Fattie," and myself. I do not wish my readers to think, (assuming as an hypothesis that I have readers,) that these seats were given to us as a recognition of our good behaviour, or because our knowledge of the subject taught was very great, but that the choice of seats being left to ourselves we selected those in which the most fun could be carried on.

One day while the Professor was barbarizing the English language to a frightful extent, Fattie conceived the idea of placing a small quantity of South American honey on the seat of the fellow sitting in front provided Von Screwdriver should call on him to translate. No sooner was the idea conceived than an immediate expression was given to it. The fellow being called upon stood up; the honey was placed in position; the translation was finished, he sat down; the honey stuck, the seams gave way, then—

An uproar of voices arose in the air,
While the honey stuck youth looked wild with despair.

The Professor, having been interrupted by the laughing discovered, in the person of my friend, the guilty culprit. "Vot do yer mittelmakig by inter—uriliohrehlchen de Professor?" said he, "Vat vas dis memmohrandum? Take de corner, and if yer ever insoolt de ala Professor de Von Screwdriver I vill repoort yer to de meiklejohn." Fattie, hardly understanding what the enraged German said, finally decided, by putting together the few English words that had been uttered, that it was intended for him to retire to the corner of the room. A few minutes later found Fattie in his corner bearing an expression of most profound solemnity as if deeply grieving the rash act he had committed. Near at hand stood a black board, on the border of which rested small pieces of crayon. The sight of these small missiles set Fattie's imagination at work. What a convenient size for demonstrating the "up-shoot" curve or the "drop," thought my friend to himself. The temptation was so strong; the crayon was so near; the time was so opportune, (the Professor hrving hls back turned,) that he yielded. With the strength of a base-ball pitcher the crayon was thrown. It shot up like a flame, struck the wall, rebounded, and in falling came in contact with Von Screwdriver's head, which, according to my friend's version, chanced to be in the road. Then followed a promiscuous lot of words culled from German, French, and English dictionaries. The German threatened to detain the entire class, unless the guilty one confessed. Fattie, with an expression full of innocence, meekly pleaded guilty. Another tirade then ensued. "Vat! did I noot tell you dat I would

repoort yer to de liddle meiklejohn! Take de door dis minout, yer art a deesgrise to de Shecademy."

The culprit obeyed, but by the twinkle in his eye one could judge that mischief was still brewing. Approaching Von Screwdriver's desk, he addressed him in the following words: "How do you expect me to take the door without first providing me with the necessary tools for removing the hinges."

What the German said I do not remember, nor could I tell you if I did. Suffice it to say that never again did Fattie occupy a seat in Professor de Von Screwdriver's class-room.

POLEY.

College Societies.

Y. M. C. A.—On Sunday afternoon, March 3rd, Prof. W. C. Murray gave us the fourth of the series of "character studies" included in our lecture course. His subject was "Balaam and Elijah," and it is needless to say it was admirably treated. His remarks, which were rather suggestive than exhaustive, tended to awaken thought on the subject and to incite us to more careful study of Bible events to discover the character of the actors therein. Prof. Murray is always listened to with pleasure and close attention. We hope to hear him yet once again this session, on March 31st, when he will speak on "Saul and David."

The meeting of March 9th, though a departure from the usual order, was thoroughly enjoyed by all. A. H. Foster spoke briefly on "The Claims of the College Y. M. C. A. upon the Students." He stated that it should be the rallying ground for all the Christian young men of the University. There one can work with more advantage to himself and others than in almost any Society or Association outside of College. The College Association has claims upon the Christian student which no other society has. The paper prepared by D. McOdrum, which was read at the Fredericton Convention in November last, was again read by A. H. Denoon in Mr. McOdrum's absence. The writer noted ten ways in which the Association could make its influence felt on the student. Mr. Davis followed with a short paper on "Class Prayer Meetings," a new subject, but an important one. We hope that by next session there will be a well organized weekly meeting in every class. It is a move in the right direction.

PHILOMATHIC.—At the meeting of the Philomathic Society on February 21st, Dr. Forrest delivered a lecture on "Progress and Poverty." He spoke of the various theories that had been given forth by men to remedy the existing irregularities in the condition of the different classes of society; of the success which this book of Henry George's had met with; of its great

sale and popularity; of the theories which it endeavoured to prove. In refutation he quoted statistics relating to the growth of wealth in Great Britain, and showed how the poorer classes were much better off than half a century ago. In our own Province he traced the progress of the people for the last fifty years. The great increase of wealth was on the part of the middle class. He criticised the remedies which Mr. George had suggested for the state of affairs which he asserted to exist, and showed the injustice and impracticability of the single tax on land. The lecture was a very able treatment of the subject and was highly appreciated by those present.

On the morning of Thursday, 7th inst., as the different members comprising the executive of the Philomathic Society arose from their downy couches they hastened to draw aside the window-curtains and to gaze out upon the heavens with anxious eyes. For those who had scanned the bulletin board on the preceding day, the cause of this anxiety was not far to seek. Three of the members of the class of '94 were to return to us and read papers for the instruction and inspiration of those who were painfully striving to climb to heights where they had soared, and the executive had fondly hoped that this meeting would surpass all previous experience, as well in the members present as in the interest which they knew the papers would excite. But in their case was verified again that pathetic sentiment expressed by Burns—

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

The leaden sky and angry gusts of wind showed too plainly that the clerk of the weather had not been duly consulted, and that he felt aggrieved at the omission. The indications of the morning were fully verified by the events of the day. A heavy fall of snow was followed by a yet heavier fall of rain until at the hour of meeting the conditions were about as unfavorable for obtaining an audience as could well be imagined. Yet, notwithstanding this, when Vice-Pres. D. A. Fraser took the chair at 8 o'clock there were quite a number of members present; but that fair band which usually graces our gatherings, and without whose presence even such a meeting as this has an element of incompleteness, was conspicuous by its absence.

The chairman first called upon Mr. J. D. McKay, President of the Society during the session of '93-'94, who read a paper on Fort Monckton, the ruins of which are still visible at the head of Bay Verte. Those who had been privileged to listen to Mr. McKay in the past expected great things; but his historical penetration, patriotic sentiment, pleasing diction, and poetic flights of thought on this occasion exceeded all expectations. The site and present condition of the ruins were graphically described, the main historical events connected with this fort were narrated, and the patriotic feelings which these stimulate were forcibly yet beautifully expressed.

Mr. John McIntosh read a paper on Louisburg, the former seat of French power in America, upon the possession of which depended the fate of a continent. The history of this old fort was too well known to require much notice, but its present condition was described, and its strength in the days of its glory was shown by means of diagrams. Both this fortress and Fort Monckton had played an important part in the great struggle between France and Great Britain for the possession of the American Continent; and the writers of both papers dwelt at some length upon the contrast between those days and our own. Both showed with great beauty of expression how the heroism of those men who died fighting for their king and country should inspire us, their successors, with higher and nobler sentiments. Mr. McIntosh referred to the reputed interview, lately published in one of the American journals, between their correspondent and a Frenchman of Louisburg. For the information of this correspondent and all others similarly situated, Mr. McIntosh said that there was not now a single Frenchman living in or around Louisburg.

Last, but not least, was a paper on the old forts at Bay View and Granville, on opposite sides of Digby Gut, prepared and read by Mr. W. H. Smith. A graphic description was given of this locality, interesting alike to the historian, the geologist, the agriculturist and the artist. The forts at Bay View and Granville were built during the war of 1812. At the close of this war they were abandoned, but were occupied for a short time during the American war of 1865. These forts are almost unknown to fame. In this time they had served to preserve peace rather than to make war, a function none the less important and honorable because less recognised. In striking contrast with the scenes suggested by those ruins are the peace and prosperity which the country now enjoys. Space does not permit us to give a more detailed account of these papers. But any report is necessarily imperfect,—to be appreciated at their true value the papers must be heard as presented by the writers themselves. We quote one characteristic sentence taken from the last paper, the sentiment of which every patriotic Canadian cannot but approve: "If our young men and maidens, instead of seeking their fortune abroad, would seek it in each other and in the land of their birth, and would build wisely upon foundations well laid, they would soon develop the gentler emotions and truer faith of those men whose work was defence; whose aim, supremacy."

WE trust a large number of students took advantage of the sermon in their especial behalf at St. Matthew's on Sunday last. Other duties prevented us from hearing the discourse. But we have learned that it was eminently practical and full of truths which young men should ever keep before them.

Correspondence.

A SUGGESTION.

Dear Gazette,—At the last meeting of the *Philomathic*, we were treated to three exceedingly interesting papers on old French forts in various parts of the Province. It seems to me a great pity that these papers, which the writers prepared at no little trouble, should not be preserved in some permanent form. Is there not a corner in the Library where such papers might be filed for reference in future days? I feel sure that in this way we could accumulate an invaluable collection, besides displaying to students yet unborn the good work done by the *Philomathic*.

Yours etc., R. M.

A PERTINENT QUERY.

Editors *Dalhousie Gazette*,—The advent of the Spring Examinations leads me to ask a question which vitally affects the whole College. Can any one explain why in some subjects class distinction is attainable with no *additional* work, while in others, no matter how high a mark may be made in the *ordinary* paper, a bare pass is alone obtainable? It certainly seems harsh and prejudicial to those who may be taking *extras*, say, in Philosophy or English.

PERCONTATOR.

Exchanges.

THE February number of *King's College Record* has two very readable articles, the "Ocean Grave," a translation from the German, and the "Two Mottoes," from the French. It has also a long article on "Church Work in Nova Scotia."

McGill Fortnightly contains a very good article on "English Ballad Poetry." The writer reviews the ballads "Robin Hood," and "Guy of Gisborne," and "Morte d'Arthur," taking these as types of different classes of ballads. In "What's in a Name" the writer traces very clearly the history of names from earliest times downward.

The University Monthly for January has not its usual display of poetry, but the two selections it has are good. The article "Before the Guillotine," translated from the French, is continued. It has an article, "Poetry in the *Monthly* and Elsewhere," dealing with the prevailing fashion of impressionism. From the *Monthly* we learn that the U. N. B. has adopted a "democratic form of student government" The proposed arrangement provides for a permanent committee of students to meet with the Faculty once a month for the discussion of matters in which the students in general are chiefly concerned. We wish the committee a better fate than has overtaken our own "Student's Senate."

THE *Varsity* is still 'very much alive' and appears to have suffered little from the attacks made upon it by the Senate. The issue for Feb. 20th comes out in mourning. "The appearance of the *Varsity* this week," it says, "is a representation of the feelings of those who love the University most. We mourn all high ideals and every glorious hope that the toil and self-denial have set up in half a century of hard earned progress." This issue contains the portraits of the heroes of the hour, Prof. Dale, who was dismissed, and Mr. Hellems, Fellow in Latin in University College, who resigned his position in consequence of Prof. Dale's dismissal. It has also brief sketches of their lives. In a later number an editorial points out what the boycott would seem to have effected:

(1.) It served as a complete revelation to the public of the magnitude and grievousness of the trouble existing. They saw there was something "radically wrong" in the University.

(2.) By it the students showed their deep disapproval of Prof. Dale's dismissal and made a vehement protest against what they considered an act of manifest injustice.

(3.) It aided, at least, in bringing about the decision of the Government to appoint a commission to investigate University affairs.

THE subject of valedictories is beginning to be discussed by different college journals. *The McGill Fortnightly* and *Queen's Journal* have, in their last numbers, articles on this matter. The *Journal* says: "We have here only two suggestions to make, either of which, if followed, would tend to do away with the well-worn platitudes to which we have so often listened in the past. In the first place the valedictories might be more historical in their nature, following the class through its course in college, together with the development of the university. In the second place we hazard the suggestion of an innovation. Let there be no afternoon convocation and let its place be taken by a social gathering in convocation hall that evening. The graduating classes would thus have an opportunity of meeting the faculties and friends of the university, and valedictories of a lighter and more animated nature could be delivered in a less formal style than heretofore, and would be given more weight by the presence of the classes."

College Notes.

FROM the appearance of the field at the back of the college the Faculty will have to do some "hustling," to use a vulgarism, in order to have it in condition for practice by next fall. We hope that when we return we will see a beautifully level stretch of turf, but there is something of the "Thomas" in our composition and we have doubts.

THE Senior class in Arts have elected Mr. John Stirling to deliver the Arts Valedictory this spring.

A CONCERT will be given by the Glee Club in the Examination Hall of the College on Thursday evg., 28th inst., at 8 o'clock.

THE Freshmen had a meeting the other day but did not elect a chairman or secretary until just as the meeting adjourned. Several Sophs. knocked at the door and were kindly received, but on attempting to run the performance the babies objected and the "irrepressibles" were forced to withdraw.

IN the recent Law Exams. we were pleased to see the Arts' men do well. R. MacGregor led the class in Constitutional History and J. S. M. Morrison came fourth. *Mirabe dictu*, Bottom of theatric fame, found his name among those in the pass list and is receiving the congratulations of his admiring (?) friends.

IT is whispered that two of our most promising juniors, both special course men, are to electrify the world in consequence of their recent discoveries, or rather mistakes, in the physical lab. They have found, (as they themselves say,) something which has puzzled the heads of all the great physicists of the world. "So mote it be."

THE graduates in Science having decided to have a valedictorian, Messrs. Lange and Forrest spun a cent, (kindly loaned by Mr. Skelly of the Medical Faculty,) to decide on the lucky man. The coin elected Mr. Forrest, and as he has been seen in company with some of our most brilliant political orators and legislators, something far above the average is expected.

THE law students have all gone and quiet once more reigns in the north-end of the building. We will all soon follow, and in the meantime "plugging" is the order of the day. The man who aims at classes has been at it for weeks, but now the great body, "whose sole ambition is to pass," have hung up their bright skates on the wall and foresworn the "festive pack" until after the ball is over.

LAST week some student dropped a hen into Prof. Macdonald's class-room and then made his escape along the hall. No doubt it was funny, but we think that some respect should be shown to a man of Professor Macdonald's years and standing. We are creditably informed that the joke (?) fell rather flat, and some way or other—tho' once we may have tied class-room doors or smothered Freshmen with H₂S—we are glad that such was the case.

Law Department.

RESULT OF THE RECENT EXAMINATIONS.

THE following are the results of the recent Law School Examinations:—

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

Class I.—MacGregor; O'Donoghue; Morrison, J. S. *Class II.*—Morrison, F. A.; McKinnon; Phalen; Ferguson; Mitchell; Knight. *Passed.*—Anderson; Cummings; Finn; Gunn; Johnson; MacKay, J. W.; Mackenzie; MacPhee; Mahon; Murray.

CRIMES.

Class I.—O'Donoghue; McKinnon; Morrison, F. A.; Knight; Phalen. *Class II.*—Mitchell; Mackenzie; Vernon. *Passed.*—Anderson; Ferguson; McKay, J. W.; McPhie; Morrison, J. S.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.

Class I.—Wood; Ross; McKay, R. S.; Bigelow. *Class II.*—Hood; Ternan; Loggie; Scott. *Passed.*—Murray, R. H.; McCart; McVicar.

SHIPPING.

Class I.—Grant; King; Outhit. *Class II.*—Fullerton; MacIlreith; Lovett; McLean. *Passed.*—Girriour; Shaw; Tremaine.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Ross; Wood; Loggie. *Class II.*—McCart; Scott; McKay; Ternan; Gunn. *Passed.*—Hood; McVicar.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Grant; Outhit; King; Barnstead. *Class II.*—Fullerton; Girriour; Finlayson; Lovett; Keefer; MacIlreith; Tremaine; McLean; Murray, R. H. *Passed.*—Fraser; Shaw.

CONTRACTS.

Class I.—O'Donoghue; McKinnon (equals); Knight; Morrison; Mitchell. *Class II.*—Gunn; McPhie. *Passed.*—Aiken; Anderson; Ferguson; Finn; McKay; McKenzie; Phalen; Vernon.

SALES.

Class I.—Fullerton; Grant; Bigelow; McKay, R. S.; Barnstead; Ross. *Class II.*—Lovett; Keefer; Wood; Loggie; Murray, R. H.; Outhit. *Passed.*—Finlayson; Fraser; Girriour; Hood; King; McIlreith; McLean; Scott; Shaw; Ternan; Tremaine.

EQUITY.

Class I.—McKay, R. S.; Girriour; Grant; Fullerton; Murray, R. H.; Lovett; Barnstead; Finlayson; Bigelow. *Class II.*—Keefer; Outhit; Scott; McIlreith; McLean. *Passed.*—Fraser; Hood; King; Loggie; McCart; McVicar; Ross; Shaw; Ternan; Tremaine; Wood.*

TORTS.

Class I.—Bigelow; O'Donoghue; McKinnon. *Class II.*—Morrison, F. A.; Vernon; (Phelan; Mackay, J. S.); McPhie. *Passed.*—Aitken; Ferguson; Knight; Mackenzie; Mitchell; Moseley; Sullivan.

* Mr. Wood was ill at the time the examinations in equity and jurisprudence took place, and was allowed a special examination later. As the paper was necessarily different from that of the other students, he was not allowed to compete with them for rank, and his name could only appear on the pass list.

CONVEYANCE.

Class I. (alphabetically arranged.)—Barnstead; Bigelow; Fullerton; Girriour; Grant; Hood; Keefer; King; Loggie; Lovett; McCart; McKay, R. S.; McVicar; Murray, R. H.; Ross; Scott; Wood. *Class II.*—Finlayson; Fraser; MacIlreith; McLean; Outhit; Shaw; Ternan; Tremaine.

EVIDENCES.

Class I.—Fullerton; Scott; Finlayson; (Lovett; Barnstead.) *Class II.*—(Tremaine; Ross; McLean); (McIlreith; Wood); (Shaw; Hood); Keefer; King; Bigelow; Grant; McVicar; McKay, R. S. *Passed.*—Girriour; Loggie; Murray, R. H.; Outhit; Ternan.

REAL PROPERTY.

Class I.—McKinnon; (O'Donoghue; Morrison, F. A.); Ferguson; Knight. *Class II.*—Phalen; Morrison, J. S.; McPhie; Vernon; (Mitchell; McKenzie.) *Passed.*—Anderson; Mahon; Mackay, J. W.; Moseley.

ORIGIN, DEVELOPMENT, AND ADVANTAGES OF TRIAL BY JURY.

III.

It certainly is a satisfactory proof of the great advantages of jury trials to see the way they have been adopted amongst the modern great powers. As the Danish Jurist, Repp, says in his "Historical Treatise on Juries in Scandinavia," "all modern nations, (European and American at least,) in as far as they dare express their political opinions, though disagreeing in many other points in politics, seem to agree in this: that they consider trial by jury as a palladium, which lost or won will draw the liberty of the subject along with it. In the many constitutions which have been projected or established in the nineteenth century, most other things were dissimilar and local; this alone was a vital point, a *functum saliens* from which it was expected that the whole fabric of a liberal constitution would be spontaneously dated."

With respect to the jury system as a means of protecting innocence, it may be safely averred that it is the rarest of accidents when an innocent man is convicted in this country. To say that it never happens is to give to a human tribunal the attribute of infallibility. But so long as man's judgment is liable to error, such cases must now and then occur, whatever precaution is taken to prevent them. But when we consider that the committing magistrate, the grand jury, the petit jury and judge, must all concur before a person is condemned, we see that the evidence must be very strong before an accused is condemned.

But can it with equal truth be asserted that juries never acquit, in ordinary cases, when they ought to condemn? This must be answered in the negative, and is, without doubt, the vulnerable point in the system, that feelings of compassion for the prisoner, or of repugnance to the punishment which the law awards, are sometimes allowed to overpower their sense of duty. But this compassion for the prisoner only amounts to a presumption of innocence by the law, to rebut which the evidence must be clear and strong; and the law rather than see an innocent person suffer, always give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt. If a mistake is made in favor of the prisoner it is a mistake at which humanity need not blush. As Forsythe beautifully says: "It springs from one of the purest instincts of our nature, it is a symptom of kindli-

ness of heart which as a national characteristic is an honor." And the repugnance to the punishment of the law, which has sometimes induced a jury to find in favour of the prisoner, has often been the means of bringing about better and more equitable law, e. g., in Ireland, where forgery was once a capital offence, the juries refused to bring in a verdict against a prisoner, and it had the effect of lessening the punishment to a more deserving measure. This beneficial effect of juries is recognized by Lord John Russell in his "Essay on the English Government," where he says: "Thus it is that the power which juries possess of refusing to put the law in force has been the cause of amending many bad laws which the judges would have administered with professional bigotry, and above all, it has this important and useful consequence, that laws totally repugnant to the feelings of the community for which they are made, cannot long prevail in England."

On the whole we may be satisfied with our present system of jury trials, and stronger objections must be made than have been before the jury in civil causes will be done away with. Supposing, however, we were to abolish it, what tribunal are we prepared to substitute in its place? Are we to throw the burden upon the judges and make them, like the Scabini of the Franks, decide disputed facts as well as expound the law? But it may well be doubted whether this would in the end more effectively secure the great object of judicial enquiry, namely, the discovery of truth. To say nothing of the exhaustion of mind which would be felt by a judge called upon in the rapid succession of causes tried at *nisi prius* to weigh contradictory evidence, and balance opposing probabilities, although it may sound paradoxical, it is true, that the habitual and constant exercise of such an office tends to unfit a man for its due discharge. Everyone has a mode of drawing inferences in some degree peculiar to himself. He has certain theories with respect to the motives that influence conduct. Some are of a suspicious nature, and prove to deduce unfavourable conclusions from slight circumstances, others again err in the opposite extreme. But each has some general rule by which he is guided. And here the maxim fits in, *Humanum est errare*; and *non omnes sed pauci decipi aut decipere possunt*, the former may the more easily deceive or be deceived. So it is that a jury is more likely to decide a question of fact more correctly than a judge.

The respect and reverence paid to judges seems also to be increased by having the people, through the medium of a jury, decide on questions of fact. In deciding on facts opinions will necessarily vary, and judges, like other men, are liable to be mistaken in estimating the effect of evidence. Everyone thinks himself competent to express an opinion upon a mere question of fact and would be apt to comment freely upon the decision of a judge which, on such a question, happens to be at variance with his own. It is easy to conceive cases where much odium would be incurred if, in the opinion of the public, the judge miscarried in a matter which they thought themselves as well able to determine as himself. From this kind of attack the judge is now shielded by the intervention of the jury. He merely expounds the law and declares its sentence; and in the performance of this duty, if he does not escape criticism, he very seldom can incur censure.

So on the whole we have every reason to be proud of this branch of the administration of the English law. It has been fought for by our ancestors and wrenched from the hands of the kings and made a privilege of the people, a safeguard for the liberty of the subject. We have every reason to appreciate this our privilege; and to any future demagogue who works for a reform in this line, we cannot do better than advise him to consider carefully the truism of the philosopher:

"That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it."

H. V. B.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIE.

How about the wine, M—s—ly?

ADVISING PROFESSOR to Student who has strayed: "Don't you know that you help break the law every time you drink less than a pint?"

Student: "I never drink less than a pint."

THE following from one of the city papers is very suspicious:—"Three young men, students from the city educational centre, were on an "outing" Saturday evening. They crossed over here, and after amusing themselves for some time returned to Halifax. On the ferry-boat one of the trio began to cry like a child, and kept up the music during the entire passage. He should be sent home to his ma!" Dame Rumour is undecided between V—r—n and M—s—ly.

BOOKS TAKEN OUT FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

English Law Reports L. D. MCC—T.
Medical Jurisprudence CHAS. A. MCL—N.
State Trials J. F. O—TH—T.
Mook's Underhill B—NS—D.
Infant's Relief Act V—R—N.

P. S.—The long-lost Clements was returned by L—v—t.

Medical Department.

STUDENTS' MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The meetings of this Society for the Session of 1894-5 are at an end. About fifteen gatherings have been held, and ten papers have been presented by Doctors and others not connected with the Society. All things considered, these lectures have been interesting and profitable. This Society must be recognized as an important factor at the College.

Dr. Cunningham, on the evening of February 22nd, gave an excellent lecture on "Pleurisy and its Effects on the Heart." The paper was short, crisp, and to the point. It gave many evidences of close and careful reasoning.

On the evening of March 1st, a paper on the "Ethics of Medicine" was to have been given by Dr. Chisholm, but owing to pressure of professional work the doctor had been unable to

prepare a discourse on this subject. His paper on the "Therapeutics of Heart Disease" was thoroughly appreciated and much enjoyed.

On Friday, March 8th, no meeting was held, but on the following Friday evening the reports of the various officers and committees were read. A vote of thanks was also extended to the officers and others who had in various ways helped to bring the session to so successful a close.

ETHER.

BY ALEXANDER ROSS.

From the earliest times surgeons have used substances for the purpose of alleviating the frightful pain of surgical operations. For this purpose they used such substances as myrrh mixed with vinegar, henbane, alcohol, and others of the same character. The effects of these were only partial, and surgeons were eagerly looking forward to the discovery of something that would produce total insensibility to pain. For ages their efforts were unsuccessful. Then like many of the great discoveries, that of surgical anaesthesia came upon the world suddenly. No signal heralded the advent of a substance destined to exert so mighty a power for good. Although its introduction was sudden a few demonstrations made its use seem as natural as the presence of the sunlight, and when experiment demonstrated the laws which governed its action, it became almost immediately established in the country of its birth.

W. T. G. Morton, the man to whom suffering humanity owes so deep a debt of gratitude, was born in Charlton, Mass., August 7th, 1819. His parents were of Scotch descent. Morton received a common school and academic education, during which periods of his life he resided for a short time in the family of a physician, where he acquired a taste for medical studies. Leaving home at the age of seventeen, he went to Boston, where he acted as salesman and clerk in the book trade. Urged by his fondness for medical pursuits, he decided to enter the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, as a stepping stone to the other branches. After two years preparation he entered into partnership with Horace Wells, at Hartford, Conn. Dissolving partnership in 1843 he went to Boston, in which year he entered his name as a medical student with Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston, matriculating in the winter of 1844-45 at the Harvard Medical College.

While at Hartford he discovered a process for soldering false teeth to a gold plate. The advantageous use of this method required the extraction of old roots. This painful procedure militated against the use of the new method, and some plan was necessary to render the removal of the old roots painless. To

this end Morton now bent his energies. Just previous to 1845, Horace Wells, his old partner, had made some experiments with nitrous oxide gas as a preventative of pain in the extraction of teeth. But having completely failed in a public demonstration, Wells abandoned his project and even gave up his profession as a dentist. Morton was stimulated to greater efforts by the partial success obtained by Wells. One day a lady came to his office to have a sensitive tooth filled. Applying by chance some chloric ether his success was so great that he was induced to institute an enquiry into this and other kinds of ether. Being informed by one of his students, that while at College he had inhaled sulphuric ether without any bad effects, Morton was led to experiment with this ether upon animals, himself and assistants. He thus discovered the necessity of using pure rectified ether instead of the commercial article sold by the druggists. Finally under its influence a tooth was drawn without the least pain. Not considering this sufficient proof of its influence over pain under all circumstances, Morton was anxious to test it in a capital operation. With this end in view he called upon Dr. John C. Warren, senior surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and asked permission to experiment in a surgical operation with a substance to prevent pain. After some deliberation his request was granted, although the nature of the agent to be employed was not made known to Dr. Warren at that time. In the meantime, Morton busied himself in devising a suitable apparatus for the administration of his compound.*

An extract from a letter, dated June 30th, 1847, written by Dr. Morton to the editor of the *Lancet* may be of interest. He says: "My first application (Oct. 16,) being but partially successful, I found that I must procure some more perfect apparatus. Accordingly I conversed with Dr. A. A. Gould, a distinguished physician of Boston (late on the night of the 16th) as to the best means of rendering my newly discovered agent available, when he rendered me important service in arriving at the valvular system now in use in this country." "I had passed a sleepless night. In the morning before light I aroused an instrument maker and superintended the work, and when the hour came I went almost with a feverish excitement to the Hospital. Heretofore with two or three exceptions, surgeons, physicians and all were incredulous, so that, as may easily be seen, my position was a trying one. But with my new apparatus I went before the doctors, gave the ether, this time with perfect success." The apparatus referred to, "consisted of a glass globe having two necks, in one of which was placed a perforated cork, while to the other was attached a tube with valves which opened and shut during inspiration and expiration, and through which the patient inhaled the vapor given off by a sponge saturated with the agent and held inside the globe."

* Patented under the name of "Letheon."

In the meantime he received a note from Dr. Warren giving him the desired opportunity. Accordingly on the day appointed he administered his "compound," in the presence of several doctors and students, to the patient—a young man with a tumor on his neck. Although, as Dr. Warren afterwards described, the anaesthesia was "incomplete," the patient said he suffered no pain. The next day he administered the preparation to a female from whose shoulder a fatty tumor was removed by Dr. George Hayward. The most complete insensibility was induced and the patient suffered no pain. These are the operations referred to in Morton's letter of June 30th.

After these few trials the use of the anaesthetic was discontinued at the Hospital. This was owing to various reasons. It was a secret mixture, and also a patented article. Its nature not being known, fear was expressed that it might be followed by serious and perhaps fatal symptoms. Professional rivalry and etiquette also played their part in its discontinuance. Religious sentiment was also against its use. The clergy contended that pain being of divine origin, and one of the curses entailed on man for his disobedience, it was therefore sinful to use measures for its prevention. It was Sir James Simpson, if I remember rightly, who drove the clergy from this position by a justifiable perversion of Scripture. He pointed out to them the fact that when God removed the rib from Adam's side he threw him into a deep sleep, and that therefore the use of an anaesthetic was sanctioned by the teachings of the Bible. But the principal objection, that it was a patented article, was overcome by Dr. Morton agreeing to make known the nature of the agent employed. The next operation performed under its influence was a major one, a thigh amputation.

This memorable operation, adding to the fame of the Massachusetts General Hospital, took place on Saturday, Nov. 5, 1846, at 11 o'clock. Not only the students of Harvard Medical School, and the medical fraternity of Boston had gathered together in the amphitheatre, but also many of the members of the other professions who were interested in an operation of this character. The amphitheatre of the operating room was crowded by an anxious and expectant assemblage for an hour or two before the appointed time. As the clock struck eleven, the side door of the operating room was thrown open, and a pale and emaciated girl of nineteen was carried in by two faithful nurses, attended by the two house surgeons, Drs. C. F. Heywood, and Alfred Lambert. Alice Mohan had eighteen months before been brought to the hospital suffering from a sore knee. Two months before her entrance she had fallen on the ice striking her knee joint just below the knee pan. She suffered considerable pain at the time, followed by enlargement, with increased sensitiveness and pain on motion of the joint. When admitted there was much swelling, and distinct fluctuation at the side and below the

knee pan, also pain on deep pressure. She was placed in bed and various kinds of local treatment adopted without success. Symptoms of constitutional disturbance occurring, it was decided by her attending physicians to amputate. After the entrance of the patient, Dr. Geo. Hayward addressed the audience, and said that by the advice of the attending surgeons he would allow Dr. Morton to administer a substance which would prevent pain during the operation.

Dr. Morton then appeared carrying his inhaling apparatus. After a few words of encouragement and direction, he administered the ether, producing insensibility in three minutes. Dr. Hayward being informed that the patient was ready, the assistants drew her body down upon the table, so that her limbs projected over the edge, the right being supported. Dr. J. Mason Warren compressed the femoral artery at the groin. Dr. Hayward operated, performing an anterior and posterior flap operation. One of the surgeons held back the flaps while the bone was being sawed, a slight unevenness was removed by the bone forceps, the principal arteries ligated, and four others placed upon bleeding points. The loss of blood was small. A compress dipped in cold water and secured by a roller bandage was the only dressing applied. The operation was rapidly performed. Dr. Hayward fearing that insensibility might pass off, and that no means were at hand for continuing it as long as desirable. The patient evinced not the slightest sensibility to pain, until the tightening of the last ligature, when she uttered a groan and soon returned to consciousness. The operation completed, the suspense was broken and loud murmurs of surprise and admiration attested to the success of the experiment. Dr. Morton was the hero of the hour, and regarded as an angel might be who had suddenly appeared bearing waters from the "Lethan stream of oblivion," which administered to the suffering invalid, produced the effect described.

After the patient was put in bed she complained of pain in her knee and foot, but revived about two o'clock, talked pleasantly, and asked for a cup of tea, which was given her. The wound rapidly healed, her general health improved, and she was discharged on Dec. 22nd as "well."

MEDICAL BRIEFS.

WHO would have thought that Shaw would be guilty of advocating "Woman's rights?"

THE temporal bone came back after what the Sophomore punster styled its temporal absence.

WE think that the house staff must feel very much relieved of their responsibility since Mr. R— has taken charge of No. 65.

THE MacEwan Mission, with Ross, who has a local reputation as an evangelist and singer, to maintain order is doing a grand work.

DICKIE visited "Mt. Hope Asylum" Friday. He tried to beat the ticket agent down to half fare on the score that "Raw Material goes free"

THE Graduating Class appear to be getting very extravagant in their habits, as we notice several of them had their lady friends out on Sunday night to witness the eclipse.

A COUPLE of medicals, one afternoon, attempted to perform a surgical operation on one of the lower animals. The instruments consisted of a small rusty bladed jack-knife, a pair of scissors and a large bottle of chloroform. The Dr. having read a description of the case, enumerating the attendant dangers, and giving his reasons *why* the operation shall be performed, ordered the anaesthetic to be given. Everything progressed nicely; the operator discussed the various points met with, dilating on the position of various ligaments and folds of peritoneum, when the attendant who was administering the anaesthetic, becoming so interested and astonished at the Dr.'s wonderful display of his knowledge of Practical Anatomy, forgot his duties; the animal suddenly awakened, became vicious and unmanageable, with the result that the said medicals very hurriedly left the scene. However, they soon summoned courage and again commenced the operation; determined now to do the right thing, the attendant brought forth his bottle and literally soaked the animal in chloroform; thenceforth everything went serene, and in a short time the operation was brought to a close. Unhappily, great trouble was experienced in restoring the animal to consciousness. As far as we know, this has not yet been accomplished; but the operators are confident that they can once more restore it to life and good health. Any information with regard to the latest and most successful methods applicable in feline surgery, will be cheerfully given by Messrs. Ri—aur and McD—ld, 117 Cunard St.

PERSONALS.

MR. J. C. MACDONALD has been chosen Valedictorian of the Graduating Class, which, it is expected, will number seven this year.

DR. W. F. COGSWELL, the popular house surgeon at Victoria General Hospital paid a flying visit to his home, Port Williams, last week.

MR. ROBT. GRIERSON of the class of '97 is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis. MR. C. R. GATES is substituting for him at the gymnasium.

ERNEST SHELBURNE BLACKIE, PH. M., the popular pharmacist, who took classes in Dalhousie last year, may be found at his old stand H. W. Cameron's Brunswick St. His pleasant smile and courteous manner still form a drawing card for that popular drug store. Soon we hope his refrain shall be:

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!"

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

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