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“THERE IS A REAPER WHOSE NAME IS DEATH.”

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF AN OLD SCHOOLMATE.

I.

THE leaves are falling, the days are flying,
The reapers are working for Autumn has come.
Death's sickle is sweeping, men are dying,
For swiftly the sands of our short lives run.
Spring and Summer,
Autumn and Winter,
The work of the reaper never is done.

II.

The snows have come, the earth lies hidden,
And all that was lovely is dead and at rest;
Still lives are fleeting, man goes when 'tis bidden,
The grim voice is calling the worst and the best.
Spring and Summer,
Autumn and Winter,
The arm of the reaper is never at rest.

III.

But the Mighty Creator still cares for His creatures,
And gives Immortality, lasting, Elysian;
Fear not the pale rider, for his stern ghastly features
But urge us to seek the one refuge of all.
Spring and Summer,
Autumn and Winter,
The white horse and rider bring mortals the call.

SILENUS.

CONCERNING NATURAL HISTORY.

MORE than once the thought has floated through my mind that our *Alma Mater* ought to make better provision for giving instruction in Natural History. Indeed, I am not sure that such a thought has not already been expressed in these columns. Had a part of the cramming of my sophomoric brain consisted of zoological lore, I might not now be thinking half regretfully of the exploits of a certain torrid August afternoon, which found a place in my last vacation.

I had frequently been told of a beautiful lake which was located by various persons, each of whom knew all about it, at various distances

from my rural abode. Four miles by the road and several 'gunshots' farther, through pastures and woodlots, was the average statement. The scenery in the vicinity of this charming sheet of water was described as of a superior order, quite in keeping with its own aristocratic character—high, bluff, forest-crowned hills flanked it on two sides—from the opposite shores rolled a succession of grassy knolls, the summer resort of wild-eyed, timid sheep. These surroundings were constantly mirrored in the 'glassy, cool, translucent wave,' whose secluded face no rude gale or trifling breeze could ever ruffle. Clear as crystal, the water hid none of the secrets of its favored denizens. But more attractive to the would-be naturalist than all the glory of forest-side and fountain, was a fabled race of fish or reptiles which were to be found there and in no other place under the broad expanse of heaven. One gentleman, who had abundant confidence in his opinions, and whose father had once lived on the blessed sod of old Ireland, assured me that the lake was alive with *bearded trout*. Another authority informed me that if I could capture a few of these *lizard-fish* and transport them in safety to Mr. Barnum, that my fortune would certainly be made. Some persons described the curious creatures as possessing finely developed heads and diminutive bodies, others as being very ferocious and dangerous to handle, besides being quite too loathsome to look at. One humorous old farmer advised me, when I enquired about the locality of the best fish pools, to go to Ingraham's Pond, as there I would not only have good sport, but would be saved the necessity of carrying my own fish, since they would have enough leg power of their own to run wherever I might lead them. To Ingraham's Lake or Pond I accordingly went, accompanied by a good man, who had, as he declared, often seen and taken the curious fish, or lizards, or whatever they were. I found the place worthy of the most glowing praises of it that had been sounded in my ears—a beautifully

secluded little sheet, nestling at the foot of a hill which, at a greater distance, has many a time roused my mind to keen delight, and made me wonder how men could suffer life in a dead level land. The quiet was almost oppressive. I remembered our poet-professor and his references to

The silence that is upon the lonely hills.

It was there. But the beauties of nature were soon forgotten in my haste to see some of the deformities. I arranged my tackle, selected a convenient position, and began to whip energetically. I had not long to wait. I hooked quickly and landed something which I hoped would prove to be one of the *innominata*, but it was *only* a trout—a nice one to be sure, and one which, at the river side, would have been highly prized. Now matters were different. I was not fishing for trout, but for creatures of the genus wonderful; trout were a bore; even a whale would have been despised. I changed my hook; still I caught trout. I changed my position—the trout followed me. My companion was induced to try his hand, in the hope that one native to the neighbourhood might capture one of the much-wanted specimens. But no—he only caught trout; but fared better than myself, for, walking on the mossy carpet of a prostrate pine, which stretched itself far out over the water, he slipped, and fell with a splash which seemed to excite everything about us, and so effectually scared the fish in our vicinity that they ceased to torment us.

Regretfully, I reeled up my line, and my companion placed the shining trout in our basket, saying, as he did so, that they appeared to be nice fish, but that the place from which they came had a bad reputation. Association is everything. I gave them to a gentleman who had never heard of Ingraham's Lake, nor of the disgusting creatures which so many persons had seen in it. He thanked me, and I afterwards heard that he told one of his friends of the present he had received, and of his surprise at my unwonted generosity.

Now, will some learned reader of the GAZETTE answer me two questions?

1. Were my informants, as I believe they were, sincere? Are there creatures in our waters which partake of the nature both of the fish and the reptile?

2. Why do people, when in search of any object, despise those things which, at other times, they are exceedingly anxious to obtain? S.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.

WE know of no book which, within so limited a compass, contains so large and varied a store of information as may be found in a volume of Macaulay's Miscellanies, complete. While studying these Essays we are led into almost every department of human wisdom, and if there is one drawback to the pleasure received, it is a sense of our own inferiority as we walk by the side of this giant of knowledge. So completely a master of every subject does he seem, that an illustration appears to come into his mind just as readily from some ancient and obscure classic as from the Arabian Nights, or Gulliver's travels. In one article we are carried back to the misty days of the early emperors of Hindostan, and find ourselves walking in "that fertile plain through which the Ramgunga flows from the snowy heights of Kumaon to join the Ganges." In another we are in the school of some Grecian philosopher, who has overawed with his wisdom all past generations of man, and hear this bold innovator proclaiming "that words and mere words, and nothing but words, had been all the fruit of all the toil of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations." In a third we are led forward, and with prophetic vision see "a traveller from New Zealand in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." And this wide range is not journeyed by wild leaps. Every section of man's history from the dim past to the shadowy future seems to receive some notice in this wonderful volume. No department escapes his observation. Through the historical, ecclesiastical, philosophic and scientific worlds he moves, not with timid, uncertain steps, but with the tread of a ruler. On every page is written his extensive and varied learning, and yet to accuse Macaulay of pedantry would seem as ridiculous as to accuse the sun of parading its light.

There is a peculiar interest about the manner in which this writer treats of biography. He does not waste his own and the reader's time by dwelling on facts and figures such as may be found in any cyclopædia, but treats of life from its higher bearings. By taking one or two instances of human history, by following these through their various modifications, and by pointing out the controlling motives of action in each, he enables the student to perceive those

general principles on which men act. Although there is so great a variety in life, we find on close examination that all is governed by a few absorbing laws. Napoleon wishes to conquer Europe; Francis Bacon, pursuing a different line of warfare, is desirous of ruling the world in thought; Milton, the blind bard of England, hopes that around his memory may shine the light of a splendor enduring as the sun. In these varied instances we perceive the great central motive,—ambition. And in this motive we see a power which is promoting the actions of men through every grade of society, in every line of pursuit.

Macaulay has, as a biographer, one quality which distinguishes him from too many of those who undertake to discuss the lives of great men. He is no hero worshipper. We do not mean to state that he is indifferent or insensible to ability or goodness in others. But while he looks with admiration on a man's talents, he is not blind to his vices. His mind is not of that contracted, partial nature which, because it sees the object of admiration as a power from an intellectual stand-point, compels him to regard it from a moral stand-point as a god. He is able to hold up in one hand the individual as historian, philosopher, or ruler; in the other, as man. No pen has ever drawn a nobler picture of Bacon the sage, and none has ever more scathingly criticised Bacon the man than his. As an intellectual power he elevates him to a pedestal from whose lofty height he looks down on Plato, on Seneca, on Aristotle; as Lord Chancellor he describes him in terms which Jeffreys would blush to own as his character. We do not quote this particular instance because of its value from any other stand-point than as an illustration of our meaning. It merely shows how this great writer could decide on the different varieties of excellence. We regard this essay on Lord Bacon as the most extravagant of this collection. Had Macaulay been more consistent with an argument which he was very fond of urging, namely, that one man does not outstrip another of an earlier age so much from superiority of mind as from accumulated experience, he would have been more just in his estimate of the old school and schoolmen, and less rhetorical in his encomiums on the new philosophy. And had he chosen to be influenced by another of his favorite theories, that our condemnation of actions must be regulated by the age and circumstances in which these actions were performed, he would

have pronounced a more lenient judgment on the great but faulty statesman.

In studying biography we are constantly struck with the amount of littleness and greatness which mingles in the character of every man. This fact is peculiarly brought to our notice in the course of this volume. It appears even in those of the most towering capabilities. No man of his own, or perhaps of any other age, has been gifted with a mind equally fitted to benefit his race, as the author of *Novum Organum*; and yet, possessed thus of a power which made him independent of kings and nobles, few have craved more for the flimsy distinctions of office, or have sought with a more cringing sycophancy the notice of those in authority. We blush to see the great philosopher begging on his knees the smile of some shallow favorite, and squandering amid the intrigue of a court that talent which was fitted to write its impress on every succeeding age of the world's history. In the lives of Voltaire, of Frederic, of Scott, even of Milton, we perceive this strange commingling of the small and great. Although kings by the only true divine right, they seemed willing on almost every occasion to sell their birthright for a "mess of pottage."

The same fact which we have noticed respecting the treatment of biography in these essays, namely that principles rather than facts and figures are dealt with, may be observed also in the historical articles. We hear much respecting the French Revolution, but it is in connection with the bearing of this great event on the political and social world. We would not go to this work to estimate the number of killed and wounded during the Reign of Terror, or to find the dates of the various events which led to the overthrow of Louis. But we could not turn to a better source for the purpose of considering the effects of this mighty agitation on England, on Ireland, on America. By a careful study of this volume we may trace the gradual formation of the British Constitution, from its imperfect beginnings in the hands of Leicester to its classical development under the guidance of Hampden and Cromwell, of Sunderland and of Chatham. But we look in vain for those minutiae of detail expected from a regular history. We may note those causes which moved the nation forward, step by step, from Magna Charta to the Emancipation Bill. And over all this wide range we have presented a perfect map of the

influences and currents at work. Not that we mean to state that we consider the judgment of Macaulay in every question of this nature infallible. Many of his theories we humbly believe to be faulty, some completely astray. On the subject of both the French and English revolutions we would respectfully offer as our opinion that his conclusions are somewhat extravagant, and we would beg to differ from him in many statements concerning the requirements and offices of government. But yet we believe that from few sources a more full and correct idea respecting many of the great questions of modern history can be obtained than from this work. We would regard it, however, more as a map on which continents and oceans, important towns and lofty mountains are marked, than as a chart where we can look for reefs or currents or distances.

Of Macaulay as a critic our opinion is not high. His efforts strictly in this direction can never be classed as masterpieces, and it is only when extreme praise or condemnation is deserved that a criticism is really able in his hands. His review of Hallam's Constitutional History is good, because it would be almost impossible to pronounce a eulogy too lofty on this work. His treatment of Cranmer is bad, for in the character of this man there was a complex mixture of nobility and meanness which he seemed incapable of dissecting. His article on Mr. Montgomery's poems is powerful and just, because Mr. Montgomery's poems only deserve to be handled with tongs. His estimate of Sir William Temple is unfair in the extreme, from the fact that in the cautious statesmanship of this great diplomatist there was a mingling of honor with his timidity for which he gives him no credit. There is little of that calm impartial weighing of evidence which should be found in a work of this nature. And there is noticeable in many passages an extravagance of language which should certainly not be found. In one or two of these criticisms we have observed arguments which, to say the least, seem contradictory. For instance, we find him strongly condemning Sir William Temple for refusing to pay Arlington six thousand pounds for the Seals of State, "a transaction which," he observes, "had nothing in it discreditable, according to the notions of that age." And yet he refuses to Lord Bacon any palliation of his offences from the imperfect state of political morality in his

time; which was earlier. In another passage he tells us that "the points of difference between Christianity and Judaism have no more to do with a man's fitness to be a magistrate, a legislator, or a minister of finance, than with his fitness to be a cobbler." Now, while we sympathise with the object for which this was written, namely to prove that the Jews have a perfect right to hold offices in England, we behold a strange want of logic in the argument before us. It makes a great deal of difference whether a ruler is a Protestant, a Jew, or a Romanist; and this is the very fact which explains why each of these bodies is so anxious to have its own representatives in power. The question is strictly one of right, for while every individual feels that he would rather be governed by men holding similar religious views to his own, as a liberal thinker he sees that in a country peopled by all classes it is but just that every sect should have some share in the direction of public affairs.

The style in which this work is written demands our highest admiration. It is simply perfect. Every word, every sentence seems to flow into every other like the unbroken connection of running water, and at times as the swell of some mighty organ the language rises till we are borne aloft on its inspiration, and amid the grandeur of its eloquence feel our passions swayed by an influence which is almost divine. Samuel Johnston as a critic may equal, may surpass Macaulay. In nobility of thought, in poetical sentiment, Carlyle perhaps is before him. For originality of idea DeQuincey may claim a higher position. But in harmony of words, in elegance of expression, he is unrivalled among the princes of English prose. Although we cannot regret that Macaulay possessed this wonderful power of language, it is a fact more strongly impressed upon us at every perusal of his works, that had he been less borne aloft on the wings of rhetoric, he might have paid a closer regard to the humbler claims of logic. And yet we are glad that as he has written, he has written. It is a satisfaction to know of at least a few books which in some particulars are faultlessly correct; and for a perfect English style, unmarred by pedantic Greek or Latin idioms, by sickly French expressions, or by hideous meaningless German phrases, the student may turn with confidence to this volume.

J. F. D.

THOUGHT IS FREE.

"WHY then," quoth he, "dost thou think me a fool!"

"Thought is free, my Lord," quoth she.

PERHAPS none of the productions of the "King on Fancy's throne," more fully exemplifies the truth of the above caption, if it be true, than *The Tempest*. Even if we compare it with the great work of Milton, tho' we may not find the profundity and height of that grand argument, yet there is a variety which almost bewilders by the boldness and rapidity of transition, and a vividness of conception in delineating the material and the spiritual, the common-place and the monstrous, which, though perhaps incapable of being compared with any but imaginary standards, impress us with their reality, and such a reality as almost excludes any other fancies in that particular line. Milton's creations, on the other hand, may have rivals in our imagination, or we may easily question their existence, even while awed by their assumed majesty.

If thought is free, certainly it is so in Shakspeare. And it seems to us that in no other character do we find its impersonation more marked than in Ariel, the "Ayrie Spirit," whom we shall try to bring in subjection for a while to serve our purposes, as did his master Prospero of old. Ariel has been described as the "swiftness of thought, personified." We would rather say, Ariel is thought itself. He is the spirit of *The Tempest*. He comes "with a thought" to Prospero, is omnipresent at the scene of the shipwreck, and ready for his great master to fly, swim, dive into the fire, and ride on the curled clouds. He anticipated the evil designs of Caliban and the nobles by his keen supervision of everything having a bearing on the matter before him; and now while Prospero's pulse beats twice, refits the ship, makes her seaworthy, liberates and brings with him the crew. Driven hither and thither, he might say it was, as did Miranda and her father,

"To cry to the sea that roared to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong."

Such was Shakspeare's thought. The agent of the conjurer is the index of the author's mind. Airy spirit and demi-devil appear in full dress, the one impatient of bondage, the other in servile fear and persistently revengeful; treason, unnatural and blood-thirsty, paces by in company

with a pair of hopelessly infatuated lovers; the storm, assisted by the meddling courtiers, drives on the lee-shore the well-managed ship; and the same art, which raised the sea and wind, soon exercises its power to convene nymphs and spirits to the ghostly marriage. These, and such as these, together with the individual portraits, in one short play, by the completeness of delineation, indicate the hand of a master, the scope of his imagination, and that *thought is free*.

Yet we see order, symmetry, and the most artful blending of the various parts. Ariel has only the promise that his master will make him free as the mountain winds. He is yet a servant; and, as his master disengaged him from his pitiable captivity in the cleft of a tree and then bound him to his service for a time, so Shakspeare loosed the genius of our language, and, by making it subservient to his own high purposes, showed us first its power and then its control. Strange to say, Ariel has no supervision over the love-making youths, but yet those who are even fancy-free, are, by the magician's power, brought to see their faults and confess the charms, either of the "wondrous maid" or the "third man ever known, the first that e'er I sighed for," and that in spite of oracles. But then, when the magician buries his wand and sinks his book, sometimes these visions do melt into thin air, and we realize to some extent that we and they are but "such stuff as dreams are made on."

While I have followed this idea, (no, it hath drawn me rather) it seems that the freedom of thought is now subordinate to law, which, however, does not interfere with its action in any way that might be detrimental to the public happiness; and that even this restriction shall be taken away. Prospero says, "Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou shalt have the air at freedom."

"The baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial fabric faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

The agency of thought is necessary to life.
When our work is done it will be said,

"Life and thought have gone away
Side by side."

E. CROWELL.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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THE students of 1879-80 have reason to congratulate themselves upon the change in the order of things. Hitherto the Reading Room has been an "airy nothing," but now it has "a local habitation and a name." The "Reading Room," so-called, was in reality but a kind of ante room, where all sorts of practical jokes, &c., were carried on, which were not exactly conducive to the comfort of the reader. Time after time, new brooms, in the shape of the Annual Reading Room Committee, kept order for a short time, *how* short, they only know. This state of affairs continued for so long, that it seemed hopeless to expect a change. The furniture was as often broken as renewed, until at the beginning of the present Winter Session, all that remained were the window-seats. But now, at the earnest request of the R. R. Committee, the Senate have used their influence with the Governors, and have obtained for the students, the use of *two* rooms, one of which is to be a Reading Room, pure and simple, the Committee, on behalf of the students, pledging themselves to its efficient maintenance. The other is to be used as a general place of resort, where one may do anything—except break fur-

niture. The latter, be it noticed, is of such a character as to defy any *ordinary* casualty.

This arrangement is of course most satisfactory to all, and it now remains with the students to see that it continues so. The Governors and Senate have shown that they feel confidence in us, and have given as an opportunity of showing ourselves worthy of that confidence. Surely the students will make a right use of this opportunity. Let them but carry out their pledge, given to the Senate, and assist the R. R. Committee, as well as countenance them, in maintaining order, and enforcing the rules, and there will be no further difficulty.

We have now, on behalf of the Committee, to tender thanks to the Senate as a whole for their kind co-operation, and in particular to Professor Lawson, with whom the Committee conferred, and who so heartily interested himself in their projects, and assisted them to carry them out.

ONE of the most interesting educational questions of the present day is the Spelling Reform. When we reflect for a moment on the barbarous system of English orthography, when we remember that, though the language has arrived at a high pitch of refinement, it still retains much of its primitive dress, we are not surprised that an effort is being made to cut off the superfluous antique fringes and make the garb answer the purposes of this utilitarian age. It is a matter of surprise that our inconsistent and complicated system of spelling should prevail in this age of progress. While Science is exhausting her resources in order to provide labour-saving machines, men are content to employ the time-killing orthography of the ancients.

No one would suppose for a moment that our mode of spelling was ever intended to represent the sounds of speech. In an article on this subject in *Scribner*, the following sentence is introduced to illustrate this point. "*Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through.*"

THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE BY WOMEN.*

TIME and again the GAZETTE has asserted the right of the ladies to share with their sterner brothers the highest educational privileges. Its readers are therefore prepared to hear other testimony on the subject.

In an exhaustive paper under the heading given above, Dr. Chadwick of Boston gives an interesting account of the progress made by woman in her struggle with the male sex for equal rights, more especially in the pursuit of medical knowledge, upon which, during the past twenty years the struggle seems to have centred. Mythology ascribes to the Egyptian Isis the duty of watching over the health of the human species. The Iliad and Odyssey both refer to women skilled in the practice of medicine. Among the Romans Juno Lucina presided over childbirth. Hygieia, the daughter of Esculapius, and others, were learned in the healing art. As early as the eleventh century before Christ there existed in Egypt a college of physicians who certainly were of both sexes. Between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries of our era several women gained great renown as teachers in the famous medical schools of Salvo and Bologna. In the latter University only one hundred years ago a woman lectured on Anatomy, and left as a legacy to science models in wax which are the pride of the museum at Bologna. In Germany in the last century Frau Dorothea Christiania Erxleben received the medical degree and practised in Quedlinburg. Early in this century Frau von Liebold and her daughter Frau von Heidenreich obtained diplomas at Geissen and rose to great distinction. The former attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of the Princess Victoria, now our gracious Queen. The latter died only twenty years ago. The names of Mesdames veuves Lachapelle (1759-1821) and Boivin (1733-1841) stand pre-eminent in the annals of French medicine. Here then is testimony that there have been in all ages women who have been well fitted to practise the art and promote the study of medicine; and this in spite of their lack of early mental training and special medical education. The fact is pointed out that while the science

Why o-u-g-h should be compelled to do duty for six different sounds, is unaccountable. Why should this sentence not be written: "*Tho the tuf cof and hikup plou me throo?*" Owing to the nature of our alphabet, even this would be somewhat imperfect, but it would be infinitely more rational than the prevailing method. The King's College *Record* says, that by such a change "the whole history of the language would be lost. All those *associations* and *memories* which are connected with some of our most familiar words would be hidden from sight, and the derivations could not be traced without reference to an antiquated system of orthography." These are just the arguments we should expect to find in a journal representing conservative King's. With us such statements are too sentimental to weigh well. The *Record* has become so indissolubly attached to certain orthographical forms, that the very thought of a change gives it the lock-jaw. In our humble opinion, it would require an antediluvian lifetime to develop in us any fondness for 'diphtheria,' or 'phthisic,' or any of those anomalies that come to us like the night-mare to disturb the tranquillity of mind. It is hyper-sentimental to talk of an affection for an orthographical deformity. The *Record*, like the quaint Elia, has none of the "turbulence or froth of new-fangled opinions." With it a reformed system of orthography is neither desirable nor attainable. It believes that by such a change the etymology of words would be obscured. On this point it is opposed to the most distinguished philologists. Dr. Latham, the highest authority on the subject, says that "all the objections to change in spelling on the ground of theoretical propriety are worthless. The learned chevalier, Bunsen, asserts that "the theory of etymology is inseparable from that of phonology." We are surprised that any student, who is obliged to devote two or three hours daily to taking notes in the lecture room, should object to any improvement in our barbarously imperfect system of orthography.

* "The Study and Practice of Medicine by Women." By James R. Chadwick, M.D., Boston. *International Review*, October, 1879. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

and practice of obstetrics was for many centuries entirely in the hands of women, little if any advance was made. Yet this does not demonstrate the unfitness of women to cultivate so inexact and progressive a science as medicine. We must remember that none of the females who followed that calling ever enjoyed the advantage of early and thorough training of their reasoning powers, or of an education in all the branches of medicine; that nearly all their knowledge was derived from their own experience or that of equally ignorant practitioners. Dr. Chadwick affirms that man's superiority over woman in this branch of medical science chiefly consists in the possession of greater physical strength, calmer judgment, and steadier nerve. Education and training may modify this advantage, but it cannot be supposed that it will wholly eradicate it. On the other hand may we not claim that women surpass men in capacity for tender nursing and considerate attention for the sick—qualities which we consider of vast importance. We are prepared to hear that physicians are not nurses; but in a country like ours, and indeed wherever there is lack of medical skill, the physician who is not fitted to act in the capacity of nurse cannot be entirely successful.

Many interesting statistics are given concerning the advances on the part of English, European, and American Universities towards the education of female physicians. In 1864 a young lady—a Russian—began the study of medicine in Zurich, and received her degree three years later. Since that time the number of female students at the University has been comparatively large, at one time being about ninety. Of these, fourteen only graduated previous to 1878. Four received "good" as a comment, and two "very good." Two have been appointed assistant lecturers in Zurich. The University of Moscow in 1871 opened its doors to women on the same terms as to men, but provided a separate course of instruction. The Universities of Geneva in Switzerland, and Helsingfors in Finland, are open to women. In France, ladies desiring to study medicine must first obtain permission of the Minister of Instruction. In Germany we find more conservatism, and degrees are not usually granted to women. The University of Holland admits female students to medical courses and grants them diplomas. In Belgium they have been forbidden the study. Since 1876 the fifteen Universities of Italy have been open to women.

In Denmark ladies are slow to take advantage of the freedom accorded to them to study in all the secular departments of the University of Copenhagen. Upsala and Stockholm have followed the example of their Danish neighbor. In England and Scotland the advocates of female education have met with strenuous opposition, and it was only when they had mustered sufficient strength to organize the Women's Medical School in 1874, that any material advance was made. Female practitioners may now be regularly registered in Great Britain and Ireland. Women were admitted to the University of Melbourne in 1872. In the United States many medical colleges have female students and graduates; Harvard still holds out against the innovation. In 1865 the Women's Medical College of New York was chartered. Sixteen of its graduates occupy positions as resident physicians to hospitals and large schools such as Vassar and Mt. Holyoake. In 1850 the Female Medical College of Philadelphia was founded and now has an Alumnae Association numbering 263. Other smaller institutions of a like character have been planted in various parts of the Union.

In view of the fact that in India alone there are one hundred millions of women who, by their social customs and religion, are debarred from receiving any medical aid from male practitioners, we cannot but hope that the progress already made by our sisters in the study and practice of medicine may only be the beginning, and that we may yet see a large and influential body of well-educated and enthusiastic female physicians. S.

SODALES.

SODALES Society met on Friday evening, November 25th, in Class-room No. 1, the President in the chair. After the Secretary had read the minutes of last meeting, the question for debate was taken up. It was as follows,—"Is compulsory education desirable?" Mr. F. McInnis opened the discussion with a paper advocating the system of free education. This article was listened to with attention throughout, and was responded to by Mr. Spencer in a speech in favor of compulsory education. Those holding similar views to the opener urged that it was an infringement on the just rights of the people, to force them to place

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

GENTLEMEN,—In the last issue of the GAZETTE appeared a translation of the first Ode of Horace and an article entitled "Ecce," both from my pen. Concerning the guise in which these were presented to the readers of your paper, I regret very much that I have little praise and much blame.

The translation "*To Maccenas*" (!) is, of the two, the most seriously mutilated. When writing it I did not aspire to a *Hawkeye* burlesque of Horace's hexameters. To one reading the aforesaid lines I am afraid such would be the inevitable conclusion. Either this, or that the author was an ignorant, pretentious numskull, who, knowing "little Latin and less Greek," had presumed to take liberties with one of the brightest lights in old Italia's poesy. I make no claims to special excellence in classics, but without pretension I think I may say that the rendition into English of the first Ode of Horace was not above my abilities. So, forsooth, might many a school-boy in these times, and I would not wish to be ranked lower than him in the intellectual scale, were it only for the sake of my Alma Mater.

The negligence—for it can be nothing else—which allowed these articles to appear as they did, cannot be excused or palliated in any way. That it was negligence I feel convinced. Either that or ignorance it must have been; but I cannot for a moment entertain the belief that an editorial staff embracing in its ranks a Junior and Senior can be justly accused of this latter fault.

I hope that this occurrence will impress deeply upon you, gentlemen, the necessity of careful and individual supervision and correction in all proof which returns to you from the printer's hands. Perform this duty conscientiously, and complaints, I warrant you, will be few. Reflect for one moment on the odium which such a slip brings upon all concerned. I have adverted above to the probable impression of your subscribers in regard to myself. My ill-repute would of course be reflected on you for allowing such rubbish to pass through your hands, and from you upon the students of whom you are representatives.

But I wax tedious. Lengthy articles are apt to be prosy. Lengthy letters—especially such

their children at school against their will. And arguing from the standpoints of expediency and justice, advocated leaving the parent to his own choice in this matter. To this it was replied by the other side, that as all laws were just which maintained the happiness of the subject, and that as the object of law was for the protection of the people, if it could be proved—which was easily done—that the fact of allowing children to grow up in ignorance and vice was an injury to the community, then a law of compulsory education could not be condemned as an infringement of personal rights. And further, that such a law would interfere only with an improvident class, who were in decided need of being looked after in this particular, for as a general rule parents with any pretension to industrious habits and ordinary intelligence did take an interest in the proper training of their children. After an interesting debate of two hours' duration the vote was taken, and the question was decided in favour of compulsory education.

On Friday evening, Nov. 6, Sodales Society met to discuss the question,—“Whether is a republican or monarchical form of government preferable. After the usual preliminaries the discussion was opened by Mr. Murray, in a paper advocating monarchy. Mr. Lord responded, and grew eloquent, almost pathetic, over the good qualities of that greatest of princes, Oliver Cromwell, whom Mr. McDonald in a speech shortly following, chose to term the “greatest old hypocrite” who ever lived. Mr. Dustan, in a most unpatriotic manner, advocated the glories of free representative government, and disdainfully repudiated the doctrine of the divine right of kings, holding that if the Creator had intended one man to rule over others by any indisputable and natural right, he would have furnished him with some distinctive formation denoting a superiority of position, such as we notice is possessed by the queen bee in a hive. He held that the only true right was that over-mastering talent of mind on account of which men naturally recognized its possessor as their superior. Mr. Murray, in response to this last speaker remarked that Mr. Dustan had an unhappy faculty of “stringin’” words together and “flingin’” them round. After an interesting debate the vote was taken and monarchy held the field. The next question for debate will be, “Were the American colonies justified in their rebellion?”

as mine—are invariably so. I will finish my grumbling. I hope that you will deem this outburst as the result not of petty spleen, but of a desire to justify myself in the eyes of your subscribers. Thanking you for so much space,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

SILENUS.

N. B.—The following is a list of errata :

HORACE, ODE I. BOOK I.

Page 13.	Page 13.
In title and line 1 for <i>Mœcenas</i> read <i>Mœcenas</i> .	In line 17 for <i>case</i> read <i>ease</i> .
In line 8 for <i>in</i> read <i>on</i> .	“ 20 “ <i>sea-belabored</i> read <i>sea-belaboured</i> .
“ 9 “ <i>Sybian</i> read <i>Libyan</i> .	“ 27 for <i>was</i> read <i>war</i> .
“ 10 “ <i>Uttulu</i> “ <i>Attalus</i> .	“ 32 “ <i>The Ivy leaf, &c.</i> , read <i>Me Ivy leaf, &c.</i>
“ 13 “ <i>myrtoan</i> “ <i>Myrtoan</i> .	“ 33 for <i>Sisbyan</i> read <i>Lesbian</i> .
“ 16 for <i>inspired</i> “ <i>inspire</i> .	

“ ECCE.”

Page 16, column 2.	Page 17, column 2.
In line 14 for <i>memiseram</i> read <i>miseram</i> .	In line 8 for <i>alias students</i> read <i>alios studentes</i> .
“ 24 for <i>ways</i> read <i>wags</i> .	“ 10 for <i>Jovem</i> read <i>Jovem</i> .
“ 30 “ <i>besides</i> read <i>beside</i> .	“ 11 “ <i>Sonitrundo</i> read <i>Tonitrundo</i> .
“ 46 “ <i>junior</i> “ <i>Junior</i> .	“ 11 for <i>fulmando</i> read <i>fulmendo</i> .
Page 17, column 1.	“ 12 for <i>Senatum</i> read <i>Senatus</i> .
In line 11 for <i>ways</i> read <i>wags</i> .	“ 32 “ <i>groves</i> read <i>gloves</i> .
“ 89 “ <i>tilling</i> read <i>tilting</i> .	“ 36 “ <i>contents</i> read <i>consumers</i> .

S.

[It is not altogether willingly that we publish the above letter, because we appear to be forced into an explanation or acknowledgment that we had expressed our intention of making voluntarily. We may be ignorant of what is required of us when we perform the duty of proof-reading, but certainly did not think that composition was a part of our work. As to the carelessness, we take the blame as far as the bungling of the few *proper names* is concerned, for we confess that we cannot *justify* our negligence, though there were *excuses* for it. The other and more numerous mistakes were either such as all printed matter is liable to, or were due altogether to the slovenly writing of the manuscript, which defied the efforts of both printers and proof-readers to decipher. We hope that in the future no trouble will arise by our lack of care, and beg that all our correspondents will make their calligraphy legible, and if not punctuated, put a few handfuls of different kinds of stops at the bottom for us to arrange.—EDS.]

A poor Freshie was nearly frightened out of his wits the other day by the tender advances of a goat. He looks around for something behind which to hide, and seeing a Soph gets under his protection. The goat awed by the dignity of the Soph “turns some other way,” and the Freshie is safe.

OUR EXCHANGES.

AS we take up the gray goose-quill of our exchange sanctum, the diplomatic spirit of the peaceful Prior whispers:

“Be to their virtues very kind,
Be to their faults a little blind.”

There was no necessity for such a suggestion from our old friend; for we possess too much of the “milk of human kindness” to attack any sleepy Duncan who has passed beneath our editorial battlements.

The flattering notices we have received from our Exchanges have been most gratifying to us; but we do hope that our interesting contemporary, the *Truro Sun*, will not again lavish upon us so much soft sodder without giving us ample notice. Dalhousie is the daughter of diffidence, and we are her superlatively deferential sons.

Mahomet, after a long and toilsome journey, refused to enter Damascus because the city was too delicious. We hesitate before entering upon a criticism of the *College Herald*. It is too delicious. In the number before us we find our ideal of a college paper realized. The editorial on Classics is to our mind exactly. The universal cry is, “more English and less Greek.” John Bright, in a speech at Birmingham lately said: “I do not believe that there is anything in the way of wisdom, which is to be attained in any of the books of the old languages, which at this moment may not be equally attained in the books of our own literature.” We hope the *Truro Sun* will not call the Quaker orator sophisticated, as it did a writer on this subject in our last issue. All our bare-faced Juniors, who are struggling so nobly against the tide of adverse fate, will read with interest the following from the *Herald's* locals: “It is said of a certain student, that he puts salt in his washing water to make his mustache grow. Well, it doesn't grow worth a cent, so now he is thinking of getting up an invention that will throw concentrated rays of light upon his upper lip, which he confidently asserts is too much shaded.”

The *Archangel* lies before us. Charles Lamb used to say that he had been trying all his life to like Scotchmen, but was obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. We have been trying for the last hour to excite in our breast some love for the little *Archangel*, that has come

all the way from the mighty State of Oregon, the land of golden-eagles and wild-cats, but our efforts have been in vain. We have ruined our eyesight in this experiment. Language was given to conceal thoughts, and Oregon printers were given to conceal language. The letters that are not upside down have an intoxicated appearance. In their muddled condition they have failed to reach home. Turn the *Archangel* sidewise, upside down, cause the light to shine upon it at a different angle,—yes, the word is ‘inamorato.’ Now

“Our heart goes pit-a-pat,
And our brain goes rub-a-dub.”

Alas! we have been deceived. The word is not ‘inamorato’ but ‘ambiguous.’ Yes, truly. As was once said of Coleridge, this is an Archangel, a little damaged.

The King's College *Record* for November displays more vitality than we expected to find in a journal published in the pestilential town of Windsor, whose wells and rivers and ponds and pools recall to mind the sanitary condition of Egypt, when the first bloody plague had hardened the heart of Pharaoh. Probably the editors use only imported liquid. If we should notice any symptoms of decay, we shall forward to the *Record* staff a few casks of body-developing, brain-producing, conscience-educating beverage from the pure, crystal, pellucid fountains of Halifax. The questions put by the the self-constituted matriculation board to the Freshman, are subtle and searching. We can not resist the temptation to give one from the paper on Classics: “Parse ‘amans’ and show relation between it and the English ‘a man,’ and also with the word ‘amen’ at end of prayers.”

We wish to say something good of our religious-philosophical Exchange, the *Bates Student*, and we can do so with a sabbatical conscience. The article on ‘Ivanhoe’ is well worthy of a careful perusal. The writer shows a true appreciation for the great Scotch novelist's greatest work. Some of the editorials appear to us rather dozy. It is customary in some parts of the East to have swings, to which persons of drowsy temperaments resort, in order to gain inspiration. We most humbly advise the Editors of *Bates Student* to have one put up in their sanctum without further delay. We should never have grown so brilliant, if we had not known of this charming method of getting artificial enthusiasm.

The *College Olio* for November is good. No apology is necessary for inserting two stanzas from *Alma Mater*:

“Should *Alma Mater* be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should *Alma Mater* be forgot
And days of lang syne ?”

“Here swords were whet for wordy strife,
Here oft we wooed the “Nine ;”
Ah ! these old walls have tales to tell
Of auld lang syne.”

We copy the following beautiful stanza from the *University Magazine*. In justice to the author, we confess that we have taken a few liberties with the text :

“The meanest man in college,
The meanest man, you bet,
Is he who shirks the payment
Of his subscription to the GAZETTE.”

So far we have looked in vain for the *Argosy*. We fear that our much-loved friend has passed on to “that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.” We have an obituary notice ready, but hold it over till our next issue.

We regret that we have been called upon to chronicle the demise of the *Tyro*, which has been so well conducted for many years by the Canada Literary Institute.

PERSONALS.

JAS. MCKENZIE, B. A., '78; A. B. McLeod, and Chas. D. McLaren, are all attending the Theological Hall in this city.

J. P. MCPHEE, Soph., '78, teaches at Sunny Brae, Pictou Co. He has charge of one of the largest schools in the County, and is, we understand, a very energetic and successful teacher.

REV. JAS. A. MCLEAN, B. A., has been inducted into the charge of the Presbyterian congregation of Clyde and Barrington. We wish him every success.

REV. G. L. GORDON, who attended Dalhousie several sessions, has been appointed Commissioner of Schools for Richmond County, Cape Breton. We notice that he became twain during the past summer. Long life and prosperity to them.

J. W. McLELLAN, a Freshman of last year, has charge of the school at Merigomish, Pictou Co., this winter.

EDMUND L. NEWCOMB, B. A., '78, teaches at the “beautiful village of Grand Pre.

DALHOUSIE men in Pictou [schools,—Robert McLellan, in the Academy; William H. McMillan and W. E. McLellan, LL. B., Halifax University, in the Preparatory Department. They are all flourishing and causing to flourish.

WE notice from the *Christian World*, (English paper), that the Rev. Samuel McNaughton, M. A., has received a call to the

pastorate of Grange-lane church, Birkenhead. In a letter to the GAZETTE, he states that he has declined the call.

WE notice that A. H. MCKAY, B.A., Principal of Pictou Academy, has received the degree of B.Sc. from the University of Halifax.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

THE students' rooms are now fitted up in a gorgeous style. Now let us strive to keep them decent, even if we have to become Christians to do so.

THE Governors shall receive a shake for the excellent reading-room which they have given us.

THE number of students has increased to one hundred and twenty six:—the janitor having been compelled to take on another "hand" owing to the rush for custards occasioned by the advertisement in our last issue. What a power advertising is!

A SENIOR has discovered that Gilbert is a plagiarist: For in "The Tempest," Act III., 3, 34, he finds "many, nay almost any."

O SANDY! Sandy, mon! We thought better things of you. Why it's enough to make our cheeks *blanch* and our eyes *kindle* with horror!

WE would gently, lovingly remind the *Ethiopian reformer* that our eyes are upon him. Beware!!

A JUNIOR went to hear a *German* sermon last Sabbath. His contribution to the service of song was one prolonged *yah*. He will be drinking beer next.

WILL somebody please tell that Junior what made him laugh the other evening while making a call?

THE janitor has determined the value of *pi* (for the public). He has invented another trigonometrical expression,—*baking-powder*, it is the supplement of *pi*.

AFTER the the Professor of Mathematics had worked out an exercise on the blackboard, a Freshie beckons to him and whispers in his ear, "that's right." May he be plucked!

WE would like to know what makes that Freshie *skim* down Tobin street every day at two o'clock, P.M. We *would dash* no pleasure willingly from his path, but yet must warn him to let this kind of thing go on no *longer*.

A PRESUMPTUOUS student remarks that the notes in one of the classical books which he is reading have a bearing only on those passages which need no explanation. He thinks that the author's knowledge extended only to the construction of the simple sentences. We have thought that, too, sometimes.

SCENE—Library. Freshie going off with the works of Josephus. Prof.—How long will you be in reading that book? Oh, a fortnight or so, says the Freshie. You will be allowed three weeks since it is a *Hebrew* work, the Prof. says kindly. The Freshie lays down the book and retires.

THAT meek and unoffending little German student got himself into trouble again lately. He went to visit a fellow-Junior who lives on Cornwallis street, but mistaking the house, he plunged into a young lady's private apartment. He was rejected with scorn, as the young lady does not believe in the saying, "Half a *loaf* is better than no *bread*."

"ARISE! FELLOW FREEMAN."

(INNER DALHOUSIE APPENDIX.)

JOHANNES was a janitor,
Of reading room renown,
Who carried letters from the post
To every part of town.

He also watched with jealous eye
The morals of Dalhousie,
Reporting students to the Profs,
Whene'er he caught them bousey.

And should a lurking pack of cards
Within these walls be seen,
The Vilson wrath exploded, like
A powder magazine.

A mind too lofty for such spoil,
John soared to something prouder,
And turned his intellectual soul
To making baking powder!

A whisper first the tale began,
But now its growing louder,
That Vilson in these classic halls
Makes German baking powder!

Sons of Dalhousie, up! arise!
And squelch the man to chowder,
Who dares within our classic vaults,
Make *custa(r)d* baking powder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

REV. W. McMILLAN, \$2.00; Rev. James Fitzpatrick, \$2.00; Rev. George Walker, \$1.00; A. H. McKay, M.A., \$2.00; Jeffery McColl, \$2.00; James Mitchell, \$1.00; Rev. Thomas Cumming, \$1.00; H. Mellish, \$0.20.

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