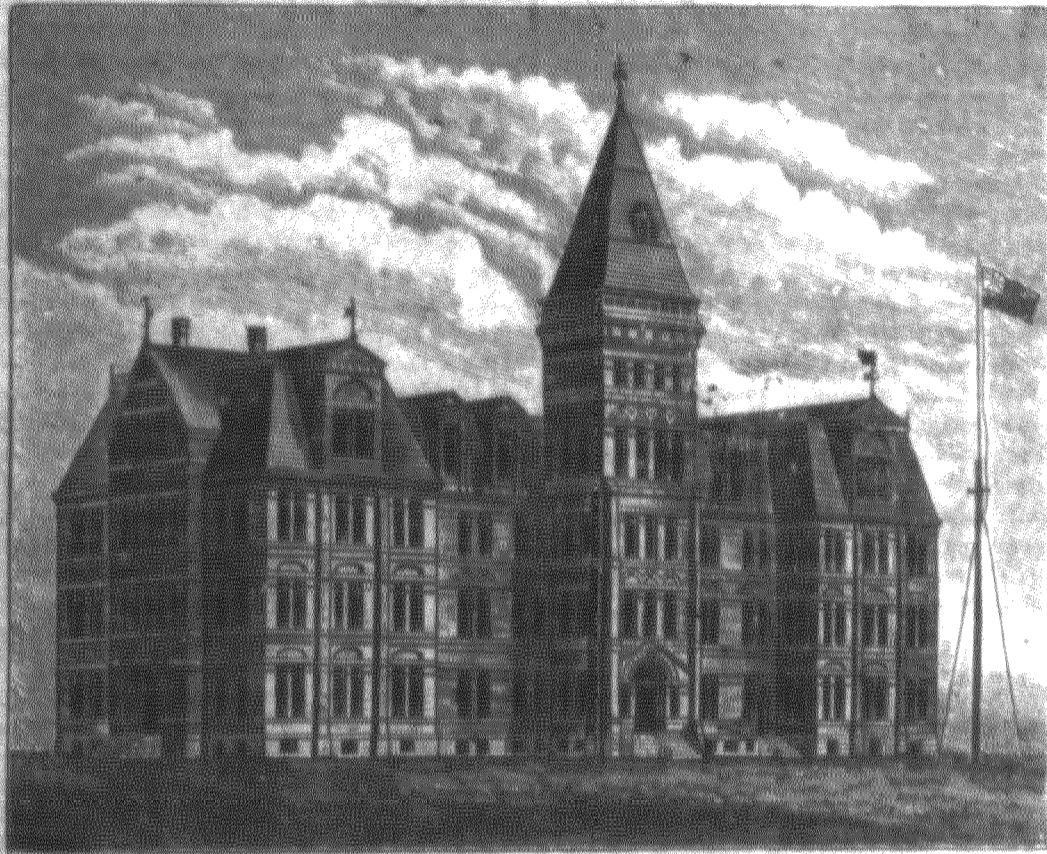


THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Ora et Labora.



Dalhousie College and University.

SESSION, 1890 - 91.

Faculty of Arts.

REV. PRESIDENT FOREST, D.D., F.S.Sc., (Lond.), D.C.L. (Vind.),
George Munro Professor of History and Political Economy.

Professor of Logic and Psychology.

CHARLES MACDONALD, M.A. (Aberd.), *Professor of Mathematics.*

JOHN JOHNSON, M.A. (Dub.), *McLeod Professor of Classics.*

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph.D., LL.D., F.I.C., F.R.S.C., *McLeod Professor of
Chemistry and Mineralogy.*

JAMES LICHTY, M.A. (Vind.), *McLeod Professor of Modern Languages.*

JAMES GORDON MACGREGOR, M.A. (Dal.), D.Sc. (Lond.), F.R.S.S.E. &
C., *George Munro Professor of Physics.*

JAMES SMITH, M.A. (Edin.), *George Munro Professor of Philosophy.*

ARCHIBALD MACMURAN, B.A. (Tor.), Ph.D. (J.H.U.), *George Munro
Professor of English Language and Literature.*

WILLIAM HENRY WADDELL, *Lecturer on Voice and Elocution.*

JAMES C. SHAW, B.A. (Dal.), *George Munro Tutor in Classics.*

ALEXANDER M. MORRISON, B.A. (Dal.), *George Munro Tutor in Mathe-
matics.*

PROFESSOR SMITH, *Librarian.*

SRGT. KELLY, *Instructor in Gymnastics.*

Faculty of Law.

RICHARD CHAPMAN WELDON, A.M., (Mc All.), Ph.D. (Yale), Q.C.
George Munro Professor of International and Constitutional Law.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL, A.M. (Mc All.), Q.C., *Professor of Contracts,
Lecturer on Bills & Notes, Sales and Equity.*

HON. JUSTICE TOWNSHEND, B.A. (Vind.), B.C.L. (Vind.), *Lecturer on
Equity Jurisprudence.*

HON. SAMUEL LEONARD SHANNON, M.A. (Vind.), D.C.L. (Vind.),
Q.C., *Lecturer on Real Property and Crimes.*

HON. JUSTICE GRAHAM, A.B. (Acad.), *Lecturer on Insurance.*

JOHN YOUNG PAYZANT, A.M. (Acad.), Q.C., *Lecturer on Torts.*

C. SYDNEY HARRINGTON, Q.C., *Lecturer on Evidence and Partnerships.*

ALEX. McNEIL, *Librarian.*

Alumni Association.

President, HON. D. C. FRASER, B.A. Vice-Presidents, H. W. C.
BOAK, LL.B.; C. H. CAHAN, B.A.; A. H. MCKAY, B.A., B.Sc.;
W. D. CAMERON; HOWARD MURRAY, M.A. Secretary, HECTOR
McINNES, LL.B. Treasurer, JAS. A. SEDGWICK, LL.B. Executive
Committee, A. A. MCKAY, LL.B.; J. C. SHAW, B.A.; W. B.
WALLACE, LL.B.; JAMES G. MACGREGOR, D.Sc.; W. R. CAMP-
BELL, B.A.; (E. L. NEWCOMBE, M.A.; D. A. CAMPBELL, M.D.;
Ex-Officio). Secretary's Office, Bedford Row.

J. CORNELIUS,
Jeweller,

99 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Jewellery, Watches, all sorts; Nickel and other Clocks,
Gold Pens and Pencils; Spectacles, &c.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

ALBERT H. BUCKLEY, Ph. M.,

Chemist,

49 SPRING GARDEN ROAD, HALIFAX.

Elite Studio.

KELLEY & CO.

16 SPRING GARDEN ROAD,

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Book-keeping in all
its branches by both
Single and Double
Entry, Arithmetic,
Business Writing,
Banking, Laws of
Business, Business
Practice.



Type-Writing,
Remington Stand-
ard Machine,
Phonography, Ben.
Pitman's System.

No Summer Va-
cation.

Students may en-
ter at any time.

119 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S. Send for Circulars. - - FRAZEE & WHISTON.

DANIEL FAULKNER,
Boot & Shoe Maker,

NO. 18 SPRING GARDEN ROAD, HALIFAX.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order from First-Class English,
French and Domestic Stock.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

E. MAXWELL & SON'S

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have a more complete assortment of Goods this Fall than ever before, and invite an early inspection. Our aim is to give Good Material and Workmanship at reasonable prices. The steady increase of our business shows that our efforts are appreciated. Our long experience in the making of LADIES' GARMENTS enables us to ask with confidence for orders in that department. We have a fine line of ULSTERINGS, at a moderate price, beside material for Jackets, Scalette, &c., at the

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

68 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX.

(Two doors South Young Men's Christian Association.)

ST. CLAIR RUGGLES,
Merchant Tailor,

144 HOLLIS STREET, - HALIFAX, N. S.

Direct Importer of Cloths.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

"CUT PRICES."

LATHAM & McCULLOCH,

53 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX,

—SKEL—

Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Soaps, Toilet Articles, Stationery
and Fancy Goods,

ALL AT "CUT PRICES."

A BIG BARGAIN.

STUDENTS should avail themselves of the present opportunity and purchase a set of the CHEAP REPRINT of

"ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA,"

In 26 large volumes, cloth bound, only \$50.00 net per set (on easy terms of payment); or \$47.50 net for cash. This is a chance in a life-time. This Cheap Edition is now becoming limited. NOW IS THE TIME TO purchase.

Call for further information at the METHODIST BOOK ROOM,
141 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S. (Telephone 671.)
N. B.—Discount on all books, to Students. Drop in at any time, and examine our shelves.

WM. NOTMAN,
Photographer to the Queen,

SPECIAL RATES

ALWAYS GIVEN

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Call and see our work, and make your rendez-
vous in town at the Studio,

39 GEORGE STREET.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

ORA ET LABORA.

VOL. XXIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 11, 1891.

NO. 8.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

Halifax, N. S., March 11, 1891.

Editors:

J. W. BIRBAUT, '91, Editor-in-Chief.

A. O. MACRAE, '91. J. A. MCKINNON, B. A. (Law), '92.

J. B. MACLEAN, '91. J. W. LOGAN, '93.

A. McNEIL, B. A. (Law), '91. MISS LUCY MURRAY, '93.

K. G. T. WEBSTER, '92. R. J. MACDONALD, B. A. (Med.)

Managers:

H. B. STAIRS, '91,

G. R. ROWLINGS, B. A. (Law), '93.

Two numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every Winter
by the Students of Dalhousie College and University.

TERMS:

One Collegiate Year, (in advance) \$1.00
Single copies 10

Payments and other business communications to be made
to H. B. STAIRS, P. O. Box 114, Halifax. All literary com-
munications to be addressed to Editors DALHOUSIE GAZETTE,
Halifax, N. S. Anonymous communications will receive no
attention.

It will be decidedly to the advantage of the
GAZETTE for Students to patronize our advertizers.

THE Financial Editor of the GAZETTE respect-
fully asks those who have not yet paid up
their subscriptions, to do so as early as possible.

—Contents—

ARTS DEPARTMENT.	
Editorial:—	PAGE
Proposed Changes	113
Editorial Notes	114
Poetry: Fling out the Bazoned Banners high	115
" Cloud Land	115
The Study of Shorthand	116
Rambblings	117
A trip through Italy	118
Exchanges	121
Dallusions	122
Personals	123
Acknowledgements	123

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.	
Editorial:—	PAGE
Probable tenure of Human Life	124
Dr. Jones' Paper	124-128

PROPOSED CHANGES.

POSSIBLY this is the last Session that the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE will appear in its present form. The following extract from the minutes of the last Editors Meeting speaks for itself: "After considerable discussion, the following resolution was unanimously passed, to be submitted to the General Students' Meeting for their ratification: 'That the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE be thrown into Magazine Form.'" We hope this proposal will meet with the fullest approbation of the Students. Of course the present Board of Editors have no power nor wish to bind their successors in any way, and only make the suggestion in what they consider the interests of the Students and their journal. The matter now rests with the G. S. Meeting; and if the Students are agreed upon the change it will, without doubt be made. Many considerations influenced the editors in coming to this decision. The better appearance of the magazine form; and its greater convenience in reading, handling and preserving, which seemed potent arguments to them, will appear to all. It is also proposed that the GAZETTE be considerably enlarged; that this be accomplished not only by a greater amount of matter of the usual kind; but also by extending its scope, and by the addition of a Review Department. But these changes mean money, time and work, and the united support of the Students and Graduates is necessary to this being successfully carried into effect. A prospectus will probably be issued before the close of the present session, giving more definite information with regard to the plan which we have merely sketched.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE TWO-HEADED WOMAN.—Those who saw "the wonderful two-headed woman," Mlle. Christine, exhibited in the city this winter, will be interested to know that there is in the Arts Library an account of a precisely similar case of abnormality, that took place in the beginning of the past century.

It is to be found in one of the volumes, of which there are several dozens, once the property of the Earl of Buchan; and their title page is worth being quoted at length for its quaintness. This one runs;

"Philosophical | Transactions | giving some | account of the Present Undertakings, Studies, and Labours | of the ingenious | in many considerable parts of the World | Vol I., Part I. For the year 1757. London, | Printed for L. Davis and C | Reymers | Printers to the Royal Society, | against Gray's Inn Gate, in Holbourn, MDCCLVIII."

The particular paper is entitled:

"Observationes Anatomico-Medicae, de Monstro bicorporeo virgineo, A. 1701, die 26 Oct. in Pannonia infra comaromium, in Possessione Szony, quondam Suiritum Bregetione, in lucem edito, atque A. 1723, die 23 Febr, Posonii in Caenobio Monialium S. Ursulae morte functo ibidemque sepulto. Authore Justo Johanne Torkos, M. D., Soc. Regalis Socio."

The paper gives a full description of the prodigy, with several cuts and is well authenticated by Hungarian and English physicians.

"THE MERCURY."—A new claimant for the attention of newspaper readers of the Province, a new exponent of the social life of the capital, has appeared. This is *The Mercury*, an eight page weekly journal, the first three numbers of which we have read with great interest. We welcome this new paper as soon as this somewhat belated issue of the GAZETTE will permit.

The Mercury, gives signs of its youthful vigor by "pitchin' into" its few-months-old rival, *Our Society*. This paper seemed to be of opinion that by right of priority it should enjoy full possession of the field, but the *Mercury* seems disposed to dispute its claim, and, in its own

words to "show a little fight" which, to be sure, is exceedingly interesting.

It introduces a new feature in Maritime Journalism, a column devoted to "Local Celebrities." The drawing shows some signs of talent, but the wood engraving is rather crude. Still any effort toward the illustrating of the men and things of our own city, rather than the simply reproducing of what is done and said elsewhere, should meet with encouragement, even though the beginning should show room for much improvement.

If *The Mercury* will accept the comparatively greater age of the GAZETTE as an excuse, (we passed our coming of age two years ago,) we might say by way of advice: Give praise where it is justly due; expose society shams with unsparing pen; 'meditate' strictly the *musa Indiges*, and don't give your contemporary the chance to charge you as he has, (we hope unjustly,) with the use of what Max Adeler called "the predatory scissors and a dishonest paste-pot."

We wish the Dunn Publishing Co. every success in their new venture.

THE so-called photo of the glorious class of '91 has at length put in an appearance and Mr. Kelly has thereby achieved a reputation. It has never, we believe, been Mr. Kelly's aim to reproduce nature, and in this effort he has completely eclipsed his former record. How it would pain the friends of the class to behold the mangled and misty faces painted on that illustrious work of art. A bee-hive, somebody called the picture of last year's graduating class in law, but that too must yield the palm to the genius of Mr. Kelly. The photograph, we believe, was to have been 14 x 17, but size appears to have been no object to Mr. Kelly. In a work such as this the mere bagatelle of making it three or four inches smaller than it should have been, according to the contract, was not taken into consideration.

PRINCIPAL MCKAY, of the Halifax Academy, gave an excellent address before the College Y. M. C. A. on "The Bible and Infidelity," on the evening of the 13th inst.

FLING OUT THE BLAZONED BANNERS HIGH.

Fling out the blazoned banner high upon the balmy air,
The flag that cradled freedom with a mother's jealous pride;
Fling out its torn and blood-stained folds to meet the noonday glare,
And show Canadian youths for what their fathers died.

See, how upon the rushing winds that oft have held it high
Amid the storm of battle, and the shout of victory,
It proudly lifts its head aloft against the clear, blue sky,
The hope of millions that are now, of millions yet to be.

A thousand times through good and ill that same old flag
has waved,
With foes before, and foes behind, and foes on every hand,
A thousand times with none to help, that flag has sternly
braved
The wrath of nations on the sea, of nations on the land.

Who says it floats less proudly now, than when it floated
then?

Or that the "Little Isle" has lost her old heroic ways?
Who says her hearts have lost their pluck, her arms the
strength of men

Who dared so much, and won so much in half forgotten
days!

The same old strength has Britain's arm to strike when foes
assail,

The same old daring has her heart when daring's to be
done;

The same heroic ways are hers before which tyrants quail,
By which the glory of her name and of her sons was won.

Fling out the blazoned banner high upon the balmy air,
The flag that cradled freedom with a mother's jealous pride;
Fling out its torn and blood stained folds to meet the noonday
glare,
And show the world that we will die for what our father's
died.

J. T. BURGESS.

CLOUD LAND.

THE shadows that enfold and shroud our mind,
Their counterparts have in our body too;
Those barriers which are of spirit kind,
A realistic side expose to view.
There is not anything that gives unrest,
Or makes disquietude within our soul,
But bears resemblance—if we make the test—
To something natural in part or whole.
The shadows that we have in early life
We do not see, for they are all behind;
When manhood's reached we're equal in the strife
But do they stop—ah! no—instead, we find
That far in front they spread their sooty forms,
Keep pace with us, rest not, are ever there
Unless, perchance, the darkness and the storms
Submerge them; but we see them when 'tis fair.

SINCE our last issue, the country has once more passed through "the throes of an election." Considerable interest in the contest was manifested among the students as was evinced by the decrease in attendance in classes on the 5th, and the enthusiasm of the few who remained behind. Many of the students went home, several simply to vote, others to work up the cause of their respective parties; and not a few took part in the campaign in and about the city. Two of our Arts' Seniors, it is reported, met and vanquished a brace of city lawyers in one of the suburbs, a any rate, a large majority was given their party when formerly they were in the minority. The Press from day to day bore to us glowing accounts of the telling speeches made by others who were stumping their native counties in the interests (it is said) of their respective parties. Irrespective of partyism, we congratulate the respected Dean of the Law Faculty, Professor Weldon, on his being re-elected to represent the County of Albert, N. B.; and also the Hon. D. C. Fraser, President of our Alumni Association, in his being made the representative of the County of Guysboro, N. S.

PROFESSOR MASSON.—Last GAZETTE quoted from *N. Y. Nation* a letter from Justin Windsor giving a glance into the class-room of Professor Masson. Those who, from the interesting account there given of an hour in Edinburgh University, are anxious to see the features of the man who has such a power over his audience of students, can have their curiosity gratified by opening the *Student* of February 25th.

Facing the frontispiece engraving is a keenly appreciative characterization of the eminent professor, which lets you into the secret of his influence—a strong personality, an ardent patriotism, and a keen interest in student life.

Probably he is best known to students on this side the Atlantic by his great work *The Life of Milton*, which is in some respects the greatest Biographical work in our language.

Among the solecisms which he was wont to warn his class against the "unrelated participle" was the chief. "Very pleased" was another. Those who prefer to use "mind" as a verb substitute for "remember" will be pleased to learn that in the use of the convenient monosyllable they have the authority of Professor Masson.

Thus we continue till we reach that shore
 Beyond which sight is lost and earthly ken
 Is suddenly cast off for evermore,
 Where spirit takes the place of nature then.
 How often have these shadows hid our path!
 Obscured, confused, it seemed to end in night,
 We're not uncertain that an end it hath,
 But does it end in what is wrong? or right?
 We live in cloud-land fully half our years,
 We feel the damp and moisture on our brow.
 Sometimes the vapor and the mist appears
 To shut us off from what is living now.
 The sun still shines and though the clouds surround
 All that we touch, or hold, or live in here,
 That day shall dawn when with a joyous bound
 Into the full and perfect light we'll steer.
 Then welcome cloud-land, shade, and vapors dark,
 Come with thy chill and dead'ning presence! come!
 When thou art gone, dispersèd; like the lark
 That soars above in heaven's serenèr air,
 And drinks the mellow sunlight to its fill
 Our happy, buoyant spirits free from care
 Will then but find the sunlight brighter still.
 Cloudy land, cloudy land, dismal and cold,
 Blest be the day when thy shadows unfold.

'BAH '94.

THE STUDY OF SHORTHAND.

GAZETTE readers will recall Charles Dickens' account of how David Copperfield learned Shorthand. How he bought a book for ten and sixpence, and after wading through the elementary work, marks like flies legs, cobwebs, and pen ink sky-rockets, he at length became reporter in parliament in which Traddles was Orator, and Aunt Betsy and Mr. Dick the Opposition. How, by and by, after much improvement in writing, he found that he had not the least idea what his notes were about; and so had to turn back and go over the same ground at a snail's pace, learning to read as well as to write. It was hard, hard, work.

Learning Shorthand is easier to-day. Seventy-five cents will buy a book. Phonography has been improved and systematized. Ordinary application for not very long time will enable anyone of ordinary ability to master it for most practical purposes.

It is somewhat surprising that so small a proportion of students at college learn shorthand. The cause can only be that students are not generally aware what a power it is, and how within the reach of the average student. The

object of this short article is to draw attention to the usefulness and comparative ease of attainment of a good working knowledge of shorthand. Longhand is written at rates varying from 15 to 45 words a minute. Shorthand from 100 to 200 a minute. The average speaker is not faster than 125 words a minute. 175 words a minute is very fast talking; and 200 a minute a burst of which very few speakers are capable. The average college lecturer talks, perhaps, at the rate of from 75 to 125 words a minute. So that no very high degree of skill is required to enable the student to take verbatim any lectures which may deserve such treatment. Taking notes, however, is a small part of the writing of most students. Essays on Intuitionism v. Utilitarianism, and on Plato's Ideal Theory, have to be prepared; Articles on Punctuality and on Anglo-Saxon Literature must be written for the GAZETTE; extracts must be copied from *Hansard* and the *Journal of Commerce* for quotation in debate; and other such duties done, the merely mechanical part of which, the tedious writing of petty words, should surely be considered as unworthy of so large a proportion of the time and attention of the student busied with great thoughts and great affairs. In brief, with shorthand, all the time and labor of one's private writing is reduced to one-fifth. Times there are, too, when the ability, even for five minutes, to get down a speaker's words exactly as spoken, would be worth weeks of labor.

All this for the ordinary Art Student. But how far more forcibly does it apply to the Law Student, not to speak of the Student of Divinity and the Journalist. In school and out of school, how can any lawyer really afford to neglect cultivating this art. In court and in the office, the shorthand writer, brains and other things being equal, has a grip on circumstances and contingencies which puts him stages ahead of his neighbor with the slow couch longhand.

Now, any student who can handle the pen with fair speed in writing longhand, can learn to write shorthand so as to make good use of it. No teacher is required, if you will only believe it. If you begin alone and find that you can't get on without teaching, give it up. Admirable

text-books, imparting almost every help and encouragement a student could want, except brains, can be got. I have said nothing about systems. There are too many of them, and the least said about most of them the better.

The inventor of phonography is Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England. His system is almost universally used in England. In America, however, his brother, Benn Pitman's system has the biggest following, and is generally looked upon as the standard for this country. The difference between the two is slight. Many other systems in use in the United States are but modifications, none of them improvements, on Benn Pitman's system. The text-book, *The Phonographic Manual*, by Pitman & Howard, is a model of clearness and relevancy. It contains everything necessary, and nothing unnecessary. If the student is content to obey the orders of these two shorthand veterans he can scarcely fail. Any student of ordinary common sense, by spending even no more than two hours daily during his first summer vacation, can master the art sufficiently to put it to moderate use at college the following winter. The degree of efficiency to follow depends upon intelligent practice.

The study is at first interesting, afterwards fascinating. The recreation of a summer, followed by a not altogether unpleasant kind of hard work later on, will give a professional man a power which he can scarcely secure with the same amount of effort in any other direction.

VICTOR FRAZEE, '89.

RAMBLINGS.

THE Philosophical Undergraduate has been studying German lately, in college and out of it. I am afraid that he will stand no higher in the class lists this year than last. But that is all one to him. He has come to Dalhousie to study, to observe, to read and to reflect, he says; to expand his mind, not to turn himself into a text-book-cramming, lecture-taking, examination-passing automaton. Such are his wild, radical opinions in his own words. Let not the cautious reader think them mine.

His method of studying German is of a piece with the rest of his eccentric career. He began with children's story books, and then hunted out a German family in town, where he could board and be allowed to make blunders in the vernacular, and be laughed at, into the bargain. He gets the Jungfräulein to *parlez-vous* with him, he says; and finds it very entertaining. He really knows about it now; and is, I believe, able to bandy High Dutch with the German professor in class, to the amazement of his fellows. He has been dipping into *Heine* lately, as all beginners do, and is intoxicated with the sweet poison of his misused wine. This is a copy of verses he handed to me the other day, written most appropriately on foolscap. He was paying me a visit and for half an hour had been scribbling at my table, while I lay on the sofa, devouring Kipling's latest. At last he tossed the crossed and blotted page over to me.

"What do you think of that? Heine is my despair. His verses read so smooth and straight forward. It seems no more trouble to upset them into English than rolling off a log." (Phil's similes smack of the soil.) "Just look at this dashed thing."

"Gently, old man," said I, "It's harder to write a good translation than to get a first-class in— mathematics, shall we say? You put my friendship to a very severe test, but I'll not fail you in your hour of need. I'll read your rubbish; then bid that Dutch girl of yours be judge whether old Phyllis, (meaning you,) had not once a love, (meaning me)."

And this is what I read.

Upon your snow-white shoulder,
 I leant my head and heard,
 What secret untold longings,
 Within your bosom stirr'd.

The bugles blow of the Life Guards Blue
 As in at the gate, they ride:
 And to-morrow I know, the dearest girl
 In the world, will quit my side.

But tho' you leave me to-morrow,
 To-day you belong to me
 And in your lovely arms, Dear
 Thrice over blest I'll be.

The bugles blow of the Life Guards Blue

As out of the gate they ride :
Then back I come with roses
For you in a love-knot tied.

It was wild work entertaining
Soldiers, the country's curse :
There was many a billet in your heart,
And that, my dear, was worse.

••

"And that my dear, is worse—than anything I ever thought you capable of," I said, at the end of this somewhat remarkable production. "I won't say a word about your faithfulness to your original, I pass over your implied morality; but your metre, old man, your metre! What sort of metre is it any way? Scan it! No! Don't attempt it. I have borne all that frail nature can endure. Reason is tottering on its throne. Why do you write before you can scan?"

But Phil sulked; and, after he had borrowed my Thermodynamics, went home very cross indeed.

When Phil had gone, I pulled open a drawer of my table for some verses I chanced on in a curious way not long ago, and which are a fit pendant to my wayward partner's. It is said that no Mohammedan will pass the smallest scrap of paper without picking it up to see if the name of Allah be upon it. I have the same habit though it springs from no such reverent motive. The other day, I speared, with my ice stick, a scrap of manuscript containing part of an original poem, not very near the college. The paper gives no hint to the name or identity of the writer. I am glad it does not, for the verses, though rough hewn, are so full of feeling, I should not like to intrude further upon this unknown personality. Already I feel as if I had been eavesdropping or reading a leaf from somebody's diary. Here is the best verse:

Think of it, Love, to dust!
Hands that have clasped and clung,
Eyes that have looked their trust,
Lips that smiled and sung!

It is not exactly Tennysonian but—I cannot help thinking that it meant a great deal to somebody; and so, deserves respect.

THE RAMBLER.

A TRIP THROUGH ITALY.

BEFORE visiting the sunny land of Italy, let us linger yet awhile on the shores of the Riviera. The Carnival season is approaching, and already almost the exclusive article of merchandise seems to be the domino. Dominoes suspended from the ceilings, dominoes hanging outside the shop doors, dominoes everywhere. Although the Carnival is a yearly occurrence, and has been so for centuries, yet it is still looked forward to with eager expectation by the many residents and visitors of the beautiful city of Nice, and indeed all along the Riviera, as far south as Rome.

The evening of King Carnival's landing has come, and all Nice, apparently, has turned out to bid him a hearty welcome. The pier is beautifully illuminated, the iron tracery work standing out in bold relief against the dark sky. The royal ship is not discernible by the multitude, but it has evidently gained the shore, and landed its precious cargo, for as if by magic King Carnival appears, immense and majestic indeed, riding slowly along upon his huge bicycle. Seated upon this ponderous machine, conducted by his escort, amid the applause of his devoted followers, he propels his way to his nightly resting place—a canopy, beautifully constructed for the occasion, of flags and bunting. If it rains, alas for his hapless majesty and his frail shelter; but to-night even the elements seem favorable and all the city rejoices.

Almost all business is suspended, and the inhabitants dressed in their fantastically arranged dominoes parade the streets day after day, late into the night, dancing along, as if the cares of life had been completely laid aside for the time. Indeed light-heartedness and merriment seem to be the natural accompaniments of the sunny clime. It is beautiful summer weather, with such profusion and variety of flowers, and trees laden with their wealth of fruit, oranges, lemons, olives etc.; while stretching away before us into the distance, are the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Pleasant it is, in the sunshine to stroll along the beach and listen to the plash, plash of the waves breaking upon the shore; all nature seems blithe and gay, and the happy spirits of the revellers seem but to echo the voice of nature.

The next afternoon both sides of the avenue De La Gare are lined with spectators, windows and balconies are crowded, but his majesty is already in sight heading an immense procession, half serious, half comic, representative of the different periods of European history. Advancing along he continues to bow to the right and left alternately, while close behind him follow the

various chariots, grotesque indeed, and filled with laughing masqueraders, and one feels quite indignant to see Napoleon so blithe and gay. But come! to-morrow is Confetti day; we must get our masks ready, and be sure our bags are large enough for the necessary pounds of Confetti. Our little shovels too, the weapons of war, must be ready; the reserve stock of Confetti inspected; and we may go to sleep weary of the day's masquerading, but only to dream of the morrow and Confetti. The afternoon has come, and all, carefully disguised, seek the various means of exit from the house, the main one being avoided, for fear of future recognition on the battle field. What quantities of Confetti soon cover the street appointed for the fray! but happy for you, if it is only beneath your feet, and not coming full force into your eyes, ears, etc. A thick wire mask breaks the force, as a passer-by relieves his bag by a good shovel full aimed directly at you; showers come down upon the luckless passer-by from some upper window; yet everyone cheerfully gives and takes in turn, until their Confetti runs out. So with varying success the miniature conflict rageth; but feeling as if for once we had enough in our eyes and ears, we wander over to the public garden, where another scene of revelry meets us. Masqueraders tripping gayly around keeping step to the lively strains of the band, form a brilliant scene, perhaps only paralleled at the evening ball where all must appear in costume. But the sun is already declining, the air grows chilly and damp,—the signal for departure.

Between the first and second Confetti days is Flower day. The beautiful Promenade Des Anglais close by the beach is the scene of further conflict, but this time the weapons are flowers. An attractive place indeed is the flower market, particularly during the few days preceding the Battle of Flowers. Such quantities of violets, anemonies, jonquils, roses, etc.—enough to make one quite forget the snows and ice of Canada. At two o'clock all assemble on the promenade,—stands having previously been erected—the carriages appear, for the most part drawn by two horses, while horses, carriage and occupants seem covered with flowers and ribbon. Often a carriage will be decorated with one particular flower, as with roses, or with violets. Approaching us now is a pretty violet carriage; the harness is here and there knotted with bunches of violets, with streamers of violet ribbon attached. The carriage literally appears to be a moving bank of this delicate blossom, the lady occupants are dressed in violet, and the baskets of flowers on the seat are loaded. We have been told that it sometimes costs £50 to

decorate one of these carriages, and indeed as one after another slowly passed by, we mentally wondered how the judges could decide which was the best, in order to bestow the prize banners. The shower of bouquets coming from the stands are returned vigorously, some in their enthusiasm standing upright in their carriages, pelting their assailants as quickly as bunch after bunch could be caught up. A look of expectation arrests our attention and all eyes are directed to the approaching carriage; Sir Randolph Churchill is soon recognized and greeted by a tremendous volley of flowers. Another favorite is coming, weapons are raised, ah! they have shot well, for amid a burst of applause we see that a large bunch of roses has knocked one gentleman's hat off. Fans are held up here and there, to protect their owners against the approaching missiles, boys are darting in and out among the carriages, gathering up the flowers to resell, and the bands stationed at different points along the line add their sweet strains of music. The prize banners, made of white satin, beautifully embroidered, have been awarded, and perched aloft are carried along by their possessors. This lasts until five o'clock, but so varied and pleasant is the scene, and so full of vivacity, gayety and genuine good humor, that it all seems but a passing dream.

Another Flower and another Confetti day have passed (one confetti day being Sunday) and we have come to the evening of the tenth day. The Carnival closes with a grand Corso Blanc in one of the principal streets, followed by fireworks and the burning of King Carnival. If we thought all Nice out before, we were mistaken, for the crowd to-night greatly exceeds any preceding. The carriages completely decorated in white, display much taste and skill, and, as in the Battle of Flowers, prize banners are awarded. Two powerful search lights are turned on from either end of the street, illuminating the fairy scene. Dressed in white we thread our way in and out among the other ghost-like figures, overhead and on all sides are flags, garlands, banners, etc., revolving lights in fanciful designs adorn many buildings, while windows, doors and streets are crowded. All Nice is making the most, in true French style, of this last carnival evening. The fireworks are exceptionally fine, and just opposite, in the open square, around which seats are arranged tier above tier, as in an amphitheatre, many are again lightly keeping step to the sound of exquisite music. And now away in the distance to which all eyes are turning, a flame suddenly shoots up and lights the sky. It is the burning of his majesty; and as the fire burns clear, we perceive his immense form seated upon his bicycle being slowly reduced

to ashes. All Nice seems mad in this last hour; it is a scene of the wildest excitement and gayety, but withal no rioting or drunkenness, such as might characterize an English crowd under such circumstances. The next day Lent begins and the city assumes a very different aspect.

But before leaving Nice finally, pray come with us to Monte Carlo,—the voluptuous—the Siren—the mother of blasted hopes, broken hearts, squandered fortunes, shame and death. The little principality of Monaco, to which Monte Carlo belongs, is only nine miles distant. The rock of Monaco juts out into the ocean about one-half a mile west of Monte Carlo, and a more delightful spot it would be hard to conceive. Climbing up the stairs we reach the town, not large nor beautiful in itself, as many of the buildings are old, and the streets narrow, much resembling an Italian town. The main street and the open square before the Palace are the chief promenades. Standing on the edge of the rock, just overlooking the sea, surrounded by such a luxuriant undergrowth of geraniums, shrubs, etc., and looking back over the town along the shores of the Riviera,—those beautiful, green, sunny hills, gradually sloping down to the water's edge, covered with orchards,—and away to the town of Monte Carlo on the right, with its far-famed Casino standing on the brow of the hill overlooking the Mediterranean, it seems a very Paradise on earth and it is indeed hard to realise that it is the middle of winter in Nova Scotia, and our Dalhousie companions are, perhaps, at this very moment picking their way over the icy path up to College.

Entering the Casino, we stop for a moment to gaze at the beautiful gardens surrounding the building; but despite the loveliness turn away with a sigh as we recall their wretched history of death. Within, our attention is attracted by the crowds of people standing here and there, in the various large, magnificent rooms. Drawing nearer, we perceive they are standing around tables, and by patient waiting, manage to make our way through the crowd, and nearer the table. It is roulette; a long, narrow table covered with a green felt cloth, and having a roulette in the centre, while on both sides sit officials, four at each table. The cloth on either side is laid out in rows, numbered and colored to correspond with the numbered and colored cells at the bottom of the roulette. One bets on the color, being red and black alternately; another on the row which will contain the lucky number, and if lucky he receives three times the wager; or again, and most risky of all, on the number itself, the successful one winning thirty-five times his wager. The bets are laid down, 5 francs, 10

francs, 20 francs, etc.—one can wager any amount. The official places the marble in the roulette, turns it and the marble after whizzing rapidly around, slowly settles down to one of the numbered cells at the bottom; then the lucky winner receives his reward from the official, which is raked in with tiny rakes,—only instead of teeth a slip of wood is inserted). The wagers are again laid and all goes on as before. No excitement is manifested, and though there are some elderly persons, yet for the most part the players are young ladies and gentlemen, many of them English. Some have by them a small note book in which they note the lucky numbers. At other tables, cards are used in the game of trente et quarante, but the larger number are roulette tables. The orchestra hall is very fine, music daily, Thursday being classical concert day; and the orchestra is said to be the finest in Europe.

We now leave Nice finally and set out for Italy. The first day is by rail to Genoa, and the second to Pisa. Along we have glimpses of beautiful scenery,—I say glimpses, for tunnels predominate above everything else; in a distance of 140 miles we pass through 90 tunnels. We were heartily amused by an elderly gentleman in our compartment, who began to tell us a story. He did not get far when we reached a tunnel; beginning afresh he was soon stopped by a similar cause. This was repeated many times, and although laughable, became somewhat wearisome; so we suggested that he would go on from where he left off.

Genoa, with its fine bay, is the most flourishing, commercially, of all Italian cities, its streets are narrow and dirty, but the outlook from the neighboring heights is very fine. About one and one-half miles beyond the city walls is the most perfect Campo Santo, (cemetery) in all Italy. It is built in the form of a Turkish Mosque, and its many statues are beauty and grace themselves. One must of necessity respect the nation which can produce such wonderful works of art. Without visiting their land, we sometimes have a dim idea of an Italian with a hand-organ or selling plaster casts, but among the people themselves one is happily surprised. The appearance of many of them is fine; they are courteous in manner and picturesque in costume,—those of the railway officials first attracting our attention.

Pisa, is perhaps, in many respects, more than any other city, least modern. Situated on both sides of the River Arno, it has an ancient, sleepy appearance, and seems immediately to transport one back to the middle ages, to the utter forgetfulness of the nineteenth century, and nineteenth century improvements. The clatter, clatter of

the wooden shoes upon the pavements, seems even yet to ring in our ears. Coming along by rail we had watched for the famous Leaning Tower, and to confess, first impressions were disappointing; but next day upon visiting it, (for the Tower Cathedral and Baptistry form a group beyond the city walls,) our disappointment vanished and we were a thousand times repaid for our climb to the top.

The journey from Pisa to Rome occupies ten hours. One particularly notes upon the way, the absence of villages, but on looking farther back, we see them, perched like birds' nests, high on the hill tops. This is for two reasons, first, malaria; second, being built, many of them, long before railways were known, they were placed here and there at convenience—and the better on hill tops, as they were thus able to defend themselves more effectually from their enemies, for in the unsettled state of the country previous to the union, attacks were of frequent occurrence. The Carrara Mountains we have already passed between Genoa and Pisa—of which Dickens gives us so vivid a picture by describing how the immense blocks of marble are conveyed down the mountain side. What treasures of art, what beautiful, majestic and graceful forms had lain for centuries hidden away in these marble quarries, till brought to light by the magic hand of a Giotto or a Michael Angelo! But the Sun is already setting behind the low hills, and crossing the Campagna, the City of Rome—the Eternal City—bursts upon our view. The gilded dome of St. Peter's is lit by the last few rays of the setting Sun, and the wide expanse of densely populated region seems hushed in the soft evening twilight. Above, the rich purple tints and the burnished gold melt away to a delicate pink, here and there intermingled with fleecy clouds of white, while high over all is the deep Italian blue, changing now to gray—the brilliancy, the splendor of the scene, lighting up here and there a favorite peak, stands unparalleled in our remembrance. One fancies the royal monarch, arrayed in his robes of purple and gold, to linger yet awhile in the act of passing onward, to bestow a kindly blessing on the quiet city beneath.

EXCHANGES.

The King's College Record for January has a very pretty sonnet on the oft-sung Tantramur. A graduate makes a plea on behalf of the undergraduates that they be allowed greater liberty in the matter of staying out "late o' nights." An editorial commenting favorably on our recent Munro At Home, has the following remarkable statement: "We hear that,

although a number of the Law Students did succeed in introducing one or two dances during the latter part of the evening, this mode of entertainment had been previously voted down by the students of Pine Hill Theological College." The writer is evidently unacquainted with the relations between Pine Hill and Dalhousie. It is enough for us to say that they are two separate institutions and that the students of one, as such, have no voice in the affairs of the other. There are a few students, however, who are connected with both colleges, viz., those who are taking the affiliated course, and these few have a vote in Dalhousie as Dalhousie students; but it is manifestly absurd to say that Pine Hill decided upon the matter referred to and that their decision was carried out against the wishes of Dalhousie students. This decision was the one come to by the Senate and as such was supposed to have been carried into effect.

SHAKESPERIAN.—The study of the works of Shakespeare forms one of the interesting pursuits of Principal A. Cameron's pupils in English literature at the Yarmouth Seminary. Some years since Mr. Cameron communicated to *Shakesperiana*, a monthly magazine published in Philadelphia, the substance of a discussion conducted among the members of his class, chiefly young ladies, concerning the interpretation of a line in the "Merchant of Venice," which runs as follows:

"And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought."

On enquiring of the editor of *Shakesperiana* as to whether there were any generally accepted interpretation of the line, the views of several members of Mr. Cameron's class were presented. The first interpretation offered was that the speaker (Portia) felt herself restrained from declaring her affection through modesty and social conventionality. A second suggestion was that the meaning might be that "a maiden speaks just what she thinks—tells the plain unvarnished truth." The third interpretation was that Portia thinks thoughts which she would like her lover to know, but is unable to clothe them in speech—as expressed by Tennyson:

"Oh that my tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me."

These diverse views were illustrated with a considerable wealth of apt quotation from famous poets and writers.

Mr. Cameron was naturally and justifiably gratified to find that Dr. Horace Howard Furness, in his great work "The Variorum Shakespeare," in the noble volume devoted to a study of "Merchant of Venice," had fully reproduced the discussion of his Yarmouth Seminary class of 1885. Dr. Furness is known as the most distinguished living Shakespearian student and his edition of Shakespeare as a masterpiece of scholarship and criticism. Dr. Furness closes his observations on this line as follows: "In the interesting discussion in *Shakesperiana*, I should be inclined to think that the first interpretation offered is the true one."—*Yarmouth Paper*.

Dallusiensia.

F-B-NKS doesn't come up to Medical College much now. He is prevented by the serious case of a fair patient who requires three visits a day.

WHEN GRANT toad *porcum saxo silice percussit*, "he struck the pig with a rock," he must have had in his mind an enraged farmer trying to get a pig out of the vegetable garden.

"WHAT made your arm all black and blue, Jimmie"?

"Black and blue ink, of course—'lection bets—sh!"

McN-R-N, in spite of opposition, even from one of the theologues, still refuses to raise the siege. We fear our efforts *ad erudiendos tirones* are to prove unavailing in his case. Some more violent measure will have to be tried.

CALENDARS for 1890-91 are out of print. Applicants for calendars will therefore have to wait for a few weeks till the new one is published. Meantime any information will be cheerfully supplied by the President, by letter.

A GREEK exercise, signed R. F. O'B., was found on the Reading Room table with the following note by the Tutor. "For corrections see R-b-n's, or perhaps he will write the corrections *also* for you." Robin thinks that this is asking almost too much of a fellow.

THE Law Department is again conspicuous by its absence. Both editors took the stump at election time, and, at time of writing had not returned. The Librarian, we heard, after vain efforts in the interests of his party, had fled to the backwoods of Inverness to "conceal his emotions."

SCENE: Junior History Class.

Doctor.—In those days—in those days—everything was put into a student with the help of the rod—with the help of the rod. But now we've gone to the other extreme, and perhaps we don't get enough of the rod!

Mellow Jr.—Humph! we've got a whole forest.

SCENE: The embarkation of the West Riding Regiment. A truant student suddenly encounters a professor. Mutual surprise and horror.

Student, (first recovering himself.) "Well, we're both caught aren't we? But say, if you'll promise to say nothing about me, I'll not report you."

P. S.—The 'student' didn't peach; but, unfortunately the conversation was overheard.

SUGGESTED by "Jaques."

THAT T-B-N translate all his Latin quotations in future.

THAT we all abandon that habit of going "down town" in the afternoons, and stay home and study instead.

THAT the Pine Hill Student diminish the quantity and improve the quality of his puns; in the words of Shylock, that he "repair his wit, or it will fall to cureless ruin." (For warning see *Grip* for Feb. 21st, p. 118.)

THE Athletic Club met on the evening of the 20th ult., just before the General Students' Meeting. The Treasurer's Report was read showing a balance on hand of \$10.89. Both receipts and expenditure were considerably in excess of any previous year. The following officers were appointed for the coming year, Dr. Forrest, being, as usual, appointed Honorary President. President, R. H. Graham; Vice-President, E. M. Hill; Secretary, D. G. Mackay; Treasurer, J. W. Logan. To form, with these officers, the executive of the Club, the following were appointed, J. A. Mackinnon, W. E. Thompson, W. S. Thompson, K. G. T. Webster, H. M. L. Fraser. A committee consisting of J. A. Mackinnon, R. H. Graham, and J. W. Logan was appointed to make arrangements for the proposed trip to Montreal during our next foot-ball season.

THE General Students' Meeting was held on the same evening. The "Christmas Break-up" Committee reported a balance due the committee of \$3.72. The Secretary of the "At Home" Committee presented the report of receipts and expenses connected with the Munro celebration. The meeting heartily endorsed the plan of sending our foot-ball fifteen to Montreal next fall to play the teams of the Upper Province Universities. Mr. J. A. MacIntosh was appointed Manager of the GAZETTE. Mr. Richard Bennett and Mr. Cogswell were appointed to act as Managers for the Law and Medical departments respectively.

ONE of our "weighty" Freshman, who chanced to be in the Liberal Conservative Rooms the day before elections, entered into conversation with one of the committee men, who by the way is one of our prominent graduates. Our "hugacious" freshie was a Grit by persuasion, but he evidently wished to work a little game. "What are the probabilities for Pictou County," queried freshman. "Excellent, we are sure of returning Tupper and McDougall," responded committee man. "Oh well, I guess there is no

Personals.

No doubt many of our readers were surprised and disappointed that we did not keep our promise in the matter of biographies of the graduates.

At the last meeting of editors, it was decreed that this undertaking should be postponed, on account of want of sufficient information. A committee was appointed to work up this department and we can assure our readers that with the inauguration of the changes in our college journal, we will afford them a most readable personal column. For the present we will confine ourselves to a narrower range and give the present occupation and address of as many graduates as possible.

1867.

ROBERT SEDGWICK, Q. C., of the distinguished and uproarious class of '67, is at present Deputy Minister of Justice in Canada, and is resident at Ottawa, Ontario.

D. H. SMITH, of the same class, is the senior member of one of the largest book and publishing houses in the Maritime Provinces—D. H. Smith & Co., Truro, Nova Scotia.

EDWIN SMITH, another graduate of that year, and brother of the last-named, is a minister of the gospel in Middle Stewiacke, Colchester Co., N. S.

1868.

THE first on the list of graduates for '68 is ARTHUR F. CABR, M. A. He is at present pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Campbellton, Restigouche Co., N. B.

CREIGHTON, J. G. A. studied engineering after leaving college, but becoming fascinated with Law, he qualified himself for a barrister and hung out his shingle in Montreal, where he still lives, moves and has his being.

JAMES FORREST, M. A., went into banking after leaving college and is now a member of the banking firm, Farquhar, Forrest & Co., Halifax, N. S.

McKAY, KENNETH, studied theology after graduating and was ordained in '71. The present incumbent of the Presbyterian Church, Houlton, Maine, is the Rev. K. McKay.

LATEST advices are that ARCH. FULLERTON, one of last year's Sophomores, who went to the United States during the summer, is in New York in the employ of the large publishing house, Funk and Wagnall's.

MISS MARY MACLEOD, who spent the last two years and a half in France and Germany, arrived in Halifax on the Allan S. S. Polynesian last Sunday morning. She has evidently been greatly benefited by her education in the old country, and she speaks in most glowing terms of the advantages offered by the land o'er the sea.

necessity for me to go down." "Oh yes, we want a big majority." And so they prepared the necessary papers. But an indefatigable Tory Junior heard of the matter and informed the committee man, who sent the Junior to fetch the barbaric Grit, while "he loaded for bears." But our facetious first year man was not to be snared so easily. When asked to call at "Headquarters," he made answer that next morning would find (t) him on hand. To which keen Junior returned, "you will be prodigiously left if you don't turn up." He did not turn up but he did get left. And now he tells his fellow barbarians that he only wanted the papers to UNSEAT Tupper and McDougald. Oh the presumption of '94. They will upset the government yet!

"The devil take all order: I'll to the throng."—SHAKESPEARE.

SITTING in a crowded class-room for an hour at a time has a natural tendency to make the pulse beat about 10 to the minute slower, and to make the circulation abnormally sluggish. This must be the excuse for any indulgence of the feeling of freedom which the five minute recess provokes, and for the spirit of opposition which the jostling classes incites. At this time the Soph, feeling "his mounting spirits bold," calls out, "Boys, let's bounce a Freshman." But the Freshman with curious inconsistency objects to being made the subject of an experiment in Newton's Law of Gravitation, and calls his straggling class-mates to his aid. Soon the quiet Reading Room is the scene of a general melee. Three or four Freshmen are dragging an excited Soph. to the floor. But Duncan, the spirit of his grandfather who wielded a claymore at Culloden arising in his breast, rushes in and sends the Freshmen sprawling to right and left. Well done, Finn! (Juniors and Seniors crowd around the door and watch for the doctor!) Martin is in the thick of it. He is using *Jumbo* as a cushion. Here's a little episode over in the corner. A private grudge is being settled. Go in Boys! *The gong* leaves the issue undecided.

But speaking seriously, students, while we are of opinion that there is much lack of care in putting the Reading Room in order, or in taking any sort of charge of it, as there is lack of due regard on the part of Sophs. and Freshmen for keeping order there, still we think that the Gymnasium would be a better place for these friendly trials of strength than the Reading Room.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. Geo. Munro, \$5; Daniel McLennan, \$3; Albert Martin, Edw. Johnson, J. J. Buchanan, J. T. Parsons, J. S. Sutherland, W. B. MacCoy, L. X. MacDonald, S. L. Fairweather, Alex. McNeil, Mr. Hector McInnis, A. Crawford, J. H. Kirk, \$1 each.

Medicine.

R. J. MACDONALD, B. A. Editor.

PROBABLE TENURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

A WRITER in the *Statesman* of a few months back, raises the often asked question, How long ought a man to live? and enquires into the possibility of prolonging human life beyond its present average duration. This question, which we need scarcely observe, is one of the most vital importance to mankind, has been discussed by scientists, theologians and others from many different standpoints and with varying conclusions. It has come to be recognized, however, pretty generally that the science of life is a true science, and that the physical organism is governed by fixed and immutable laws, conformity with which alone will enable life to reach its full limit. What that limit is we may not yet be able to precisely determine. Scientists, as the writer in the *Statesman*, shows, arguing from the analogy of the lower animals, whose period of development or maturation bears to the whole term of life, the approximate average of one-fifth, hold that human life should reach an average duration of 100 or 105 years. It is well known that the human organism does not reach its full maturity before twenty years, and this would, if man is governed by laws, identical with, or similar to those governing the rest of creation, give the result above obtained. This much is true at any rate, men have even in our own time reached the age of 100 years, and what was possible in those cases, renders it probable to expect in others where the same conditions hold. Following the supposed teaching of the Scriptures, 70 years has been regarded as the normal duration of human existence, yet how many of our race reach that age?

There is such a manifest disregard of the laws of life, such a wanton expenditure of the forces of life that it has been truly said, "Men do not die but kill themselves." Of no other subject in any degree commensurate with its vast importance, is there such profound ignorance

manifested by mankind in general as of the laws of physiology and hygiene. It was until very recently, thought that these subjects were very proper ones for the consideration of the physician, but not at all necessary for any one else. Our educationists seemed fully impressed with this idea, for while provision was made in the curricula for the teaching of nearly everything in the domain of History, Art and Science, the amount of physiology prescribed would not enable one to trace the circulation of the blood. Even at the present day, when one would suppose that the researches and discoveries made in connection with the origin and cause of disease, should arouse the most thoughtless to a recognition of the importance of physiological teaching, we find that children leave school able to describe and classify plants with scientific accuracy, to explain the mechanism of everything from an ordinary pair of balances to a locomotive engine, but with so little knowledge of their own beings, not to mention the laws which govern these, that not one boy in twenty can tell the number of teeth in his head.

Not until physiology and hygiene are allotted the place in our school and college curricula which their vital importance demands, need we expect to answer with any degree of satisfaction, the question as to the possible duration of human life.

DR. JONES' PAPER.

(Read before the Medical College Society, Friday Evening, February 13th.)

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—

I have decided to bring to your notice to night a subject which, although not of direct medical interest, is one that any medical man having the interest of the population at heart, and being interested in preventative medicine—must regard as one of the utmost importance, not only to the community at large, but to the medical profession in particular, namely cremation. When we consider the rapid growth of cities at the present day, and the large increase in the population, the problem what to do with our dead becomes a most important one. Even in the city of Halifax, of only about 35,000 inhabitants, and scattered at that, the large number of cemeteries that we have almost in the midst of the city, and the numbers of the dead being buried there, at least one or two a day at a very low estimate, dying of all sorts and kinds of infectious diseases—diph-

theria, typhoid, scarlet fever, etc—and perhaps at certain times, small-pox and cholera, give rise to a difficult sanitary problem. It becomes a matter of the utmost importance to see if it be possible to devise a method by which we can get rid of our dead in a manner to avoid all infection from infectious diseases, and all danger from the ordinary putrefaction that naturally goes on in any case. Now I contend that we have a method that effects all this—namely, cremation. Three very distinguished persons have recently died who were ardent advocates of this method, and whose last wish and desire were carried out in this respect,—namely, the great Crimean historian, Henry Kingslake, the late Duke of Redford and Baron Huddleston. The death of these three men has turned the thoughts of many people in this direction. There exists in the Athenaeum Club in London, without doubt the most cultured club in the world,—a coterie of men, all distinguished in one way or the other, who are ardent advocates of cremation,—the late Mr. Kingslake was one, Sir Henry Thompson, the great surgeon is another; James Payne the novelist, is another; these men all representatives of the thinking classes, are all in favor of this method, and we will now follow their example and see what are the advantages and what the disadvantages, but first let us glance at the history of the movement.

As early as the year 1539, the different methods of burial were discussed, and one of works at this time was that by Fioranensis of Fiera in Italy, and also of Claude Guichord of Lyons, which was published in 1581. In 1658 Thomas Brown published in London, a memoir on hydriotaphia, or urn burial. Many were the works published at this time and later on the danger of burials in churches, which was then in vogue, and is now in certain places, as for instance, Westminster Abbey was brought to public notice. Then later, during the latter part of last century, numerous works were published on the dangers of the large burying grounds in the midst of cities. Goethe, the great German poet and author of Faust, was a most ardent advocate for cremation. Several works appeared both in London and Paris about the forties, rational works, condemning burial and advocating cremation. Amongst the most important was one by Ambroise Tardien, and one in London by S. Cobb. An immense number of articles and pamphlets has been written during the last twenty years in favour of this subject, and scientific men, one and all, when they have dropped sensational and morbid fancies and ideas, have all advocated cremation and condemned earth burial.

At times of necessity, for instance during the Napoleonic wars, thousands of corpses were cremated after battles,—more particularly during the Russian campaign, and the days following the last stand of Napoleon, and during the battle around Paris 4000 corpses were burned at Mount Jean to prevent infection. The same was done after the battle of Sedan. Italy, strange to say, has rather taken the lead in this matter, but the articles by Sir H. Thompson in the *Contemporary Review* in 1874 have done much.

The first man in America to be cremated was Henry Laurens, a military attaché and a friend of General Washington, and shortly afterwards another, Henry Barry of South Carolina, whose remains were burned in his own garden. But the most ardent advocate in America was Dr. Le Moyne, who not only wrote a good deal on the subject, but built at his own expense, a crematorium in which his remains were cremated. Prof. Samuel Gross of Philadelphia, was until lately an advocate, but he died and his remains were cremated in the above mentioned crematorium of Dr. Le Moyne. Sir H. Thompson said in 1874, "that no body is ever placed in the soil, without polluting the earth, the air, and the water above and around it." This is indeed a saying that every medical man, who has the interest of the community at heart, should ponder over and think about, and if he believes it, should leave no stone unturned till he has cremation an established and recognized institution in the town or district in which he presides over the health of his fellow-men. Think of the thousands that are buried yearly in crowded cemeteries in crowded cities, one coffin on top of the other, till five or six deep is the order in certain graves,—think of all this decomposition going on within a few yards of the roadway, along which thousands walk in a day. Does not this make one think that all this could be avoided readily by a process of disinfection. It is a well-known fact that grave-diggers are a short lived race. Sudden deaths often take place from the foul gases arising from a vault. There are many well known cases where people have been infected from working in and around a church where people have been buried.

The now justly celebrated Dr. Koch has made an experiment by which he has shown that the blood of animals dying of splenic fever may be dried and kept for years, yet the disease germs survive and retain their power of infection.

The violence of the cholera in London in 1844, which spread all over England killing its thousands, was due to the digging up of the soil where those that had perished in the great plague in 1666, had been buried. Many have been the outbreaks of typhoid fever and such like that have been traced

to a crowded churchyard. We have as well the danger from the contamination of water that flows in or near a graveyard; this water is usually of a sparkling and seductive kind, owing to the presence of nitrates, and therefore people are often tempted to drink it.

But the most reasonable to my mind and the most convincing, if I need convincing arguments in favor of cremation, is that of Dr. Friere of Rio Janeiro, who found that during the recent epidemic of yellow fever the soil of cemeteries in which victims had been buried, was simply teeming and alive with microbes, similar to those that appeared in the excreta of yellow fever patients,—it permeates the earth and becomes a constituent of our water, and as Dr. Friere ably remarks: "these cemeteries become nurseries of yellow fever and perennial foci of the disease." The cholera broke out in New York, when the Potter's field was turned into Washington Square. One more fact if needed, to convince that disease germs are generated by the decomposing bodies, and spread to the surroundings by the earth, air or water. A sheep which had died of cholera was buried 20 feet under ground in a field, which was not used as pasture for 10 or 12 years. After that time sheep were pastured in the field, and three of them were taken ill and died of cholera. Pasteur has thought that in this case the germs were brought to the surface by earth worms. Listen to these words of a recent writer: "From the very moment that the vital spark abandons an organized body, be it man or the lowest animal, putrefaction begins its slow and loathsome process. It gradually passes through the different phases of putrid decomposition, too horrible to behold or even to describe, till all the constituting elements are set free by a slow and dangerous process of combustion,—this process may last ten, twenty, or even a hundred years, according to soil. While this slow and horrible process is going on, every particle of matter around becomes saturated with the germs of death and disease." I could quote many more such utterances, but have said enough to show that the present mode of dealing with our dead is dangerous in two ways:—

1. The contamination of water and air from the products of degeneration. This may extend for some distance.

2. The danger from the specific germ from the disease that the patient has died of.

In cremation we have a remedy for this,—a remedy based on true scientific principles. Now, what are the objections to this remedy? The objections to this remedy are either so-called religious or sentimental. Now, as to the religious

objections, nothing is laid down in divine law that interdicts cremation. Seeing that it is only combustion of the material remains of the body accelerating that process which nature in the ordinary course of events takes a great deal of time to accomplish, sometimes as I said, as long as a hundred years, therefore I fail to see why it is irreligious to accomplish this in few moments, any more than it is to place the body in a position and surroundings, where the process goes on sure and to exactly the same ends. It is also advanced that it is a relic of paganism,—did not the ancients bury their dead—and in fact some, as the ancient Egyptians—carried the act of embalming to such a degree that, as you all know, the mummies exist to the present day, in a state of preservation. Do you think that the Almighty requires the help of man in order to complete the resurrection of the body,—if we believe in temporal resurrection? As Felix Formente says, "That power which can recall life to every part and parcel of the human body, whether devoured by ferocious beasts or burnt at the stake like the blessed martyrs of old, or dissolved in the seas, can certainly resuscitate the ashes of the funeral urn in the hands of friends." The opposition by the Church is decreasing rapidly, and in Rome herself a large and splendid crematorium has been built, and a society formed in 1879. I cannot find one argument on religious grounds that has any weight, for the great fact that it is for the good of the majority, has more true religion in it than all the so-called religious arguments against cremation. Now comes the question of cost. A burial is a very expensive matter; even in this country a decent burial costs not less than \$100, exclusive of the price for the ground or vault. In England the expense is so great that the large majority of people are not able to buy the land out and out, but lease it for so many years,—five, ten, fifteen and so on,—at the end of that time the body is dug up, what remains of it, and makes room for another. Imagination fails to think of anything more horrible!

Now what do we find in cremation. We find that in Milan the whole cost is only about 8 francs (\$1.50.)—that is for cremating one body. But it is in the matter of space that the great economy comes in. Take the example of London alone, and I hope that it will never be your lot to attend the funeral of a friend in London, it is ghastly to see the crowded state of the graves,—two, three, four and sometimes five coffins piled one on top of the other in one grave. The annual death rate is 21 per 1000, bringing the number of deaths to 81,000 per annum. Think of the space required to bury this number, and this number is steadily on the increase. If we allow

12 square feet per grave, an acre would take up about 3630, therefore the burial of the dead in London each year takes up a little more than 22 acres; multiply this as years go on, and you will see what an immense tract of country will be given up to the dead, and from which the living will acquire no advantage. Think of the number of urns that could be stored up to the acre, and as the ashes are perfectly innocuous and give rise to no danger, each and every church in the country could accommodate a great many, and do you not think it more religious to be reduced to ashes and placed in a church, than to be left to the prey of earth worms,—in ground no matter how consecrated? Now as to the sentimental objections, the great objection to it in my mind is that the destruction of the body takes place too recently while the grief is too poignant. Grief is heavy at first; but it is a blessed thing for the human race that it is so; it soon wears off, and the mind that would have been tortured to think that the loved had been destroyed,—forgetting that only the body remains, and that the soul or mind, call it what you will, is not there,—soon ceases to remember the loved ones lying in earth slowly undergoing the most horrible decomposition. Now it has this great sentimental advantage, that supposing any member of a family dies in a far-off land, if he is cremated the ashes can be returned to the family at a very little cost, and he can be put at rest with the other members of the family. The Rev. Burke Lambert says, "I have lost several dead kinsfolk in distant parts of the world, and I should give a great deal if I could have received their ashes, and have them by me in a vase."

Now let us consider for a moment before I close, the manner in which this method is carried out. We must bear distinctly in mind that cremation is not the burning of the body, but incineration or the reduction of the body to ashes by means of dry heat, reaching as high as 2000° F. Neither fire or flame ever comes in contact with the body. Now I fancy if this fact was more known, and more thoroughly understood, many opponents to this process would give up their opposition and become ardent advocates of cremation,—therefore much of the opposition is based on ignorance. The process is described by an eye-witness to be as follows: "The body is borne into the chapel and placed on a catafalque which is placed before the altar. In the section of the chapel floor on which the body rests is a lift or elevator. As the service proceeds the elevator noiselessly descends bearing the body to the basement in front of the incinerator, which by means of superheated steam has been

raised to heat of 1500° F. As the door is opened the temperature drops a little and causes the atmosphere to take a beautiful rosy tinge. The corpse wrapped in sheets saturated with alum—on a metallic bed—passes into a bath of rosy light—the body crumples into ashes under a mystic touch of an invisible agent. This process may be called the Etherealization of the human body. It requires about one hour per 100 lbs. of weight, the ashes are dropped into the ash chamber and from thence are taken out and stored in the urn ready for the purpose. There is no smell, sound or smoke, and presents absolutely nothing that can offend the susceptibilities of the most fastidious.

There are Crematory temples in many cities in Europe. Italy alone has three, one in Rome and two in Milan. There is one in Woking Cemetery near London. The late Duke of Bedford had one built of his own.

Cremation Societies exist all over the world and number many members. In the United States there are ten. In Canada, I believe, there are none. The great difficulty is the apparatus, for some time it was imperfect and not to be relied upon, but now, I believe, there is perfect apparatus, the best being Lenini's which is used in Italy. It is heated by gas and is the most rapid and least expensive apparatus which has been introduced. I was personally acquainted with the architect of the crematorium at Woking and I have heard him many times tell of the trouble to get the proper heat, but by using a most perfect instrument, that of Siemens, it has been accomplished. Would it not therefore be of advantage to Halifax to have established a crematorium, would not the gain in complete sanitation be enormous. For there seems to be little doubt that the constant presence of diphtheria in our midst is due to the large number of grave-yards we have in the city, some, for instance old St. Paul's on Pleasant Street, immediately opposite Government House, in the centre of the city. It must be a source of danger and a danger that is constantly increasing. I think I am right in saying that there have been more cases of diphtheria in the district immediately surrounding the Holy Cross Cemetery, which is getting more and more overcrowded, than any other district in the city. Now think of the saving in space, why the space occupied by that cemetery alone would suffice to build a crematorium and store the ashes of all people for all time. Therefore, I think that it is your duty as medical men to think over this subject and study it, and not to condemn it through ignorance, but if you see that it is of benefit to

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

KEEP IN STOCK

A Large Assortment of Stationery

Suitable for Students, amongst which will be found a great variety of the following articles,

WRITING PADS,
SCRIBBLING PADS,
SCRIBBLING BOOKS,

EXERCISE BOOKS,
ESTERBROOK'S PENS,
POCKET & MEMO BOOKS,

REPORTER'S NOTE BOOKS,
SAFETY INK BOTTLES,
EXERCISE PAPER,

FOUNTAIN PENS,
LEAD PENCILS,
CARD CASES.

137 GRANVILLE STREET.

WINTER, 1891!

Gents' & Furnishings.

A FIRST-CLASS STOCK always on hand from
London and American Houses.

GOOD VALUE FOR CASH.

LePINE BROS.,

199 Hollis Street, - - - HALIFAX.

BEE HIVE.



Are you in want of CLOTHING, either UNDER or OUTSIDE. If so, you will find a full line in each department of the BEE HIVE, of the Best Quality, Newest Styles, and Lowest Prices. My Stock is large and varied.

Also—in the Custom Department my stock of BEAVERS, NAPS, WORSTEDS, CLOTHS, TWEEDS, MELTONS, &c., is now complete. All in want will please call and examine. For Style and Prices guaranteed.

JAMES K. MUNNIS,

114 Upper Water, Cor. Jacob St., - HALIFAX.

J. J. CAHILL,

Hair Cutting Parlor.

Hair Brushing Machine with every Hair-cut.

140 HOLLIS STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

JULIUS G. SIEVERT,

Wholesale & Retail Tobacconist.

IMPORTER OF

FINEST BRANDS HAVANA CIGARS.

Fishing Tackle, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Base Ball, Foot Ball
and Fencing Goods.

DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

189 HOLLIS STREET, - HALIFAX.

The London Drug Store, 147 Hollis Street.



J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist.

DISPENSING OF PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

STUDENTS are advised to procure one of those neat little
camphor lockets and thus prevent contagion.

Laurence Spectacles and Eye Glasses and
Student's Shades.

NIGHT DISPENSING ON PREMISES.

TELEPHONE CALL 153.

Books in every
Department of
Literature.
Bibles, Prayers,
Church Services,
Hymn Books.
School and College
Text Books,
Exercise Books.
Stationery of every
description.
Note Books,
Memorandum.
Copy, Drawing, and
Pocket Books,
Purses.

T. C. ALLEN & COMP'Y,

(FORMERLY BUCKLEY & ALLEN.)

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

Job and Copperplate Printers and Embossers.

124 and 126 Granville Street, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Scrap and
Photograph

ALBUMS.

Fancy articles in
great variety for
Wedding, Birth-
day and other
Presents.

Writing Desks,
Writing Cases,
Gold and Silver
Pen and Pencil
Cases.

NOTE BOOKS, &c.