

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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 S noticed in another column we have received No. 1 of Vol. 1 of *School and College*, Ginn & Co.'s new educational monthly, edited by Ray Greene Huling. In "News from Abroad" it has an interesting article by T. W. Haddon, Composition Master at the City of London school. The occasion of the article is furnished by the result of the vote of the Senate of Cambridge University on the proposal to appoint a committee of inquiry as to the expediency of removing Greek from the number of compulsory subjects in the Arts Course. The vote, as our readers know, was taken on the 29th October and resulted in the rejection of the proposal by a very large majority (525 to 185). Thus the opponents of compulsory Greek who would lay violent hands on the venerable language, are foiled in their attempts. *ὡς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος*, concludes Mr. Haddon in the language of the *non-placets* of the Senate, which, from the tone of the article, we suspect to be his own too, "So perish likewise all who work such deeds."



## OUR GRADUATES.

1868.

CREIGHTON, JAMES G. A., was a Halifax boy, and is the first graduate of the metropolis of Nova Scotia supplied to Dalhousie. He graduated at an age when most students are entering college, but his youth did not prevent his carrying off a share of the honors. After graduation he studied engineering, and was employed in the surveys and construction of the Intercolonial Railway and other public works. Engineering he abandoned for journalism, and on the staff of a leading Montreal daily he worked for four years, 1877-81. At the same time he was studying law and graduated B. C. L. from McGill with first rank honors in 1880. In that city he practised till 1882, when he was appointed law clerk to the Senate—the position he still holds.

FORREST, JAMES, was the second member of this pious class who didn't study for the church. He went in for banking and broking and has succeeded well. Amid his many business duties he found time to write a thesis upon which he obtained his M. A. degree in 1872. He has shown his warm interest in Dalhousie by giving his brother to be President—by his activity and energy in the Alumni Association,—and by performing the rather onerous duties of Treasurer to the Board of Governors. Should any one wish to contribute anything to the college funds the Treasurer can always be found at Farquhar, Forrest & Co's, Halifax.

MCKAY, KENNETH, owned Hardwood Hill, Pictou Co. as his birth-place. From Dalhousie he passed to the study of theology at Princeton, and after the usual course there he settled at Richmond, N. B. His charge, growing too large under his hands, was divided and he took that section of it lying across the border line between Maine, *ultima Maine*, and New Brunswick. Houlton, Me. now holds him.

SIMPSON, ISAAC, also hailed from Pictou Co. Merigomish begat him. His career has been much like that of his class mate, McKay. He, too, studied theology at Princeton, was settled successfully at Musquodoboit, La Have, and some place, whose name we have forgotten, near Lake Champlain, in New York State. He is now the pastor of a Presbyterian church in the rising town of Cambridge, Wisconsin.

1869.

ANNAND, JOSEPH, was a prominent figure in a highly distinguished class. His B.A. honorably obtained, he entered upon the study of theology taking courses at Pine Hill and at Princeton. Immediately after his licensure, he volunteered for missionary work in the New Hebrides, and

in the fall of 1872 was sent thither. He was first stationed on Aneityum, and when that island was abandoned by the Presbyterian Church in Canada to the Australian Church he moved to Santo. There he still labors, often amid dangers and discouragements unspeakable, but yet with the happy certainty that the work of His Master is prospering in his hands.

BAYNE, HERBERT A.,—MCKENZIE, JOHN J., can better be written of together. "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives and in death they were not long divided." These two deeply lamented Dalhousians whose names, with that of McGregor, as Prof. Lawson in his Inaugural Address says, "Are linked together in Dalhousie minds like the precious pearls in a Unio," entered college together, competed with each other in friendly rivalry throughout their course, graduated together, and then both accepted positions in Pictou Academy. There they taught, worked, and planned together, and together in 1872 proceeded to their M. A. After four years work as Colleagues in the Academy, they went together to Germany for a post graduate course. At Heidleberg, Leipzig and Berlin, the unspeakable pair successfully studied and from the famous University together obtained their Doctors degree in 1877. In the fall of that year McKenzie was appointed Professor of Physics in Dalhousie, and Bayne teacher of Mathematics in the Halifax High School—still together they entered upon their respective duties. The separation, however, soon came. Both had undermined health and strength when in Germany by labors too severe, and Dr. McKenzie had hardly begun work at Dalhousie when the end came. On February 2nd, 1879, after an illness of a week attended by his lifelong friend and companion whose loving ministry could no longer stay the coming of the dread messenger he passed away, and added to his knowledge the great secret learned from the lips of death. Bayne survived but a few years. In 1879, he was offered and accepted the Professorship of Chemistry in the Royal Military College, Kingston. There broken down in health but still continuing his investigation and adding to his laurels, he toiled on till the autumn of 1886, when he went to join the friend he had lost awhile. Byron's words over White might serve as an epitaph for either Bayne or McKenzie:

"Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When science' self destroyed her favorite son!  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit,  
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow  
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low."

MILLAR, EBEN D., was born in Pictou Co. This was the earliest of his many claims to distinction. At Dalhousie he not unfrequently succeeded



in beating such men as Annand, McKenzie and Bayne, and in his second year was so selfish as to carry off all the class prizes. His abilities he had early resolved to consecrate to God in the service of His church, and after a course in theology at Pine Hill, polished off by one at Edinburgh, he was licensed to preach. Lunenburg was his first charge. There he laboured diligently and faithfully and with great success until translated to Yarmouth some two years ago.

SUTHERLAND, JOHN M., also first saw light in Pictou Co. He followed his classmates, Annand and Millar, in choosing the ministry as his life work. He studied theology at Edinburgh, and when he had completed his three years course wished to obtain a B. D. degree. As a preliminary qualification for that degree at Edinburgh, an M. A. from the Faculty of Arts in that University or an equivalent is required. Sutherland was first settled at Pugwash; he subsequently moved to St. James, N. B., and thence he went West and for a time was stationed in Virden, Man. Latterly he has been pastor of a Presbyterian congregation.

"Where the remote Bermudas ride  
"In the Ocean's bosom unespied."

His present whereabouts we cannot accurately determine, but we trust the assurance of our good wishes may reach him wherever he is.

(To be continued.)

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## Contributed Articles.

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### AN ENGLISH COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

#### II.

I WILL now endeavor to sketch an average day at Newnham College, with its occupations and pleasures.

We will suppose that a year has elapsed since coming up, and that our typical student, one of whom shall be literary and the other scientific, are in the spring term of their second year; which means that they have quite settled to work, and yet the tripos is not too near.

L. is an early riser; she will probably be wakened by her alarm clock about 5 a. m. If wise, the first thing she does is to set her kettle to boil on a spirit lamp; thus by the time she is ready she can have a cup of tea or cocoa, and some biscuits. She then works for two hours, and goes down to prayers at 8 o'clock. Breakfast is served from 8 to 9.

By the time L. has collected her books, read her letters, and perhaps given a hasty glance at the paper, it is time to start for

a 9 o'clock lecture at the Literary schools. The beautiful walk in the fresh morning air is delightful. Her way is down a narrow lane, and then for about ten minutes along the 'backs,' viz., by the river, down to which the gardens of several colleges run.

If she crosses King's bridge she cannot but admire the exquisite colouring all around, the grey of the old colleges, the bright green grass, the brilliant flower-boxes in each narrow window. If she crosses John's bridge the view is limited by old walls and bastions, built sheer down to the water's edge, and casting gloomy shadows all around, except on the grass of the gardens which is dotted all over with cowslips and daisies. The 'literary schools' is a modern building used exclusively for lectures; and as the great clock of St. Mary's chimes the hour the quiet place is suddenly alive with undergraduates in cap and gown, hurrying to the respective rooms, and with college dons gravely ascending the well-worn stairway.

L. goes in to room 12 and takes her seat on a most uncomfortable bench, fitted for an infant school. Probably ten or a dozen women are present, and on the opposite side, or behind, about thirty men. The lecture over the men vanish as by magic, and L. makes her way to the University Library. She has leave to read here, and may, moreover, help herself to any book she pleases from the shelves, and do exactly as she likes, provided she takes no book away. Assistants are always there to get any book if asked for, but it is delightful to be able to browse among the thousands of volumes at one's leisure.

The next lecture, at 11 o'clock, is held in one of the tutor's rooms at Pembroke College. This college has only been recently opened to women, so the aged porter looks distrustfully at L. as she passes beneath the gateway and gravely asks for Mr. A's rooms.

At 12 o'clock our student hastens home quite ready for luncheon at 12.15. After luncheon our early riser lies down, and maybe takes a little nap.

S. meanwhile has also attended a 9 o'clock lecture and from that proceeds to the Chemical or Biological Laboratory. If she have permission to work down at the museums she very likely takes some sandwiches with her, not returning to luncheon. The Biological Laboratory is in the town, the Chemical in the college grounds.

Very likely our two friends meet at afternoon tea at 3 o'clock, and if it be Thursday, L. goes to the Cambridge University Musical Society, commonly called 'Cums'. The privilege of belonging to this is a great one. Only members of the University, their wives and daughters, and the students of Newnham and Girton are admitted, and not without a thorough examination as regards voice and power to sing at sight. The practices last only



an hour and are held every week. Concerts are given about three times a year and some noted instrumentalist or vocalist always performs. Joachim, for instance, is a former member and plays for the society every year.

L. now hurries back to the old hall and dresses quickly for dinner so as to get a good hour before the gong sounds.

Immediately after dinner the various clubs or societies are held. There are several of these. Neither L. nor S., both being sensible girls, would think of working between dinner and tea; but about 8, having partaken of the cheerful cup, they return to study. S. enjoys her quiet reading very much, for laboratory work and lectures take up most of the day. She generally reads late and does not rise before 7.30 or 8.

At 10 o'clock the quiet corridors assume a cheerful aspect, for this is the hour for cocoa parties. L. has one to-night consisting of two or three friends. Cushions and arm chairs are placed in a cosy circle, it is still cool enough to make a fire pleasant, so the kettle is boiling and the cocoa cups stand ready.

This hour of pleasant chat and recreation before going to bed is a real boon. 'Shop' is not allowed here: work and all thought of it is banished for the time being. At 11 all is quiet. Rational people go to bed; some few sit up till the small hours to read but not as a general rule.

The Debating Society of Newnham is a very successful institution. Debates are held twice in a term, and once a year there is an intercollegiate debate held alternately at Newnham and Girton. The relations between the colleges are, as one would expect, exceedingly cordial. It is most pleasant to visit Girton in the spring when the lanes and fields are in their early glory. There are frequent matches at tennis between the colleges, and the annual one for a handsome challenge cup is always a very exciting affair. Tennis is the favourite mode of exercise. The students that do not play walk a great deal, and although there is a small gymnasium at Newnham it is but little used.

Parties are formed to go on the river, but it is hardly possible for women to row themselves except in vacation as the river is narrow, dangerous, and crowded.

Sunday is a delightful day, especially in spring. Breakfast is from 9 to 10. Morning service at King's College chapel follows and is largely attended by the students. Probably the finest choir of boys' and men's voices in the world is heard here. The chapel is exquisite in architecture, carving and glass, and its associations are, of course, almost infinite.

After service knots of men in scarlet or black gowns and fur hoods are dotted about the quadrangle chatting to their friends and pupils, and many a charming stroll is taken along the banks of the Cam. Crossing and recrossing the college bridges winding

in and out between the old walls and gateways, enjoying the fragrance of the 'wilderness' of John's College,—a lovely nook carpeted in turn with aconites, crocuses, snowdrops, primroses, daffodils, violets and bluebells,—she must be hard indeed to please who does not enjoy to the full the beauties of fair Cambridge on a spring Sunday.

Some of the students teach in Sunday schools, others are interested in philanthropic work of various kinds and so the day passes happily. Maybe you are invited to tea in some man's rooms and go to Trinity afterwards; if so, you and your chaperone start about 4.30. Tea in a man's room is very good fun. The ingenuous youth struggles frantically with his tea pot, and is at last reduced to asking one of his lady friends to take it off his hands. Loud whispers as to the whereabouts of bread, butter, marmalade and cake, are interchanged just outside the door by our host and his 'gyp', and general uncertainty prevails.

At 5.45 the chapel bell rings and we all proceed to the quadrangle on our way to the building.

One of the most impressive sights to be seen anywhere is Trinity Chapel on Sunday evening. Unlike King's, which always has a large proportion of outsiders in the congregation, Trinity can admit only about 40 visitors. Therefore the view, looking down the choir, is a mass of white, for the members of the college all wear surplices. Trinity has 700 undergraduates and the chapel is generally full on Sunday evenings.

In reflecting that Trinity College is the largest in Cambridge, and that all men of position come either here or to Oxford, it is almost certain that not a few, destined to become great in the annals of England, are present in that old chapel and this naturally gives an added interest to the scene. I should not forget to mention that the 'University sermon' is preached every Sunday, at 2 o'clock, in Great Saint Mary's Church by a duly appointed preacher, always a man of some note. On 'Scarlet Sundays' especially, when all the doctors wear their red gowns, the church is thronged. The service consists of a hymn, the so-called bidding prayer—for the Queen, Government, University, etc., and the sermon. Afterwards many proceed to 3.30 evensong at King's, and remain at the conclusion to listen to the superb playing of Dr. Mann on the grand old organ. The principal of Newnham College is Miss Clough, sister of the poet, Arthur Hugh Clough. She was the originator of the Association for the Higher Education of Women, and is still the mainspring of the college. One of the three vice-principals is Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the statesman.

As to the expenses at Cambridge. The fees at Newnham are £80 (\$400) for the academical year. This includes board, lodging, tuition, fire, light and attendance,—everything but personal expenses. The fees for a larger room or for two rooms are somewhat higher, but in no case exceed £100 (\$500). At Girton the charge is £100.

There are quite a number of scholarships given, both on the entrance examinations and on some of the so-called Mays. It is a great honour to



be the holder of one of these. Scholars, for instance, have a choice of rooms prior to other students of the same year.

Information as to the work and examinations can be found in the pamphlet on the subject which can be had on application to Miss M. G. Kennedy, Newnham College, and I can promise to any girl from this side of the sea who makes up her mind to proceed to any English college a hearty welcome from Newnham.

R. C.

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### STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

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#### THE PERPLEXITIES OF A GERMAN MATRICULANT.

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##### II.

Much the better for our rest beside the rector's chair, and feeling grateful to him for his considerate treatment of us in the "Guilelmi II." document, we resumed our circuitous pilgrimage by advancing a further stage in our march around the table.

Step No. 5. The gentleman who occupied chair No. 3 did not seem to take the usual amount of interest in us. He appeared anxious rather to push the proceedings to a close. Hence in the ponderous tome that lay open before him he wrote down rapidly our name, our nationality, the profession of our father, and the name of the faculty in which we proposed to study, then he let us go! I quite liked the official. His way of doing things reminded me of home.

Step No. 6. The pleasant impressions gained behind chair No. 3 rather intensified than dispersed when we passed on to the occupant of chair No. 4. Here we were detained only a moment or two. Being asked for information concerning our name, the faculty selected, and our present address in Berlin, these questions were promptly answered: but the drollery of the situation became almost overpowering when these facts were soberly registered in a book, just as if they had not been ascertained several times already.

Step No. 7. Official No. 5 could not deprive himself of the pleasure of asking us once more concerning our name and our nationality. He took also the precaution to inquire whether any of us had already been enrolled in the membership of a learned Profession; this inquiry immediately awakened our interest, because it was delightfully new and might possibly betoken the outreaching of enterprise in other unexpected directions. This gentleman, yet further, was of a quiet and independent turn of mind. All the information he extracted from us he compelled us to write down in his book,—perhaps because some day he

proposes to confront us with statements which we penned with our own hand, or simply because he happens to be a collector of Autographs, or possibly because he did not fully approve of the industry of his colleagues. In any case we did as he told us. Indeed we gave him a few additional autographs. When he asked us to write [once more!] our name and the faculty of our choice upon a neat little card which he handed us, we complied with request also. We had immediate cause, however, to repent of our too ready acquiescence: for laying the card solemnly aside, he told us that it would be necessary to call for that card at "Zimmer 14" TO-MORROW.

Step 8. Only one further conference and we shall have completed the circuit of the table. In our eagerness to proceed, we forget that another side of the hall is lined with tables also, and that weary feet must ache more keenly yet before our pilgrimage is over. We advance to official No. 6. In response to his request we mention again our name. By this time the sound of it has grown hollow and unmeaning; and it is only by a mechanical movement of the lips that we manage to utter it. On this occasion, much to our surprise, the name is *not* written down; it was asked, it appears, merely for the purpose of identification. Our questioner now hands us the document-of-generous-dimensions which the Rector had hieroglyphicised some little time before. Very possibly he took the precaution, in harmony with the similar labors of his confreres, to make several *copies* of it while we were slowly pushing our way in his direction; but if so his diligence had in no wise fatigued him or curtailed the eager interest with which he awaited our coming. Hence the little treat with which he now genuinely surprised us. Not only did he surrender to us the Rector's magnificent "GUILIELMI II." &c., but he accompanied the gift with quite a bundle of miscellaneous paper-bound literature. There were REGULATIONS, and RULES, and DIRECTIONS, and SUGGESTIONS covering all sorts of contingencies and emergencies. There was the official *Anmeldebuch*, and there was a portentous Statistics Blank the filling in of which would blanch the face of even a Chicago census enumerator. But enough of this attempt to give you a complete catalogue. The parcel was accepted with all due evidence of gratitude; and, although somewhat embarrassed by the multitude of my possessions, I began to retire from the table with them. "Eighteen marks if you please," I thought I heard some one say. Turning instantly I discovered that the speaker was my benefactor! It was not in my heart to refuse him. He took the marks and seemed pleased with my action, but immediately bowed me away; and five minutes later he was bestowing his undivided attentions upon another. So quickly can good deeds be mutually acknowledged and forgotten!



The long table having now been completely circumnavigated the reader may suppose that the work of the morning was over. I confess that my first impulse was to pick up my hat and hurry away for air and sunlight in the *Phiergarten*. Such rashness, however, could mean only the prolonging of the agony, not the shortening of it; so I subsided. There were other tables in the hall which had yet to be visited and it were better to report oneself in the appointed manner without delay. Turning away therefore from those who constituted the Central Court of the Inquisitors, I advanced towards the table which bore the distinguishing label:—"Theologische Facultät."

Step No. 9. Bowing to the gentleman who sat behind the desk I was not surprised to observe that an immense register lay open before him and that he began the interview by making inquiry as to my name and nationality. These facts were once more inscribed upon a spotless page. I was asked to state also whether I had ever studied theology before; and, if so, in what Institutions? These questions having been satisfactorily answered a large-sized document was produced; and although it was of insignificant dimensions as compared with the Rector's similar certificate, room enough was found to insert upon it the name of its possessor, the date of registration, and the writer's confirmatory signature. It then appears that "Citizen A. B. of the University of Berlin is hereby authorized to study under the direction of its Faculty of Theology." There was then bestowed upon each of us a trifle of literature in the form of sundry pamphlets containing suggestions as to our conduct and studies.

Step No. 10. It was now in order for those who had completed the nine preceding stages to wait patiently until the remainder of the candidates for Immatriculation could count themselves equally fortunate. No one was supposed to leave the hall until all could leave it together. At length the last scribe in the circle made his final entry and we were all asked to rise. The Rector had already left his seat and taken up a position in front of the long green table. In a few brief sentences he gave us official greeting. We then filed rapidly past him, each one receiving a welcoming grasp from his hand. Thence we hurried out of the hall like so many overjoyed school boys. Some sought a solve for all their ills in a soothing mug of beer. Others adjourned to the reading room or to the library, that they might divert the current of their thoughts into pleasanter and more profitable channels. A few there were who sauntered leisurely towards their homes giving free rein meanwhile to such reflections as were suggested by the peculiar experiences of the morning. Possibly some of these reflections may yet find voice in words. Thus ended the trials and perplexities of the second day.

On the following morning, in accordance with instructions received, the four friends meet again in the Great Hall of the University. Each holds in his hand the Statistics Blank which had been given him the day before, but it is no longer a blank. Its dotted lines now bristle with information of a private and personal kind which discloses at a glance all the little niceties of one's past career and behaviour. It constitutes a sort of amateur Autobiography, compiled by request, recorded but not printed. This paper we handed in to the official who waited to receive it in the Decanats Zimmir of the Faculty to which we belonged. This gentleman did not seem to feel thorough confidence in our work, for he scrutinized it most closely and did not fail to draw our attention to one or two questions which we had ventured to leave unanswered. In as many cases, however, as the Blank had been satisfactorily filled up it was accepted and placed on file; and the bearer of it received in its stead the little Universität Karte which he had inscribed by direction of official No. 5 on the preceding morning. I observed that the card had not been altered during its absence, save that it now bore upon its face the "Number" by which I was to be known to the *Curatorium* during the rest of my University career.

And so at last my difficulties were at an end. The long process was complete, each of its carefully regulated stages having been successfully reached and passed. Three days of course represent a great deal of time, but what are minutes and hours in comparison with the attainment of the Teutonic ideal of thoroughness! At any rate my German examiners were satisfied; and so assuredly was I for I was now a regular matriculated undergraduate.

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Let it not be imagined, however, that one who has escaped out of the toils of the first row of Inquisitors is regarded by the University as qualified to attend any chosen course of lectures. By no means. There is the Quästor or Treasurer, and the whole of his contingent of officials still to be encountered and reckoned with. It would take one half an hour to tell of the way in which the *Anmeldebuch* has to be filled out,—of the card which has to be obtained first of all, before you are allowed even to present yourself within the Quästor's office; of the number of times your names, nationality, &c., have to be recorded in successive formidable Ledgers, of the payment of fees, varying in amount for the several classes attended, of the assignment by the Professor of the seat you are to occupy in his lecture-room, of the signing and countersigning of a certain little blue card before you can obtain a book out of the library,—there is no reason why I should speak in detail of the rest of this tedious procedure. Suffice it to say that the method as a whole is too precise and cumbrous. After every allowance has been made for the difficulty of registering 500 or 600 students, and of securing a record of reliable informations concerning their past and prospective studies, I utterly fail to see any need for systematic delays and wearisome repetitions. Having matriculated five times already,—once in Canada, twice in the United States, once in Scotland and once in Leipsig University,—I must testify that none of these occasions was marred by that slow and exasperating routine which is accepted without murmur at BERLIN.

LOUIS H. JORDAN.

BERLIN, November 5th, 1891.



## Correspondence.

### AN OPEN LETTER

To the Undergraduates, Alumni, and all other friends of Dalhousie College.

MESSRS. NOTMAN'S gift to the college of a large and well framed photograph of the old building, lays all Dalhousians under a deep debt of gratitude. Our heartiest thanks are due to the courteous donors. The picture will be an invaluable reminder of our past, and it furnishes me with an opportunity to bring forward a project I have long had in mind.

No people, as far as I can learn, has ever grown really great which ignored or despised its own past. This is as true of a small community, such as a regiment, as it is of a nation. The Black Watch is only a name; the men who made it famous perished on a thousand battle-fields; officers, rank and file, have changed a hundred times but the regiment lives on. It is only a name, but it is a name to conjure with. A college is not unlike a regiment in organization. It takes men to make a college efficient; it takes the labour and lives of many men to make it renowned and powerful. In any case the past, humble though it may be, must not be forgotten. The privates of the Leicestershire know the regimental traditions and what the names on the colours mean. How many of our undergraduates, or even of our graduates, would care to pass an examination of the Making or the Expansion of Dalhousie. But I need not insist on this further.

My project is briefly to gather into one room (the most appropriate being the University Library,) everything that illustrates the history of Dalhousie; such as:

(a.) The portraits of the founder, the Earl of Dalhousie, the President, distinguished professors and friends, like DeMille, Sir William Young, Mr. Munro.

(b.) The works of the different professors, Lyall's treatises, DeMille's novels, the letters of 'Mephibosheth Stepsure' We have not even a copy of DeMille's *Rhetoric* at present.

(c.) The newspapers, books, pamphlets, &c., relating in even the most remote way to the college and the phases of its history.

(d.) Manuscripts and relics: the original despatches of the Earl of Dalhousie, the plate from the old foundation stone, the silver trowel used in laying it, &c., &c.

With the pictures on the walls of the library, the books in a press by themselves, the MSS., etc., under glass, each new generation of students could learn our history almost at a glance.

That this collection would help to keep alive the *esprit du corps* and be a source of strength to us cannot be doubted. It is besides, simple justice to the men who have made Dalhousie what it is.

Cannot something be done? and at once? Many of the things that we would treasure can be had for the asking. We have already in our possession a number of most interesting documents relating to the college, such as the minutes of the first Board of Governors, a MS. history of the College by an old graduate and so on. The Faculty will, I am sure, be glad to assist all the friends to whom this letter is addressed in this undertaking. Let us do something at once.

ARCHD. MACMECHAN.

## College Notes.

FOR distinction in Senior English, instead of the usual extra reading, Prof. MacMechan has assigned papers on subjects related to the class work.

PROF. MACGREGOR has been unable to meet his classes since holidays. He is suffering from la grippe. We extend our sympathy to the Professor, and hope to see him at his work again soon.

THE Seniors met last Friday and chose A. R. Hill as their Valedictorian. The class organized to keep track of one another and to foster a class and college feeling, by appointing three secretaries, with at least one of whom each member of the class is to correspond twice a year. For Nova Scotia, Miss Harrington was chosen; for New Brunswick, Weston, and McNeil for the Island. Pending the report of a committee, the style of the class picture was not decided.

THE Philomathic held a very successful meeting—the best yet—on Thursday 14th. The chief attraction was a paper on "Dreams," written by Mr. A. O. McRae. After the Secretary's report of the work done since last meeting, the paper was read by Mr. G. F. Johnson. A discussion of some of the points raised by the writer followed in which Messrs. MacIntosh, (J. A.) Hill, Johnson, Cogswell and Arthur took part. The plan of reporting at each meeting on the progress made in the departments of Literature, Science and Philosophy was discussed, and a committee consisting of Miss Archibald, Mr. D. S. McIntosh, and Mr. G. F. Johnson were appointed to report at next meeting.



## New Books.

**LA FAMILLE DE GERMANDRE.** By George Sand; edited, with a short biographical sketch and a few notes, by Augusta C. Kimball, of the Girl's High School, Boston.

Messrs. Ginn & Co., the publishers of this work, enjoy a well-earned reputation as regards the handsome and artistic style in which their publications are sent forth. Due regard, however, should be paid to the fact that the inside of a work must be in keeping with its outside; inferior works of an author should not be bound in calf and gilt. *La famille de Germandre* is one of the many novels without any particular tendency, from the pen of the very talented French novel writer, Madl. George Sand. It is inferior to many of her works, all of which, however, are faultless in style. The charm of her descriptions is unsurpassable, and her narration is exceedingly vivacious; in fact, she possesses the wonderful talent of transforming, beautifying and idealizing everything she touches with her pen. The book in question is better adapted for the family circle than for collegiate institutions.

**SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.** Devoted to Secondary and Higher Education. Edited by Ray Greene Huling. Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.

The first number of this new educational journal has come to hand. It promises well. The editorial announcement is modest and sensible in tone; and the leading articles are of varied interest, even if they display no remarkable strength of thought or expression. Americans are bewitched with Emerson, and unfortunately it is his vagueness they imitate, not his profundity. There is a well-marked tendency in the writings of even their educated men towards vague and clumsy circumlocution. For example, the first article contains such lumbering sentences as this "Large newspaper reading is deleterious to clear thinking beyond perhaps any other of the numerous causes operative in that direction at the present day." Such expressions as the following are hardly correct. "It cannot be ascribed to *extra native brightness* in the European boy: "When we are *duly to awake* to these things I do not know, but there are *signs of some advance*." The gist of the article is that the scholar's capacity for learning is limited, there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and therefore the only thing we can increase is the teacher's ability to impart knowledge. This truism must be reiterated and emphasized as much in Canada as in the United States. In the same article, the writer leases the words 'philosophical' with 'dry' and 'abstract,' to quote his own words, in respect to Greek and Latin! Against this we must protest. He evidently does not understand the modern conception of philology. We have a right to expect new ideas in a progressive educational journal.

The fearless spirit of *School and College* is admirably shown in the second article on secondary education in census years. In it the writer makes a determined attack upon the flummery, in which some American high schools delight. The scholars 'graduate' (!) from these seats of learning at sixteen, with the accompaniments of brass bands, class dresses, class pictures, etc., etc. We have not quite so much humbug of this particular kind on this side of the lines; but we and our

methods are too noisy, and the brass band' is heard altogether too often. We cannot afford to throw any critical stones at our neighbours to the south. Such plain speaking is what we need as well as they.

An admirable feature of the paper is the review of education abroad. The letters from England and France dealing with compulsory Greek in the universities, and the French minister's struggle with educational problems, are sure to be useful. Indeed this department might profitably be enlarged. It might be possible to learn something from Canada. The management have evidently considered that possibility, for we see the name of our old professor, Dr. Alexander, in the list of contributors. He and Principal Grant are our only representatives, but we could not name two better.

The appearance of the paper is fairly neat. The page is clear and well-printed, but the outside of the wrapper has too much on it, and the first page of the letter-press is not exactly satisfactory.

**THE PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW.**—Edited by J. G. Schurman, Dean of the Sage School of Philosophy in Cornell University. Vol. I., No. 1, January, 1892. Published bi-monthly. Boston: Ginn & Co. Single ed., 75 cents. Per annum, \$3.00.

The appearance of the first number of this REVIEW is an event of real importance for the progress of Philosophy in America. The editor remarks, in the course of his interesting and enthusiastic "prefatory note," that "there exists no journal which appeals to an audience composed of all those engaged or interested in Philosophy." The only exception is the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* which continues, so far as we know, to appear regularly about two years behind the times at St. Louis, and to find the true gospel of the Hegelian philosophy in such productions as the Hebrew Scriptures and *The Ancient Mariner*. But the St. Louis journal does not "appeal," except to "the faithful" of the Hegelian School, and not even to all of them; it is the organ of a few American Hegelian fanatics. Then there is the *International Journal of Ethics*, now in its second year, and an assured success, published quarterly (up to date) at Philadelphia, and the *American Journal of Psychology*, which is issued quarterly, under the charge of Dr. Staveland Hall, from Clark University. In Britain itself there is room for such a Review as the present; for although contributions dealing with any branch of philosophical investigation are welcomed in the pages of *Mind*, the chief attention has from the first been given to Psychology, as is indicated by its sub-title—"A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy." The scope of the *Philosophical Review* will be, says the editor, "as wide as Philosophy, in its broadest sense. It will range on the field of Psychology, Logic, Ethics, Metaphysics, Philosophy of Religion and Epistemology." "With the generality of its scope, the *Review* will combine an impartiality and catholicity of tone and spirit. It will not be the organ of any institution, or of any sect, or of any interest. . . . An equal hearing will be given to both sides of every unsettled question. . . . The periodical itself will maintain the same objectivity of judgment as a journal of Mathematics or Philology."

The present number makes an excellent start. The external appearance is handsome and appropriate. There are three articles, one on Metaphysics, the other two on Psychology. The names of Professor



Watson of Queen's College, and Professor Ladd of Yale, are a sufficient guarantee for the value of their articles. The latter writer discovers a hitherto concealed faculty of humour in dealing with the views of his Harvard colleague, Professor James. The "Chinese Musical System," no doubt, has "some psychological aspects," but we question whether their importance is such as to warrant an article (to be continued) in the first number of a Philosophical Review. Out of a total of 128 pages, 32 are devoted to review of books, and 16 to Summaries of Articles. The reviews range from ten pages to a single page in length. They are generally done with care and intelligence and form one of the most useful features of the Review. The leading notice in this number is an elaborate review, by the editor, of Herbert Spencer's new work on *Justice*. Professor Davidson's review of Professor Dewry's *Outlines of Ethics* is very unsympathetic and almost unintelligible. The notices signed by the Cornell instructors are specially business-like and forcible. The idea of summarizing articles in other reviews seems a good one; we believe it is carried out in some of the scientific journals. But it would probably be better to limit such a reproduction to the foreign reviews.

Judging both from the "programme" set forth in the editorial remarks, and from the execution of the first number, we predict a prosperous and important future for *The Philosophical Review*. J. S.

THE Century Dictionary is completed.

A NEW style of the Aldine Edition of British Poets is being printed. The text is revised and the appearance of the book improved.

A VERY valuable book, just out, is Professor T. R. Lounsbury's *Studies on Chaucer* (Harpers, 800, \$9.00). It is said to be all we should expect from the author of the little *History of Our English Language*. It goes thoroughly into the vexed question of Chaucer scholarship, besides giving an interesting account of the poet's life, religion, education, art, etc., etc.

"GRIP" offers prizes of \$30, \$20 and \$10 for the best short humorous article, story, poem, narrative or character sketch sent in before March 1st, 1892. The prizes will be awarded not so much on literary merit, as upon the humor and aptness of the conception. Professional writers being debarred, there is a fair field for all of a literary turn. Here is a chance for young writers to test their abilities. See announcement in "GRIP."

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

R. Laing, \$4. E. W. Lewis, \$3. Rev. H. Dickie, \$2. G. S. Milligan, Bessie Dickie, R. A. Irving, A. B. Morine, L. McCart, J. E. Corbett, G. O. M. Dockrill, D. J. McKay, S. Howe, Sir A. G. Archibald, J. F. McCurray, G. Archur, J. S. McIntosh, C. H. Harris, A. J. McDonald, 2nd year, R. F. O'Brien, M. S. McKay, Rev. G. S. Carson, James Fitzpatrick, W. H. Trueman, J. W. Logan, Thos. Fraser, A. Gunn, J. D. Millar, J. A. Crawford, A. J. McDonald, 4th year, Edwin Smith, Fred Yorston, G. D. Turnbull, Arch. Irvin, Bret Black, Rand Gibbons, A. C. Fales, G. K. Butler, F. S. Simpson, Hugh Fraser, Henry C. Dickson, J. S. Layton, A. Martin, B. S. Smith, \$1 each. A. D. McDonald, 50 cents.

## Law Department.

THE Mock Parliament has been prorogued. Before next session elections will have been held in about twenty constituencies by virtue of the resignations of the sitting members. So far no charges of "boodling" have been made against them—a marked compliment in these later days to the probity of our representatives and purity of the electorate. While this is well, it may not be amiss to call the attention of coming members to a few points worthy of being observed. The best interests of the Mock Parliament all should desire. Differences of opinion may arise as how best to conserve them; but on a few points, at least, there should be no serious differences.

Divisions there *must* be. No profitable session can be held without a strong government and a vigorous opposition. To stimulate lively and intelligent discussion, debating ability should be as equally divided as possible. Vigorous protests can be made; sharp criticisms offered; cogent arguments adduced and dangerous policies unsparingly assailed, and at the same time the utmost good will prevail. The *personal* element should not be allowed a place. Students should, for the time, agree to sink all personal feeling against "Mr. Sic-an-ane," and confine themselves to a manly discussion of the subject before the house. On entering the study of a profession one is presumed to have "put away childish things," and it becomes *law* students particularly to acquit themselves like men and maintain the dignity of gentlemen in debate.

Ambition to stand high in the councils of the nation is, in itself, good and laudable, but it should be tempered with judgment. No young man of spirit should too ardently seek office or *stoop* to canvass for it. Let him but prove his fitness and the office will seek him. The latter is the only course consistent with a high sense of honor—and *honor* should be above *self*. If space permitted, a brief history of the shuffles, intrigues, petty ambitions and squabbles of the past session would serve to "point a moral or adorn a tale." But they are too well known



to every student of the law school to require enlargement. Suffice it to say they should have been frowned upon from the first and the fomenters consigned to *coventry*.

To the coming leaders we would say, be not disappointed or discouraged if the *whole* school does not bow down and worship you. Presume you are dealing with men of ability and honor, who are as capable of conceiving and holding an opinion as yourselves; make merciless havoc of the logic of your opponents, but treat them personally with courtesy, and after the battle take their hands "in friendly clasp." Of one thing be careful—do not in your hate for an individual, or combination of individuals (as unhappily has been the case) drag the Mock Parliament from the high position it has hitherto held down to the condition of a nursery for boys.

THE Act passed last year for admitting graduates of Dalhousie to the bar of this province regardless of the time they have served under articles, does not seem to work. On the 9th inst. Russell, Q. C., moved for admission of some students under this act. Drysdale opposed on the ground that they had not served the prescribed three years. Judgment was reserved. It would seem, at this rate, about as short for the students who are articulated to serve out their term, for, these repeated delays are fast working to accomplish the same result.

We will not venture to tell the judges what the law is, nor point out to the legislature what the law ought to be. Some considerations, however, ought to be taken into account. It is supposed to be the aim of the Bar Society to so regulate the standard of admissions as to preserve an able and learned Nova Scotian bar. The lawyer, both legally and generally, should be a learned man, and we would think it mattered little if this result be accomplished whether he has served the full time in a law office or not. Take for instance the case of a young man who has received his diploma from the Law School in April, and who has passed the prescribed examinations. His three years may not end till September. He is perhaps in an office where there is not much work to engage his attention. He puts through five months of waiting, not to qualify himself for the practice of law, but simply to comply with the rules

Such rules in such a case do not tend to raise the standard of the bar in Nova Scotia.

The rule for service under articles seems but a rough way of saying that a certain amount of office practice is required. In most offices it does not seem to be very rigidly insisted that the students should take a thorough course of office work. Many have gone out fully qualified as to years' of service, but very illy equipped as to knowledge of forms and procedure. It seems to us that the way to remedy this would be to lessen the time of service, and make the course in procedure required to be accomplished by this apprenticeship more complete and thorough. In other words, the ultimate object to be secured should be the competency of the candidate, not length of apprenticeship, which last phrase is not always equivalent for amount of office practice had. We feel like emphasizing the need of thorough drill in procedure, but do not like to see the element of time so magnified.

Another point seems a trifle strange for B. A.'s. who enter upon the study for this learned profession. Either a B. A., or an LL. B. entitles the student to a reduction of the four year's service to three, but the present regulations offer no inducement for a B. A. to take the course for LL. B., while there is a great inducement for those who are not B. A.'s. To graduates of other Arts' Colleges than Dalhousie, who have not had the privilege of taking the affiliated course, these provisions seem rather anomalous, and if any change is to be made concerning the entrance into this learned profession, the fact referred to might be recognized by at least reducing the years of service for those who hold both degrees and have passed all required examinations.

WHO ever did any work in the Christmas holidays? When the school closed the amount of work to be done, the number of subjects to be reviewed, and independent reading to be finished, formed a magnificent spectacle. But, alas, the time has gone and the glory of our vision has shrunken and faded. The student who held to his determination to study is a *rara avis in terris*. When the account is balanced it generally shows either that the intention has been and the holidays put, to their true use, or we are left to regret that we have done no work and missed the good time we might have had.

The older we grow the more we learn that there is a fitness in things, and that it is wise to regard the times and seasons. We need some recreation, and our holidays are not extravagantly given, so when they come we say, Take them and enjoy them.



## JOURNALISM AND LAW.

WE own to a profound regard for journalists. To us they are an original and unique class of men, fighting the battle of life and winning its honors under the most exacting conditions. Essentially a product of the age, they experience more than any other body of men the relentless levelling process of the century's democracy. The struggle for journalistic supremacy is ever about them, beating down, as no other competition can, the weak and laggard. If the life of the people is spent fast and furiously the pressure throbs at the editorial table with electric despatch. Other men may catch and wrestle with the world's hard conditions, and time their rounds to their strength, but as long as the journalist seeks to interpret the fierce and fleeting life of humanity he must hold his hand with unfaltering faithfulness upon its feverish pulse. Winged Mercurys among men, the pace they follow is set by the world's myriad millions in their multifarious relations, and infinitude of transactions.

Whatever is gained to other professions by historic associations or illustrious memorials is denied this profession. The legal profession is permeated with memories and traditions of its mighty exponents of the past. Names are bequeathed it potent to conjure with. A long, unbroken line of pontiffs has stamped each age with the ineffable lustre of historic men, and has won for the profession the renown of sustained greatness. Great orators have been in its ranks and have lent to the profession the distinction of their names. Who has not heard of Matthew Hale—a lover of liberty and defender of the faith, who consecrated the halls of justice to the principles of civil rights and religious toleration? Revolutionary periods occasioned by kingly tyranny or upstart's usurpation ring with the vehement rebukes of fearless lawyers. Dignified as the profession is by its honorable pursuits, it has been ennobled beyond its incidental franchises by the illustrious names and historic transactions of its practitioners. In his natural state the lawyer is a servant of the nation. He is the exponent and administrator of an essential, a dominant attribute of the body politic. Social government could scarcely exist without the splendidly adapted mechanism of the law to mediate between the members of society. Journalism has only of late years come to be an important factor in state weal. Scarcely any suggestive names enrich its *repertoire*, or lend ostentation to its present members. Its relations with state life are not so clearly defined as those of the bar and judiciary. Instead of being thought to indispensably underlie national welfare, it is regarded as a modern idea

suggested and perfected by human wit for public convenience. The law compels notice and arrests attention by its formidable sanctions. Journalism has no other authority than its good name and wholesome admonitions. The dignity of the legal profession invests each of its members, and is often a mantle of charity for its votaries. A lawyer when hard pressed for misconduct, frequently is able to plead professional privilege, and instantly he is within the precincts of the holy of holies where none may or have the courage to follow. In journalism each man fights a solitary and independent battle in the open. No professional traditions lift him up; no ancestral prestige gives him place. He stands as it were, in an empty void and must mount the abyss by creations drawn from no other source than himself. This is a distinctive quality in the journalist. His ideas are his only passport to success. The public are too well read to be imposed upon by plagiarism. Such a refuge could scarcely be of much service, anyway, to one dealing with the events and emergencies of the day, that are without parallel instances and frequently of only local interest, and subject to no outside comment. He must also, when possible, speak in advance of, or at least simultaneously with his contemporaries. The opportunities for plagiarism are reduced to a minimum, as he is tryingly beset by vigilantly jealous rivals. The ties of professional courtesy and sympathy manifest in other professions are not strongly pronounced in this. A lawyer wars with the law and against his antagonistic litigant, but not with the opposing lawyer. Journalists represent parties and causes and the struggle is one of individuality, and personal prejudice. Each man eyes the other with un pitying implacability, for the controversial weakness or moral discredit of one is the triumph and vindication of the other. In the legal and other professions the practitioner or devotee achieves success by following the teachings of preceptors. A lawyer is not an architect. He toils with transmitted instruments. Precedents thick as "leaves of Vallambrosa" greet him on every side. His success lies in his patience of search, and discriminating application. A journalist is confronted at each turning with new conditions and novel exigencies. He stands between them and the public. His pronouncement must be ready in an instant. His treatment of hourly questions depends upon himself alone. He would look in vain to the hills, for from thence cometh no help. He cannot wait for the deliverance of another oracle. No precedents can be consulted. He must be in the van with a just and acute interpretation of the passing event, and must foretell its future evolution and coming significance. He must render daily an account of his stewardship to the public. The task calls for an accurate appreciation and analysis of present circumstances and



a subtle and unerring apprehension of probabilities to ensue from causes shifting and variable as the drifting snow.

In many professions a man may be a quack. He may know little and assume much. He panders to the vanity of his constituents, and sports with their imaginings. He is a wizard with wand of secret spell, and no man may question the art of his enchantments. His client places himself under his wardship. He does his best according to his lights, or the conscience of quackery. In odd cases he is found out, but it is phenomenal how quackery or ignorance, if veiled under smooth manners and assuring graces, will escape detection. The journalist can never be a quack. He is not a conjurer with secret drawers and astrologer's mysticism. He who runs may read his handiwork. The false cry, the sycophantic praise, the impoverished idea, the straitened argument, the defective illustration, is embalmed beyond recall or amelioration in the pitiless type. Each line is read at deliberation by an intelligent public. Men of equal, perchance greater information, study his lucubrations with searching refinement. Hostile critics fall upon his work with demoniacal eagerness, and assail it at every vulnerable point. The work of the journalist cannot be otherwise than above board, and under the glare of the most telling scrutiny.

In a word, the journalist must be inevitably an original worker. His productions are invariably thrown off at white heat. He cannot avail himself of the ideas of others. He must be first in the breach with an opinion. His judgment cannot be lightly given, but marks an attitude he must sustain without equivocation for possibly a long period of time. Hostile eyes are ever bent upon him to discover delinquencies. His work is upon the surface and there is no verge for artifice.

It is because of these hard and exacting conditions that we believe a journalist should be better educated than any other professional man. He has given to him great trusts and grave responsibilities. On his word thousands act in personal matters as serious as those ever advised upon by a lawyer. He has recognized and accepted duties. Competency is demanded of him to the highest degree. Certainly, competency is expedient for self-help in responding to the rigorous terms and complex conditions under which he labours.

A knowledge of his country's laws and constitution one would regard the most special of an editor's qualifications. It is hard to see how he can enter into the most elementary relations with his responsible position as an educator of the people, unless he is familiar with the constitutional principles that give the state its political coherency, and with the municipal law evoking

peace loving qualities from its citizens. He is daily instructing the popular mind upon party principles. He should know how his political theories would conform with the liberties of the subject; with constitutional safeguards as they conserve federal and provincial rights. He is called upon to give utterance to public disapprobation of defects in parliamentary government. How shall he consider their various remote and immediate aspects, appreciate their critical and contingent inter-relations with other parts of the constitutional mechanism, and suggest remedies for their removal or improvement, unless he is minutely acquainted with the whole machinery of government and its checks and balances? Again, as a champion of the people, and quick to discern and anticipate popular rights and their violation, how is he to serve his position with vigilance and justice, unless he is able to take the initiative in announcing public wrongs? If a Quebec governor acts tyrannously in dismissing his ministry, and the people are robbed of their liberties, who should be more alert in arousing the people from their sleep, in indicating the usurpation, and calling for reparation, than the press? The editor's need of advance and technical knowledge is at once apparent. Journalism has also set up as one of its peculiar functions the safe-guarding of public morals. One would fancy that a true estimate of moral standards could only be secured by an accurate study of the law's morality. If public morality is in advance of legal morality, then the former is being heavily handicapped by the lighter sanctions of the latter. If the legal age of consent is deficient, in the interests of social policy, a knowledge of existing criminal legislation is a condition precedent to a reform agitation. Then what branch of public information is more important than a knowledge of the laws of nations? To a journalist, to a greater extent than to a lawyer, it should be of the highest and most practical utility. It would enable him to study with fidelity every move of the European chess board. He could read aright the phase of every international complication. It would also provide versatility of subjects for editorial treatment. Prone as he now is to speak of State relations, through the information of others, he would become an authority at first hands.

We are in hearty sympathy with journalists. The profession is the very noblest. It places under tribute the best an intellect can afford, and is thus ever raising the standard of editorial work. We have in mind two eminent editorial writers who have taken advantage of our law school. They have surely prepared themselves to ennoble their chosen profession, and keep in touch with its growing demands. We commend their course to present or prospective journalists.



## GLEANINGS.

THERE are fifty law schools in the United States, with an attendance of 4,000 students.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of New York, has been interviewed as to the qualities essential to make a successful lawyer. Among other good things he says: "A young man who hopes to succeed at the bar must first dismiss all nonsense from his head. He must eschew politics and society. Whether he has genius, or is a plodder, the only rule of success is work! work! work!"

A JUDGE of the Supreme Court of Missouri is quoted as concluding his judgment thus: "In my humble opinion, such a theory of the law is only equalled in its world embracing comprehensiveness by the missionary hymn,—places an administrator in this State on the same pedestal where the oration of Phillips places Napoleon the Great—making him proof against perils endowed with ubiquity."

COLUMBIA Law School has four professors of law, two lecturers, and the faculty of the School of Political Science, the latter giving instruction in Roman and Public Law and Comparative Jurisprudence. Under a new dean, a former professor of Harvard, the school is expected to shortly employ Langdell's case system, with the innovation of having the work of a text writer bound in with the cases. The New York Law School adheres to the text book system, with occasional references to leading cases.

IN the course of an article defending trial by jury in civil cases, Judge Chalmers remarks: "A Judge is compelled to give his reasons, while a Jury ought to give their verdict without stating their reasons. It seems to me this is one of the strong points of the jury system. A Judge is always embarrassed by the feeling that his decision more or less creates a precedent. He hankers after consistency. The ghosts of past decisions rise up before his mind, and cases yet to come cast their shadows before them. The Jury are haunted by no such spectres. When the Jury have given their verdict, the temporary corporation is at once dissolved into its constituent atoms."

THE *Harvard Law Review* cites a New York case as holding that there is a legal right to compel a college to confer a degree

when a student has duly qualified according to all the college rules. The *Review* says: "The court held that the college catalogue, the circular issued, the course of study, and qualifications and fees specified, constituted an offer, and that 'when a student matriculates under circumstances as set forth above it is a contract between the college and himself that if he complies with the terms therein prescribed, he shall have the degree, which is the end to be obtained. The corporation cannot take a student's money, allow him to remain, \* \* \* and then arbitrarily refuse to confer that which they promised; namely, the degree.'"

## THE SPELL OF ANTIQUITY.

It is always hard to assail a venerable institution. Its antiquity will be earnestly championed by its defenders. They will diffuse age's subtle influence and weave its mysterious spell. Through an ancient system, an olden institution, flows and beats the tides and emotions of ages that have their reckoning in the dark depths of Time's abyss. The mighty Past confronts you. It appeals to you with its wondrous charms and mystic voices. It beckons with strange signs and flashes forth inscrutable omens. "Storied urn", and "animated bust" unweave their history and make known their consciousness. The grave sways its sceptre and the Past holds the Present captive in the chains of superstition. The dead are more alive than the living. To whom does not the Past appeal with singular gravity? Whose are the emotions that can be still in the presence of the mighty ages? All that has been, and all that we know not of, which may have been and may not, is enwrapped within their folds. Who can date their beginning, who can tell their tale? Count it no mean defence that an institution is lapt in the universal reverence for the Past. The measure that seeks its abolition will be gravely viewed and searchingly criticised. Audacious are the hands that seek to profane the venerable ark of a long ago established custom. But its age should not give it exemption from criticism. The very fact that it is aged invites and challenges criticism, and does not enable it to plead a further life and operation to test its worth and assert its validity. The trammels and prejudices that are aroused by a veneration for the aged and time-consecrated should not benumb free investigation. The judgment upon transmitted forms of procedure, rules of conduct, institutions of morality or government, should never be sunk and subordinated to the decision of any abyssal voice uttered from out the historic Past.



## WHAT HAS BECOME OF SMOGGS.

I say, you fellows, you remember Smoggs, don't you? You don't? dear me, that's odd, I thought every body knew Smoggs. I calculate you've heard of him. What! haven't heard of him, haven't heard of Smoggs? Why, that's too bad! Well, he should have graduated with our class. You remember our class? I thought so! Greatest class that—eh! never mind? You're polite, too! Well, Smoggs just after the third year opened was called home. We thought it was just for a day or two, but when several days went by and he failed to turn up we got anxious. There wasn't a man of us that didn't like him and we missed him. In time we got a letter from him. It was addressed to all of us and it bade us good by forever. It was brief, not a bit like Smoggs. It said his father had gone to smash and that he would leave for the States in the morning. It was a manly letter. Not a reproach for anybody, but it told between the lines of an heroic soul bearing up against a great tribulation in majestic patience and saintly fortitude. We penned him a sympathetic reply but we didn't much hope he would ever get it, for by the time we mailed it to his old home he must have been on his way to Boston. We continued to think of him for a few days, and though we grieved over his keen disappointment in not becoming a lawyer, we knew that his great ability would give him a high position in life no matter what business he should follow. Years passed by and I dare say we all forgot him. No word ever came of him, but often as I would lie half dozing in bed, my reverie would call Smoggs before me and I would wonder if it wasn't time for the world to be hearing of him as the speaker of the House of Representatives. I felt positive, if he was alive, that the time was pretty ripe to hear of him, and I scanned the American papers now and again very expectantly for intelligence of him. One day last summer I determined to spend my holidays at Long Branch. I had heard a great deal of the wealth and fashion of this famous watering place, and I thought I would like to mingle with it for a while. The first evening I got there I spent in strolling in and out of the cafes, pausing at the music halls, and in watching the groups of gay men and women as they passed down to the beach for a saunter in the moonlight. I followed after them. As I got near the shore I noticed a mammoth tent around whose entrance fluttered and flared great greasy torches. A man stood on a platform near the doorway. As the crowd gathered at the sound of the band inside, the man addressed them. He spoke of the great wonders and marvellous curiosities in the tent. I listened to him for a while for it was wonderful what a shrewd and catching wit, he had and how ingeniously he set forth the greatness and strangeness of the attractions within. Then I passed down to the beach. At

my feet purred and whispered the great ocean. Out over the waters the moon blazed a path of silvery light. I sat on the sands musing, for my soul was touched with the intoxicating beauty and suggestive environment of the scene. I thought of the happy, careless lives passing up and down the beach. I thought of—oh no! that man at the tent wasn't Smoggs; strange, but do you know, I can't for the life of me tell what has become of Smoggs.

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 Personals.
 

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H. MELLISH and T. TOBIN have entered into partnership. By calling at 42 Bedford Row clients will find them *at home*.

MORRISON, AULAY, of the class of '88 is a member of one of the best law firms in New Westminster, B. C. We hope he finds a little time to devote to Rugby, for which he displayed conspicuous skill at college. To him, perhaps, more than to any other is due the credit for the rapid advancement of Dalhousie's team. All join in three hearty cheers for our old captain.

NOTABLY among the legal fraternity of Vancouver, B. C., are JOSEPH A. RUSSELL, of the class of '89. ALBERT H. MCNEILL, of the class of '89. and WILLIAM J. BOWSER, of the jolly class of '90. Bowser lately conducted a breach of promise suit and retained Mr. McNeill, who lately left Charlotte-town, as counsel. In such hands the claimants interests should not suffer. The GAZETTE wishes all the compliments of the season, scores of clients and *substantial* "thank yous."

THE GAZETTE heartily congratulates Arthur J. Roberts, LL.B. on the successful issue of his first Supreme Court suit—*Cohoon v. Parks*. It was an action of trespass and further to establish title. The *Liverpool Argus* says: "The dispute has been going on for the past ten years and during that time has been brought before the court in different shapes, the claims of all the parties being considered too weak for success. The judges lengthy decision in this last case finally settles the question, giving to the Plaintiff—a widow of a former claimant—the title."

OUR old friend B. O. F. HOWLAND WHITE has left us and entered another school. He was married at Windsor, Dec. 16th, by Ven.-Archdeacon Weston Jones, assisted by Rev. Canon Maynard, to Miss Mary S. MacCullam, eldest daughter of J. A. MacCallum of Windsor. Tom was always of an independent turn, and in this instance proved himself such by "going it alone" and refusing the "assistance" of a best man. The GAZETTE extends heartiest congratulations.

THE *Vancouver World* says: "On Thursday last the Rev. R. Robson of Vancouver, united in the bonds of wedlock Edgar A. Magee, LL.B. barrister of this city, and Miss May, daughter of George Black of Hastings. The bride is a favorite with numerous friends and acquaintances throughout this province for her many talents and accomplishments. She was a charming girl and had host of friends, who will wish her every happiness in her married life. The fortunate bridegroom is being congratulated on all sides on the happy choice he has made. Mr. and Mrs. Magee will reside in Vancouver."

AND still there's another. At the present rate our list of bachelor graduates will soon be depleted. This time the guilty party is no less a personage than Titus Carter who married Miss Burt of Andover, N. B. Carter was a popular fellow at school—should he prove himself an equally popular husband abundant happiness is in store for the newly married couple. We wish them many bright new years'.



## Medical Department.

IT is with much pleasure that we now extend a hearty welcome to the returned students who, during the past few weeks, have been scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land visiting friends and relatives and recuperating themselves both mentally and physically for the work that is yet before them. That much desired Xmas vacation has come and gone and we scarcely realize that it has been. It seems but yesterday when we were in the midst of the hurry and excitement of getting grips packed and catching the early train; to-day student grasps the hand of student and then goes on talking of work as if no break had occurred. The very fact, however, of it being of such a fleeting character is the best possible proof of the pleasant time each and every one has spent. As years pass on and we look back on our college life, the more or less extended list of happy vacations will appear as bright landmarks amid the hazy mist that gathers around the past.

While it is very agreeable to allow our memories to travel fancy free over the little things that form such an important part of a thoroughly enjoyed vacation, still, we must not forget that the goal of our ambition lies in the future; that our chosen profession requires our best efforts, and that to render ourselves worthy of the confidence which will be placed in us as physicians demands the right exercise of all our faculties.

Bearing these things in mind it is certainly our bounden duty to work hard and strive generally to take advantage of every opportunity afforded us both in the lecture room and in the Hospital wards whereby valuable knowledge and experience may be gained. By so doing we will save ourselves many bitter regrets, and at the same time cultivate habits of earnestness, carefulness and thoroughness which will be the stepping stones to future success.

### MEDICINE: ITS CHOICE AND STUDY.

*Abstract of paper read by Dr. Sinclair before the Medical Society, Dec., 1891.*

I suppose the fact of your being here to-night is proof that you have made up your minds to devote your future lives to the study of medicine. It is useless to attempt telling you in words how noble a calling it is; but it would be a most interesting study to discover just why you have made such a choice. Have you carefully examined yourselves as to whether you are fitted

for it or it is likely to be fitted for you? Have you been tempted to it by the solicitations of friends or by an idea of your own that it is an easy way of gaining a living and making yourselves respected? Have you thought over the matter at all? I hope so. I trust that not one of you has acted upon impulse, but that each has long "communed with his or her own heart," and is firmly persuaded to "fight the good fight," "to run with patience the race which is set before you."

The most important crisis in our lives is when we deliberately select our calling. To few is denied the necessity of making such a choice. "Idleness is the parent of vice" and no more wretched existence can be had than that of doing nothing. The men that kill themselves by over work are few; far more kill themselves by violating the laws of health brought about by idleness, and surely it is better to wear out than to rust out.

On returning from the desk of an East Indian office Charles Lamb wrote, "I am free, free as air." I would not return for £10,000. Positively the best thing to do is nothing and after that, perhaps, good works. In two years he again wrote. "No work is worse than over work." The happiest life is one in which pleasure and work, recreation and toil alternate. If this be true, and I believe it is, how carefully should the choice of a profession be made! To no other cause can more failures in life be attributed than to a wrong choice of vocation. In our day desire for respectability prompts many to worship one of the three black graces, Law, Physic or Divinity. Many a man who would have earned distinction as a mechanic or farmer is destined for the medical profession. He goes to college, attends lectures, crams for examination and gains his degree. "With all his blushing honors thick upon his vacant mind," he settles down to kill people scientifically; to pour drugs of which he knows little into bodies of which he knows less, until his incapacity is discovered and his failure results. That these mistakes are made we all know. One writer says, if you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes, some round, some square and some triangular, and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of the same shape you will usually find that the triangular man has got into the round hole, the round man into the square, while the square man has squeezed himself into the triangular." I believe in congenital traits and natural tendencies. Men are born to be physicians as they are born with black eyes, and all should strive to be what nature intended: be anything else and you will be worse than nothing.

Success in life should be the aim of every one. To ensure it the first thing is to start fair. Hence, it is the plainest duty of parents and guardians to study the peculiarities of those committed to their care, and, knowing them, to indicate the road the



youth should take. If, having conscientiously done this, the result is unfortunate, the result lies not at their door.

With some nature has so plainly indicated the parts to be traversed that no mistake can be made. The laboratory of Davy, the wooden clock of Ferguson, the electric machine of Faraday, were all indications of the future man. Michael Angelo neglected school to copy drawings which he dared not bring home. Pope wrote excellent verses at fourteen and Nelson was resolved to be a hero before he was old enough to be a "midship-mite."

Chesterfield asserted that any one could be what he chose to make himself but all the efforts of such a master failed to convert the loutish Stanhope into a man of fashion. Talents for certain kinds of work are congenital. Even if we deny the whole doctrine of inborn aptitude and believe that the differences in men's capabilities, tastes and tendencies are the effect of external circumstances, yet it must be admitted that these differences are fixed too early to be removed.

I have spoken to you thus not to discourage you but as a warning. Still, if any one is not fully persuaded, ponder the matter well. It is better to turn back at the beginning than to press onward in the wrong way till too late to retrace your steps.

"Life is short and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts tho' stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

But suppose that you have rightly chosen and fairly started, how are you to "press on to the mark of your high calling?" The study of medicine commends itself. We are told that there are five great intellectual professions relating to the necessities of life: soldiers to defend, pastors to instruct, physicians to keep the body in health, lawyers to enforce justice and merchants to provide. Of these surely the duty of the physician is not the least worthy of consideration.

The study of medicine affords the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind. "The flower, the tree, the birds, the running brook, are all to us material for thought." It is impossible to study Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry—those subjects on which we build our superstructure—without being deeply impressed with the infinite wisdom of divine power. As our reading comprises an endless variety of subjects it is no matter of surprise that, from time immemorial, medicine should have been studied for its own sake by those possessing the keenest reasoning power; but when it is cultivated for the sake of aiding others it is like the quality of mercy,

"It is twice blessed—  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

In the pursuit of a profession that has for its object the cure of disease, the relief of suffering, the keeping of the body in health, it is no wonder that the good physician should be taken as the highest type of humanity.

Further, if we regard the worldly emolument to be derived from the practice of our profession we have not much to complain. True, fortunes

are not to all but to the few. Still, the poorest of us can strive to attain the prize. We may all at least expect a moderate competence, and besides that, a far richer reward, one which gold cannot buy—the heartfelt gratitude and thanks of suffering humanity as well as the satisfaction we ourselves derive from pursuing a vocation at once sacred, unselfish and sublime. Is it nothing that we have discovered an agent which produces complete temporary insensibility so that surgeons can perform the most formidable operations with absolute painlessness? Is it nothing that we have entrusted to our keeping the power of restoring the "sight to the blind and making the lame to walk?" Is it nothing that, when a patient is bleeding profusely, we have the means of instantly stemming the hemorrhage? Is it nothing that in our daily practice our skill properly applied often changes the scene from one of utter grief and desolation to one of perfect joy and gladness? Is all this nothing? Then science is nothing, art is nothing and our profession is nothing.

At first the amount of work before you may prove disheartening. But be of good cheer; time and perseverance can accomplish marvels. Nothing is easy but what was once difficult: and what is worth having is worth working for.

In attendance upon lectures there are two special advantages. In the first place you acquire much valuable information and secondly by regular attention are inculcated habits of self discipline, punctuality, method and exactness—in short just those qualities essential to success in every walk of life. In regard to note taking much difference of opinion exists, but I think it certainly conduces to accuracy of observation and clearness of perception.

Our instruction must always be regarded as a means to an end, viz., the qualifying a pupil to practice his profession. We put before you the scattered threads of knowledge and allow you to weave them into a new and substantial fabric. In medical training hospital practice must always form a part. We offer it to you of a superior kind. In this connection I would especially urge upon you the usefulness of dispensary practice. Here you see those walking cases which make up a large percentage of the entire practice with which you will meet. Do not neglect their thorough study. Do not slight the hospital wards but "be wise in small things" and "ponder well the greatness of the little."

An important element in the acquisition of knowledge is self examination—taking stock, as it were, of what we know. As medical men your motto must be "semper paratus." We have to think and act when others are paralyzed; we must decide when others are wavering. Cultivate, then, self-reliance. Your greatest dangers—and they are sometimes your best chances of showing of what stuff you are made—occur when you are alone. Do your best. A single lucky action may be the starting point of a successful career.

In concluding my observations on this topic I must add a caution touching the importance of adhering to the profession which we have deliberately chosen. Of course if one has erred so greatly in the choice of his calling that it is evident to all, then to abandon it and choose another is a necessity. A young man should be slow to believe this of himself, especially after he has acquired much valuable experience and should try another calling only after the most desperate efforts to succeed.



Finally whatever your calling do not expect to despise it. "So long as thou thinkest well of thyself men will speak well of thee." If your vocation be an humble one, enoble it by the manner in which you discharge its duties and you will challenge the respect of all whose opinion is worth having. It is with real life as with mimic life on the stage. All the players cannot have the principal parts, even were all fitted for them; but the play never goes off more finely than when all the characters have been personated by men of far greater ability than they have been required to display. So live and work that, when the end of this earthly life comes, you may be able to say, not only have I done *my* best but *the* best.

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### A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER.

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He is a man, or rather he wears pants. These pants are not like other pants, the graceful rotundity of the seat, the particular angle of the knees, and the fashionable turn-up to the bottoms have a special brain-call or substratum in our central nervous system. Then the boots of it—but after all it is not the boots that attract our thoughts so much as the military precision with which they percuss the floor. This military precision is a darling attribute of the character, and, by the way, has been held up and pointed out to the students by one professor as something to be sought after and more valuable to attain, than a good course of Lectures. Besides this, his whole person has a spiritual cast, especially the more prominent features of the front part of his anatomy, his nose and his stomach. His eye is most difficult to depict. At times it has the far-away look of a little June calf that has strayed from its ma, but when his mind has struggled from the influence of spiritual powers and those eyes get fairly focussed on earthly objects, the alacrity of the Freshman to show their "Tickets", the humble reverence of Seniors and the subserviency of the Faculty all prove their magnetic and instant effect. But his mouth—we don't like to go counter to the best authorities on development, but our secret opinion is that the mouth was made first and the rest developed around it. His chin is bare and affords ample space for the play of emotion and the ripple of feeling that show the workings of his sensory centres. To add it up he is a remarkable man but—and here comes the sad part, though he rules the students with an iron rod, though he is a Czar to the Faculty and though he lords it over all in the dissecting room, yet, in the bosom of his own family he does not "wear the breeches." If, when moving through the dissecting room with proud step, he hears in high falsetto, "Pete," he droops his head like a rooster in a rainstorm and only at safe distances will he dare to say, "What the devil is hup now"?

AJAX.