

The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA"

VOL XXIV. HALIFAX, N. S. - APRIL 25, 1892. NO. 9.

EDITORS :

J. A. MCKINNON, B. A., *Editor-in-Chief.*

K. G. T. WEBSTER, '92.

MISS S. E. ARCHIBALD, '92,

A. F. MACDONALD, '92,

J. W. LOGAN, '93,

T. C. MACKAY, '93,

P. M. MACDONALD, '94.

W. H. TRUMAN, (Law), '92,

C. M. WOODWORTH, B.A., (Law), '93,

G. D. TURNBULL, (Med.)

MANAGERS :

J. A. MACINTOSH, '92.

R. B. BENNETT, (Law).

W. F. COGSWELL, (Med.)

Address business communications to J. A. MACINTOSH, P. O. Box 114, Halifax;
literary contributions to Editors of Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

WE hope that a larger number of students than usual will find it possible this year to remain at college until convocation. We say 'find it possible' for we think that if a student *can* stay in the city for a few days after examinations he should manifest interest enough in his college to do so. Convocation is the only occasion when the public have the opportunity of judging by their eyes of the work done at our university. Strangers who come to the closing exercises think that the number of students they see present represents the college attendance, when, in fact, there is not half the number of registered students in the auditorium. We fancy, too, that it helps those who have been so unfortunate as to get to the close of their college course, to pass through the trying ordeal of getting their 'sheepskins,' to have as much support as possible from the seats in front. Support? Yes, *support*, for we imagine that those on the platform would prefer the disorder and stale jokes they have to face, to the becoming silence which *should* grace such an important occasion, but which in fact never does. Let us all stay this year and give the class of '92 a rousing send off.

WE were glad to learn that PROF. SETH'S illness was not so serious as we had at first feared. We were sorry to miss his lively step and inspiring presence during the last days of the session. More especially was his illness, which laid him aside from active work in this the busiest part of the year, felt as a great disappointment to the class in Philosophy. The strongest and most enduring of regards is that in which the true and earnest teacher of men is held by the student who learns the lesson he has to teach.

Contributed Articles.

ILLUSIONS.

In the age ago days of my childhood I frequently heard a hymn sung, one verse of which was wont to arouse in my small soul feelings of hot indignation and a wild desire to contradict it openly. The sentiment was no falser than many expressed in hymns I hear sung with holy fervour nowadays, but yet I am glad that my ancient enemy has died out of modern hymn-books.

In the verse which so excited my indignation heaven was exalted at the expense of earth in the following fashion :

" This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given,
The smile of joy, the tear of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but heaven."

An unqualified acceptance of the statement conveyed in the first two lines would augur bad things for my future theology, and at that time the world was in my eyes a very satisfactory sort of place indeed. So I rebelled against the first two lines. But if the next two were true the world was indeed a base show, and I had much better accept the assertion of the last line, and, taking from it both encouragement and justification, make my escape at the earliest opportunity from so undesirable a sphere.

But time has considerably modified my feelings towards the words of this unfortunate stanza, though not at all in regard to its apparent meaning—that man's deception was the deliberate design in view in the creation of the world. This is indeed, as has been said, the most singular estimate of the divine purpose anywhere to be found, and if it was Mr. Moore's calm belief, I, for one, do not envy him the consolations of his religion. But

the truth is, that gifted son of Erin was a much better judge of melodious language than of religious doctrine, and we need not concern ourselves very deeply with his precise meaning in this " Sacred Song."

The two first lines will however bear a construction quite different from their apparent meaning, and it is one which we may well accept thankfully.

The world is a " fleeting show," but it is a fleeting show through which we come to a knowledge of enduring realities. And if " man's illusion" is not the primary object of the world's existence, yet illusion has its part to play in his preparation for fuller knowledge and clearer light to come.

But I do not intend this for a philosophical disquisition upon the *raison d'être* of the world. I only wish to discourse for a little upon illusion in general and some effects on particular persons.

It is the custom of many people to speak of all illusion as necessarily and only wrong and bad. Such forget that much of what they willingly admit as truth and reality is come at through the despised medium of the " fleeting show." What would life be without its illusions? How much of every happy childhood, for instance, is made up of the veriest illusion, yet what wise warm heart of mature years does not look back with tender and reverent recollection to the first years of life with their sense of joy and of mystery?

" Our youth, our childhood ! That spring of springs !
It's surely one of the blessedest things
That Nature ever invented !"

Let the most relentless anti-illusionist think for a moment of what his infancy would have been had he appeared to his parents the same appalling bundle, hideous of sight and sound, that others saw him ! Let him ponder on the awful " might have been" of his schoolboy days, had the " white crow" illusion not dwarfed in his mother's heart the sentiment of justice and due regard for the majesty of law ! How often has she, secure in this pleasing illusions, stood up for him before the faces of stern schoolma'ns, chanted the praise of his virtues to incredulous ears, and by her tender eloquence caused to relent hearts that would have been utterly obdurate to his pleadings?

There may be such things as entirely unillusioned and disillusioned human beings, but I have never seen one and should be sorry indeed to have that experience. It is scarcely an exact use of language, I suppose, to speak of any sort of entity as a " thing," but I am to restrict myself to exact language I must leave out the adjective before " beings," for most of our distinctively human attributes are deeply concerned with illusion.

The best example in literature that occurs to me just now of the unillusioned man is Wordsworth's Peter Bell, and who can recall without a shudder the description of that monster—for monster he certainly was?

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place
Against the wind and open sky!"

One does occasionally come across a person that seems not far from Peter Bell's state of sin and misery, but I am inclined to think that the disillusioned man is a rarer being. A spirit unsusceptible by nature, and educated into hardness of heart and formality of mind, may keep itself free from anything that could claim to any extent the name of illusion, but that a being endowed with ordinary human feelings and surrounded from the beginning by the sweet influences of common life, can once come under the power of that magic which binds so many of us, and then break utterly free from its gentle yoke, is something I cannot believe.

Of course there are multitudes of harmful illusions, and the sooner they fade the better, but even of what may be called beneficent illusions a great many perish, and it would be a great calamity if they did not do. It would be a melancholy thing to see an old man subject to the illusions of youth; but everything is beautiful in its season, and there are illusions peculiar to every stage of life. As one illusion fades another brightens. When we become men we put away childish things. Some day we shall perhaps put away the dreams and treasures of our mature life with the same half-smiling regret with which we took our leave of those earlier ones.

Coming to particular illusions, I know of none more amusing and at the same time more melancholy than that in which some people indulge as to their own freedom from illusion. It is amusing, for such persons when off their guard frequently betray a depth of illusion not surpassed by the most contented dreamer of dreams. It is melancholy, for to the disadvantages of actual illusionment they add those of fancied disillusionment, and are self-robbed of the power of sympathy with the mirth and tears of ordinary humanity.

But not to dwell longer upon the darker side of the illusion of disillusionment, let us look for a few minutes for our edification at the amusing side. The disillusioned folk walk the dusty highways of life with an air of removedness from, not to say scorn of, their fellow travellers, and as they go their faces shine with the unction of the grace of peculiarity. According to their dispositions they may be pleasant or unpleasant companions, (when they condescend to companionship with the

common herd) but be they companionable or not the common herd can get an immense amount of amusement out of them.

These shining ones are generally quite young, yet they have managed in their short day to accumulate such a prodigious amount of varied experience and information that one approaches them with a certain air of awe mingled with curiosity. Let me speak of some such youthful patriarchs, with whose acquaintance and even friendship I am honoured.

D's soul is indeed "like a star and dwells apart;" that is, it does as long as he remembers to keep it apart, but he is always forgetting about it, and then repenting in sackcloth and ashes. He is full of gloomy forebodings and dark prophecies, believes firmly all things are intentionally taking the quickest way to destruction, and feels that he has a mission here to warn, rebuke, and guide humankind generally. Not long ago I saw him enter a room where a gay company was assembled, wearing his most hideous tie and his most prophetic air—primed to the lips with lamentation, mourning and woe. "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar," he sat in his corner waiting his prey. I saw him again, after the capture. It was a very striking case of "catching a Tartar," and the Tartar had remarkably pretty eyes. D. thinks his heart is a judicious mixture of iron and flint, but there he was, all his jeremiads forgotten, babbling the smallest of small talk and paying his captor the most idiotic compliments imaginable to the intense amusement of sundry and divers specimens of ordinary humanity, who stood round and took in the edifying sight. The next day I felt it to be my duty—unpleasant and bounden—to inform him what I thought of his conduct, and, to do him justice, he appeared to have a most humiliating sense of his fall, but at the same time I knew by the remorseful glances he cast upon the atrocious looking tie he had worn the night before, that the deepest pang which wrung his mighty soul was caused by the thought that the lovely Tartar had seen him in such unbecoming adornment.

The illusions of my second disillusioned friend, L, are so deep, and he is so serenely unconscious of them, and so free from the despicable habit of mental attitudinizing, that the grace of peculiarity sits much more becomingly upon him than upon D. His unfathomed depth of illusion and equally unfathomed belief in his freedom from it give him in a very marked degree that air of removedness to which I have referred as a characteristic of the disillusioned. But this is no "stand-offish" disposition. His feelings toward his less favoured brethren are most benevolent, but like many other benevolent people he is apt to misdirect his energies. For instance, knowing in himself the joy of disillusionment, he desires that all others should know it too, and to that end he goes to and fro in the earth attempting to

smash other people's illusions in the most heart-breaking manner. This habit might naturally be supposed to militate against his popularity with the victims of his benevolent operations, but he carries on his "holy war" with such imperturbable good nature and such evident affection toward all men that only very ill-conditioned people take offence at his dealings with them. One of the most congenial tasks of this gentle iconoclast is the attempt to expose to small children the hollow mockery of their most cherished beliefs. How often has he, entirely to his own satisfaction, demolished the venerable Santa Claus and shown the sprightly Jack the Giant-killer to be a miserable unreality, yet I do not know one of his victims who does not still listen with half fearful delight for the coming of the most affable of saints on Christmas eve, or whose eyes do not still brighten at the narration of the wonderful exploits of the dearest hero of childhood.

E. "my last and dearest" of these dwellers in the light is a young woman. If left to myself I should call her a young lady, but she has such violent objections to that term that it would almost be doing her an injury to apply it to her. It is vain for me to represent to her that it is just as laudable to be a "loaf-giver" as to be a weaver. It is mere waste of breath for me to explain how much fuller a word "lady" is than "woman." She listens, and turns from me with ineffable scorn. Yet I have a suspicion that anyone who was indiscreet enough to tell her that she was no lady, would find small favour in her sight.

One of the many things that have been made clear to this sage person is that beauty is a snare. But I never can understand why she looks so unlovingly on me when I announce the discovery of a new freckle on her "tip-tilted" nose, or inform her, when she wears a pink gown, that the colour is very unbecoming to her.

E's peculiar vocation is the giving of advice, takeable and untakeable, on every possible subject, and lately she has been so gracious, in pity for my unadvised state, as to make me the special object of her gentle ministrations. My modes of thought are too primevally barbarous to let her get at all down to my level even for purposes of instruction, but just at the point where thought takes outward form in expression and action she gently takes me in hand. Her serene joy when even for the moment she has converted me from some error of my ways in the use of language, is so beautiful to behold that it nearly solaces me for having exchanged the expression of my own thought in a way that suited me for the articulation of some combination of words that bears very little relation to anybody's thought. And when I take a selection of her voluminous advice regarding any course of action (in six cases out of the half dozen it doesn't make the

slightest difference to the result whether I take it or not) she calls it a "triumph of mind over matter!"

Do you laugh at my young friends? Laugh if you like but do not sneer. Keep even your pity for twenty years. Keep it for the day when, faint with the toil and tears of life's noonday they would each give their right hand to bring back for half an hour one crystal drop of the dew of their youth which is evaporating now so quickly, though they know it not. Y.

A CANADIAN POET.

The history of Canada more than that of most colonies is full of noble and daring deeds, great events and bold expeditions. Few of these have been sung by native poets, but we, nevertheless, have many patriotic stanzas, celebrating the courage and daring of the pioneers. Through them all there breathes a spirit of heroism and youthful might. Every one interested in Canada, should read Canadian poetry, for it deserves attention on its own merit, and there is a genuine inspiration of free life about it. In Canada itself, in the varied tints of its forests of autumn, in its sunrises and sunsets there is much to stir the feelings of a poet, and imbue him with the true spirit of nature.

Not least among those who have made a place for themselves in Canadian poetry, we may rank Alexander McLachlan, who was born in Scotland in 1820. He has been termed the "Burns of Canada, to which land he came in 1840. Here he spent some time in work on a farm. About five years after his arrival he published a small collection of his poems. This volume was followed later by "Lyrics," "The Emigrant and other poems," "Poems and Songs," and "Idylls of the Dominion." Some of his stanzas have in past years formed a special feature of our noted comic paper *Grip*. He has a considerable reputation as a Scottish dialect poet, and has published a volume of his poems in Gaelic. The citizens of Toronto showed their appreciation of his spirited songs by presenting him with a farm at Amaranth, Ont.

His stanzas are full of spirit and courage, and his vigorous method of describing country scenes, gives him a sphere of his own. The lines of the "Bobolink" have a singing rhythm.

" Nothing canst thou know of sorrow,
As to-day shall be to-morrow,
Never dost thou dream of sadness,—
All thy life a merry madness,
Never may thy spirits sink,—
Bobolink! Bobolink!"

Having lived among the trees of the forest and experienced the trials of a pioneer life, he could more vividly describe the hopes and fears of the colonists, and breathe into his verses the

air of the free Canadian life. This he does in "The Fire in the Woods," which describes vividly the sensations produced by that most dreaded enemy of the colonists, a forest fire.

Through all his poems shines the beauty of freedom and liberty, characteristic of Canadian colonists, who with their sturdy independence, do not shrink from toil, for,

"Nature's true Nobility,
Scorns such mock gentility;
Fools but talk of blood and birth,
Every man must prove his worth!"

His delight and sympathy with Nature strike us forcibly in the "Hall of the Shadows." Here we have a picture of the trees and fields under the bright sunlight, but gradually the scene changes and grows darker, as "further in the woods we go," and through the leafy alleys:

"Away, away! from blue-eyed day,
The sunshine and the meadows;
We find our way, at noon of day,
Within the Hall of Shadows.
How like a great cathedral vast,
With creeping vines roofed over,
While shadows dim with faces grim,
Far in the distance hover."

In "October," there is blended sympathy with nature and patriotism. The brilliant and glowing colours of autumn seem to flash before the eye, so that "the very air is glorified." His delight in the splendour and sadness of this month is well shown in

"October! thou'rt a marvellous sight,
And with a rapture of delight,
We hail thy gorgeous pinion;
To elevate our hearts thou'rt here,
To bind us with a tie more dear
To our beloved Dominion?"

DREAMS.

(Paper written by A. O. MacRae for the Dalhousie Philomathic Society.)

Activity is necessary to gain any and every end or object, whether of duty or desire. It is the essential element, the prime factor in the attainment and accomplishment of any and every form of object or end, mental, moral or physical. Passivity is *non est*, except through the agency and play of activity. In order to passivity, pure and simple, there must be activity of some nature, mental or physical: the agent must resolve to be passive, to place himself in such a position that he may attain to or lay hold of passivity; in fine he must enter into all the details that must be attended to ere such a state can be hoped for, much

less attained; but all these attending circumstances are forms of activity exercised in divers directions under various phases.

Activity of some sort seems to enter into all man's concerns and interests; it is not taken for granted—it is not axiomatic, it simply *is*; it exists as really and unquestionably as does the life within, around and about us. It is as the breath of life—the correlative of life, ay, it is even synonymous with life, or at any rate simultaneous with it. To have life is to be active in some line: life implies activity in some direction.

Absolute passivity of mind and body contemporaneously is obviously, even self-evidently impossible, where life is present—at least this is indisputable in the case of the highest known development—human life. What we are pleased to term passivity is in reality a species of *involuntary* activity; an activity at once spontaneous and simultaneous: the necessary consequent or resultant of that mystery of mysteries—Life. Passivity we call it, for that it is so far as our personality is concerned; for us as self-conscious beings it is passivity, almost absolute inactivity, for it is the direct opposite, the very converse of energising activity, and in contradistinction to this energising activity we are justified in designing it passivity. And we must remember that there is ever and always an activity of a kind present so long as there is life.

Life seems in fact to be nothing else than a perfectly adjusted, perfectly constructed, evenly balanced machine or power producer: it is ever and continually begetting energy, whose excess, after supplying nerve centres and necessary physical waste, is stored up for use at any moment. We are led to believe that a vast amount of energy is actually stored up at certain times under favourable conditions from several considerations. Conceive of a personality or living human being who is in that state which we commonly term passivity or sheer inactivity: we have an instance of such an one in the case of the proverbial sluggard or in that of the inveterate do-nothing: that both of these examples have much stored up energy is proven by the fact that under the proper stimuli, they will accomplish wonders—the idler under favourable conditions will do an amazing amount of work. The conditions need not be such as will supply more energy, nor is it absolutely necessary that this aforetime example of indolence should be fed a larger amount of nutritious food. To such a degree is the energy stored up that we speak of it as surplus energy and of this particular individual as working off his surplus energy. Another man too of the same build, weight, strength and appetite will be extraordinarily active during the plethoric period of this phlegmatic individual.

Evidently then there may be a large amount of potential energy in any mortal at certain times under given conditions, which can

be converted into kinetic force or energy on occasion. There seems, however, to be a limit to the amount of energy that can be held as potential. The excess over and above this limit (for such we have reason, as will be shown later, to believe there exists) is continually passing off in some form of activity—mental or physical. This would seem to account for the fact that never are we positively passive: never is man in a state of absolute inactivity: absolute unalloyed idleness is an impossibility, a chimera, a paralogism. This excess of energy passes off in the form of involuntary activity—generally of a mental nature. It must not be forgotten that we are considering the case of the passive individual: to say in the first place that there is excess of energy in any and every individual at any time would no doubt be ridiculous; the peculiarly active man may be energising to the full extent of this power: the same man however may by an effort of will resolve himself into the region of passivity and in such an event we conceive that much surplus energy is stored up.

A connection seems to spring up at this juncture between the fact that the excess of energy passes or inclines to pass off in a mental direction, and that dreams, a most pronounced form of involuntary activity, are a product of mental energy. Have we not here some explanation of the cause and origin of dreams? Is it not highly probable that dreams may result from or be caused by this overplus of energy? Life must be begetting energy continually, in sleep as in waking, in activity as in passivity. During sleep the opportunities and possibilities for this potential energy to pass off in physical activity are reduced to *nil* or nearly *nil*: it must escape then by the only other vent or outlet—mental activity, and so during sleep we often see and hear of the mind working rapidly and in some cases incomprehensibly. One is never a slow thinker in his dreams. The mind seems to work more quickly than in waking thought; problems are worked out—plans adopted and put in action with an astonishing rapidity. Thought and action are well-nigh simultaneous in dreamland. The play of thought and imagination is beyond comprehension. Far more complex, far more intricate, far more flashing is the thought under such circumstances, than during waking hours. Is not this to be accounted for partially at least by the fact that the mental or intellectual side of our nature has much more energy at its disposal? energy not held in check or determined in direction by the will, but rather involuntary, undetermined energy, free to take its own course, so far as we know, free to stir up the mind in any direction. Perhaps in the course of its peregrinations this energy lights on some nerve center that reacts and gives rise to a long chain of old memories, embellishing and enlivening them beyond conception; or forces a train of waking thought along lines that were undreamt of by day; or so enlivens and strengthens the mind that it induces a complexity and intricacy past finding out. But we must not close our eyes to the difficulties which present themselves in opposition to such a theory, or rather hypothesis. Why does not the healthy normal man dream the more? we hear the

reader very naturally inquire. And how could extraordinary acts of memory, and mighty feats of imagination, and abnormal exhibitions of mental or intellectual power be accounted for in the case of ignorant and illiterate persons, if such a hypothesis be accepted? These unlettered individuals moreover, are usually afflicted with some bodily or mental, or mental and bodily illness, when they give birth to such pregnant thoughts and extraordinary flights. Let us calmly consider the objections: for it may be that they will, in the last instance, go far towards verifying our hypothesis.

The healthy man—the man sound in mind and body—is invariably (we might almost say) full of energy and activity. We hear one another in our daily walk and conversation passing such remarks as 'He is in capital health, and *spirits*; full of life and energy'; as if the necessary adjuncts of life and health were invariably health and activity. Undoubtedly the man, who is in perfect health, without an ache or a pain, is a man who is anxious to be ever active, ever accomplishing or endeavouring to accomplish some end or purpose.

The man in perfect health, I apprehend, goes to his couch a weary man: a man, who feels the need of his rest for he has been very active and energetic. And is it not just because he (the healthy man) was so active that he sleeps so soundly and so well? Had he by force of will-power kept himself passive and inactive, think you (is it probable) he would have slept the sleep of the just when the even approached? I trow not. He sleeps deeply who has been peculiarly active during the day. He has little or no excess of energy during his hours of rest: that divine inspiration, life, is busily employed recruiting its exhausted forces and renewing its spent force. No energy has it to spare—no surplus force expends itself in jogging the memory or exerting the imagination. Waste tissue calls for renewal. Aching voids of nervous force demand repletion. New life, new force is required in all directions. Orders from every portion of the human microcosmos, the organisms physiological and psychological command immediate attention. The mind in consequence works but little if at all, and we remark that such an one is a sound or deep sleeper, that he dreams but little and if he does the mind retains no impression, or recollection of said dream. This is said of the man in prime health and spirits.

In the case of illiterate or ignorant persons, I conceive that the prodigious feats of memory and the extraordinary flights of imagination are the result of an excess of energy brought to bear upon nerve centers and the brain, the supposed seat of the intellect in man. These instances usually partake of the nature of feats of memory, and here it would seem that more than the ordinary allowance of potential energy fell to the lot of the psychological individual in question, which incited and stirred up impressions heretofore faint or forgotten. But generally such abnormal cases are result of disease or derangement. May it not happen that this derangement—this throwing out of the regular course—is the cause of the energy's flowing entirely or to an abnormal extent in certain channels? The presence of this abnormal excess induces abnormal results. The body of the patient in delirium or high mental excitement is usually, invariably may we not say, feeble, enervated, emaciated and worn. It has suffered as the result of the peculiarly abnormal activity of

the mind. It is at the expense of the body that the mind has been working in such instances. And is it not a notorious fact that great mental activity is usually accompanied by "a lean and hungry look?" The mightiest intellects have frequently been housed in but indifferent fleshly habitations.

"Great genius is to madness near allied." The genius and the lunatic, not the grovelling imbecile or the harmless idiot, seem alike to be instances of abnormality—both are prodigies. "It takes brains to be a lunatic" said some famous specialist in lunacy. In the case of the lunatic the mind seems to be so utterly beyond the body, to work so much more, to be involuntarily so intensely active that the nervous matter, the mental fuel gives out, the body and nerve centers waste away and the mind loses its balance. How and why the energy of life tends in the mental direction in one and in the physical in another is of course on the face inexplicable; that it does seem to be beyond doubt. In one the energy runs to adipose tissue, in another to intellectual extremes. What were but sounds, meaningless expressions and incoherencies in the normal condition become the Hebrew of the scholar who was repeating them; they were as sounds to the illiterate servant, who in the subsequent delirium uttered them as learnedly as the professor.* What were but words in health become eloquent appeals and addresses. Poetry, the drama, music and song all come in for an extraordinary display by one who in health can only say that he or she has heard them declaimed or sung in some theatre. In the normal state they remember no more than the merest snatches. An instance of this extraordinary mental activity during fever or delirium came under the writer's own personal observation. A domestic was compelled to leave service and enter the public hospital on account of some febrile disease. The nurses told her that during high delirium she sat up and played with her fingers upon the coverlet, as if she were sitting at a piano, at the same time singing whole hymns and songs: yet the girl in health knew neither the words of the hymns she sang nor yet how to play the piano. The abnormal conditions seems to bring back the whole chain of memories, to convert what were but impressions into coherent thoughts and intelligible expressions. It is as if in the abnormal state, the excess of energy in the mental direction were like the tongue, or the lip of the phonograph, which when it touches the waxen cylinder, that has been already impressed (for the mind is the cylinder; the energy in lesser quantity the cause of the former impression) gives back all that has ever been impressed thereon.

* This instance is taken from Sir. Wm. Hamilton's Metaphysics.

ANOTHER CAPE BRETON LETTER.

A correspondent sends us a copy of another Cape Breton letter, illustrating "English as she is wrote," in parts of that fair island. The many feminine touches in this, show that the writer was a young lady, the party addressed was her lover, a carpenter then employed in the building of the stations on the C. B. Railway. Our correspondent vouches for the genuineness of the

letter, the original is in his possession, and we give below an exact copy—names both of the places and persons being for obvious reasons changed. A short portion, too, of little interest is omitted.

NORTH SHORE, ST. ANN'S,

Sept. the 30th, 1890.

MR. WILLIAM H. McINTOSH:

My Dear Bill,—I thought it my duty as well as my pleasure to let you know that I received your kind and most welcome letter, which I was glad to get, and most happy to hear that you were all well, which leaves us all enjoying good health. Well, Dear Bill, I was more than happy to get your letter. It was father that took her down, and I was glad that he wouldn't know the stamp that was on her. Well, Bill, I am glad you got all right, but I think you will keep week, so you will not come over. Perhaps where you are working now it is not so lonesome as the Island. Well, Dear Bill, I must let you know that the sacrament was at Whycocomagh last Sunday. I was not there. John McPherson was there himself and Donald Alex. McPherson. Dan McInnis was there and Rory Dan McLellan was going only it was raining and he didn't go. Well Bill I must let you know that Maggie McLean was down when I got your letter, also my cousin Cassie Henderson the sick girl. They went home last Friday. I wished you was over then, you would have a good time, but I hope you will soon come over. We are through reaping, we are beginning at potatoes. Well, Dear Bill, I wished I was over when your father was away, we would have a good time. Well Dear Bill, I am sorry you didn't come over all summer. It is winter like to-day. It is awful cold. Well, Dear Bill, I don't know what to write you to-day, times is so awful dull that there is now news. Katie McKinnon is in just now. She is the same old Katie also Mary Jane. They didn't change a bit since you left. Well, Dear Bill I was passing the mance Sunday. Well, now I was thinking of Bill and Jeremy, if they was working wouldn't I be glade passing but, Dear Bill, I felt lonesome and I will feel lonesome every time I will pass. Many is the harty nale poor Bill drived into her! * * *

P. S.—If you will come over let me know when you will come. Come over soon. Good-bye, Dear Bill, but not forever. Rite soon, rite soon. I thank you very much for the big letter you wrote me this time. Good-bye, Dear Bill. Kiss this letter, Dear Bill, as I did the same on yours. Here is a lot of them. x x x x x x x x kisses.

THE following graduates of the law school have been admitted to practice at the bar of Nova Scotia:—V. J. Paton, J. M. Davison, Joseph Macdonald, A. H. R. Fraser, and A. J. Whitford. Messrs. Paton and Davison will likely open offices in Halifax. Macdonald returns to Sydney, and Withrow to Bridgewater. Fraser, as already announced, will assume the duties of tutor at the law school.

Exchanges.

WHILE admitting that the column of a college paper which chronicles the college humors as they fly, must not be of much interest to graduates, we have long ago banished from *Dallusiansia* such fragmentary attempts as the following :

Give it to him Johnny !
Who lost the glove ?
M— has it bad. Ad. infin.

Some contemporaries still indulge in this juvenile pastime. It would add to the dignity of a college organ to eschew such private and personal chaff and banter which must necessarily be too evanescent to admit of being committed to cold type.

THE following which we take from the *Spectator* seems quite *apropos* to the discussion between necessity and free will, to which our Professor in Philosophy has recently made a contribution. It seems like the very *reductio ad absurdum* of Determinism.

AN AUTOMATIC LAY.

BY A MUSICAL BOX.

Man is a mere automaton—free-will a fable vain :
This dogma in the Magazines I lay down plump and plain—
The Editor, poor man, may sigh, and call my reasoning thin :
But o'er his acts he's no control,—the article goes in.

To life's enigmas, you'll admit, I've found the master-key ;
A bunch of instincts, uncontrolled, inherited, makes Me ;
Whate'er my forbears thought or did, I think and do it still :
That legacy's my own, although they could not leave a will.

The troubles that beset our life thus vanish into air ;
When nobody can help themselves, need anybody care ?
The housemaid smashes, free from blame,—her works she can't adjust ;
" Why do the things 'let go her hand'?" Dear me ! because they *must* !

All criminals I look upon with pity kin to love ;
The murderer was *born* to slay—poor, harmless, sucking dove !
The only folk who really rouse my automatic rage,
Are Christians, and such imbeciles—disgraces to their age !

To think that any man of sense can really hold it true
That he's responsible for aught that he may say or do !
Hypnotic he—or hypocrite ! and yet it's hard to say
Why I should scold automata because they're " built that way."

And is it not a soothing thought to feel that no one can
By striving, ever grow into a pure and upright man ?
But must remain, till freed by death, while years are rolling on,
A helpless, hopeless, fate-compelled, evolved automation !

R. K. H.

THE last number of the *Student* for this year is just to hand. This has always been our most valued exchange, and its reputation has been well sustained by the volume just closed. The organ of the students of Edinburgh University prints fewer dull lines than any college paper that visits us.

M. J. DESOYRES contributes a very interesting reminiscence of Life at Cambridge University to the *University Monthly* for March. He does not over-estimate the value of College Debating Unions, and we would commend the reading of his short sketch to those Dalhousie students who have time, thinking that our students as well as those of our neighbor university may profit by his advice. The *Monthly* might have spared us another repetition of the staple Johnsoniana. Of course they are very clever and all that, but to make extracts of the old bon-mots from Boswell is not very complimentary to such readers as the *Monthly* addresses. We quite agree with their idea of the class of subjects which should be dealt with in *Editorial* columns. These should be limited to college matters strictly, and a live college journal will have plenty of that to occupy its attention. We ourselves, in opening an exchange always turn first to the *Editorial* columns, and judge of the paper, and life at the college it represents by that standard rather than by the 'Editing' not saying, however, but that this too demands much care and wide reading by the students who conduct it.

College Notes.

WE have to ask pardon for the delay in the appearance of this number of the GAZETTE. That necessary evil—examinations, must take the blame.

WE hope to see a good attendance of Arts students at the Spring meeting, which will be held immediately on the close of examinations.—Officers for next session will be appointed, the editors for next year's GAZETTE, and the officers of the Debating Society.

THE Spring meeting of the Athletic Club was held on the 1st inst. The treasurer's report showed a surplus of \$93.04 in funds. The following officers were elected for the coming college session : *Honorary President*, Dr. Forrest ; *President*, W. S. Thompson ; *Vice-President*, G. Gordon ; *Secretary*, J. W. Logan ; *Treasurer*, D. G. Mackay ; *Executive Committee*, R. H. Graham, J. G. Fraser, D. M. Robinson, Adams Archibald, H. Putnam, G. S. Shaw.

PART II. of Bendall and Laurence's *Extracts from Greek and Latin Authors for First Sight Translation* has just issued from the Cambridge University Press. Part I. was noticed by us some time ago. The extracts are of moderate difficulty. We should think the series (we presume there will be a Part III.) would be useful in college classes.

WE don't expect that professors should take their students into confidence when they prescribe new books for study but we think that a better selection from the works of Ruskin might have been given in the Third and Fourth Year English. *Sesame and Lilies* is not a book demanding very serious study by a student who has passed successfully through a course in Shakespeare and Milton, and the prose writers of the eighteenth century. Other of Ruskin's works would exhibit the author's style equally well if not better, and certainly be more worthy objects of study to Fourth Year students than "Queens' Gardens." The student ordinarily is an animal who contentedly chews the mental *pabulum* put before him, asking no questions for conscience' sake: we transgress the rule with the best intention, looking to what we conceive to make for the advantage of the students of English Literature in this University.

A NEW DEPARTURE AT CORNELL.—Following the example of some other universities, summer courses will be offered at Cornell this year; its libraries, laboratories, and museums being opened during part of the summer vacation.

In particular, instruction will be offered in botany, chemistry, mathematics, philosophy, physics, English, French, Greek, Latin, classical archæology, and physical culture. Among the men who will teach are Professors Hitchcock, Alfred Emerson, Jones, Orndorff, and O. F. Emerson; Instructors Rowlee, Creighton, Rappleye, Saunders, von Klense, Chamot, Tanner, and Mr. E. D. Wright. The classes will meet early in July and be in session six weeks.

Without excluding others who are qualified to take up the work, these courses are offered for the special benefit of teachers. It is a practical scheme of university extension by which the teachers themselves will be taught under university instructors, by university methods, with access to university libraries, museums, and laboratories, and that at the only time when they are free from the other pressing engagements.

Among the Colleges.

LELAND STANFORD is the only American College where tuition is free in all its branches.

GERMAN and French students are as a rule from two to three years younger than the American students on reaching a given college class. This fact is explained by the peculiarity of the school systems of the above-mentioned countries.

CAPS and gowns will soon be the regulation uniform at Johns Hopkins. This custom is growing in American colleges.

THE new library which Henry W. Sage gave to Cornell University is practically finished. The edifice has accommodation for 470,000 volumes.

PROF. R. C. JEBB, Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge University, has given a course of eight lectures to the students of Johns Hopkins University on the "Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry."

THE Trustees of the University of Illinois have shown their appreciation of the paper published by the students by appropriating \$400 for its support.

THE authorities of Harvard University have established a boarding hall, and consider they have achieved a triumph in reducing the expenses for meals only to about \$4 per week.

YALE UNIVERSITY has admitted women to post-graduate courses, looking to the degree of Ph. D. This sanction of post-graduate co-education is note-worthy, coming from a college of such conservative influence.

Dallusiensia.

THE president caught two sophs on Monday with ladders and paint brushes, painting two huge glaring strips of yellow and black down the front of the college. They were just through their examinations.

THE DALHOUSIE PROSCRIPTION.

(From recollections of "Julius Cæsar.")

Scene.—Room in the University, after the examinations. Faculty seated around the table. Two Professors asleep. Close of a protracted council meeting.

President—These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

1st Prof.—This student too must die; consent you brother profs?

All—We do consent: prick him down, Doctor.

2nd Prof.—And here upon my list are some proscribed,
Waiting the general voice to seal their doom,
Consent you, Doctor, to his death?

President—He shall not live. Look with this spot I damn him.
Thus is our list of poor unfortunates
Complete, and the decree gone forth
Of our black sentence and proscription.

(Chorus of students in the lower hall heard singing

"Let us all unite in love,
Trusting in the powers above." The noise awakes the professors, and the faculty adjourns.)

AN ingenious freshman has been applying the mnemonic art to his Latin grammar with the following result. He wishes us to publish it for the benefit of the rest of his class.

Compare the source or origin or cause of Ablative removal or departure with the quality of his scalp and the limitation of the price paid for it. Then if the measure of difference in this respect is not abounding, accompany that agent who is loading his musket (instrument) and filling her full.

Please inform me, sir, if I am to receive benefit if I serve, or injury if I resist and obey not your commands. To indulge envy, displeases me. Threaten and get angry if you will, but, believe me, you can never persuade me to spare or to pardon Native, the road-agent, who has said :—"Ad, ante con, in inter ob, post, præ, sub and super."

RONDEAU.

A mermaid's purse upon the shore,
Tossed upward from the swelling roar
Of the grey breakers—black and torn
Its leathern sides ; a withered horn
Sprouts twisting at the corners four.

In mystic caves deep down the floor
Of the dark sea, some wave-nymph wore,
Her magic girdle to adorn
A mermaid's purse.

But now, cast up, the gold it bore
Is turned to salt and gleams no more ;
The wondrous robes are weeds forlorn.
Thus oft in life our dreams we mourn,
And find, alas ! our fancied store
A mermaid's purse.

—STUDENT.

Personals.

DUGALD STEWART of the class of '86, graduated in medicine at the University of New York this spring. He intends to enter on the practice of his profession in the town of Shelburne, where he was principal of the academy after first leaving Dalhousie. Stewart was captain of the football team in his graduating year.

THE papers announce the death of Mr. John S. Murray of North Sydney, C. B. Mr. Murray graduated B. A. from Dalhousie in 1877. He held the position of Superintendent of Education in P. E. I. for five years. He had a position on the C. B. Railway during the construction of that line. He had just received an appointment on the C. B. Railway staff a few days before his death. A friend of his tells us that he was a very clever student and had a good supply of stories of the old days at Dalhousie, which he knew how to tell as they should be told.

Medical Department.

WHEN the present issue of the GAZETTE comes out our lectures will either have closed or be about closing for the present session and our associations with the H. M. C. be severed either for another six months or for all time. Then comes that period of anxiety and worry, viz., examination week and with it the question, are we ready? Few, we presume, can boldly say—I am fully prepared. Even were the teaching term twice as long and everybody twice as well prepared, still, there would probably linger an element of doubt and uncertainty. In fact the more we study and the greater amount of knowledge we acquire the keener becomes our perception of what we do not know. To those, however, who have earnestly and faithfully done their work, as far as health and circumstances have permitted, there always remains the consolation, whatever the result may be, that they have done, if not *the* best, at least *their* best. That done what more can be required?

During the course of lectures that are about closing we think we can truly say that our associations both with our teachers and with one another as students have been of a most pleasant character. Our relation with the professors and lecturers have, with some few exceptions, been of the most agreeable nature, while among ourselves the most amicable feelings have always existed and the little disturbances that have from time to time arisen have been simply the result of some slight misunderstanding.

As our associations with the professors and lecturers of the H. M. C., as teachers, cease on Thursday, April 14th, and our next dealings will be with the Examining Board of Dalhousie University, we take this opportunity of thanking our late instructors for the interest they have shown in our work, for the expenditure of time and brains they have bestowed on their several subjects, in order to give us the most advanced ideas and theories in the best possible manner and, last but not in any

degree the least, for the kindness and friendliness with which they have always treated us. We wish to assure them that they will ever be regarded as among our best friends and trust that, as years pass on, we may clearly prove that their work has not been in vain, but that the thorough training we have received at their hands has been the foundation of that success which every young man hopes to attain.

HINTS ABOUT ABSCESSSES.

NEVER try fluctuation across a limb, always along it.

Never forget that:—1st. Abscesses near a large joint often communicate with the joint. 2nd. Abscesses near a large artery sometimes communicate with the artery. 3rd. Abdominal wall abscesses sometimes communicate with the intestines.

Never forget that early openings are imperative in abscesses situated:—1st. In the neighbourhood of joints. 2nd. In the abdominal wall. 3rd. In the neck under the deep fascia. 4th. In the palm of the hand. 5th. Beneath periosteum. 6th. About the rectum, prostate and urethra.

Remember the frequency with which haematoma and traumatic aneurism have been mistaken for abscesses and incised; and remember also that in extravasation below the gluteal fascia there is rarely any sign of bruise or injury to the skin. Never incise such without auscultation or exploratory puncture.

Never plunge; never squeeze in opening abscesses. Do not forget that incisions in neck and face should run parallel to the wrinkles and folds. Never make a palmar incision, except in the middle of the lower third and in the axial line of the fingers, or at the sides of the palm. Do not open an abscess anywhere near a large artery without first using a stethoscope, and then only with director and dressing forceps. In opening a deep abscess in the lumbar region, unless it project beneath skin, do not forget to cut down opposite a transverse process and not between them for fear of wounding a lumbar artery.—*Extract from Times and Register.*

TIME TO PAY UP.—There are still some ten subscribers for the GAZETTE among the Medical Students who have not as yet paid up their subscriptions. We trust they will kindly consider the matter and hand over the several amounts at once to W. F. Cogswell, Manager of Medical Department, and thus assist in solving the financial difficulties attendant on the closing of another session.

STOMACHICS

(Continued.)

The Hydrated Calcium Oxide is used internally in the form of lime water, made by simply shaking 2½ of slaked lime with a gallon of distilled water and filtering. Dose 1-4℥. As a gastric stimulant this is not very valuable but acts well when given as an antacid along with other treatment to restore the secretions. Instead of ordinary lime water Cleland's saccharated solution is preferable. It is made by rubbing up 8℥ of quicklime with 5℥ of sugar and adding a gallon of water. Each ounce contains 18 grs. of lime. Dose, 20-30 drops well diluted 2 or 3 hours after meals.

In children, especially when artificially fed, acidity is apt to be due to too much casein in the milk. Cow's milk contains more casein but less fat, sugar and salt than human, hence cream should be added along with a little sugar and salt and the whole diluted with 3 parts of lime water. The best way to prepare lime water for such use is to roast an oyster shell, pulverize and add water. Only a limited portion of lime will be dissolved, never enough to be irritating.

Carbonate of lime in the form of chalk mixture (*mistura cretæ*) is a mild antacid and may be used to correct acidity in children or for acid diarrhoea in adults. Dose 1-2℥.

Having now dwelt at some length on the uses of the alkaline stimulants. I shall next call your attention to *alcohol*. Small doses in the stomach increase vascularity and secretion, causing a feeling of warmth and appetite. In large doses it arrests gastric secretion. We should be very careful, however, in prescribing alcohol for indigestion lest an appetite for it be created and we find the very condition we are seeking to alleviate brought on in a worse form in the shape of drunkard's catarrh. Besides this there is also the moral objection but with that I do not propose to deal.

Probably of all gastric stimulants the most powerful is *ether*. It increases gastric secretion, stimulates the movements of the organ, expels flatulence, and so increases the co-ordination of the movements of the stomach and intestines as to diminish pain and spasm.

No one will hesitate a moment in admitting that cases of atonic dyspepsia are much benefited by the use of vegetable bitters. There seems, however, considerable difference of opinion as to the way in which they act. They are usually supposed to do good by increasing the gastric secretions and at the same time having an antiseptic effect on the alimentary contents. Some authorities, on the contrary, contend that such is not the case;

that they assist rather than prevent fermentation or putriferous processes. While Thompson of N. Y. says, their *whole* effect is, to awaken appetite by an effect on the nerves called "exciting a relish," *not* by increasing the flow of gastric juices. Brunton seems of the opinion that their beneficial effects probably come through an effect on the *liver*. Whatever be their mode of action their usefulness is an established clinical fact. Among the more important ones are Gentian, Quassia, Columbo, Hydrastis and Cinchona. Concerning their special action nothing further need here be said except that the first three are compatible with iron and hence may be prescribed with it whenever the combined action of a stomachic and hæmatinic is required.

In connection with gastric stimulants I wish to mention two other remedies which are valuable as adjuvants when the stomach is too much debilitated to secrete a sufficiency of gastric juice under the influence of ordinary stimulants. I refer to pepsin and hydrochloric acid, both of which should be given immediately after meals. As the former has no action on farinaceous foods or fats, no beneficial result can follow its use after meals containing these only. Its action is mainly on albuminous materials, which fact should be borne in mind in its administration.

Regarding gastric sedatives I shall not say very much. They are always indicated whenever there is a tendency to pain, nausea or vomiting. The most important are ice, hydrocyanic acid, morphine, bismuth, belladonna and arsenic.

Ice is the most powerful of all local sedatives, and whenever there is persistent vomiting everything should be iced and small lumps swallowed.

Hydrocyanic acid is very useful in relieving vomiting, pain in stomach or intestines, as well as functional palpitation of heart when dependent on irritable dyspepsia. It acts by paralysing the peripheral ends of the sensory nerves. It is used in form of *hydrocyanic acid dil.*—a 2% solution of pure H.Cy. in water, the dose being 2 grs.

Morphine or opium acts as a local sedative in the same manner as H.Cy., viz., by paralysing the ends of the sensory nerves, thus relieving pain and vomiting due to muscular contractions caused by excessive irritation. It also has an effect in allowing absorption to take place more readily, but of this mention will be made later on.

Of all the local sedatives *bismuth* holds first place. The best and most commonly used preparation is the sub-nitrate. This is very insoluble and probably the excellent results obtained from its use are due to its mechanical action. In cases of gastro-

intestinal catarrh it is very useful when combined with alkalies. Dose 20-60 grs.

Belladonna, which will again be mentioned, claims a passing notice here, as it too relieves pain and kindred troubles by paralysing sensory nerves.

Arsenic is useful in allaying irritation owing to its astringent properties. As a tonic it possesses a good deal of efficacy, increasing the appetite while at the same time it relieves the irritability. Given in small doses, $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 drop of Fowler's solution, it often acts like a charm when there is vomiting due to chronic gastritis, especially in the case of those addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants.

Other astringents such as alum and nitrate of silver may sometimes be used to allay irritation but are not very generally employed for such purposes. The use of alum in checking the vomiting of Phthisis may probably be explained in this manner. As may also possibly the action of nitrate of silver in the vomiting of chronic alcoholism.

Coming now to my second group, viz., those remedies which regulate the muscular contractions of the stomach and intestines as well, we are treading upon ground but little known. Prof. Schutz has of late made a number of experiments upon the isolated stomach in which he found that many drugs when used in large doses produced decided effects on the muscular contractions of that organ, but it cannot be presumed that in ordinary medicinal doses the results would be the same. It is quite probable, however, that when the movements are insufficient for the proper working up of food and mixing it with gastric juice, they may be stimulated by nux vomica and perhaps also by other bitter substances.

Strychnine, the alkaloid of nux vomica, is probably one of the best gastric tonics whenever there is a tendency to catarrh and congestion. It probably acts by perfecting the co-ordination between the various functions of the parts concerned in the process of digestion as well as by increasing the movements of the stomach and giving tone to the gastric vessels.

Belladonna here too claims a place, due to its action in restoring the normal, vermicular and steady rhythmical action of the involuntary muscles, thus aiding the necessary co-ordination of functions in somewhat the same manner as strychnine. Thompson says that wherever there is dyspepsia, irregular action of heart, or gastric pain it is an indication that whatever is used should contain belladonna.

In conclusion I shall briefly refer to the third group of remedies, those effecting absorption. It is a well known physiological fact that the greater part of absorption takes

place from the intestines. The stomach, however, plays a not unimportant part in the process but unfortunately little is known concerning the effect of drugs in aiding absorption. All the processes which go on in the stomach, as secretion, peristalsis and absorption are more or less influenced by the condition of the circulation and, as all the blood which circulates in the stomach has to pass through the liver before reaching the general circulation, it follows that the condition of the former is necessarily modified by that of the latter. If there be any obstruction to the flow of blood through the liver the circulation in the stomach will be impeded and absorption probably diminished. In this way purgatives and chologogues may act as indirect gastric tonics and, as before mentioned, the action of bitters may be due to such indirect effect.

In cases where the stomach has been deranged by various articles of food as for instance *fat pork*, a condition indicated by pain in stomach, headache, costiveness and a coated tongue, sufficient *calomel* to produce catharsis speedily relieves the symptoms and apparently restores the stomach to its natural condition. Whether the effect is due to the action on the liver or on the intestines cannot be said but the efficacy is undoubted.

By quieting excessive action of the intestines such remedies as opium and belladonna allow absorption to take place more readily from those organs thus favoring nutrition and preventing emaciation, but this is, however, leading us away from our subject. In the reading necessary for the preparation of this paper I have learned many things which might otherwise have escaped my observation, and only trust that something I have said may influence others to go search, read and study for themselves, always remembering that nine-tenths of the ailments human flesh is heir to arise from some gastric disturbance.

G. D. T.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Jas. F. McLean, \$4.00; Prof. Johnson, D. A. Murray, \$3.00 each; Prof. McGregor, Ed. Fulton, Donald Fraser, Rev. A. Dickie, Dr. Burns, \$2.00 each; Tillie Bent, Ella Putnam, F. Jobb, R. Strathie, J. Stirling, R. B. Graham, E. W. Forbes, D. M. Robinson, H. Putnam, E. Moseley, H. M. Stramberg, F. J. McLeod, J. A. Sutherland, E. McKay, R. W. Hannington, Fred Calder, J. H. Kirk, Mabel Parsons, W. J. Stairs, Hazen Murray, R. J. McDonald, Geo. A. Bennett, Miss Sinclair, Miss Maxwell, \$1.00 each; E. M. Dill, Howard Murray, \$2.00 each.

Ten 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.....