

The Dalhousie Gazette

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"ORA ET LABORA."

VOL. XXXIII.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 2nd, 1901.

No. 5.

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DR. FARRELL.

IN the death of Dr. Farrell our province has lost one of its most eminent surgeons, Halifax one of its best citizens, Dalhousie Medical College one of its ablest teachers, and every one who knew him has lost a good friend.

The news of his death brought a sense of bereavement to the people throughout the province as he had a wide reputation, and enjoyed the respect and admiration of all, both as a physician and as a man. Few men ever more justly deserved such a place, in the hearts of people, for as a contemporary has expressed it, "He was an eminent physician and a man of sterling worth." A few of the main facts in his life will suffice to show how prominent and useful Dr. Farrell has been in the political and educational affairs of this city and province, and how much he has done to elevate the standard of the medical profession and bring about modern sanitary legislation.

He was born in Dartmouth in the year 1842 and received his early education at St. Mary's College. He graduated in Medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York in 1864. He then tried the competitive examinations for the home surgeons in Bellevue Hospital, and was successful ; later he occupied the same position in Charity Hospital, and in the discharge of the duties connected with these positions he spent the first two years after graduation. In 1866 he opened an office in Halifax. We may relate for the encouragement of those who are starting in the world that during the first few years Dr. Far-

rell had a very small practice, but in course of time people began to recognize his worth, and his practice increased very rapidly. Shortly after coming to Halifax he was appointed visiting surgeon to the V. G. Hospital, and since that time until his fatal illness came on, his services were almost invaluable to this institution. In 1868, in co-operation with Dr. Reid he reorganized the Halifax Dispensary and to his efforts is largely due its present efficiency. It is certainly an enviable honour to have participated in the founding of an institution, which provides relief for the sick and suffering who are not able to purchase it.

When Dr. Reid conceived the idea of establishing a school of medicine in Halifax he found a willing associate in Dr. Farrell, and as a result of their efforts the Medical Faculty of Dalhousie, consisting of a staff of eleven lecturers, was organized in 1868. Dr. Farrell was the first lecturer, in Anatomy and held this position for three years being succeeded at the end of that time by Dr. Gordon, while he himself took the Chair of Surgery, a position which he held until his death. Few realize how much Dr. Farrell has done for this institution. He with several other men of the same spirit gave generously of their time and labour for a mere nominal return, the income from fees being little more than sufficient to defray the running expenses, but with unflagging zeal and undaunted energy they laboured on and built and equipped a medical college which will stand as a monument of self-sacrifice and devotion truly heroic.

Since the retirement of Dr. Reid, Dr. Farrell was appointed President of the college, and last year he was made a Governor of Dalhousie University. In addition to what he has done toward the founding of a medical college and its promotion, Dr. Farrell has been of great service to the profession in many other ways. He was a recognized leader in all their societies and a faithful friend and counsellor to his colleagues.

Although it is in his profession that Dr. Farrell has gained his greatest reputation, yet he was also energetic and active in public affairs. He represented the County of Halifax in the Local House from 1874 to 1878, and during the latter six months of the term was a member of Mr. Hill's Cabinet. In 1891 he was a candidate for the Dominion House but was not returned. In the following year he went to London as a delegate from Nova Scotia, to attend the International Congress of Hygiene, and in 1898 he represented Canada at a Congress for the consideration of Tuberculosis held at Berlin.

This somewhat incoherent and imperfect biographical sketch may in some degree show the enormous sphere of usefulness in which Dr. Farrell was exercised. His was a life with "thronging duties pressed," a life in which there was little lost but in which the highest faculties were continually exercised in the cause of humanity and truth.

He lived life in its entirety and realized that "a life-time is none too long in which to do a life's work." We cannot but wish that he had been spared to continue his usefulness for many years, but such was not the will of an all-seeing Providence whose wisdom and goodness does all for the best.

"Nor blame I death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth,
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere."

There are two kinds of changes; *THE CALENDAR* changes that have been made, and changes that should be made. We shall notice some of both that appear in the last Calendar.

The section relating to Degrees with Distinction has undergone a long needed change. A man need no longer depend on tradition for knowledge of what Distinction means.

Section XV on prizes has a welcome addition in the shape of Dr. N. E. Mackay's Chemistry Prize.

"For the soules preye

Of hem that yiven where-with to scoleye."

Of course the most important of these changes is the practical abolition of competition in the examinations of Arts and Science. Formerly it was the custom to divide the pass lists into First Class, Second Class and Pass, and to print the lists in order of merit, requiring extra work for "classes." The new reading is (after speaking of the determination of the pass lists.)

"The names appearing on the pass list are arranged in Alphabetical Order." and again

"In addition to the ordinary work . . . additional work . . . is prescribed for students who aim at class distinction. . . . Class Distinctions are of two grades, First and Second Class, but candidates who attain a standing considerably above that required for First Class will be indicated as having made a *High*

First Class. In the Distinction lists, the names of successful candidates are arranged in alphabetical order in each grade."

The results of this are not far to seek. "Leading the class," that bane of the ambitious student, that enemy to true scholarship, is banished. But the substitution of the "High First" insures recognition of the exceptionally good work, no matter what the rest of the class may be. To some it may seem this will discourage the work of the student, who tries for first place. But such point-cramming work deserves to be discouraged. Another more valid objection is that the man in the Pass List gets no more value for 60 per cent than for 30, and that the margin between Second class and First, and between First and High First is too great also.

This, indeed, seems to us good ground for complaint. We are falling away from our Edinburgh model; and have gone halfway to the Harvard model. The compromise, though a gain, has its disadvantages. Let us adopt entirely the newer and undoubtedly better system.

One change that ought to be, but isn't, relates to Senior Matriculation. Under that section (§VI) occur these words.

"The subject of Chemistry may be omitted by candidates, but in that event, they must either pass the examination therein on entering the Third year, or take the subject as one of the electives of their third year."

The absolute unfairness of this is evident. If the student enters the first year he must take five subjects, including Chemistry, and five other subjects in each of his other years. But if a man does elsewhere the equivalent of the four subjects of the first year, excluding Chemistry, he may enter the second year on the same terms as the other, excepting that Chemistry must be one of his five Junior class subjects. Now, indisputably the student who enters the Freshman Class benefits both himself and the college more than the Senior Matriculant. Therefore he should be encouraged and not handicapped. One subject may not matter much after the college course is done. But there must be a fixed standard, and that standard must be the same for all. In justice, then, to the man who begins college life at the beginning, let this defect be remedied.

WE beg to correct an inaccuracy in the first Editorial Vol. XXXIII. No. 2. It was stated that a gymnasium fee of two

dollars was included in the Registration fee. We find that this was abolished some years ago, although the present exaction of the fee is generally supposed among the students. In the Calendar last published, the statement regarding fees reads ;

Fees are payable by students for Registration (entitling to the use of the Library and Gymnasium) §XXIV.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

What, thou so soon,
New Year,—
That by thy oft appearance hauntest
Our dream of glad perpetual youth?
What welcome boon
Bring'st thou? What cheer?
Thou art so quick of pace, thy coming vauntest
So proudly, bowing smilingly, in sooth.

We try to rob,
New Year,
With show of mirth and festive greeting,
Thy fated visit of its gloom.
We hush each sob
And dry each tear
Of natural regret for time fast fleeting,—
Watching the cradle, we forget the tomb!

When thou dost add,
New Year,
Another to the world's life-number,
And show us time unknown before.
With hearts grown sad,
And hopes grown sere,
We mark our Sun stride westward to the slumber
That wraps the dead with night and darkness o'er.

Yet wherefore fault,
New Year,
Thy coming thus? Thou, too, art mortal;
Thou, too, as we, hast youth and age;
Thou know'st no halt

In thy career :
Thou travellest unceasing to the portal
Where flit the ghosts of earlier pilgrimage.

Thou, too, shalt die,
New Year,
And to thy grave be rudely hurried,—
So shall pass by,
In order drear,
The funerals of the Ages, till, all buried,
The graveyard of the years of Time be full,
When thou no more,
New Year,
Shalt come as now, and we inherit
The land that knows no sun nor night,
Nor pent-up store
Of time as here,
We shall remember in the world of spirit
Thou cam'st as Life's restorer, not its blight.

Thomas LePage. 1879.

MARABASTAD.

A TALE OF THE LAST BOER WAR.

This story was not told by Browne: it was wormed out of him, by dint of long and painful cross-examination. Although he had been married seventeen years, his wife had never heard him speak of it before. He seemed surprised and a little touched that anyone should find the tale interesting. It was in effect as follows:

"Marabastad is the name of half a dozen houses at some cross-roads a hundred and fifty miles north of Pretoria. It was named by the Boers for a famous native chief Maraba, whom I know well. He is a brick. Nowhere else are the natives thicker than in this part of South Africa. There must have been a hundred thousand fighting men in this district. Our government had just put the Kaffirs down and intended to build a fort here, to keep them down.

In January, 1880, I was in Pretoria and got orders to proceed to Marabastad with supplies. I had five ox-wagons, capable of carrying from four to seven thousand pounds apiece and

each drawn by sixteen oxen, one pair being yoked to the *disselboom* or pole and the other pair being yoked in the same way to the long chain which is fastened to the end of it. Ox-wagons march at the rate of twelve miles a day. I had a salted horse for myself.

We reached our destination in less than a fortnight, and were soon joined by two companies of the 94th. The troops set to work to construct the fort.

The site had been selected by a staff officer, peace to his ashes! I don't know who he was, but the site chosen couldn't have been worse. It was on a slope commanded by hills on all sides. The soil was rocky and hard to work, but in about a month the job was done.

We made a square enclosure forty yards across, with a ditch: and inside this we stacked our reserve supplies, water-barrels, preserved meat, biscuit, flour and groceries. We had no guns. The ditch was about six feet deep. I know you could scramble out of it without much trouble.

Next, the troops built huts for their own accommodation. They were made of green brick, that is, of sun dried clay and thatched. They were ranged in two parallel lines to the east of the fort, then the officers' mess was built of the same materials; and many the game of shilling Nap I had in it. No, I am wrong, the canteen was built before the mess house.

Then I had a square hut built for myself and my issuer at the western corner of the fort: and a kraal for the trek and slaughter cattle under the fort, on the lee side.

Then we settled down to garrison life. The country was open and rolling, with plenty of cover for game. There were two or three kinds of buck, springbok, duyker and another like a gazelle, steinbok; besides several varieties of game—birds, such as the kora. There are two species, as big as an English grouse and most delightful eating. There were also red-legged partridges and hares: but no rabbit. We had more than enough of such fresh provisions. Of course we had our own supplies, but we bought potatoes and pumpkins from the Boer farmers at good prices. Grapes and peaches were also to be had. There were two or three stores in the town, but, everything was dear, especially liquors, with the exception of Cape brandy. For instance, Guinness's stout was five shillings a bottle and three-star brandy, eighteenpence a glass.

The C. O. made friends with the Boers, and used to visit them on their farms. Once he went shooting elephant in company with a party of their hunters. I remember I lent him the government horse, and got into a deuce of a row for doing so. They used to return the visits, and drink champagne in the mess at the officers' expense. One farmer told us that champagne was the best beer he ever tasted.

We were on the best of terms with them. Some of them told us that they were glad to be under British rule. Well they might. Their country was bankrupt, when we took it over. We fought their battles for them against the Zulus and saved them from annihilation.

The Boer men are big, lean men, some of them very dark. Their women are generally stout and fair, you might say, pale. Their houses have only two or three rooms with an earthen floor. The doors are cut in two in the middle, cross-wise. The people are very superstitious. Though they respect the Englishman for a clean living man, they think him no soldier. As for the native, they do not think he has a soul at all. Anything like a tinge of black blood they despise. One reason for hating Sir Owen Lanyon was that he was so dark. They think us wrong for treating the black fellow so well. Slavery does not exist among them: but when a farmer gets a Kaffir boy, he never lets him go. He gives him an old coat or a shilling a year as a retaining fee, and the boy never dares to run away. An old hunter told me of a Boer in the neighborhood boasting to him, how he and a party surprised a native kraal and shot the men as they ran out. They took the women and children back with them. On the return march, this man was annoyed by a crying baby, and told the mother to quiet it. She could not, and he took the baby out of her arms put it on an ant-hill and shot it.

Everything went well until the 28th of December, 1880. On that day we were all down at the village at some pony-races, for prizes offered by the C. O., when a Cape-man called, Landtman came riding up with a led horse. He spoke to the C. O. who then took me aside and said in a whisper,

"My God! Browne,—the Boers have risen and cut up my dear old regiment. Get quietly up to the fort, bring your wagon down and commandeer everything you need in the stores."

That was our first news of Bronkhorstspuit. Everyone

knows the story of that twenty minutes, how Joubert met Anstruther at the head of the column and told him that the Republic had been proclaimed at Heidelberg, and that he had orders to prevent the movement of troops, how Anstruther replied that he was a Queen's officer and should proceed to Pretoria at all risks. Then, before Egerton, who saved the colours, could ride down the line with orders, the Boers shot the lead oxen of each waggon, threw the line into confusion, and poured in a deadly fire at close range. When the Colonel bleeding from five wounds saw all his officers shot down, he ordered "Cease firing." Landtman told us that the Boers had fired on a flag of truce. It was not true; but it was generally believed at the time.

You may be sure we lost no time. I brought my wagons down at once, and before sunset I had cleaned out the stores, giving receipts for everything I took and had all the supplies inside the fort. We had plenty of everything, as well as a month's reserve of water for two hundred men, in hogsheads. Besides, we had sunk a well just outside the fort, and were never in danger on that account.

We were not molested for nearly three weeks and in that time we did our best to strengthen the defences. The roofs of the mens' huts interfered with the line of fire; they were torn down. A lot of barrack furniture had been sent up to us, bolsters, palliasses, forms and tables. We lashed the tables and forms together with the wood outward, filled the space between with earth, and set them up at the corners of the fort for shelter. The palliasses and bolsters we also filled with earth and used as sand bags. The walls were loop-holed and stopped with rough wooden plugs, about eight inches by four. Outside the fort, we built a stone redoubt, which we called Mosquito redoubt from the number of those brutes there. The barbed wire from the store we used to make a series of entanglements on three sides of the fort. And last, the surgeon, Harding erected the flag-staff at the east of the fort, beyond the mens' huts and ran up the flag. It stayed there till the siege was over; though it was often shot through. Our C. O. is a general now, and I think he must have that flag.

The garrison at first consisted of one company of the 94th, about seventy strong, for the others had been sent back to Pretoria before the outbreak of hostilities. Then on the 30th, Captain Thompson came in with thirty of the Transvaal Mounted

Police. Early in January, thirty volunteers came in; they were hunters, miners, all sorts. One was a Boer shoemaker. They held a meeting to elect a Captain: they could not agree on a man and so they pitched on me.

It was January the nineteenth when hostilities began. The C. O. and I had just come back from reconnoitering and we were standing near the gate of the fort. The colour-sergeant Chute, a fine soldier, was with us and Captain Brooke ordered him to ride down to the village and see if he could discover any sign of the enemy. He turned round, but his horse, a fine half-bred usually very willing, refused to go. He spurred him and forced him to obey. We watched him down the road. Once his cap blew off. He dismounted, picked it up and went on at a walk. As he got near the village,—it was only about fifteen hundred yards away, we heard a volley and saw him fall from his saddle. Then the fusilade began: we got under cover at once and opened fire in return. The fire continued hot all that afternoon. The Boers told us afterwards they had to lie flat on their faces to avoid being hit. For some time, we could see poor Chute lying on the ground writhing and twisting in his agony. It was a sad sight and the C. O. sent out four Kaffirs with a stretcher and a flag of truce to bring him in. In spite of what we had heard, the flag of truce was respected. As the black fellows got near, some Boers also ran forward with a flag of truce, took Chute's fine sporting carbine and bandolier and went through his pockets. The black boys brought him in and the firing began again. He was shot just above the hip. As he lay in my quarters I watched the flies go in and out of the hole in his side. We could not bury him until after dark outside the fort. Skirmishers lying on the ground made a wide circle; only the burial party and the parson were near the grave. Of course we could not show a light and the service could not be read; but the chaplain said a prayer or two. Chute's kit was sold by auction next day.

That was the first of it. For seventy-six days we had no communication with the outside world, except once. One night a Kaffir boy came in. The Boers had suspected him of being a spy and had ripped up all his clothes for his message; they had even gone through his wool. Then they gave him a severe beating and let him go to the fort. He told them he wanted to see his brother. They never thought of picking up the little bit

of dirty stick at his feet. The pith had been taken out and a tiny photographic dispatch had been rolled up and stuck in. It had been sent from Pretoria; but it contained nothing of importance. For anything we knew, the rest of the forces might have been driven into the sea.

At first the investment was not very close. As I said, the fort was commanded on all sides by hills, and the Boers fusiladed us at long range. We used to watch the flash, then time the report, and calculate the distance from that. We never had anything but the flash to fire at. They always kept under cover. There is no doubt about their being good shots. I used to go up to my loop-hole and sometimes empty my bandolier before breakfast. One morning I had just taken out my rifle and put the wooden plug back, when a bullet struck it. Another time, I put my helmet on my rifle and raised it above the parapet, when—zip—I had two bullets straight through it. When I got back to Pretoria, my chief noticed the holes and told me that I had had a narrow shave. I said "Yes" but did not offer any explanations. We had to build a traverse to be safe from bullets. My friend Stuart and I were sitting against it one fine day, reading *Peregrine Pickle* I remember, when a bullet hit the wall a foot or two above his head. It must have been fired from extreme range, and have been dropping rapidly. He said he didn't think it was good enough, and that we ought to move; but I said we had better stay, that the shot must have been accidental, when a second shot came in about the same place. Then we moved.

I had two helmets when the siege opened; and I lost the other one this way. The C. O. sent me out at half-past three one morning, with ten mounted men to a kopje on the Upsala road. We reached it at dawn. I posted a sentry at the top and kept the others concealed at the foot. Soon the sentry reported that the Mounted Police, who had been sent out in another direction, had left their cover and were engaging the Boers in the open. The next thing we knew they were retreating across the veldt in the direction of the fort, as fast as they could ride, in spite of the efforts of their officers to rally them. We at once galloped up, at right angles to divert the attention of the enemy, that is, five of us did; the rest took the straightest line for the fort. As bad luck would have it I had loosened my girths at the foot of the kopje and I forgot to tighten them, when we started for the Boers. My saddle began to roll round, and as my horse was a most spirited animal, I could hardly keep my seat

and I was obliged to fling away my helmet, water-bottle and several odds and ends of equipment. As soon as the Boers saw us, they opened fire on us, and we dismounted and gave them a volley. But the Mounted Police and the rest of my men were almost out of sight. There were only five of us, while there must have been forty Boers with led horses. We had to fall back. The Boers feared an ambush and did not pursue us. About two miles from the fort, I came across a wounded man and stayed with him till the ambulance came. He was shot in the leg and never got better all through the siege. He pined away. We brought him back to Pretoria and he died there.

I said Maraba was a brick. As soon as the investment began, he sent in word to the C. O. that he could not understand why Captain Brooke allowed himself to be shut in by the Boers, and that if he would only raise his little finger, Maraba and his men would not leave a Boer alive in the district, within twenty-four hours. Brooke replied that he was on no account stir; and he did not. He sent in fifteen of his own cattle afterwards and kept thirty-six of our own starved beasts, until the siege was raised. Towards the end, the cattle suffered a good deal: we had to feed them at night, several of them were wounded, and if the siege had lasted another week, we should have been forced to abandon them to the Boers. As it was, they lay in ambush all one night, surprised our outposts and drove off fifty-six head of trek oxen, as well as our slaughter cattle. We had to hire our own cattle from the Boers at thirty shillings a day, when the war was over, to take our stuff back to Pretoria.

The fusilade went on day after day; and we had to lie very close. The men got careless in time and would not take cover. We lost thirteen killed and wounded altogether; but the rest were in the best of spirits; there was no sickness. Every Sunday we had a rest. On that day there was no firing from the hills, and we used to take off our shirts, brush them and indulge in a sun-bath. I had no other kind for six weeks.

Towards the end, they got tired of ineffective rifle fire. My duty was to hold Mosquito redoubt, every other day with eighteen men, for the twenty-four hours. On St. Patrick's eve, as I was leaving the fort, I said to the C. O., "I hope I'll get a shot at them." He said, "You may get more than you imagine." At dawn next day the enemy opened fire with a small gun. We saw the round shot hopping down the hill, and I offered five shillings for it, but before the day was over, cannon-balls were a drug

in the market. The Boers had got two little guns from the Commissioner's house which had been used for firing salutes. They were old-fashioned smooth-bore ship's guns, one throwing a four-pound and the other a two-pound shot. There was a deserted gold-mine near by, and they melted down the stamping machinery for round shot. They had no shell. But they did harm enough. My men were lying down in the redoubt that day, all but Colour-Sergeant Freeth of the 94th, who was leaning against the wall. A shot drove a stone in and crushed his ribs. He died that night. There was a cannonade every day from that out, except Sunday. They used to load and train the guns on the fort at sunset, then let them off in the night. We had many night alarms; and at last, the Boers were within four hundred yards of the walls.

They told us afterwards that they did not want to kill Captain Brooke. Once they sent him in a packet of tobacco, with copies of the *Natal Witness*; which was violently anti-British at that time, and filled with accounts of Boer victories. They did not really hate us; they fought us because they were ordered to. The Field-cornet had seen the pay-master knock a bird over on an ant-hill at three hundred yards, and had a great respect for his prowess with the rifle. Every time a shot came near him he would say, "That was the pay-master." Our shooting was effective too. They admitted that they lost nearly as many as we did; and that is a great admission for Dutchmen to make.

On the morning of April 2nd. we saw a man riding towards the fort with a white flag and the Boers capering alongside. This was Captain Sampson with the news of the armistice. Hostilities were to cease for eight days: but the Boers knew that they had won.

Within a week, we moved back to Pretoria. Before we left, however, the men of the 94th built a huge bon-fire with a figure of Gladstone on top. I gave them two cans of paraffin and it made a glorious blaze. They danced round it, and cursed Gladstone till the Boers thought the "roy-baatjes" were mad. They were.

We used to say to one another, "What a day it will be, when the head of the relieving column comes in sight!" and the thought cheered us to hold out. When we marched back to Pretoria, we were in rags. Men had their hair sticking out of their helmets, and the seats of their trousers patched with the canvas

covers of their water-bottles. The general came out to meet us and the band played us in. But it was an unsuccessful war. There was no glory in it. There were no medals, no extra pay, no promotion, no thanks. Nobody cared what we had done; but the men got an extra pair of trousers served out to them for decency's sake.

Archibald MacMechan

DALHOUSIANS ABROAD: IN TRINIDAD.

It is always a dangerous thing to appeal to one's conscience, especially if it be a tender conscience. A man may then do things he would never think of doing in his saner moments. Such an appeal of this kind has been the cause of this letter. I have been asked to tell you where I am and how I got here, and what I saw on the way and after my arrival. Here it is:—

We left New York just as the baseball season was opening. The men on the different teams were making excuses for their errors on the plea that it was too cold for good play, and, standing on the deck of the steamer as she floated down to the sea, we buttoned our top-coats about our necks and pitied the poor fellows who were playing for the pennant in the city behind us. Two days later we entered the Gulf Stream; and under its influence soon forgot our blue noses and cold fingers. Then we left our heavy wraps below and spent the days and most of the nights on deck. The tropical sea is beautiful by day; but its crowning glory is the night, which fell with increasing swiftness as we moved Southward. The stars shine out like little suns and are reflected with dazzling brightness in the dark glassy water. The sea throughout the voyage was smooth, and no one thought it necessary to entertain us with any of those little incidents that are so amusing to good sailors. After five days, we passed through the Anagada Passage, close by the little deserted island of Sombrero, into the Carribean Sea. From this on the course lay between the protecting barrier of the West India Islands, and was extremely calm. We sighted the islands of Anguilla, St. Eustatius, St. Kitt's and Nevis; but did not stop until we reached Granada. We remained here for two days to discharge cargo. Then we followed the "Southern Cross" overnight and came in sight of Trinidad the next morning.

Now that Trinidad is coming so prominently before the eyes of the public, and so much is being written in a general way on the prospects of reciprocal trade with Canada, I shall only tell a few of the things I saw for myself in the land of the humming bird.

We entered the Gulf of Paria early in the morning through one of the Bocas del Dragon or Dragon's mouths. These passages are formed by three small islands at the entrance of the Gulf, between the north west point of Trinidad and the coast of South America. The water here is deep and bold, and will easily float the largest warships and merchant-men. A swift current, changing with the ebb and flow of the tide, runs between the islands and makes the entrance somewhat difficult for sailing craft. The water in the road to Port of Spain is very shallow. A mile and a half from shore there are only three fathoms. Cargoes are landed on lighters, and passengers bargain with the boatmen for cheap fares to the jetty. The problem of dredging a channel into Port of Spain has so far baffled the skill of engineers. The river Orinoco relentlessly empties its flood of mud and water into the Gulf, and fills up the excavations as quickly as they are dug.

The island as seen from the ship presents ranges of hills running east and west with little valleys between. These are covered with a luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation to the water's edge. Most of the towns and villages of the island are hidden from view by shade trees which rise above the roofs of the houses and public buildings. Besides, a considerable part of the island is set out in cocoa plantations. The cocoa is a delicate plant and will not thrive when exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Large trees with heavy spreading branches are grown on all the estates to protect them. These with the natural forests shut off almost all signs of civilization from one viewing the island at a distance; and I was surprised, when landed on the jetty of the capital, to find a town of 65,000 inhabitants, equipped with all the improvements of a thoroughly up-to-date city. The streets are long, and straight, and well laid out, with broad sidewalks and concrete drains. The stores are large and well stocked with merchandise attractively set out to tempt the eye of the purchaser. Tram and electric cars run through the principal streets, and furnish a five minute service throughout the town. On account of the heat and the high winds that sometimes pre-

vail, all the buildings are built low ; and in this respect present a marked contrast to the sky-scrappers of some of the American cities. But the Government has spent large sums of money on the public buildings, and these with the large stores and private dwellings give the town an imposing appearance. The business part of Port of Spain is confined to the streets near the water ; the residential part to those further back. In the rear of the city is a large savannah about the size of the Common in Halifax ; and on three sides of this are the dwelling houses of the more wealthy citizens. On the fourth side of the savannah are Botanical Gardens, at the entrance of which the Governor has his residence. The gardens, containing as they do nearly all the plants of tropical cultivation, are extremely pretty, and to a Northern very interesting and instructive. My stay in Port of Spain was too short ; but I left with the hope of being able to return before long, and view the city more at my leisure.

A railroad runs along the western shore of the island and joins Port of Spain with San Fernando, the second town in size and importance. At intervals along the road branches run back into the interior, so that nearly all the large towns have railway connections with the capital. The main line runs for the most part through cocoa and sugar districts ; and from the car window as I went down to San Fernando I had my first view of the East Indian coolie at his work among the canes. It was just at the end of the cutting season and the managers were working hard to get in the last of the crop before the heavy rains came. In the middle of the plantations I could see the "usines" or factories where the raw cane is crushed and the sugar prepared for shipment. The heavy shade trees shut out the cocoa plantations from view, and I had to content myself for the time with a mere glimpse of the estates as the train went past.

San Fernando, a Borough of about 8000 inhabitants, is the southern terminus of the railroad ; and like its sister Borough, Port of Spain, is a valuable shipping port. It is built principally along two or three winding streets at the foot of a high hill of volcanic formation. It is badly laid out. Side streets branch off from the main ones at any angle without regard to form or order. But it is situated in the principal sugar district of the colony, and its streets are always alive with traffic.

The Borough of Arima, the only interior Borough in the is-

land, and the centre of the main Cocoa district, is about 16 miles from Port of Spain.

Besides these three Boroughs, each of which is controlled by a Mayor and body of Councillors, there are numerous little towns and villages along the railroad and coast. These are peopled mainly by freed East Indians and negroes. The Europeans, excepting of course the estate owners and managers, confine themselves to the larger towns. The different races mingle freely with each other in commercial life ; but social lines are necessarily very exact. It would be difficult to find elsewhere in the world such a variety of races within so narrow a compass as in Trinidad. And such odd people some of them are. There is the haughty English official who views with silent scorn all who are not so fortunate as he in being born within the favored kingdom. And there is the bustling American capitalist, active and energetic, and always well forward where there is a chance to make money. The Chinese are here in good numbers and vie with the Americans in sharp-sightedness and keenness in pushing their business. In striking contrast to these are the unemotional and almost impassive East Indians, and the careless, easy going, often lazy negroes, who live from day to day without any serious thought for the morrow.

And so I might go on imperfectly describing a beautiful and interesting country and a curious people ; but in an informal letter I must be brief. And besides my conscience has stopped bothering me. I cannot, however, close without sending congratulations to the Foot-ball team and Captain for bringing back the trophy to Old Dalhousie. The news has just reached me. And though 2000 miles away, and a bit late, I cheered as loudly as I would have done had I been behind the ropes on the last game of the series.

Alison Cumming.

OUR GRADUATES.

ARTS AND SCIENCE.

Edward Annard McLeod spent his childhood in Cape Breton, a part of his youth in the Halifax Academy, and the last four years in Old Dalhousie. His name and GAZETTE are almost synonymous. For three years he served as an editor, working well on our columns. Last year he was Editor-in-Chief and no

man was more devoted to the work. Our Christmas number a ago year is a witness of his devotion. It is a matter for congratulation that notwithstanding the many sacrifices of time and effort which he made to promote the efficiency of the college paper he succeeded in carrying off Honors in Classics. Mac was never remarkably energetic, studying by spurts, abhorring routine. Now with the chosen band in the north corridor, he enjoys cramming Blackstone more than he did Sophocles. He is ever haunting the DeMille Press, an attractive corner to a literary man—and we shall not be surprised to read something sometime somewhere signed E. A. M.

John William Geddie Morrison entered with the class of '99 but was absent a session between his second and third years. Morrison was noted for his reportorial instinct, which on one occasion perhaps brought him more fame than popularity. He was well liked by those who knew him, was a man of years and experience, and was on the whole a good Dalhousian. The GAZETTE profited by many thoughtful articles from his pen. Morrison seldom exerted himself and was not exempt from taxation for the Library. His last year was divided between Dartmouth and the study of Latin. J. W. G. now has a position near his home as news-editor of the Sydney Record.

When we speak of the Hallowe'en "At Homes," we invariably connect with them the name of **Edith MacGregor Read**. For what other ingenious mind could so well have enticed to our College Halls, the Goddesses of Fate and Gaiety? Besides attending to the social duties devolving upon a Senior girl, President of the Y. W. C. A. she did her class work faithfully and everyone was glad to see her receive Honors in Mathematics on Convocation Day. There is no one of our graduates who will be missed more than she and the good wishes of all follow her to Radcliffe where she is doing graduate work.

Ernest Herbert Ramsay came from *the Island* (not Great Britain, but the principal part of the Maritime Provinces.) He came with a good record from P. W. C. which was sustained in Dalhousie. The first two years he spent under the care of his elder brother, and the last two years he cared for his elder brother stricken down with a cardiac affliction which unfortunately proved infectious (so says the mail-boy, whose diagnosis is

infallible.) He successfully combined college work and college spirit, as results show. For often he was heard in Sodales—a speaker more thoughtful than forcible; the GAZETTE, waiving editorial secrecy, could tell of several articles which have reached their mark, and he was a loyal, earnest worker in the Y. M. C. A. He seldom joked, but when he did he laughed heartily. He made only one pun in his college course—at least, after getting the Sanskrit roots, we thought it was one, though perhaps unintentional. As we knew him, he was thoughtful, thorough, cautious and practical. He has our heartiest wishes in his chosen work of theology for which his ideality, sympathy, and enthusiasm so well fit him.

Many things might be said about **John Rankine** which are not usually found in obituary notices. We might cite his connection with the wilder element (now annihilated and almost forgotten) of our present Senior class. Many wrongly associate him with the flood of water which descended on the president of the freshman class of that time, quite forgetting that he was then a self-respecting junior. If John was not a lover of freshmen, yet he was not always satisfied with the works of the sophs., which is now quite evident to members of last year's class who on one particular morning tried to make close connection with the Latin Room. Coming to facts, we find that our subjects was brought up in Halifax, where it seems the public school curriculum presented him in due time to our faculty. Since that time he has never been guilty of undue exertion, but has always passed his exams. creditably. He was much interested in athletics, playing both football and hockey for the college; he was always ready to take part in anything which displayed "college spirit," a most gratifying quality in city students. We can only ask whether old Halifax has any more like J. Rankine. He is now a freshman in the Medical College; if you cannot find him there or in the rest of the city look in the Willow Park Rink.

John Samuel Ross came from Eureka, so the calendar says, and Rumour has it that he was born in the wilds of Western Pictou. J. S. is a brother of Arthur Ross, the wit and parodist, and displayed some humour himself when under sufficient stimulus. Ross was one of the Plug Alley crowd and later of the Pine Hill—assembly. The average students scarcely knew him at sight, which was due probably to his extreme caution

in making friends; those who knew him say he was a fine fellow. His leaning to the views of Wesley is very pronounced of late, but his present position will not, it is thought, increase this bias. Ross is this winter in Labrador as a missionary.

Among the girl graduates of '00, *the Island* claims **Ruth Simpson**, who, however, came to us from Halifax Academy. Her ready wit and love of fun made her very much liked during her four years at College. While she discharged the duties of Assistant Librarian during her fourth year, the Library became a popular resort. She is now at Normal, where we know she will do well.

Elizabeth Helen Stewart was away a year, so was compelled to graduate with the class of '00. She was very much interested in her Science work and came off with honours in Chemistry and Chemical Physics. She was of a quiet disposition, but with those who knew her, was a great favourite. In the Y. W. C. A. the girls miss her presence and helpful words. She is spending this winter in the city at her brother's, Dr. Stewart.

The three most notable things about **Arthur Gordon Spencer** were his camera, his chemistry and his Kent. With Kent he came to college, with Kent he roomed, and with Kent he will doctor the poor heathen sometime hereafter. As for chemistry not content with being responsible for his share of the smells in the little lab., Gordon even amused himself in the summer with acids and bases and such things. He is said to have advanced that theory that "unless you treat Eben with caution, you will be precipitated into the plucks." Spencer was also possessed of a camera—but everyone knows about that, so we wont mention it. We believe that Gordon is at present trying to blow up the Dom. Steel Co's. laboratory at Glace Bay, Next year will see him in medicine somewhere.

Charles Alfred Thomson hails from Durham, Pictou County. He entered the second year and settled down to plugging,—the principal occupation of his college life. He could have been an excellent quarter-back, and might have shone in College Societies, but he kept to his books and worked for High Honours in Classics, and a medal, both of which he obtained. We admire his ability and his capacity for study, and wish him high honours in his life work.

Joseph William Weldon entered college from the Halifax County Academy. A leading spirit in all college interests, he

was one of the most popular men of his class. Joe never exerted himself in the struggle for Academic honours, yet despite the fact that his course was marred by affiliation, he graduated with distinction. After graduation he took a jaunt to the far west, where he spent the summer "roughing it" among the British Columbia mountains. We will likely have him among us again in '01-'02 continuing his law studies.

Pennyman John C. Worsley, a man as long as his name, was but little known among his fellow students, owing to poor health, which prevented his taking an active part in college life. *THE GAZETTE*, too, has a grievance in this matter, as it was obliged to lose his service in the Editorial staff. With those who knew him, however, "Boy" was a general favorite. Worsley came in from Halifax Academy, and always stood well in his classes, especially delighting the hearts of the English and French professors. The evil of affliction prevented him from graduating with the distinction he should have won. He is continuing his law course and occasionally he may be seen in the Law Library.

LAW.

O'Hearn, Walter Joseph Aloysius, got his degree with the class of '00.

G. Fred Pearson first entered the Law School 1897. He then went to McGill, but a year's absence was sufficient to win him back to his first choice, and the fall of 1899 found him again enrolled as a Dalhousie Law student. And it was well for the Law Students that Pearson was here last year, for he labored hard and earnestly in the promotion of all schemes which might bring interest or pleasure to the law students and work advancement to the Law School as a whole. It was due greatly to his efforts that a couple of lectures were given under the auspices of the Law students last year, and in the carrying out of the Law dinner he devoted a great deal of his time and energies to make the affair a success. Pearson is now the Sydney member of the firm of Pearson, Covert & Pearson. We know that his name will yet be a household word.

Reynolds, Maynard, was one of the exceptions which prove the rule that a hard worker means a good record. Maynard was always diligent in business, his note books being really good samples of what exhaustive text books should be. Nevertheless Maynard's standing was only fairly good, while his contributions to the "sups" fund was large—in fact he pro-

bably holds the record in this line. The business of Messrs. Borden, Ritchie and Chisholm is at present being supervised by Reynolds. Doubtless Maynard will be admitted to the Bar in time, and then we will expect him to awaken out of the lethargy into which he fell in his youth, and startle the Bench and the Bar by his knowledge of the law and forensic eloquence. Success to him!

In law, as in the other Faculties, there have been pluggers, fairworkers and loafers. To the last class belonged Patrick Briefni Ternan. Ternan didn't know how to work and wouldn't work if he knew how. Yet he never searched the pass list for his name in vain. We could never understand this—we do not believe Briefni himself could explain it. We rejoice with him, however, that it was so, for Ternan was an agreeable fellow, and well liked by those who knew him. His list of acquaintances, however, did not embrace many of his fellow students. When he attended lectures at all, which was at infrequent intervals, he arrived at the College Building as the bell rang, and departed one hour later, to the minute, never deigning to enter the sacred precincts of the law library. It is said that on one occasion during his course he removed a book from its place on the library shelves—but Briefni said, and we believe him, that this is a base slander. We shall miss Briefni in all our "celebrations" and we shall miss hearing his reminiscences of Dublin University life—but that is all. Having been admitted to the Bar he hanged out his shingle in Sydney, where he now sits with his feet on a tidy desk, a fragrant Havana in his fingers, wondering when that long-expected much-desired client will arrive. For Briefni's sake we hope that he may not have to wait much longer, but if we consider the client,—well—we will stop.

MEDICINE.

James Reynolds was born in Upper Musquodoboit. His earlier days were probably spent in the public schools of that place. This is purely a presumption but it is justified by the fact that he was able to matriculate at the Dalhousie Medical College. The record of his life during the subsequent four years is somewhat monotonous, but he always did good work and passed his examinations well. Jim has always believed that it is no sign of a gentleman to be in a hurry, and this with many other good qualities has always made us regard him as a gentleman. He is at present Junior House Surgeon at the V. G. Hospital.

William Pearson Reynolds is also a native of Musquodoboit. The story of his life will be well worth reading some day, as he has a rich and varied experience. W. P. as he was called was a good student, a faithful worker in our Society and always interested in the welfare of the college and his fellow students. In addition to this he was always a regular attendant at church, a habit we fear somewhat rare among medical students. He is now located in New Montana and is prospering well.

James Alex. Cummings Rogerson, B. A., (Dal.) came from Pisquid, P. E. I., and remained with us for a long time taking both the Arts and Medical Courses. He was called a plugger by some, and perhaps partially merited the title, but his toil was never in vain as a casual glance at the results of his examinations will convincingly show. He achieved greatness in his last year by capturing the medal, and has recently acquired happiness by taking unto himself the primal requisite of a home. The GAZETTE extends congratulations, and wishes him peace and prosperity in his affairs domestic and professional. He is practicing in Belfast, P. E. I.

Orland Roy Salter was a man of tranquil, pious countenance, and we believe his life warranted such an outward expression. He was a faithful, diligent student and succeeded well. He had the misfortune to be ill a considerable portion of his first year but recovered in time to take his exams in the fall and passed successfully. He is at present practising in Shubenacadie.

Frank Woodland Taylor had a very eventful college course, and his would be an interesting biography would space permit us even to tell the half of it. He was a man who loved his work, but his affections were not restricted to this alone, as the sphere of their expansion had a radius beyond computation. One object alone we believe reigned supreme in the centre. Taylor knew his work well, was always successful in his examinations, and very popular with his fellow students. He is practicing at Wood's Harbour, Shelbourne Co.

THOMSON'S MIRROR GALVANOMETER.

from James Clerk Maxwell's Lectures to Women on Physical Science.

Place—A small alcove with dark curtains. The Class consists of one member.

The lamplight falls on darkened walls
And streams through narrow perforations,
The long beam trails o'er pasteboard scales,

With slow-decaying oscillations,
Flow, current, flow, set the quick light-spot flying
Flow current, answer light-spot, flashing, quivering, dying.

O look ! how queer ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, sharper growing
The gilding fire ! with central wire
The fine degrees distinctly showing.
Swing, magnet, swing, advancing and receding,
Swing magnet ! Answer dearest, What's your final reading ?

O love ! you fail to read the scale
Correct to tenths of a division.
To mirror heaven those eyes were given,
And not for methods of precision.
Break contact, break, set the free light-spot flying ;
Break contact, rest thee magnet, swing, creeping, dying.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dalhousie College
Jan. 8th 1900.

Dear Mr. Editor :

There are some points in the third contribution to your last Correspondence to which reference had better be made, lest the younger members of the student body be led astray. According to "Dalhousian" the average attendance of the Gymnasium classes is six and the largest attendance, eleven. These figures, though taken only from 1899-00, are quoted as a general average. It is strange that your correspondent does not mention that the classes were not started until the latter end of February, which sufficiently accounts for the small attendance. It is also strange that your correspondent forgets to refer to the Gymnasium classes of the previous year, 1898-99, which were started near the end of January. The average attendance then was at least twenty and, on many occasions with an attendance of more than thirty, the students could with difficulty drill in the Gymnasium. The omission of these facts is most unfortunate, particularly if your correspondent wished to represent correctly the attitude of the students towards the classes.

After noting his rashness of statement in these particulars, it seems to me that the value of his denunciation of the Editorial is very apparent. No doubt all Dalhousians regret the necessity for the publication of such an article, but more especially they

regret that the "deplorable condition" of gymnastics set forth in your columns is true. After the futility of corridor talk and general indignation some further steps were necessary, and therefore to many, your editorial seemed timely and commendable. For the grievance, neither at all petty nor one which could escape the notice of those in authority, merited treatment in the student organ. It is also a question whether any collegian reading such an assertion of student rights would form a "bad impression" of the college and its students.

However, when "Dalhousian" again makes mis-statements, imputes motives of sensationalism to the college organ and misrepresents his fellow students, I would suggest that he use a different *nom-de-plume*.

I regret Mr. Editor, that it should seem advisable to occupy so much of your column in correcting the mistakes of your correspondent. But such a course is better than to allow those unacquainted with the facts to be misled, although the letter in itself deserves to be ignored.

Yours etc.

Dear Gazette ;

Who is this "Dalhousian" who so unwarrantably and unreasonably attacks you for your editorial on "Gymnastics" anyway? Methinks if he were to assume the *nom-de-plume* "Anti-Dalhousian" it would be more in keeping with the tenor of his letter.

He says the students "don't know really what they want." "Dalhousian" does not know what he is talking about. We do know what we want. We want a properly equipped gymnasium, and we want an instructor to conduct gymnasium classes from the first of the collegiate year, instead of having them commence in February or March as they did last year. Surely this is not much—not more than we are entitled to.

I am not sure, however, that your aforesaid editorial was entirely accurate. The calendar does not say anything about a gymnasium fee of two dollars. Possibly the statement in the calendar that five dollars covers gymnasium and library, as well as Registration fees is sufficient to justify your criticisms. At any rate we want an up-to-date gymnasium and I hope you will not cease agitating for it until we get it.

Athlete.

To the Editors of the Gazette,

Are we at last going to have something done about the gymnasium? It is rumoured that our President held a conference with the Editors, where he expressed his willingness to improve the gymnasium, and specially requested suggestions along

this line. We would point to some facts in connection with the equipment.

One of our professors who is himself a finished gymnast procured foils and masks of the best quality, and boxing gloves were also provided. The prompt destruction of this apparatus was cited as an index of the general interest taken by the students in gymnastics at large. We all agree that such misuse reflects no credit on a former generation, but we wish to point out that no traces of either foils or gloves were visible among the relics handed down to us as gymnasium equipments. The idea of having the rest of the apparatus made by a carpenter would be thought too absurd to be entertained; still such was the case and the carpenter deserves credit for having made a pair of parallels which have lasted to within the memory of all of us; the ladder also is of undoubted strength though of unstable character.

The horizontal bar instead of being of wood centered with steel is of solid hardwood, and so is too stout for delicate work and has also acquired a pronounced droop which is not desirable. We will not mention the method of pinning this bar.

I wish to infer firstly, that the present student body was not guilty of any abuse to the gymnasium apparatus. (We except the cutting of a rope which, it is said, was used to secure a freshman.)

Secondly, that we do not complain of limited apparatus if it is of the best, but that present equipment is not and never was similar to that found in a good gymnasium as that of the city Y. M. C. A. To suggest; these two pieces of apparatus the nuclei of any gymnasium, with the necessary mattresses could be purchased of Standard, Spaulding, or any leading make for a price which half a dollar from each registration fee would easily cover. We are as formerly still waiting,

Anti-corroderent.

Dear Gazette

Pardon me if I again encroach upon your space to call your attention to the disgraceful condition of the entrance walks to the college on rainy days. Can nothing be done? Can no one suggest some practical manner of bridging or pontooning the frolicking streams that delight to pursue their uninterrupted course down Morris and Carleton Streets? It is a sorry state of affairs when our President has to stand for an hour in the rain, and caution each student not to cross over to the college by the usual way, but make a wide detour and by a flank movement seek a careful entrance in order to preserve dry feet. If the authority cannot be stirred up, will some ingenious student or professor suggest a practical means of remedying this evil?

Yours sincerely, Anti-Wet.

EXCHANGES.

'*The Varsity*' of Dec. 4, contains an address by Hon. S. H. Blake Q. C. on 'Ideals of Our National University.' From it we take the liberty of clipping a few paragraphs, concerning the very Ideal President, Professor and Student.

"There must be a high and lofty ideal. We want a strong personality,—one full of life and vigor—a man of deep sympathy. A man of reserve power, who gains the confidence of every student and goes out in kindly and fatherly advice on the subject of his studies and his future.

One of the glories of our older universities has been the deep impression made by the professors upon the students. One not only learned in the particular branch which he takes up, but a man who is an example of a strong, vigorous life, living his teaching, and forming a pattern that the student feels he may rightly and proudly follow.

In this University the students should take a large part. Great confidence should be reposed in the older ones, who may justly be considered to have learned something of what is due from a student to his Alma Mater. To them largely must be left in the many hours of student life a great portion of the education which is obtained in the University. The student must see it as his duty in the journey of life to live up to the responsibility begotten by opportunities, to build up and to make better the land which has afforded him these opportunities. By virtue of their use he has laid upon him an obligation which no lapse of time will permit him to shake off."

The students of Halifax Academy have issued their "*Annual*."—*The Annual* is characterized by its usual brightness. Several of the poems are especially good. Altogether the issue is a credit to the Academy students.

From "*The Student*" Christmas number we take the following sonnet, interesting though a little hard on Wordsworth.

Two voices are there; one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thund'rous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now birdlike pipes, now closes soft in sleep.
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one make three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep.

And, Wordsworth, both are thine. At certain times
 Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes
 The form and pressure of high thought will burst;
 At other times—ye gods, I'd rather be
 Quite unacquainted with the A. B. C
 Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

Other Exchanges are Niagara Index, Prince of Wales College Observer, Willamette Collegian, University of Ottawa Review, MacMaster University Monthly, Argosy, The Nova Scotia Normal.

An abstract of the proceedings of the forty-fourth annual meeting of the Alumni Association of Haverford College, printed in a neat little circular by the Leeds Press—Philadelphia, gives an interesting account of what is being done by this energetic Alumni, and for several other reasons is most instructive and suggestive. What is particularly noticeable is the healthy and vigorous tone of the proceedings and the interest manifested both in matters relating to the society itself and in affairs of importance to the college at large. The reports of the various committees show a close relationship between the Alumni and the undergraduates. An Advisory committee in Athletics is of advantage to both, and is also of much benefit to Athletic interests, while the fact that three meetings are held each year, a committee is at work on a Matriculate Catalogue, a dinner is held each mid-winter, an Alumni prize is offered annually for the best oration among the undergraduates, and an oration is delivered each year to the members of the association, all tend to show how wide awake the Alumni is, and of what advantage it is to the University at large.

Acadiensis is the name of a quarterly magazine devoted to the interests of the Maritime Provinces, published under the auspices of the Acadian Society of St. John N. B. The articles are mainly historical. The purpose of the magazine as outlined in the Salutatory article is to foster the interest in the history of the Maritime Province and to pave the way for the union of these provinces into one—The Province of Acadia.

BOOK REVIEW.

A School Chemistry, By John Waddell, B. A., B. Sc., Ph. D., D. Sc., etc. Pp. XIV + 273. (New York: The MacMillan Co. London.)

Dr. Waddell is known to teachers of Chemistry as the author of a very serviceable "Arithmetic of Chemistry." The present work is chiefly the outcome of the author's experience as an Examiner in Chemistry of pupils from a large number of schools. As a result of his experience he finds that "To many young students it would be

matter of surprise that chemistry does not hang upon the atomic theory. . . . The beginner is liable to consider that he has made great advance when he has learned to call water H_2O , though the probability is that he has no idea why the formula is given, and has very vague notions as to its real meaning and significance." It is to be feared that other examiners in elementary Chemistry would have to report in similar terms. The trouble seems to lie chiefly with the mode of presentation adopted in most of the elementary text-books of Chemistry in current use in schools. Instead of such theories as it is desirable to introduce into an elementary text-book being gradually developed as a sufficient basis of facts is acquired, theories, even abstruse theories, are presented while the pupil's knowledge of facts is still in its infancy. It would indeed be difficult to find a parallel to the uneducational character of numerous text-books of Chemistry among the elementary text-books of any other science. To all such Dr. Waddell's book offers a refreshing contrast. The keynote of the book is the subordination of theory to fact. Atoms and molecules are not mentioned until a sufficiently large number of facts have been acquired to form an intelligent basis for their introduction. In like rational order of presentation the law of gaseous volumes leads to Avogadro's law and a method of determining molecular weights. But here, unfortunately, the author has not thought it necessary to develop with equal clearness the method of determining atomic weights founded upon Avogadro's law and the pupil gains a conception of atomic weights less definite and satisfactory than might otherwise have been the case. The text is enlivened with numerous historical references; the work of the printer has been admirably done, and the reader lays the work aside convinced that the author's modest hope of having provided a book which "will prove itself superior to most of the text-books written for high school and college use" is fully realized. Its general use would effect a vast improvement in the teaching of elementary chemistry

COLLEGE NOTES.

The usual "Break Up" concert was held in the Examination Hall on Friday, Dec. 21st, '00. The concert, although not characterized by the usual *bon esprit* which generally marks the occasion, was a successful and enjoyable one. Perhaps it was a trifle quiet for the more boisterous spirits, but a week or more spent in the exam. hall seemed to have deprived the majority of the sterner sex of any desire to enter the room, and as a consequence not a little confusion manifested itself during the different numbers of the programme, which was caused no doubt

by the endeavour of those in the rear to obtain a sight of the performers, and also to hear the selections. This has always been more or less of a characteristic of students at the "Break Up" concert and it is about time that those present would take a place inside the room, instead of standing in the hall entrance, and not leave all college songs and glees to be sung by a few. This by the way. The programme for the evening was a very enjoyable one, and the generous applause that greeted each selection showed how much the efforts of the performers were appreciated. The first part of the programme consisted of a number of songs and choruses by the students. Part second consisted of the following numbers :—

Violin Solo.—Miss Harrington.

Recitation—Miss Low.

Vocal Solo—Mr. Shute.

Violin Solo—Miss Farquhar.

Vocal Solo—Miss Ross.

Vocal Solo—Miss MacKenzie.

Vocal Solo—Mr. Racham.

The very fact that each performer had to respond to an encore forbids making any particular mention of excellence, although perhaps we might modify the last statement in the case of the last soloist. This was Mr. Racham's first appearance before a Dalhousie audience as a soloist, and his appearance was the signal for continuous applause. His first selection "Just Take Me Home to Mother" was a gem, though perhaps in the rough, and many an eye which throughout the programme had maintained a bright and scintillating appearance, in some unaccountable manner was overcast with a dim haze, as the notes of the singer brought back recollections of home life. In response to a vigorous encore, Mr. Racham, showed himself no less at home in the lighter strain than in the pathetic, by rendering that catching little ditty "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea." To use a somewhat slang phrase, we might say that Mr. Racham's debut was a *howling* success. After the singing of the National Anthem, the students formed in line of march and marched around to the houses of the different professors who were greeted with vigorous cheers, after which all assembled at Professor Howard Murray's where a warm welcome awaited all. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly in chatting and the singing of college songs, and also in doing justice to the excellent

repast which Mrs. Murray had so thoughtfully prepared. Before saying good night, Professor Howard delighted all with one of his inimitable speeches, overflowing with kindly criticism, fun and wit, after which three cheers were given with a hearty good will for the jovial Professor and Mrs. Murray.

The evening of Friday the 11th, saw the Munro room packed with an audience of students and friends who were assembled to listen to a lecture on "The Patriotism of Shakspeare" delivered by Professor Stockley of the University of New Brunswick. The interesting theme of the lecture and the renown of the lecturer no doubt both helped to draw such a large audience, and the expectations that had been aroused were amply realized in the scholarly and interesting lecture delivered. Dr. MacMechan presided and in a few happy remarks introduced Prof. Stockley who soon showed the mastery he had over his subject in his clear and critical analysis of the different plays of Shakspeare dealing with historical or patriotic themes. Shakspeare's universality, his intense patriotism, his love for his country, his attitude towards other nations, his power in interpreting the great political struggles of ancient and more modern times, his—but it is needless to enumerate any more, for nothing relating to his subject escaped the keen eye and keener mind of the lecturer. His quotations were numerous and appropriate, and to one who knew his Shakspeare well, a cause of most pleasurable sensations. Towards the last of his lecture, Professor Stockley took a wider and more general view of Shakspeare's patriotism, showing the deep soul of the man and the loftiness of his ideals. The lecture showed a great deal of research and original thought, and the frequent bursts of applause proved that the audience were thoroughly enjoying it. A hearty vote of thanks moved by Mr. G. H. Sedgewick, and seconded by Mr. L. J. Miller and further supplemented by Dr. Forrest, Dr. MacGregor and Prof. Walter Murray was tendered Professor Stockley, who replied in a neat and witty speech thanking his audience for their kind expression of thanks. The lecture closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

The Glee Club is making excellent progress under the efficient management of Mr. Shute. The membership is considerably larger than last year's, and the number who regularly attend shows that a hearty interest is being taken in it by the students in general. Every Friday afternoon from four to five the club

meets for practice, and the selection of bright and pretty choruses sung, promises a treat for those who will attend the spring concert. The thanks of all the members is due the committee who selected and copied a number of college glees and songs which are both pretty and appropriate.

Wednesday, January 9th, was observed as a University holiday on account of the arrival of the Second Contingent, who reached here on the previous evening by the Roslyn Castle. The majority of the students, however took advantage of the holiday, to do a good day's plugging.

The work done by the Outside Work Committee of the Y. W. C. A. this year, was very successful. About two weeks before College closed for the Christmas vacation, each member of the Association was asked for ten cents. This money was used by the committee in buying toys, candy, apples, oranges and cakes, with which they filled about fifty stockings. Later on, these were distributed among some poor children, who would otherwise have had no Christmas gifts.

PERSONALS.

A. C. Johnson of the third year Arts is not coming back for the latter part of the session but has accepted a position in Sydney with the Dominion Iron & Steel Company.

Rev. G. F. Johnson, B. A. '92 (High Honours in Philosophy) has accepted a call to Westmount Presbyterian Church, Montreal.

G. M. McKeen, B. Sc. '92, M. D. was recently married to Miss Flagler, daughter of Maj. Gen. Flagler.

Aulay Morrison, LL. B., (Dal.) M. P. of New Westminster has lately been appointed a Q. C.

C. F. Lindsay, B. A., '99, spent the Xmas holidays at his home in Halifax. He brought good reports of all the Dalhousians in McGill.

Charlie Anderson, 'B. A., '99, spent the holidays at his home. He is doing excellent work in his medical studies at McGill and is considered one of the very best men in his class.

Capt. A. H. Anderson, LL. B. '93, of the Royal Canadian Regiment stationed in this city, was married to Miss C. Ross of Fredericton, N. B. on Jan. 14th., 1901.

The last Catalogue of Harvard University contains the following items about Dalhousie Graduates:—

Among the appointments for one year to the Academic Staff we find *T. C. McKay*, Austin Teaching Fellow in Physics, *E. H. Archi-*

bald, assistant in Chemistry and *K. G. T. Webster*, Proctor. In the Graduate School these three names also appear. *C. M. Pasea* is among the Seniors of Harvard College. *Gordon Dickie* is in the graduate Department of the Divinity School.

The degree of M. A. was conferred last year on *E. H. Archibald*, *J. T. Murray*, and *Murray McNeill*.

In Radcliffe, *Nina E. Church* and *Edith M. Read* are enrolled in the Graduate Department; while *Alma H. Hobrecker* appears in the list of Seniors.

DALUSIENSIA

Richards--n, while walking down Spring Garden Road a few days ago, came into unexpected contact with what proved to be a telephone pole. But Dickie, who had eyes only for the other side of the street, hastily exclaimed, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

MORAL. Look not to right nor to left—notwithstanding that some fair friends may be on the other side.

Sanford, (on Sat. Jan. 19th.);—"It's against my principle to shave on Sunday. I'll attend to it after Y. M. C. A."

On Sunday, Jan. 20th, Sandy was seen with brush and razor in hand, evidently preparing to remove a week's growth.

A convenient kind of "principle" to have, Sandy.

McNeil says that the next time he calls on his lady friends he will take the precaution to don a shirt and collar.

"What's the matter with a sweater and bandanna, Frenchie?"

Sanfo--d, to Miss X., (at breakfast table);—"I came in pretty late last night and one of my boots squeaked awfully; did you hear me, Miss X?"

Sandy evidently thought Miss X. was listening at the keyhole for him.

Lectures on shipping: "Mr. Hans--n, what is the usual deck-load which a steamer carries?"

Hans--n: "Lumber." Then to seat-mate, "You know my father ships a lot of lumber; he owns a sawmill."

Plug, Plugger, Pugsley.

The residents of Coburg Road were recently disturbed about 1.30 a. m. by hideous sounds coming from the basement of a students boardinghouse.

It was merely River (ind) John and T. D. McD., who had been locked in the cellar—we know not for what—singing, "Hale, hale, the gang's all here, &c."

Moseley, (H. C.,) is frequently seen on the streets with his *double*. We extend our sympathy—to the *double*.

Hope-ful (Bl—s) Sophomore, explaining his low mark in Greek. "The death of Polyphemus so affected me that I could not write."

C-ff-n, on the train going home for vacation, was looking for his valise near Pictou. He picked up an old gentleman's foot from a seat and said absently. "No, that's not my boot." C-ff-n admits that he often goes to extremes.

At Sodales Lecture Dr. M. said we are quite justified in saying that people may reasonably have opposite opinions concerning Shakespere. A sophomore laments that in spite of this he sometimes plucks a fellow.

Lecturer on Crimes.—"What is homicide *se defendendo*?"
"Leake".—"It is where a man kills himself in self-defence."

Rut, entertaining the passengers on Sydney train;—"I am just on my way to Halifax to fight a—of a big law case."

River Bourgeois *Modesty*;
Sir Edward Coke's Couplet—as Calder Wood interpret it:—
Six hours in sleep; in laws grave study six;
One spend in *prayer*; the rest on ladies fix.

McNe-l, (at senior law class meeting)—"I will act on this committee if anybody will *nominate* me."

Calder, being put to flight by *de wolf*, seeks the *Wood(s)*.

Des Barr-s,— "Aren't you supposed to *assist* us in our work?"

Rut intends to spend the summer in the city. Doubtless he will enter the officer of his *foster-father*.

Des-Barr-s startled the Arts' Librarian lately by inquiring for the "Canadian Criminal Cases" Cra-g and De B. are sworn enemies ever since.

Fair Junior of the Y. W. C. A. Committee, (buying Xmas toys for poor children) "Please, how much is this plaster lion? I found it on the Two Cent Counter."

Black D-u-s to classmate, "Prof. M-r-y shows partiality to the girls, because to-day he asked Miss McC-y to translate twice. "Taint fair."

BUSINESS ITEMS.

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We understand that J. Cornelius offers a good reduction on University pins for a club order. Who has energy enough to take the matter in hand? See cut of pin on page VII.

Cahill's Barber Shop has been removed to the Roy Building in the rooms formerly occupied by the Peoples' Heat and Light Co.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

E. H. Armstrong, LL. B., R. H. Graham, LL. B., Dr. M. G. Archibald, E. W. Mosely, LL. B., \$3.00 each.

Rev. J. G. Colquhoun, W. H. Robbins, James Bingay (Yarmouth) W. N. Cochran, Dr. S. W. Williamson, Dr. G. M. Campbell S. C. McLean, B. A., Dr. Geo. Cox, \$2.00.

J. A. H. Cameron, LL. B., W. E. Stewart, Rev. W. Forbes, J. S. Caruthers, Cam. McDonald, Miss Ella Perkins, Miss Eliza McKenzie,

Dr. W. P. Reynolds, G. H. Murphy, Stewart Macdonald, B. A., Miss May Johnston, Miss Winnie Read, Miss Winnifred Webster, Miss Lowe, A. C. Johnson, W. F. McKinnon, D. E. Ross, Joseph Acham, W. M. Grant, E. W. Coffin, A. A. Smith, H. J. Fraser, Miss McKay (Med.), Miss McDougall, R. S. Bochner, R. B. Layton, J. Layton, B. A., A. J. W. Myers, D. J. Nicholson, N. G. Murray, B. A., J. W. P. Ritchie, G. W. Miller, W. G. McKeen, F. W. Day, E. M. Fleming, G. S. Stairs, Miss Bigney, J. W. Hudson, A. S. Lamb, Wm. Corbett, J. A. Scrimgeur, J. McM. Trueman, M. Carney, H. C. McDonald, G. A. Andrews, W. G. Pugsley, I. B. Howatt, Guy Cameron, J. R. Corston, Dr. J. W. Pennington, Miss E. W. Seeton, Dr. J. Johnson, Miss Ruth Simpson, C. J. Crowdis, L. H. Cumming, ——— Ross, E. A. Kirker, ——— Cameron, D. Lawson, J. W. Carmichael, Esq., B. J. Wood, H. L. Burris, K. A. McKenzie, L. J. Millar, Dr. A. H. McKay, H. H. Hamilton, B. A., A. H. R. Fraser, LL. B., Rev. J. A. Crawford, B. A., Dr. W. S. Muir, Hugh McKenzie, LL. B., H. V. Jennison, Esq., Rev. Christopher Munro, Dr. Murray McLaren, Miss Jennie Koss, James Malcolm, Rev. D. Reid, W. Nicholson, J. L. Potter, C. D. DesBrisay, D. Murray, W. T. M. McKinnon, M. J. Wardrope, J. S. Bentley, Miss N. K. McKay, Miss Jean F. Forrest, Miss W. Williams, N. Mark Mills, LL. B., J. A. Campbell, Rev. W. H. Smith, Rev. J. B. McLean, Miss E. Ritchie, Rev. A. F. Robb, Miss Jemima McKenzie, \$1.00 each.

(v)

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