

recur to old students. But his wit never wounded. He was a polished and cultured gentleman of the old school, and never forgot either himself or the courtesy due to others. As the memories of those days at the University come crowding on my mind, no figure stands out more distinctly than that of "the Baron," as the undergraduates of that time loved to call him."

Fredericton, in those old days, was social from its very isolation, nor has that adjective yet, in comparison with other towns, wholly ceased to apply. An inevitable metamorphosis began to overtake this little willow-fringed city on the intervale about 1869, when the railway destroyed its dreamy seclusion, when merry stage-coach bells ceased to jingle along the Nerepis Road in depths of semi-arctic winters, and half frozen travellers no longer sought refuge from the storms at Darby Gillan's famous wayside inn. In accordance with the spirit of the times, a firm triumvirate in mutual esteem existed for many years between Joseph Marshall d'Avray, Dr. George Roberts, then principal of the Collegiate School, and the late Mr. Carman, Clerk of the Pleas. A quiet chat between these three, upon occasion, was not lacking in cerebral scintillation. Such a frequent and leisurely interchange of ideas ever becomes more difficult amid the perpetual motion of these strenuous days. "Tempora mutantur, et non mutamur in illis," yet it is surely pardonable to regret some social losses in the material gains of a wholly new regime.

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