

two large blackboards, and, in the senior years, would give them to us in his own handwriting on foolscap paper. When he concluded his remarks on any subject and closed them with his pet expression, 'That it is, you see,' we made up our minds that it was all right, and we have never yet found that we were mistaken. Laborious in our interests, scrupulously punctual, truthful and the soul of honour, kind-hearted, affable and confidently companionable, the veteran soldier and teacher secured a warm place in the hearts of his students, and memory will fondly recall when we could have addressed him in the words of his own favourite poet, uttered when looking back to a much more distant past: *Tu duca, tu signori, e tu maestro.*"<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Forneri's life was, in many respects, a hard battle with misfortune not altogether unredeemed. Scattered through those long eighty years were unselfish, self-sacrificing efforts that, like the distant palm trees in the desert, marked green resting places in memory's waste. He was ever the enemy of despotism, and the firm friend of constitutional liberty. In this noble cause he embarked his life and fortune, and made shipwreck of the latter. In England, he was one of the first to join the society of "The Friends of Poland," inaugurated by Count Plater, with the view of giving both moral and ma-

<sup>1</sup> See article by William Oldright, M.A., M.D., in the *University Monthly*, Vol. 2, p. 201.