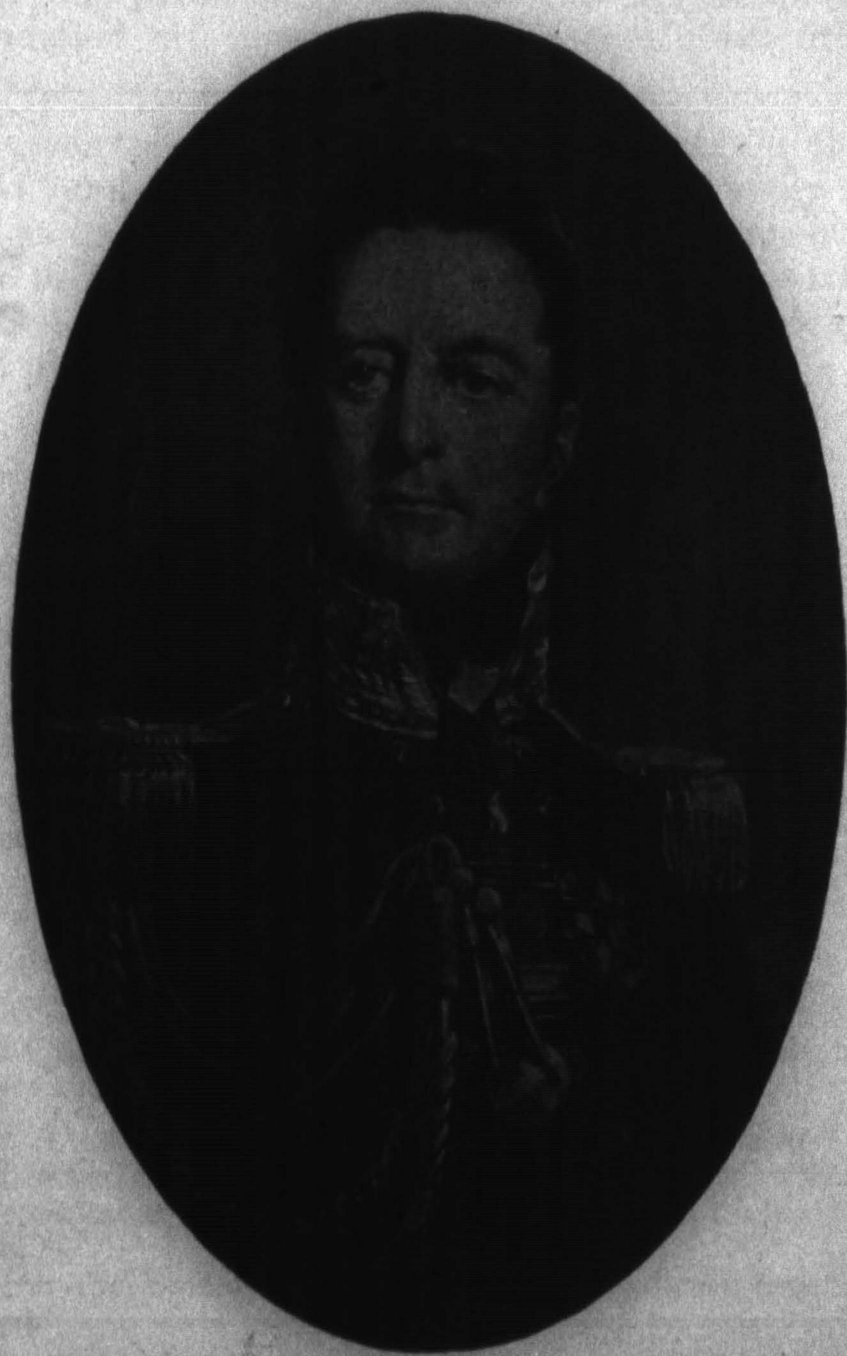

The Right Hon. GEORGE RAMSAY, Ninth Earl of Dalhousie, G. C. B.,
Born, 1770; Died, 1888.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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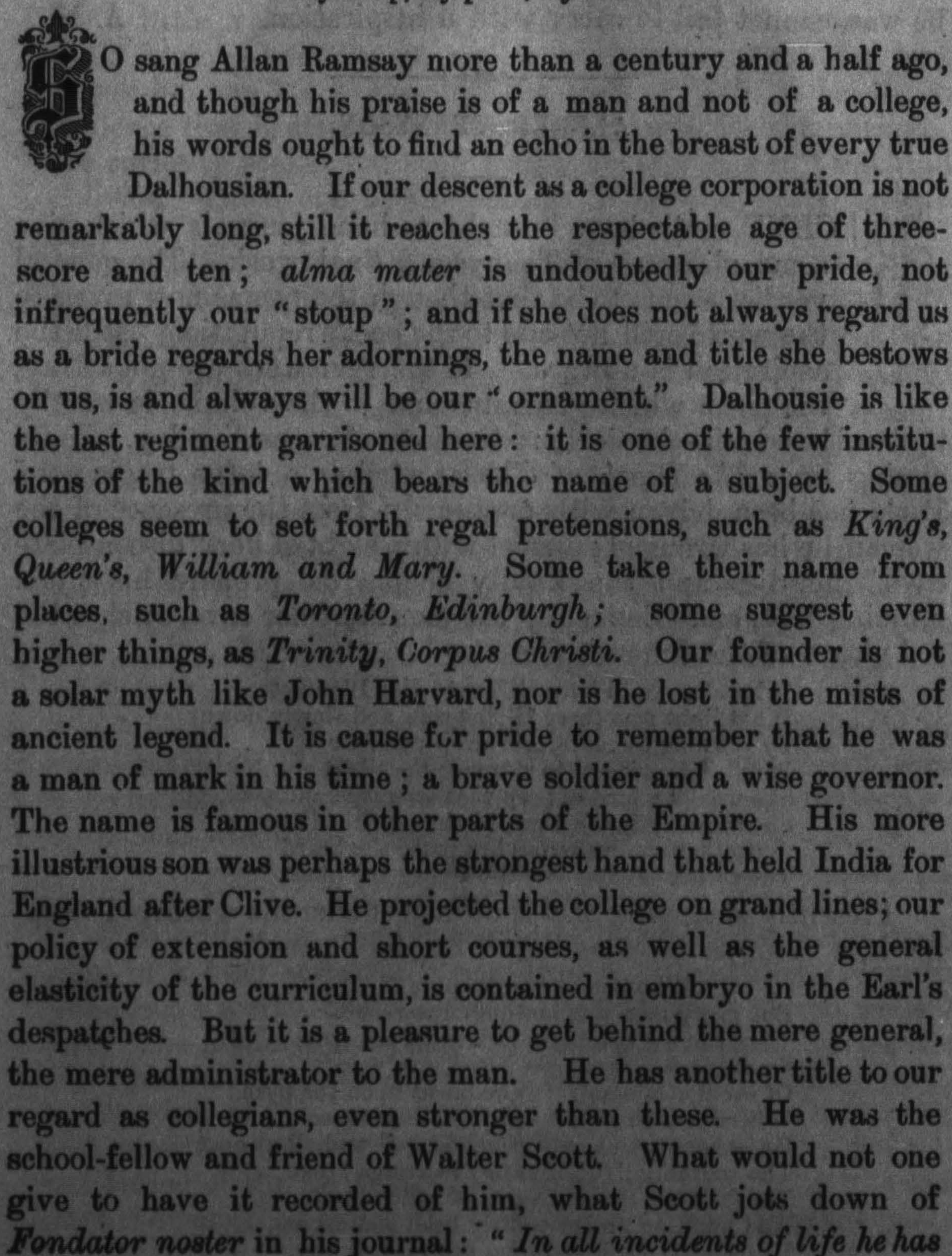
OUR FOUNDER.

> "Dalhousie of a long descent,
> My stoup, my pride, my ornament."



SO sang Allan Ramsay more than a century and a half ago, and though his praise is of a man and not of a college, his words ought to find an echo in the breast of every true Dalhousian. If our descent as a college corporation is not remarkably long, still it reaches the respectable age of three-score and ten; *alma mater* is undoubtedly our pride, not infrequently our "stoup"; and if she does not always regard us as a bride regards her adornings, the name and title she bestows on us, is and always will be our "ornament." Dalhousie is like the last regiment garrisoned here: it is one of the few institutions of the kind which bears the name of a subject. Some colleges seem to set forth regal pretensions, such as *King's, Queen's, William and Mary*. Some take their name from places, such as *Toronto, Edinburgh;* some suggest even higher things, as *Trinity, Corpus Christi*. Our founder is not a solar myth like John Harvard, nor is he lost in the mists of ancient legend. It is cause for pride to remember that he was a man of mark in his time; a brave soldier and a wise governor. The name is famous in other parts of the Empire. His more illustrious son was perhaps the strongest hand that held India for England after Clive. He projected the college on grand lines; our policy of extension and short courses, as well as the general elasticity of the curriculum, is contained in embryo in the Earl's despatches. But it is a pleasure to get behind the mere general, the mere administrator to the man. He has another title to our regard as collegians, even stronger than these. He was the school-fellow and friend of Walter Scott. What would not one give to have it recorded of him, what Scott jots down of *Fondator noster* in his journal: "*In all incidents of life he has*

been the same steady, honest, true-hearted Lord Dalhousie, that Lordie Ramsay promised to be when at the High School." The old school-fellows meet after many years of separation, and the most famous writer of his time recognises in his friend the fulfilment of the promises of noble character given in his boyhood. "*Steady, honest, true-hearted,*" is the praise Scott records more than once; and hints his fear that his honesty and bravery have been poorly rewarded. Such was the man whose name the college bears, a fearless, wise, upright gentleman, the worthy friend of the great-hearted Sir Walter. To know what manner of man he was, cannot fail to carry with it inspiration. A. M.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

RECENT mails have brought to hand journals which give some glimpses of Tennyson's final work. The general verdict seems to be that though the poems now given to the world will not add to the poet's reputation, "still the aspiration is upward." If the reviewers are not astray, the poem which gives its name to the volume is worthy to stand beside the classical masterpieces of an earlier day. In its closing lines *The Death of Œnone* strikes a lofty tragic note. Paris has been driven with contumely from the presence of the woman he has wronged; almost within sight of her "disconsolate cave" he dies and the kindly shepherds prepare his pyre. Evening falls and Œnone, by the mouth of her cave, catches the red gleam of the funeral pile.

> What star could burn so low? Not Ilion yet.
> What light was there? She rose and slowly down,
> By the long torrents ever-deep ned roar
> Paced, following as in a trance the silent cry.
> She waked a bird of prey that screamed and past,
> She roused a snake that, hissing, writhed away;
> A panther sprang across her path, she heard
> The shriek of some lost life among the pines.

Presently she gains the spot and finds the gathered shepherds, a "ring of faces reddened by the flames."

> "Who lies on yonder pyre?"
> But every man was mute for reverence.
> Then moving quickly forward till the heat
> Smote on her brow, she lifted up a voice
> Of shrill command, "Who burns upon the pyre?"
> Whereon their oldest and their boldest said,
> "He, whom thou would'st not heal!" and all at once
> The morning light of happy marriage broke
> Thro' all the clouded years of widowhood,
> And muffling up her comely head and crying,
> "Husband!" she leapt upon the funeral pile
> And mixed herself with *him* and passed in fire.

A passage such as this may serve to assure us that the hand which gave us *Tithonus* and *Ulysses* never lost its cunning. "In divers tones" he was yet able to strike music from that "clear harp" whose every string is now for ever broken. And one wonders, if, among those who but yesterday crowded around his bier to lay their tributes at his feet, there is one who can take his place and sing to other years a song as lofty and pure and sustained as he sang to the years that are gone.

> The shadow of his loss drew like an eclipse,
> Darkening the world.

Tennyson's literary activity dates from 1826, while he was yet in his teens. His brother Charles and he are responsible for a little volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." The book is now very scarce and is one of the prizes for which "book-hunters" are ever on the alert. There is hardly any evidence that it attracted notice, and except for the purpose of the curiosity seeker the book may very well rest in "the kindly oblivion" which one of the authors at least so heartily desired for it.

It was in 1830 that Tennyson boldly challenged a verdict on his work, with his name on the title page he then issued "Poems chiefly Lyrical." It was this volume that touched the poet's sky with promise. Wordsworth, in a letter dated from Cambridge, wrote: "We have also a respectable show of blossom in poetry—two brothers of the name of Tennyson; one in particular not a little promising." Wordsworth little thought that this "one in particular," whose first shoots of flower he thus hopefully welcomed, should, twenty years later, lift the laurel from his own brow and wear it through a long tract of forty years as nobly as he did himself. And indeed this little volume contained much that was characteristic of the poet's later work, both in thought and style. The delicious word-music with which he has made us so familiar may be discerned clearly and unmistakeably in such poems—"trifles," the irreverent would have us believe—as *Claribel* and *Lilian*, and most surprising of all in that wondrous web of sound in which he sings of

> the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid.

It is quite true—and it should be remembered as the beginning of a long series of contradictory critical dicta regarding Tennyson's work—that Coleridge spoke of this period when he said, "the misfortune is that he has begun to write verses very well without understanding what metre is." And another critic, under cover of this remark, would endeavour to convince us that it is possible to trace "not only a prepoetic period in his art—the period of the Orianas, Owls, Mermans, etc., . . . but to date the period at which the soul was 'infused' into his poetry,

and the brilliant external pictures became the dwelling-places of germinating poetic thoughts creating their own music." There is probably no admirer of Tennyson who will deny that there is a grain of truth in this criticism; but he will repudiate it vigorously if it be supposed to tell all there is to tell. Let any one turn to such a picture—to take only one, though it must be confessed that it is the best—as *Mariana*, and let him read "in the spirit," and it is no hazardous thing to say that he must feel himself profoundly moved. The very soul of disappointment croons through every line: every moment of those dreary four-and-twenty hours comes laden with a burden of weariness that touches deeply the heart on which has fallen the weight of life: and for all such, if not for any others, there will ever be a "soul" in the picture of that lonely woman for whom

> Old faces glimmered through the doors,
> Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
> Old voices called her from without.

It is simply not true to say, as is often said, that these early attempts of Tennyson's were merely essays in word music. As well argue, that because in 1868 he gave to a suffering generation the much-burlesqued "I stood on a tower in the wet," the soul of poetry had not yet entered his poems. The dying year was not an unfamiliar theme with the poet's muse; three times before he had sung of it, and any one may look at the rendering he gives it in this his earliest volume, and compare for himself the "void" of the prepoetic period and the "soul" of the other.

If Tennyson's genius ripened early it continued prolific. Again 1832 he issued a second volume. This book is remarkable in many ways, but chiefly because it gives us the first hint that the poet's mind found attraction in the Arthurian stories. Not often has it been given to the lovers of genuine song to cut open the pages of a single volume containing so much that is imperishable. Here are to be found side by side with *The Lady of Shalott, The Miller's Daughter, The Palace of Art, The Lotos Eaters,* and *The Dream of Fair Women.* It is noteworthy also that we now come upon the first of those classical subjects which Tennyson has worked with so much skill and grace; and is it not remarkable too, that the subject he first touched was also the one he touched last. In the song of Œnone the singer of 1832 was echoed again in the singer of 1892. A diversity of opinion will doubtless prevail as to the relative merits of the earlier and later work, but it is difficult to imagine how even the skilled hand of the poet-laureate can improve on the Œnone of fifty years ago.

> "O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,
> Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
> Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves,
> The house the cold crowned snake! O mountain brooks,
> I am the daughter of a River-God,
> Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
> My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
> Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
> A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
> That, while I speak of it, a little while
> My heart may wander from its deeper woe."

One would fain linger on the exquisite cadences of such melodies as are to be found in these pages, but space forbids. It would be unpardonable, however, to pass from this volume without calling to mind that it was the means of exposing the young poet to "the fuming ire" of Christopher North. Nothing more interesting than the article in the current number of Blackwood has been written since Tennyson's death. Apart from the very important contribution it makes to an "appreciation" of the poet, Maga, sixty years after, is intensely interesting because of the commentary it furnishes on "Kit's" famous article. It seems we have all been mistaken; and we have all along all been mistaken. It is true we have gone astray in good company, but then a poet is not always the best judge of his critics, and Tennyson never was further astray than when he vented his wrath in the suppressed but unforgetable lay—*Crusty Christopher.*

> When I learnt from whom it came,
> I forgave you all the blame,
> Musty Christopher;
> I could *not* forgive the praise,
> Fusty Christopher.

If Christopher "caned" the young poet it was only for his future good: it hurt the great critic to do so, but he found "it kind to be cruel"—and so he laid on with all his might. It is gratifying to learn—or to infer—from the Maga of to-day that John Wilson forgave Alfred Tennyson, and here, as the French say, "the incident is closed."

It is impossible to speak adequately—or indeed to speak at all—of much of the new work which Tennyson continued to present to the world. Between the issue of 1832 and the publication of "In Memoriam" in 1859, there had appeared "The Lover's Tale" which was immediately afterwards withdrawn: the volume of 1842 containing such remarkable work as *The English Idylls, Morte d'Arthur, Locksley Hall, The Vision of Sin,* and the great lyric, "Break, Break, Break," the germ, as it has been said, of *In Memoriam.* Then in 1847 came "The Princess," the last thing he did before giving to the press his masterpiece.

It is a work of no small difficulty to read to-day some of the comments made by the press in 1850 on *In Memoriam.* Chief among offenders ranks *The Times* with a critique unusually bat-like. Says this writer: "One is struck by the enormous

exaggeration of the grief. We seem to hear of a person unlike ourselves in feeling and virtues. The real fades into the legendary. Instead of a memorial we have a myth. Hence the subject suffers loss even from its magnitude. The hero is beyond our sympathy. . . . The disproportion of phrase is somewhat ludicrous, and occasionally blasphemous." It is safe to say that nothing in the way of criticism could have been more beside the mark. To say nothing of the imbecility of charging such a mind as Tennyson's with the sin of blasphemy, there could hardly have been anything more entirely fatuous than to speak of Arthur Henry Hallam as the "hero" of this remarkable poem. Did it ever occur to any one else to think so? It is true that the loss of Hallam was the occasion of the poem; but if there is any "hero" in it at all it must be the poet himself, for it is around him the storm and stress darkly gather, and the crisis of the poem is reached when he emerges into that "light of God" to which his dead friend had already come. Yet the press was not the only vehicle through which dissatisfaction was expressed to the ear of the poet. Among the friends of his inner circle there was not wanting that "one candid friend" who would assure Tennyson that the world could not stand anything in the way of elegiacs that was longer than *Lycidas*. But the poet's instinct was truer than the omniscience of the reviewer or the candour of the friend. He felt that in him, as in that other of whom he sang so grandly yet later in life, the "most high God had breathed a secret thing;" he felt that he must utter that word "spoken in the ear;" and there has gathered round him the sons and daughters of sorrow—the world's majority—and they have listened with chastened hearts while he has given voice to their inarticulate longing

> for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

The *In Memoriam* is the one poem of the laureate's round which the commentators have gathered; that it has survived the treatment which it has received at their hands, is probably as fine a testimony to its vitality as any reasonable man need demand. Still it is not doubtful that a guide to the poem is needed. This does not arise from any "drumliness" in the poet's thought, but from the fact that the poem, as has been recently said, "is not merely a great poem in itself, but really a series of short poems held together by a common sentiment. . . . The transitions of thought and theme are always subtle and often sudden. The various suggestions of loss crowd thickly on the mind of the poet, and it is sometimes difficult to perceive the link which connects them into one organic whole" Genung's study of *In Memoriam* is by far the best that is known to the present writer. His key may be presented in

brief in a single sentence. He finds in the poem three cycles, each of them beginning with a Christmastide. The first is the cycle of the past, in which the poet fondly dwells on the friendship and companionship of his lost friend; the second is the cycle of the present, in which the possibility of present communion with the unseen is passionately discussed; and then in the concluding cycle—the cycle of the future—the all-satisfying nature of love itself is discovered. It is to be feared that this scheme is open to the obvious objection that it is too ingenious; and yet no one can read it, I think, without feeling that it puts him more fully into possession of the poem than he was before. But after all, each one will take from the book just what it says to himself, for that great saying of Meredith's is as true of books as it is of nature—"we are each of us fated to get just what we give." Mrs. Browning has said in her own suggestive manner—

> If to conquer love has tried,
> To conquer grief tries more, as all things prove,
> For grief indeed *is* love, and grief beside.
> Alas! I have grieved so, I'm hard to love.

And so long as those two elements remain in man's world: so long as men have that dread conflict to endure: so long as hearts made to love are wrung with the anguish of loss: so long will Tennyson's name be uttered with reverence, and his *In Memoriam* be to drooping souls what clouds and rain are to "the dry-parched ground."

The year of the *In Memoriam* was also the year of Tennyson's marriage, and his succession to the laureateship. No occasion will offer itself afterwards to me to say a word in connection with what may be called his "official poems." It is truly wonderful that Tennyson did not fail oftener than he did in this kind of work. One can hardly yet think without a smile of such things as

> You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
> You, the Lord-territorial,
> You, the Lord-manufacturer,
> You, the hardy, laborious,
> Patient children of Albion,
> You, Canadian, Indian,
> Australasian, African,
> All your hearts be in harmony,
> All your voices in unison,
> Singing "Hail to the glorious
> Golden year of her Jubilee!"

There's false fire there! That can never be mistaken for the true Promethean! But when he strikes his lyre and sings *To the Queen*, or "These to His Memory," or when he welcomes the royal lady who so long has stood on the steps of our throne, then indeed we feel we have our singer back again. Nearly allied to these "official songs" are those in which he speaks the

feelings of the nation—grateful, indignant, or funereal as the case may be. In this vein we have such noble utterances as *Ode on the Death of Wellington, The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and, who that has ever read it, can forget the volcanic vigour of *The Third of February*.

> Shall we fear *him?* our own we never fear'd.
> From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.
> Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
> We flung the burthen of the second James.
> I say, we *never* feared! and as for these,
> We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.

The first great thing Tennyson did after accepting the laureateship, excepting of course the Wellington Ode, was the issue of "Maud" in 1855. It is a kind of a pleasure to write "great" over against that poem, notwithstanding all that has been said against it. The limits of this paper prevent anything like a defence of the judgment, but if any reader of these lines has been tainted by the common prejudice against *Maud* let him look into the article in Blackwood, already referred to, and weigh well the things therein said. Four years after the issue of *Maud* came the "Idylls of the King" in 1859, and with a brief reference to this work this article must come to an end.

As far back as 1832 it was evident to careful readers that the Arthurian legend held a spell over Tennyson's mind. Indeed it was one of the deepest, as it was one of the earliest impressions ever made on his mind. If we are to credit Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie's recent revelations of life at Somersby, the children there found no more interesting form of diversion than to revive again in various child-like ways, the chivalrous days of "knight and lady." It is no surprise therefore to find the poet, when he came to his strength, turning to these familiar tales for material out of which to weave "the thing he was born to do." The story of the genesis of the Idylls is one of the most curious in literature. Already in 1832 the laureate had written the *Lady of Shalott;* this was followed by *St. Agnes*, and still later by *Sir Galahad* and *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinivere*. The same book which contained the latter poems, brought also as a fragment the *Morte d'Arthur*. Thus in various ways Tennyson tried to express the thing he saw and felt, and while the efforts were, to a certain extent, "successfully unsuccessful," they yet served to give the singer confidence in himself and his subject. The first evidence of his determination to give his readers the Epic towards which he was working was provided by the printing of *Enid and Nimue*. This poem, however, was not published. Two years later came "The Idylls of the King," comprising *Enid, Vivien, Elaine*, and *Guinivere*. Eleven years afterwards, in 1870, four others were added. These were *The Coming of Arthur, The Holy Grail, Pelleas and Ettarre*, and *The Passing of Arthur*. Three others were added at later intervals—*Gareth and Lynette, The Last Tournament, and Balin and Balan*. As they now stand in the recent editions of the poet's works they are twelve in number—*Enid* having been broken into two distinct Idylls.

The interpretation of the Idylls is a question to which we cannot do more than refer. There are those who incline to the belief that the whole Epic is one long allegory in which "the form is nothing and the soul is all:" while there are others who hold that the purpose of the laureate is one of parable rather than allegory. The strongest writer on this latter side is Henry Van Dyke, whose excellent volume, to which it is pleasant to note Dalhousie has contributed somewhat, ought to be in the hands of every student of Tennyson. This writer says: "The attempt to interpret the poem as a strict allegory breaks down at once and spoils the story. Suppose you say that Arthur is the Conscience and Guinivere is the Flesh, and Merlin is the Intellect; then pray what is Lancelot, and what is Geraint, and what is Vivien? What business has the Conscience to fall in love with the Flesh? What attraction has Vivien for the Intellect without any passions? If Merlin is not a man, '*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*' The whole affair becomes absurd, unreal, incomprehensible, uninteresting." The reader may therefore enjoy to the full these charming settings of the olden stories of Mallory's wonderful book, without being tormented with the notion that Arthur and his Knights are merely "abstract virtues masquerading." Yet at the same time he will read to little avail if he does not remember that "Arthur casts a shadow," and this shadow speaks of things more real than the king himself. Of this Tennyson reminds us himself in his epilogue—

> Accept this old imperfect tale,
> New old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
> Rather than that grey King, whose name, a ghost
> Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain-peak,
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
> Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
> Touched by the adulterous finger of a time
> That hovered between war and wantonness,
> And crownings and dethronements.

It is impossible to unlock the mystery of the book without the poet's key, but let any reader, who before has read the Idylls only for their knightly tales, take the poet's guiding word with him once again through all the enchanted land, and he will find the gain immeasurable. Here are all the elements of this "strange, yeasty time of ours" presented to us in antique dress; the same bitter stress of wrong and sin; the same shock and blow of circumstance and fate; there is here a mirror held up to the times, into which if a man may look he will "see

himself and all things that are." "As the rich colours of the great story fade, the air fills with low, spiritual rumours of that higher life of which the order of the Round Table is but a symbol; while Tennyson paints the stately passing of the spirit to its rest as he painted the greatness of its rising, but with added touches of mystery and beauty. The old Arthurian epic has been rendered by Tennyson significant to modern ears. In it he has found the common term between the ideas of chivalry and the ideas of an age of hesitating trust, an age of a probing intellect and of a trusting heart."

Though I am compelled by the limits of space to stay my hand here, "the rest is not silence." Again and yet again, our poet broke into "musical clangours" and sang for us in *The Revenge* and *Tiresias*, and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*: and even on his dying bed gave utterance to "solemn music." One feels that nothing better can be done than to close these rambling notes with the brave and hopeful lines that fell from his lips, when "the moonlight lay across his bed," and his ears were filled with the mystic sound of that "one clear call."

When the dumb Hour clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the Dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone.
Call me rather, Silent Voices,
Forward to the starry track,
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On and always on.

A. R.

CELEBRITIES AND TITLES.

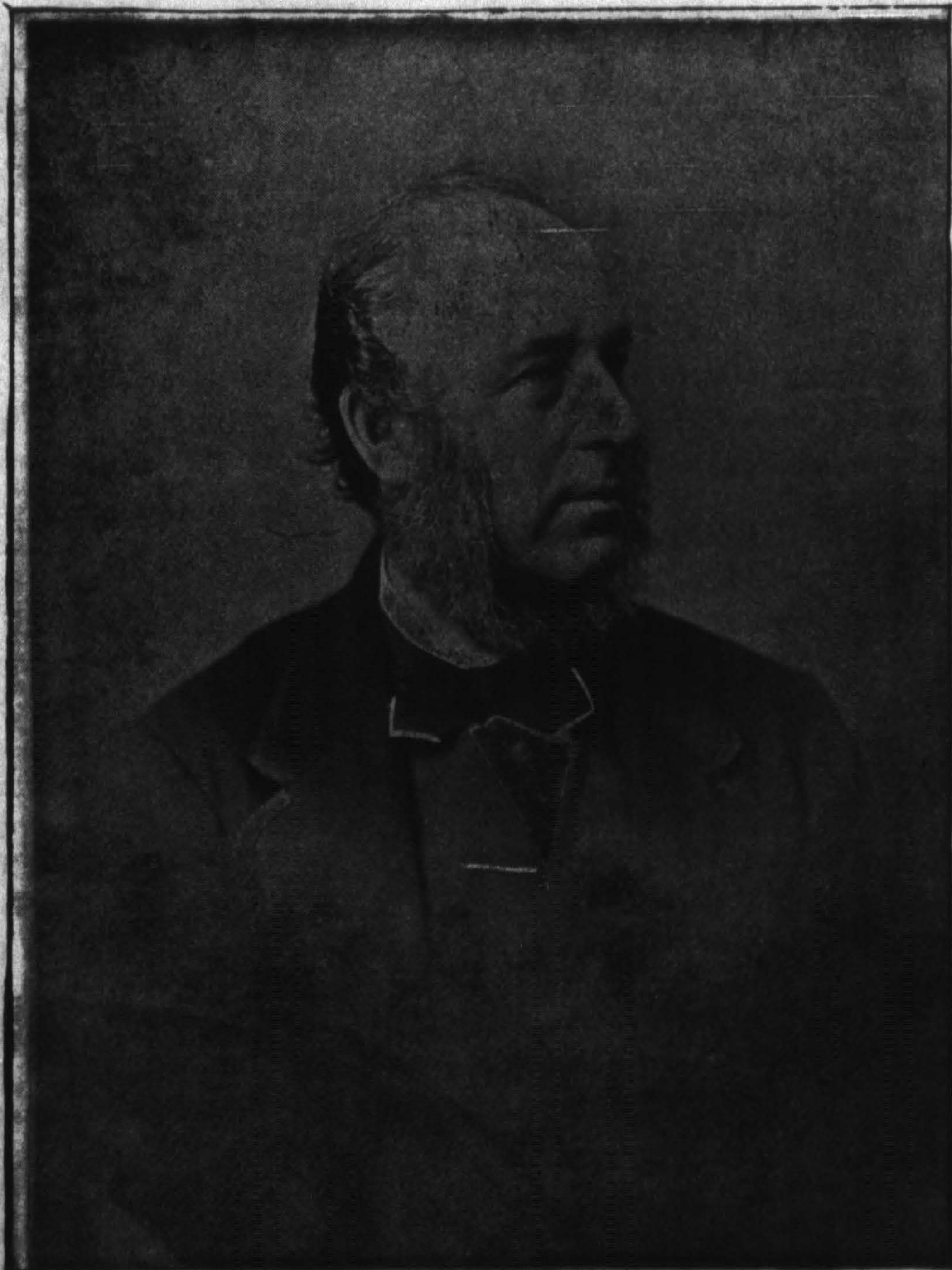
SHOULD we dispense with titles and prefixes in referring to eminent men? I forget whether it was Andrew Lang or James Payne who, some months ago, answered this query in the negative in the case of living persons. Yet usage leans towards treating the greater living celebrities like the dead ones, assuming, as it were, that they have already established their title to immortality and do not belong exclusively to a single generation. Very great men need no introduction to one's readers or hearers; and they should be magnanimous enough to excuse a familiarity which certainly does not breed contempt. Neither Tennyson nor Longfellow would have objected to his name being written minus its handle during his life. After the death of these worthies nobody scruples to call them by their bare surnames. Even Longfellow's brother, in his life of the poet, usually styles him Longfellow.

We generally speak of Pitt and Fox, of Dickens and Thackeray, of Nelson and Marlborough, *sans ceremonie*. If his title commonly adheres to the Duke of Wellington, this is due firstly to his having been so often called "the iron duke" and "the great duke," and secondly to the fact that some people love to mouth a title of nobility. "Mr." Shakespeare or "Mr." Milton would sound ludicrous. It is only in the case of minor celebrities, and these living ones, that any sensible person may feel perplexity; and when one has a reasonable doubt, it is safer to be formal and correct.

As in the case of Mr. Goldwin Smith, the commonness of his surname prevents our speaking of the greatest Scotch novelist without his Christian name—except when we talk of him in connection with his novels or poems, or something which defines his personality. And, as the title "Sir" has an affinity for Christian names, we usually call him Sir Walter Scott. But while we know of many Scotts (besides the mysterious "Great Scott!" himself), Frenchmen, as a rule, know but one; and so the recent naming of a street in Paris the "Rue Scott" creates no ambiguity there. It did, however, cause some newspaper comment in England, in the course of which one writer expressed his opinion that the French habitually deprive Sir Walter of his title because they are too republican to use it! The Paris correspondent of "Truth" explained the true cause of the omission, that the French think too highly of the author of "Waverley" to give him any prefix: "Scott, being *entré dans la gloire*, is plain Scott." Similarly, Parisians have honored the great mathematician far more by calling a street the "Rue Newton" than if they had called it "Rue Sir Isaac Newton" They have assumed that he is *the* Newton *par excellence*—the Newton who is most universally known. The *Gazette de France* once announced, with unconscious pathos, the death of "M. Arouet de Voltaire, Member of the Academy and Gentleman of the King's Chamber;" but outside of gazettes and dictionaries Voltaire is Voltaire.

As perfect beauty is, "when unadorned, adorned the most," so recognized merit of the highest order gains nothing from titles. Gladstone and Pitt stand not a step lower on the ladder of fame from their remaining "great commoners." Some Americans fancy that the prestige of the late Laureate was actually impaired when he became Lord Tennyson, while others thought his acceptance of the barony inconsistent with the sentiments expressed by him in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" and elsewhere. But the poet probably felt that more titles (as such things *are* sometimes given in recognition of merit) were justly due to the profession of letters, and he may have accepted his peerage only or mainly as a representative of his craft.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



HON. SIR ADAMS G. ARCHIBALD, K. C. M. G., P. C., D. C. L., Q. C.

HON. SIR ADAMS G. ARCHIBALD.

ADAMS G. ARCHIBALD was born at Truro in May 1814. At the age of twenty-five he was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia, and soon became one of its most prominent members. He entered public life in 1851, and sat for Colchester for a number of years, being at one time Attorney-General of the Province.

After Confederation he represented Colchester in the House of Commons, and held the portfolio of Secretary of State for the Provinces. In 1870 he went to the new Province of Manitoba to fill the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and remained there till 1873 when he was appointed Judge in Equity for Nova Scotia. This office he only held for a short time as he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of his native province in the same year. He continued to hold this high and honorable position for ten years. In 1872 he was knighted by the Queen for important services rendered in Manitoba, and in 1886 was advanced to a yet higher degree of honor than that already conferred.

Such is a brief outline of the life of the Chairman of our Board of Governors. Sir Adams takes a lively interest in all that pertains to the welfare of Dalhousie, as is evidenced by his generous gifts of books to the Law Library, and his readiness to assist in promoting the interests of the University. As we are going to press we learn of the death of Sir Adams.

THE BASIN OF MINAS.

TO most people who are not residents of the Maritime Provinces, the name Basin of Minas merely recalls the poem of Longfellow, which enables railway managers and others to describe that part of ancient Acadia which lies near it as the land of Evangeline. To them this old historic water is merely a setting for a highly colored romance, which idealizes the dull, squalid, featureless life of the Acadian peasant into something higher and nobler than it is given to the sons of men to attain. Longfellow had never seen the Basin of Minas when he undertook to describe it; he knew nothing of the character or history of the Acadians, except what he derived from the pages of the Abbe Raynal or Haliburton, and consequently his poem, so far as it relates to Acadia, is false in historical

coloring as it is in local knowledge. And yet it is merely as the land of Evangeline, and not in the light of sober historical truth, that the majority of those who visit this modern Acadia regard it.

As we look back to past centuries, we sometimes forget that a wide interval of time separates those whose names are enrolled on the pages of history. We look upon the expulsion of the Acadians, which occurred 137 years ago, as an ancient event, and hardly realize that we must go back more than 137 years behind the period of which Longfellow has sung, before we reach the beginning of the story of the Basin of Minas. It received its present name while James I. was on the English throne, and there is hardly a doubt that it was visited by Europeans before Martin Luther broke with Leo the Tenth. The first mention of the Basin of Minas that appears in a printed book, is in the Voyages of Samuel de Champlain. When this distinguished explorer was at Gaspé, in 1603, with Pont Gravé, he heard from some of the St. John River Indians who were there, of the existence of a copper mine, and Prevert of St. Malo, who commanded one of the small vessels of the expedition, was sent to examine it. He was accompanied by Secondon, the chief of St. John, and by some of his own men. After being absent a month, Prevert returned with a wonderful story of the mines he had seen. He described one as being "a very high mountain, extending somewhat seaward, glittering brightly in the sunlight, and containing a large amount of verdigris." "At the foot of this mountain," he said, "there was at low water, a large quantity of bits of copper," some of which Prevert shewed to Champlain. Prevert also described two other mines, one, three or four leagues from the first, "in the direction of the coast of La Cadie," and the other six leagues from the second, "going seaward about a league, and near the coast of La Cadie," where there was an island containing a kind of metal of a dark brown color, but white when it is cut. This he said the Indians formerly used for their arrows and knives, which they beat into shape with stones. Prevert did not show Champlain any specimens of this metal, but he clearly led him to believe that it was silver. He also told of a small river near the second mine, extending "in a southerly direction, where there is a mountain containing a black pigment, with which the savages paint themselves."

Prevert deceived Champlain, for he did not actually visit the mines he undertook to describe. Whether from indolence or illness, he appears to have waited in his shallop at the mouth of the Scadouc River, while two or three of his men accompanied Secondon to the mines.

When Champlain accompanied de Monts to Acadia in 1604, one of his first cares was to find the copper mine which Prevert had described. He and de Monts sailed up the Bay of Fundy, then known to the French as the Baye Francoise, until they sighted Cape Chignecto, which Champlain named The Cape of Two Bays, and the island to the south of it, which Champlain named Isle Haute, or high island, a name which it still retains. The French adventurers were at the gateway of the Basin of Minas, a gateway twelve nautical miles in width from Cape Chignecto to the south shore. Champlain landed on Isle Haute, and found there indications of copper, and he visited the port, now known as Advocate Harbor, which is distant about ten miles from the island. He was still in search of Prevert's copper mine, but he could not identify any of the landmarks described by that imaginative person. "We landed," says Champlain, "to see if we could find the mines which Prevert had reported to us. Having gone about a quarter of a league along certain mountains, we found none, nor did we recognize any resemblance to the description of the harbor he had given us. Nevertheless we found in this harbor two mines of what seemed to be copper, according to the report of our miner, who considered it very good, although it was not native copper."

A few weeks later, when de Monts had commenced to establish his colony at St. Croix Island, Champlain had another search for Prevert's mine, but he failed to find it, although the Indian who was his guide pretended to know all about it. Finally, in the autumn of 1605, Champlain met with Secondon, the Indian chief who had accompanied Prevert's party, and with his help the mine was found in the cliffs near Cape D'Or. They found there, he says, "some little pieces of copper of the thickness of a sou, and others still thicker embedded in grayish and red rocks." The miner who accompanied Champlain, Master Jacques, a native of Sclavonia, found something like a mine, which he said, from the appearance of the soil, might be good if it were worked; but Champlain adds: "The truth is, that if the water did not cover the mines twice a day, and if they did not lie in such hard rocks, something might be expected from them."

Champlain named Advocate Harbor Port des Mines, and Cape D'Or Cape of Mines, and his book contains a plan shewing both the port and the Cape, as well as Isle Haute and the island now known as Spencer's Island. In July, 1607, Champlain and Poutrincourt, the grantee of Port Royal, accompanied by seven or eight men, explored the Basin of Minas. It was then that the name Cap de Poutrincourt was given to Cape Split, that rocky and dangerous headland which marks the western boundary of Minas Channel. Champlain relates that Poutrincourt came near losing his life there while attempting to ascend a cliff which was more than thirty fathoms in height. When he reached the top of the rock, which was very narrow, the summit trembled beneath him, because

in the course of time moss had gathered there four or five feet in thickness, and not being solid, trembled when one stepped upon it. The sailors had some difficulty in getting Poutrincourt down from his dangerous eminence, and this adventure was no doubt the reason why his name was given to the Cape.

The most interesting feature in Champlain's narrative is the statement that in one of the harbors, three or four leagues north of Cape de Poutrincourt, probably the one now known as Diligent River, they found a very old cross, all covered with moss and almost all rotten, which he accepted as a plain indication that there had been Christians there before his visit. Who were these Christians who planted this ancient cross as a sign that they took possession of the country in the name of their king? The cross may have been placed there by Gaspar de Cortereal, while on his second voyage to America in 1501, or by the Baron de Lery in 1518, but it is more likely to have been the work of John Verazzano. This navigator who, in 1524, was sent out by Francis I. of France on a voyage of discovery, followed the eastern coast of America from the 34th to the 50th degree of north latitude. This voyage must have carried him into the Bay of Fundy, for following the coast closely he would not discover that he was embayed until he had almost reached Cape Chignecto, when the south shore would display itself before him. If Verazzano got to Cape Chignecto at the end of the ebb tide, when there was little or no wind, or with the wind from the west, he would go up as far as Cape Split, whether he intended to do so or not, for the tides there are among the strongest in the world, and the flood tide will carry a vessel from 25 to 30 miles. The first European navigator of the Minas Channel, whoever he may have been, is entitled to our sympathy, for his feelings must have been anything but pleasant as he felt himself carried along by the tide, without the power to help himself, to an unknown goal. Men who had the dangers of Charybdis in their minds, or who had been told of the terrors of the Malstrom, might well be pardoned if they thought they had found the counterpart of those far-famed whirlpools in the "rips" off Cape D'Or and Cape Split.

The furious tides of the Minas Channel and Basin are their great feature. From a two or three knot tide at Cape Chignecto, its strength increases to from six to seven knots between Cape Split and the Parrsboro' shore, but no reader will ever be able to understand what a six or seven knot tide really is until he tries to stem it in a moderate breeze, or to row against it. The "rip" at Cape D'Or is something never to be forgotten by those who pass through it when there is not enough wind to steady the vessel. The water there is like a huge boiling caldron; the waves do not roll or move forward, but leap up and down, and small vessels passing through the "rips," if their rigging is a little slack, frequently have the masts jumped out of them, making it necessary to seek shelter in the nearest creek for immediate repairs. I saw an unfortunate fisherman in this dilemma in the creek behind Spencer's Island in the summer of 1888, and his case has been the experience of hundreds of others. The same summer I went through the "rips" in the Parrsboro' pilot boat *Frank*, and the sensation was like that of being dragged over a very rough road in a cart without springs. The Cape Split "rips" is far more dangerous than that of Cape D'Or, but it is a rare thing for a vessel to pass through it, because they all give it a wide berth. Under certain conditions of wind and tide it would be fatal to be dragged into this "rip," but an accident of this kind hardly ever takes places, so careful are the men who sail the Basin of Minas to avoid it The set of the tides is such that this is easily done, and Cape Split, although a much more real danger than the Malstrom, is one which no one need brave.

The names in this region are a strange mixture of the old and the new, or of old names corrupted into new ones. Cape Chignecto is of Indian origin, but no sailor gives it the pronunciation which the ordinary reader would think right. With them it is Seconecter, just as Isle Haute, is Isle of Holt. Cape D'Or is usually called D'Oree, and Spencer's Island, which some will tell you was called after a man of that name, is really a corruption of Isle Penser of the old French maps, which may be translated Isle of Thought, or Loneley Island. The latter description fits it admirably, for Spencer's Island is and always must be lonely, as there is nothing there to tempt any one to live upon it. Advocate Harbor is ancient, and appears on the old French maps as Havre l'Avocat. Apple River is also a name given by the French, but all the names on the Parrsboro shore, from Cape Spencer to Five Islands, are modern.

This long paper has brought me merely to the entrance of the Basin of Minas, and to a period removed from us almost three centuries. In the public spirited de Monts, the careful and pious Champlain and the heroic Poutrincourt, whe fell at the siege of St. Miery a few years later, we have the pioneers of the civilization which now flourishes in this modern Acadia. As they ventured their little bark on those furious tides, and gazed with awe on the gloomy forests, which clothed hill and plain down to the solitary shores, they could hardly have imagined that the time would come when a vast commerce would traverse those lonely waters, and huge four masted schooners, each with the lading of a dozen ships of their time, would bear their cargoes seaward. What were the

hopes or dreams of those men of the future of this Acadia, which they were the first to make known to the world? Between them and us lies a long past, peopled with men as daring as they, whose adventures in the Basin of Minas have passed into the annals of Acadia, and who may be worthy of being more fully described at another time. In the meantime let us accept it as truth, that there is much more in the Basin of Minas than the story of Evangeline.

JAMES HANNAY.

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD.

CANADA has been prolific of heroines. Each province has contributed its quota to the number, but we, Canadians, have unfortunately been provincial in our heroine worship. Thus it happens, that while we, dwellers in the twin provinces by the sea, know much of our own Marie de la Tour, we know little of Madame Champlain or Mademoiselle de Verchères, who are served with chivalrous devotion from the lips of the people of Quebec; or of Laura Secord, who stands in Ontario annals for all that is loyal, brave, noble. To make the GAZETTE'S constituency better acquainted with the story of the memorable exploit, which justifies the placing of Laura Secord on the roll of Canadian heroines, is the purpose of this article. It was performed in the second year of the war of 1812-14, and my readers—for merely as a working hypothesis I assume I shall have readers—will have to review briefly with me the events of that period.

The campaign of 1812 had seen every attempt at an invasion of Canada signally foiled. During the quiet of the succeeding winter, the United States Government, irritated by the mishaps of the previous summer, organized and equipped three powerful armies. One of these—the Army of the North—was dispatched to Lake Champlain, there to remain a menace to Montreal and the Province of Quebec, and to prevent the Governor-General moving any of his troops to the aid of the forces in Ontario. A second under the command of Major-General Harrison, grandfather of the present President of the United States, was sent to Lake Erie with instructions to retake Detroit, and enter Canada from that quarter. The third, the Army of the Centre, under Major-General Dearborn, was concentrated in and around Niagara. Assisted by the fire from their ships, this army succeeded in crossing the river on the 27th May, and driving the British and Canadians under Colonel Vincent from Fort Grove to Queenston—thence, after destroying the batteries to Beaver Dams; thence to Burlington Heights. During his retreat, reinforcements had reached Vincent, and his command when his drummers beat a halt at Burlington Heights had grown to 1,800 rank and file. Dearborn ordered a detachment of 3,000 to pursue him; but upon these pursuers Vincent, by his chief of staff, Colonel John Harvey, afterwards Lieut.-Governor in turn of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, inflicted a decisive defeat in a night engagement at Stoney Creek. So alarmed did Dearborn become at this reverse that, standing not upon the

order of his going, he hurried back to Fort George and shut himself up within its defences, allowing his army of 6,000 to be held at bay by less than a third their number. Vincent then moved a little forward to where the town of Grimsby now stands, but did not hazard an attack. Light parties were planted at different points nearer the enemy "to feel his pulse." One of these, a band of 40 odd, under Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, had stationed itself in the two story stone house of one De Cau* near the Beaver Dams, at the upper crossing of Twelve Mile Creek. Another, under Lieut.-Colonel Bishop, was posted near what is now the village of Jordan, and the third and largest, under Major de Haren, near the site of the present town of Thorold; the lines between the three forming an equilateral triangle with sides of seven miles. Exasperated beyond measure by the guerilla warfare successfully carried on against him by these advance parties, Cecil Dearborn determined to strike a vigorous blow. On the 23rd June he learned Fitzgibbon's position, and his strength, and the evening of that day saw Col. Bœrslter, one of the bravest of the many brave officers in the American Army, at the head of 600 men marching towards De Cau's. Some miles out from Fort George the main body halted, while the cavalry rode forward to Queenston to secure the inhabitants and prevent their giving an alarm. Once at that village they tarried for the night, but threw out patrols and pickets on all the roads leading from it.

Among the inhabitants of Queenston thus rudely deprived of liberty was James Secord. Of good loyalist stock, he had answered the first call to arms, and in the campaign of 1812 had taken part in more than one engagement. In the battle of Queenston heights he had been severely wounded in leg and shoulder, and left for dead upon the field. Then it was that his wife Laura first, so far as is known, gave proof of conspicuous bravery.

"When she learned he lay among the wounded, his young wife took up a lantern in her hand, and searched the field—whence sobs and groans and cries rose up to heaven and paled the tearful stars—until she found the man she loved, not sure that life remained. Then binding him as best she might, she bore, with some kind aid, the fainting body home,

* * * * * * "That very night
Distrustful lest the foe, repulsed and wild
Should launch again his heavier forces o'er
The flood; she moved her terror-stricken girls—
Four tender creatures—and her infant boy
Her wounded husband and her two young slaves
'Neath cover of thick darkness to the farm
A mile beyond: a feat even for a man."†

The wife, like her husband, was sprung from Loyalist loins and shared in his devotion to British interests. Like him—like indeed so many of the immediate descendants of the Loyalists, she looked upon

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*This name is also written De Cew, De Cou, De Camps, and De Caw.

†The several quotations in blank verse made in this article are taken from the drama "Laura Secord" by S. A. Curzon, Toronto, 1887. Too much credit cannot be given Mrs. Curzon for her praiseworthy efforts to awaken interest in Canadian history. It is, however, to be regretted that, with so much knowledge and such untiring industry, she combines so little literary skill

the people of the United States much as personal enemies. Into their house came certain of Bœrslter's soldiers, and

> " Fell a-talking, loud,
> As in defiance, of some private plan
> To make the British wince. Word followed word
> Till I, who could not help but hear their gibes,
> Suspected mischief, and, listening, learned the whole."

So Laura Secord, in the language of tradition and poetry, accounts for her knowledge of Bœrslter's plans. The probability is, however, that the arrival of so large a body of troops by night, and the unusual care taken to conceal their advance, at once led the village folk to suspect that Fitzgibbon was to be attacked* Word of his danger, the Secords resolved, must be sent him—but how? It was evident the husband could not go—he had not yet recovered—in fact never did recover—from his wounds of the previous year Besides, he was under parole, as was every male in Queenston, from boy to octogenarian. The wife without hesitation undertook the task, a task from which strong men might shrink. She was a slight and delicate woman, already in her thirty-eighth year and the mother of five children. From Queenston to DeCau's is only twelve miles as the crow flies, but the distance was the smallest part of her journey. The American sentries were posted ten miles out from the village; every road and path was shut off from her; and she was obliged to choose most circuitous routes and keep in the thick of the woods. There was, too, the danger from the wild animals, who lurked in the dense underbrush of the swamp, or haunted the forest on the mountain side, and from prowling bands of Indians. But her chief hardship lay in the nature of the ground she had to traverse. Between her and Twelve Mile Creek lay an almost impassable swamp, thro' which a backwoodsman, laden with his axe, wading here, there stumbling over rotted trees, or protruding stumps, dragging himself clay-clogged and footsore over a bit of half-submerged corduroy road for one short pace—over an adhesive mud bank for another—might manfully do about ten miles for his day's work. Beyond the Creek, the land thro' which the last few miles of her journey led her, rose rapidly and was covered with virgin forests, gashed here and there by brawling streams. She knew the difficulties before her and the dangers she had to run, but neither altered her resolve. At the first flush of day, after a night not, we may be sure, without anxiety, clad to allay suspicion in her ordinary morning attire, with a milk pail upon her arm, she set out. A sentry challenged her at her own gates. One is reminded of the old ballad—

> " Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
> " I'm going a-milking, Sir," she said.

By good luck there was a cow in the field beyond, and the sentry allowed her to pass. Approaching her, Mrs. Secord drove her slowly but surely away, till finally out of sight she dropped her pail and hurried on her way. She encountered two other sentries before reaching the farm houses of St. David's. To these she told a story of a brother lying dangerously ill at St. David's, whom she went to visit. A brother sick nigh unto death at that place she did have, but to visit him was no

*See Cruikshanks " The Fight in the Beechwoods," p. 13.

part of her errand. After an instant's pause at her brother's house, she resumed her walk and was soon deep in the intricacies of the swamp. Many times she lost her way. Once she heard close at hand the fearful howl of wolves.

> " The wolves! the dreadful wolves! they've scented me,
> O whether shall I fly! No shelter near;
> No help. Alone! O God, alone!
> O father! not this death, if I must die,
> My task undone, 'tis too, too horrible."

Fortunately they were upon another scent, and were speedily out of hearing. Not infrequently a rattlesnake started from its hiding place, with horrible hiss glided across her path, and lost itself in the rank undergrowth. At length she came to a branch of the Twelve Mile Creek, only to find its waters swollen beyond possibility of fording and the bridge gone. She crossed by means of a fallen tree, and, climbing painfully up the wooded steep on the other side, stumbled upon a party of Indians. These sprang quickly to their feet, screaming with all the vigor of savage throats. "The scene by moonlight," wrote Mrs. Secord herself, "to some might have been grand, but to a weak woman certainly terrifying." A chief, thinking her a spy, raised his tomahawk to strike. Leaping forward, she grasped the uplifted arm, and stayed the blow long enough to tell her great news. The chief's anger gave way to astonishment as he listened, and her story ended, he sent her on under convoy of some braves to Fitzgibbon. Daylight was gone, and the moon risen before she reached that officer.* Fitzgibbon lost no time in making his plans. He was acting in consort with a large body of Indians, upon a detachment of whom, it was, that Mrs. Secord had unwillingly come. At their own request these warriors were sent to lie in ambush at a spot where the road Bœrslter must take to reach DeCau's narrowed to a mere wheeltrack, crossed in many places by wide ravines, and bounded literally by thick walls of trees and underbrush. Nearer to his goal than this Bœrstler never got. Here the Indians, assisted at critical moments by Fitzgibbon and his men, fought and discomfited the enemy at every point. The details of the battle, and of the adroit mixture of strategy and valor by which it was won, are excitingly interesting, but rather beyond the scope of this sketch. Let it suffice to say, that Bœrslter's force, whose exact numerical strength was 673, yielded themselves prisoners of war to a party which, even when joined by Major deHaren's company—and they only arrived as the negotiations were being completed—was not half so large. For what is seemingly so unimportant a victory, the consequences were magnificent. During the following three months, the months most favorable for military operations, General Dearborn ventured not to stir from his quarters at Fort George. Many of his men, pent up in its meagre and unhealthy accommodations, fell an easy prey to a virulent disease, which wrought such ravages among his troops, that in spite of frequent reinforcements, their number steadily diminished. In the United States the news was regarded "as the climax to continual tidings of mismanagement and misfortune," and the President offered up Dearborn a sacrifice to appease the nation's

*On this point there is some discrepancy between Mrs. Secord's own narrative as given in Lossing and other original authorities. See Cruikshanks, The Fight, etc., note to page 14. I have preferred to adopt Mrs. Secord's statements.

anger. On the other hand, by its means the British were enabled to push forward their outposts and to resume offensive operations; while its good effect on "the spirit of the men"—this Tolstoi would consider its chief claim to importance—cannot be over estimated.

It is a favorable pastime with dilettanti in historical study to speculate upon the effect to a nation, or the world at large had some event, which in itself trivial is yet, from its relation to other events, important, not taken place or had resulted differently. Similar in kind, but the extreme example of such speculation, is the remark of the thoughtful Pascal, that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the history of the world would have been changed. As one reads the pages of our history for the year 1813, he finds it hard to refrain from speculating on the what might have been, had Laura Secord been less brave and loyal, and had Fitzgibbon not been warned. If the reader views the matter in the same light as I do, he will conclude that Bœrslter's attack must then have been unsuccessful—that Bishop and deHaren would have been thus cut off from the main body and each other, and each in turn compelled to surrender—that Vincent, unless he risked a battle from which he could hope nothing, would have been driven from the Niagara peninsula, and the army under General Proctor and Tecumseth crushed between the armies of Generals Harrison and Dearborn. So, while one rivals Pascal, to suppose that Laura Secord saved Canada to Great Britain, it requires no very imaginative mind to recognize that she averted many disasters to the sparing of much blood and treasure.

G. P.

THE TRAGEDY OF MOOSE ISLAND.

At the head of the Basin of Minas, an estuary of the boisterous Bay of Fundy, is a clustre of rugged islands, stretching in a straight line about a mile from the mainland. Moose Island, largest of the chain and most capable of cultivation, supports an area of one hundred acres. The remaining four—Diamond, Long, Egg, and Pinnacle, significant of their several shapes, are of smaller dimensions, but rise in lofty perpendicular precipices from fifty to two hundred feet above the Basin's bed.

At low-water they seem a miraculous green upheaval of "hanging gardens." From island to shore is no sight of the blue depths which bathe their mural cliffs at flood-tide.

Presently, from its ocean reservoir, starts the mystic force, and in sixty minutes a rapid river, white fringed and tawny with its wrestling haste, is sweeping the broad brown flats. In thrice sixty minutes it is washing the island's sands, and the gaping channel is filled.

. . . .

Hither we came, a gay party of seventeen, pitched our white tents on the mainland opposite the islands, and settled down for a fortnight's freedom from care. Pupils, patients, publishers, shipping and stocks, were alike forgotten. Under the gracious kindly sway of outdoor life we were joyous boys and girls once more, playing jackstones on the grass plots round the tents, picking berries in the hedgerows, climbing at ebb-tide far out on the ribbed slimy flats, or sitting at sundown in mystic ring round the camp-fire, telling stories, saying o'er the riddles of childhood's wit, and singing together with viol and cornet obligato the sweet old songs of love, and the rollicking recitative and chorus of college glees—O, the charm of it! Balm of wood and wave! All the sweet blessed influences of sky and sea, which those who camp on shores of lakes, on banks of streams, or under green trees anywhere, know!

From the tents the islands were always in view. All day long, and all of the days, their jagged shapes stretched before us, a panorama of beauty, catching the first roseate rays of morning, holding the last golden gleams at night; loons, eagles and gulls, circling and darting above them, at mid-day a dim haze softening the vivid green of their forests and blending their red castellated cliffs with the blue of the Basin. Pinnacle's needle-shaped spires of greenstone towering like the ruin of some fortress that had once guarded the whole chain.

. . . .

"I know some legend clings around those grim grey heights!" said the Rhapodist of the party.

"Maybe Captain Kidd's treasure—sacks of shining doubloons! Or one of those rare French prizes—a whole pot of glittering louis-d'or!" cried the Enthusiast. "Let us go at once and cut witch-hazel for the search!"

"At least we could secure some of the 'blue stones of shining color' which DeMont and Poutrincourt carried back to their King and Queen," put in the Collector.

"*Positively no specimens* was the shibboleth of our party!" interrupted the Practical. "Health, happiness and repose were all we sought; Glouscap was not to be spoken of, and Blomidon was to be as if it had not been—we are a'weary of them all. But if a story about any one of these islands can be found in the annals of this quiet neighborhood, truth or tradition, let us put the story-teller on the scent 'to track it down!'"

. . . .

This is what the story-teller told us as we sat in the eerie light of the fading camp-fire ten evenings later:

"There is no romance about it," he said, "no heroism, it is tragedy and truth. I had it direct from the lips of a bright old lady who has lived here through all the incidents of the story.

About sixty years ago, in the early spring, a stranger came to the settlement, remained a few days at the farmhouse inn, then purchased an old boat and some necessary supplies, and took up his abode on Moose Island, the solitary inhabitant of the lonely spot. He was a stunted, low-browed man, cast-eyed, crooked armed, John Rough by name, and his name no misnomer of his nature.

The east end of the island slopes gently to the sea; here he erected his hut, and by autumn had cleared the forest from most of the slope. The following spring he became possessed of a horse, a cow, and a wife. The wife he gained from a down shore settlement, the horse and cow were bartered from the farmers on the mainland opposite. His affairs prospered, his stock increased, he grew better grains and garden stuff than the farmers across the channel. But his family shared little in his prosperity. In summer berries and clams were their chief subsistence, in winter he allowed them a scanty supply of bread and vegetables.

The eldest boys, who went to the settlement now and then for a job of work, told of their father's cruelty, and showed broken bones and brutal bruises as marks of his passion. The settlers disapproved, and talked of investigation, but who is his brother's keeper? The fellow would be a nasty one to meddle with, so no one made bold to approach him on the subject.

In the spring of 1850, on a Monday morning, the people living on the headland to the east, the land nearest the island, saw the boys waving from the clearing. They hastened across. Rough lay on the ground dead, not far from his hut, an ugly bruise and gash on his temples. A tree which he had been chopping had fallen and killed him, the lads said. The tree and freshly cut chips were but a few yards distant.

His wife was down-shore on a visit to her relatives. The kindly people carried the dead man to the settlement, and gave him a decent burial in the parish graveyard.

After the funeral the two eldest boys, both under fifteen, suddenly disappeared from the island, nor could they be found on the mainland. Their flight roused suspicion in the minds of some as to the real cause of the man's death; and the men who had gone across to the island recalled the fact that the boby was cold and stiff when first found. But the lads were mere children, were moveover out of reach of questions, and the fellow was dead, and well dead, no one wished him back, so the matter was not traced further.

The widow returned to her down-shore home, taking with her all the remaining children but a boy about six years of age, who was adopted by a family in the settlement.

This family soon noticed the lad's extreme fear at sight of an axe, or the sound of a sudden cry; and on several occasions when compelled to go into a dark room alone he had fallen into a fit. They were kindly people, and dealt gently with his weakness, endeavoring to help him overcome it, and urging him to tell the reason for his fears. For many months they urged in vain, at length he confessed to the woman of the family a terrible tale.

His two eldest brothers had murdered their father. Rough had been to the settlement for flour on the Saturday preceding his death. He returned on the ebb-tide Sunday. The starving horde of childen, eleven in number, eagerly surrounded him and begged for food. He beat them instead, and carried the provisions to the barn, a few rods up the slope, taking with him this lad of six, who was his favorite in a dull brutish way. They both fell asleep, in a sort of bunk on the ground floor, where Rough often passed the night during the summer season.

The two oldest boys stole to the barn, and with a few heavy blows of an axe killed their father. His dying moans woke the little fellow by his side. The boys threatened him with similar treatment if he ever told of their crime, and his terror was readily pacified with promise of food from the hidden provisions. None of the other children were to know of the murder.

They hauled the dead man down the slope on an old sled, felled a tree near the hut, and laid him in the path of its fall, and killed their two cats for blood to sprinkle on his clothes and the ground beneath. They then threw the sled, the cats' bodies, and a butter tray in which they had caught the blood, into a deep fissure or crevice on the other side of the island.

All these arrangements completed, they made known their father's death to the other children, and went down to the clearing and waved an alarm to the settlers on the headland.

The horrible daring of the deed, and the care and cunning in concealing it, hardly seemed credible to the woman. But the lad repeated it to her husband and consented to go with him to the island and point out the crevice.

A whole boat load of men accompanied them. They found the sled, the butter-tray, and remains of the cats' bodies, in confirmation of the story told.

A more public investigation followed, all the settlement was in excitement over the disclosure. The man's body was digged up, and the head carried to the county town for expert examination; the mother was summoned and the two missing boys were found and brought to trial.

It was soon clearly proved that the man's death had been caused by the blows of an axe, not by a falling tree, and after

some persuasion the lads confessed their deed in all its horrible details. But public sympathy was on their side. They were young, had never been taught the principles of right and wrong; from mere animal instinct of preservation they had taken the life of their tormentor. Many witnesses swore to his terrible cruelty to wife and children, and to some darker acts in his early life. He had long ago deserved death. Public sympathy over-ruled justice; though guilty, the lads were not sentenced to punishment. They both made their escape from the province in the week succeeding the trial, one went to sea and was lost off the coast of South America, the other's fate has never been made known.

The hut and barn on the island fell to decay. Fishermen sometimes camp on the cleared slope. Indians tarry there through the splint season, but they tell of cries and moans in the still nights, and dark shapes in the dim forest. The headless body is buried in a graveyard near the fir clump below the tents. Old men say it haunts the island even in mid-day light, sometimes appearing to people who visit the graveyard, and state it will walk the earth till its skull is buried beside it again."

. . . .

The listeners shuddered at the tale. The fire had burned to brands, the moon was shadowed by belts of black cloud, the tent ropes flapped and stretched in the chill wind, and a weird roar sounded in the tops of the firs that sheltered the grave of the murdered man.

. . . .

Next day, when the flood had filled the red channel between, we visited the island. In the clearing on the sheltered side we found the shallow cellar of the hut, and following the grassy trail up the slope, came upon the broken foundation of the old barn and the fissure behind it. We remained only long enough for the artist to sketch the conical masses of trap that form the eastern headland. We had no wish to hear the cries and moans, or see the flitting shape in the dense forest.

On our return the treacherous ebb forced our landing far down the shore, and we struck a new path to the tents. Hurrying through the unfamiliar thicket with gay laughter, we suddenly came upon the old parish burying ground, the resting place of Rough—a little plot on the verge of the oat fields, grown up now with young birch and firs.

For thirty years there had not been a new grave in this old-time acre of God's; an acre wrested from the tillage ground, the bustle of sewing and reaping all about it, but rest there!

We lingered awhile in the lonely spot seeking the grave of the murdered man. A score of tombstones, grey and lichened, gleamed mid the silver birch, but none bore his name, and we supposed he must lie in one of the unmarked mounds. Nature made us no sign—sin or sorrow, or love, she gives us all a place—and her sweet wood roses spread a tangled thicket over all the graves.

The spot grew gloomy, it thrust its chill on our holiday spirits—we so full of life, the dwellers here so stilled.

We hastened out into the sunny field where the mullens and the marguerites nodded their yellow disks to the ripening grain.

GRACE DEAN MCLEOD.

A PICTONIAN REMINISCENCE.

ANY of you who have attended Pictou Academy will probably have a distinct and pleasant remembrance of the tall and untheological teacher of English, who for several terms sat on the register in the English class room of that Institution, and expounded Shakspere and the like.

This gentleman, whom I will call Mr. Rand, (because that wasn't his name) was a great favorite with his pupils; and many of us look back with pleasure to the time when, out of class, we smoked his good tobacco, and listened to his better stories. Mr. Rand was an ardent collector of books: indeed a regular bibliomaniac, and his special penchant was for rare Canadian works, such as Hevysege Demille, &c. His collection of such books was quite complete, and in many cases the book was inscribed "with the author's compliments." Among the students of the fourth year class at this time was one, B— G—, a fellow just as fond of books and the weed as his master, and always ready for a joke. One afternoon in February, G— was sitting in the teacher's room, smoking his special mixture, and listening to the words of wit and wisdom which fell from his lips. Presently the conversation turned on Haliburton, Sam Slick, and that sort of thing.

"G——," asked Mr. Rand, "have you ever happened upon a copy of Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia?"

"No," replied G——," I don't think I have ever seen the book. It must be quite rare now."

"Yes, it *is*; very rare. I have one copy myself," he replied; and rising and going to his book-case he produced the book. "Here it is, and I would give fifteen dollars this minute for as many more copies of it as I could get. I tell you what it is, my dear boy, it doesn't do for me, trainer of youth, to give you doubtful advice, but I *do* advise you, *to steal the first copy of it you can lay your hands on!* There wouldn't be the slightest crime or sin in stealing a copy of Haliburton. I would cheerfully do so myself, if I had the chance."

"Well," said G—, I will keep a look out for one, and try to follow your advice." After looking over the book G—— laid it on the table by his side. After a few minutes the conversation turned on some other matter, and the old clockmaker was for the time forgotten.

But G—— was thinking of him. For as soon as his master turned his back for a moment to stir up the fire, G—— dutifully acting on the advice which had been given him, slipped the treasured volume under his coat. In a short time G—— said "good-night," and walked home, chuckling complacently to himself as he thought of his teacher's advice.

***

A month or so afterwards G—— was again calling on the master, and tossing over some books, the latter remarked, "Do you know, G——, I can't tell what in the Dickens (that wasn't the exact word he used!) has become of my Haliburton! I havn't seen it for quite a while, and I'm sure I did not loan it to any one. I had it since you were in looking at it that afternoon, but I can't find it now."

"I'm sorry to hear that," replied G——; but that reminds me that I found a copy myself not long ago, and in rather a peculiar way, too."

"You're a lucky dog. I suppose there is no use in asking you to sell it?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied G——, "I might be tempted. I'll bring it down some day, and let you have a look at it."

Shortly after this conversation, G—— dropped in again, having the History with him. He laid it on the table boldly; the teacher picked it up, looked at it lovingly and exclaimed, "Yes, it's just a mate for the one I lost; same binding and everything." Then producing the money, he handed it out to G—— with "Say the word, and here is the money!" "All right," replied G——, "take the book, but I don't want the money." Mr. Rand insisted and would take no refusal, but G—— declined, saying he would present the book to him.

"Well, I'm sure G——, I'm eternally obl——" here he opened the book and saw written on the fly-leaf *his own name* in staring capitals. —Explanations, laughter, tableaux!!

T. F.

LOVE.

A thrilling of the pulse,
A beating of the heart,
A drooping of the lids,
A blush, a start;
A feeling strange and coy,
A sudden sense of joy—
That's love.

A clasp of manly arms,
A girlish heart at rest,
A meeting of the lips,
A heaving of the breast,
A sweet forgetfulness,
A taste of happiness—
That's love.

A dream of untold bliss,
A glamour of delight,
An opera house, a music hall,
A ball room gay and bright,
Long moonlight walks,
Low murmured talks—
That's love.

A little rift, a little cloud,
A coldly uttered word,
A haughtiness of glance and tone,
A bitter feeling stirred,
A weary waking up again,
Two broken hearts, long years of pain—
That's love.

. . . .

A meeting in the lane
A little country maid,
A "worldly" man from town,
A man that "knows his trade;"
A using of his art,
A yielding of her heart—
And that's love.

A fast receding train,
A man that rides away,
A maiden left behind
Goes weeping all the day,
A city man's mere pastime,
A country maid's lost life-time—
That's love.

. . . .

A woman beautifully fair,
A mouth all wreathed in smiles,
A pretty pout, a saucy air,
A host of woman's wiles,
A youth that's fresh and innocent,
A woman that's on mischief bent—
That's love.

An offer, a refusal,
A nearly frantic lad,
A woman with triumphant smile,
A bit of news that's bad;
A boy that bloweth out his brains,
A woman that's not worth the pains—
That's love.

. . . .

A decorated church,
A crowd of wedding guests,
A clustering of coronets,
Of coats of arms and crests;
A groom of over eighty,
A white robed bride of twenty—
And that's love!

. . . .

A cot among the roses,
Away from care and strife,
A group of little children,
A happy hearted wife;
A husband toiling cheerfully,
A wife that aids him prayerfully—
Ah that's love.

A couple old and gray,
A fireside warm and bright,
A long, long life of duty done,
A looking back to-night;
A thanking God for days now gone,
A helping of each other on—
Yes that's love.

. . . .

A giving up of hope,
A hoping on for aye;
A thing that comes to all,
But seldom comes to stay;
A thing that's sweet as honey,
A bitter thing like gall,
A thing not bought with monoy,
Nor hastened by a call,
A thing that's neither here nor there,
A thing unquestionably dear—
That's love.

A thing that can be lived,
A thing that can be known,
A thing that can be hid,
A thing that can be shown,
A thing that's shy and timid,
A gaysome thing and bold,
A thing that laughs at reason,
A thing that few can hold;
A thing that always can be felt
But never can be told—
That's love.

—J.

CHRISTMAS.

WHO will pause on Christmas morn, and like Scrooge question, "What's to-day?" Some, like the small boy to whom he spoke, may be satisfied to reply, "Why! Christmas day;" as if that explained it all. But others, who love and revere the institutions of mankind, that transmitted through the ages still flourish among us, may be disposed to glance over the record of the past. Let us trust that thereby we shall more fully appreciate the day; and may our "Merry Christmas" have a ring about it that predicts its being so.

The Christmas festival has its roots in Jewish, Roman, Celtic and Teutonic customs. It is both Christian and heathen. Some would link it with the Jewish Feast of Dedication; others with the Roman Brumalia, or Natalis Invicti (Solis); and yet others with the Yule-tide practices in honor of Freya, of the North European nations. All these may have contributed to form our Christmas. But above all that which gives significance to the day is its commemoration of the Nativity of our Lord.

The heathen, with his imperfect knowledge, regarded the entrance into the winter soltice as the rebirth of the sun. It was then that all nature was revivified, and again prepared to bloom forth in new forms of life. How significant of the advent of the better Sun, whose benign rays have enlightened a dark world, and again brought life and beauty.

It is, perhaps, this new meaning read into the old idea that has determined the 25th of December as our Christmas day. In the Eastern Church no evidence pointing to the celebration of the Nativity on that day exists before the time of Chrysostom, A. D. 354. Till then it appears to have been observed on January 6th, in conjunction with the Epiphany. In the Western Church it had been recognized and celebrated on December 25th, from the beginning. Designedly or otherwise, it has supplanted the old western practices which had characterized that particular part of the year.

From the earliest times the season has been one of festive joy. Even before Christianity gave it its new and fuller meaning, it appears like a bright promise of better things, amid the darkness of heathenism. Men saw fit to recognize the bounty of nature by exhibiting a spirit of gratitude. From time immemorial it has been associated with the giving of presents and interchange of cordial wishes.

Then in the days of a civilization less perfect than ours it contributed much to the happiness of men. Far back in Feudal times we find its joyous celebration. We can see, gathered into the great hall of the manor, retainers, vassals and serfs. The great Yule log blazes up the ample chimney, lending warmth and cheer. The table groans beneath its load. The flowing bowl is passed from hand to hand. But, in the midst of revelry and mirth, there is a sudden pause, and every ear is turned to hear the sweet carols of the minstrels and the waits. What a prelude to the great moral drama yet to be enacted by this people are the strains:

> "Wassail for the kingly stranger,
> Born and cradled in a manger!
> King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
> Christ is born to set us free!"

In later days, in these lands we find the same festive joy at Christmas. The mansions of the rich decorated with beautiful evergreens; the Yule log sending forth its sturdy flame, beneath the holly garlanded mantel; the good cheer; the merry games; the discoveries beneath the mistletoe; the glad reunion of friends, all make the season one of unalloyed pleasure.

But the joy is not confined to the dwellings of the rich Even in the poorest homes an effort is made to celebrate the day in royal fashion. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, though hard pressed to secure even the necessaries of life, now forget these weary struggles, and for this one day live in an atmosphere of luxury and content. Dreams which, alas, must be dispelled by the stern realities of the morrow, and yet which render life the happier for having been indulged in.

But Christmas would not be Christmas without St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as he is called by the Dutch. We cannot think of one without the other. We all know him. He is an old gentleman, short but portly. His face is ruddy, and he wears a long white beard. He dresses in great fur clothes, so that the cold cannot reach him. He is loaded down with presents, which he bestows with liberal hand upon all. He visits rich and poor, and, in some mysterious way, he knows just what each person wants. His coming brings joy and gladness to many an eager heart.

We cannot now, as in childhood, believe in him. With increasing years has come fuller knowledge. We now live in a disenchanted world, face to face with reality. But Santa is after all the spirit of the day, that good and generous spirit which seeks to bring joy and gladness to every troubled, weary one. Let us hope to meet him many times at Christmas.

May Christmas indeed be a "merry" one for each of us. It comes to us time-honored, bearing the marks of the true and noble instincts of man in all ages. It is a time when remembrance of the Great Gift, given by God to man, calls to generous and benevolent action. May the merry peals of the church bells on Christmas morn drive far away the evil spirit of selfishness, and send us forth to do all the good we can to all we meet. As we look around upon a world of sorrow and trial, it may be difficult to realize that this is the reign of "peace and good

will." But let us hope and work; let us be stimulated to renewed activity; may we hear mingling with the peal of the Christmas bells:

"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fall,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!" K.

WOMEN AND THE BAR.

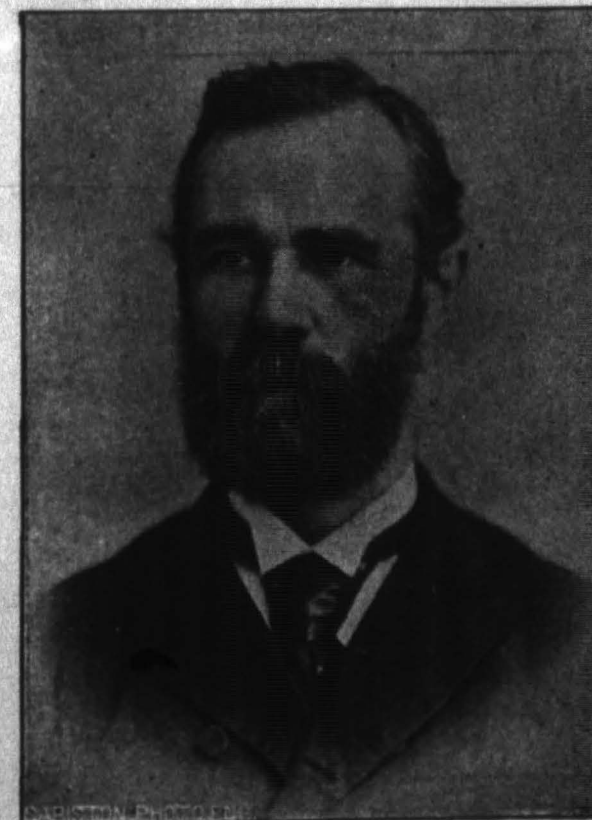
WE hear much now-a-days about "Woman's Rights." Strong-minded women of the day clamor for the enfranchisement of their sex, for the opening of all professions, trades and occupations to them. We notice by the press that the University of the City of New York has opened special law classes for women. This makes us ask ourselves the question; should women be admitted to the bar? We have no intention of discussing here the whole question of the rights of the fair sex, but simply wish to look at that branch of the subject which relates to them and the practice of the law. Most of our colleges now admit women to their Arts course on an equal footing with men. This is but fair. Women should not be deprived of the benefits of higher education. We can easily see good reasons for admitting women to the study of medicine, and the practice of it. We can conceive of no very serious objection to the studying of law by the fair ones, in order to enable them to look after their own affairs; but, after careful enquiry, we are forced to the conclusion that women should not be allowed to enter the legal profession. Lawyers fear not the opposition they should meet from "their sisters and their cousins, and their aunts" should they be admitted to the bar, but they are prompted by a spirit of chivalry and of gallantry, when they refuse them the privilege of becoming Portias. But the office and court practice of a lawyer would tend to unsex a woman, and make her masculine in character and habits. And as such an unsexing would make woman less attractive and cause her to loose, in some degree, the respect now paid the sex, we think the would be Portias should thank the Bar for declining to receive them as members. We will not here discuss the probabilities of success of female lawyers, but will close by remarking, that the tricks, the quibbles, and the sharp practice of "that captivating little petti-fogger," whom Shakespeare introduces to us in The Merchant of Venice, would not succeed in the courts of this country at this time. M.

N. B.—Since writing the above we notice that the Law Society of Upper Canada have decided to allow women to practice in the Ontario courts.

PRESIDENT FORREST.

THE GAZETTE is pleased to be able to give to its readers, in this Christmas number, an excellent photo-gravure of the President of our University, as well as a short sketch of his life.

REV. JOHN FORREST, D. D., D. C. L., was born in New Glasgow in 1842, and received his education at the old Free Church Academy in this City, and at the Presbyterian College, Truro. At the age of eighteen he became a teacher in, and in the following year principal of, the Free Church Academy.

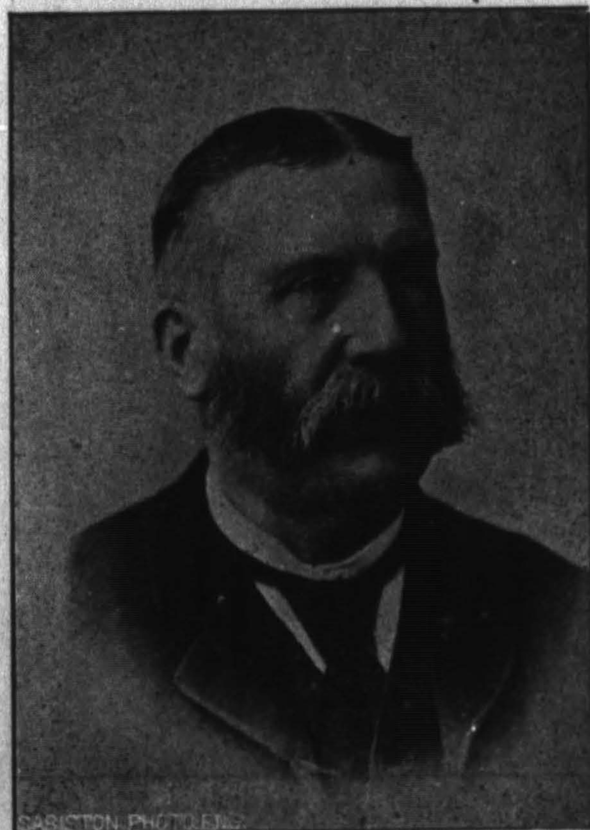


In 1866 he was ordained a Presbyterian minister, and took the pastoral charge of St. John's Church, in this city. Under his ministry the church increased in a very marked degree in all branches of Christian activity. In 1877 he became a Governor of Dalhousie, and in 1880 resigned the charge of his congregation to become Professor of History and Political Economy in the College. On the retirement of Dr. Ross in 1885 Professor Forrest was elected President of the University. As a Governor he has done much to advance the interests of Dalhousie. His duties as a Professor he discharges with great success. He has energy, enthusiasm, and good executive ability. His affable manners and the deep interest he manifests in College athletics make him very popular among the students.

Dr. Forrest takes a great interest in public affairs, and in the educational institutions of the city in which he lives. Although not now actively engaged in ministerial work he takes a prominent place in the Councils of the Presbyterian Church.

PROFESSOR LAWSON.

GEORGE LAWSON, PH. D., LL. D., McLeod Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, is Dean of our Faculty of Medicine. He was born at Newport, Scotland, in 1827, and was educated at private schools and Edinburgh University. He spent in all ten years at this University, and gave special attention to the study of science. For a time he was curator of the herbarium and assistant professor of Botany. In 1858 he was appointed to the Chair of Chemistry and Natural History at Queen's College, Kingston, but left that institution in 1863 to come to Dalhousie. Dr. Lawson is a prominent member of the leading scientific societies of the world, and the published transactions of some of these societies contain valuable contributions from his pen to the scientific literature of the day.

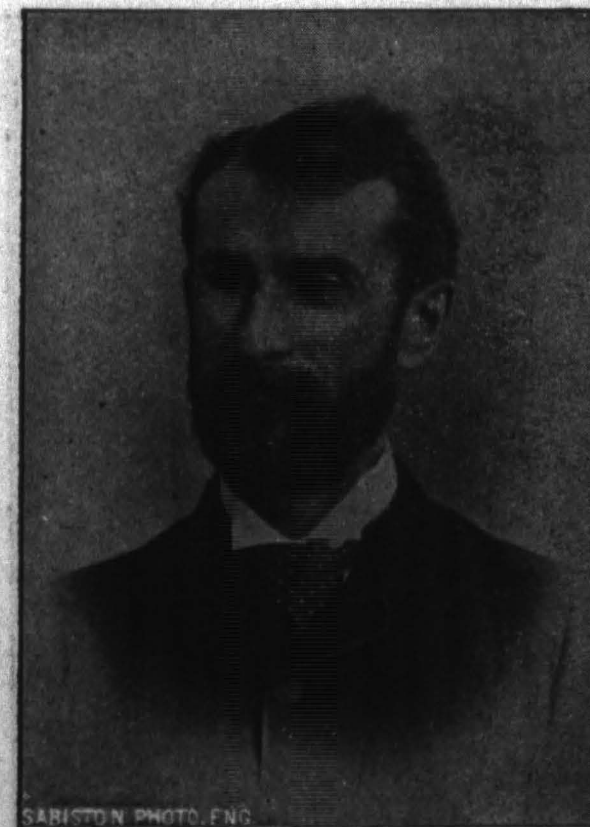


For a number of years he has filled the office of Secretary for Agriculture of the province, and has done almost as much to promote the interests of Nova Scotian farmers as he has to instil into Dalhousie students a knowledge of Chemistry and Botany.

The number of students in our Medical Faculty is not large, but we feel assured that since its reorganization under the management of this distinguished Scotch scholar, it will flourish, and soon be recognized as one of the leading medical colleges in the Dominion.

PROFESSOR MACGREGOR.

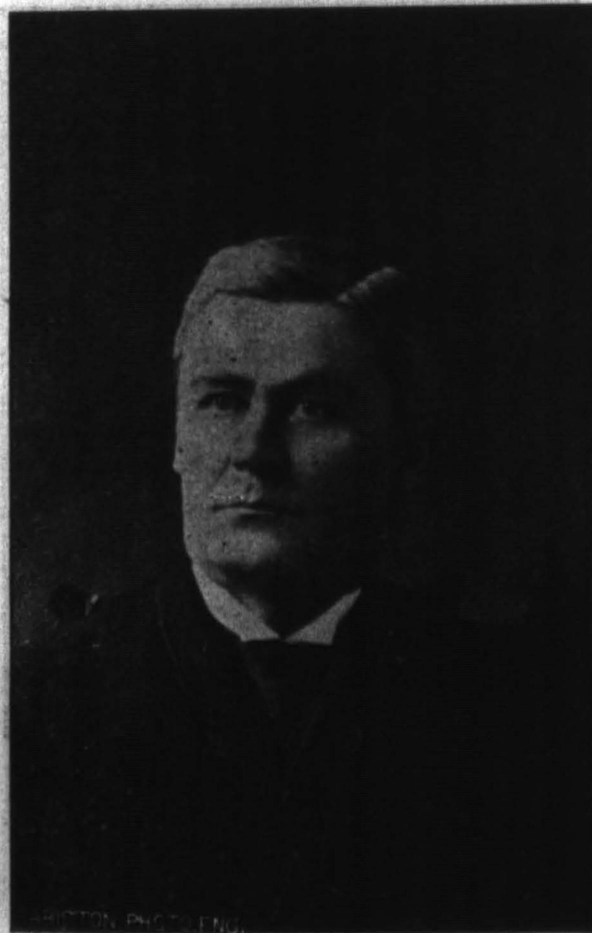
IN 1891 a Faculty of Pure and Applied Science was started by the Governors of Dalhousie, and James Gordon MacGregor was placed at the head of the Faculty as Dean. Dean MacGregor was born in Halifax in 1852, and received his early education at the Free Church Academy and at a private school. He entered Dalhousie College and was one of the first editors of the GAZETTE. In 1871 he obtained the degree of B. A., and shortly after took a Gilchrist scholarship and went to Edinburgh University where he studied three years. In 1874 he obtained his Master's degree from Dalhousie, and in the same year the degree of B. Sc. from London. He then went to Leipsic, and after two years' study there returned to London, and obtained the degree of D.Sc. He then returned to Nova Scotia, and in 1879 was offered the Chair of Physics in his *Alma Mater*, he accepted it, and has since that time laboured to perfect Dalhousie's scientific course.



It is cheifly owing to the activity of this worthy alumnus of the College that Dalhousie now has a Faculty of Science. Dr. MacGregor is a prominent member of the Royal Societies of England and of Canada, and under his care we expect to see our newest faculty rapidly develop, for our graduates have of recent years manifested greater interest in that faculty than in any other, and this is chiefly owing to the energetic manner in which Dean MacGregor has placed the claims of Science before the Alumni Association at its meetings. Here we see the advantage of having Dalhousie men in our professorial chairs.

PROFESSOR WELDON.

RICHARD CHAPMAN WELDON was born in Sussex, N. B., in 1849, and, after attending the common schools for some years, entered Mount Allison College where in due course of time he graduated in Arts. Two years later he obtained the degree of Ph. D. from Yale. He then went to Europe to continue his studies, spending the greater part of his time at the old and famous university of Heidelburg. He devoted himself chiefly to the study of International and Constitutional Law. Shortly after his return he was called to the New Brunswick Bar but never practiced. He accepted a professorship at Mount Allison in 1875 which he held till 1883 when Dalhousie's Law School was established, and he was called upon to fill the Chair of Constitutional and International Law and the office of Dean of the Law Faculty.



At the general election of 1887 he was elected to the House of Commons for Albert, Co., N. B., and still represents that constituency. He is one of the ablest private members of the house, and as a man has the respect not only of his students but of his fellow-countrymen. His speeches on Constitutional questions in the House of Commons are always listened to with deep interest by the members as they deal with such questions, rather from the point of view of the student, than of the political partizan.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

EDITORS:

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E. F. MOORE, B. A., (Med).

MANAGERS:

E. W. FORBES, '93. W. A. HILL, (Law). F. E. RICE, (Med).

All Business Communications should be addressed E. W. FORBES, Box 114, Halifax. Literary contributions to Editors of Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

☞ It will be greatly to the advantage of the GAZETTE for Students to patronize our advertizers.

TO the season on which we are now entering most people look forward with a very keen anticipation of pleasure. At the Christmas season all mankind seems moved by a common impulse to cast away care and to snatch the enjoyment of the moment. Yuletide sees humanity at its very best. The spirit of the golden days of childhood, with its irrepressible mirth, its boisterous gaiety, its light and gladsome joy, comes back to those who are ripe in years. In the home circle sits wrinkled Age, looking with glad eyes on the home-gathering of children and grandchildren. The hard lines in many a stern face relax to see the merry children with their toys and gifts, and to hear their prattled pleasure. With tender babe on knee some proud and pious mother sits by the fireside, thinking of that other Babe, who at Christmastide so many centuries ago brought Peace and Hope into the world, and praying that her child may grow up like unto Him—a blessing to his friends and humanity at large. At Christmas time the miser himself forgets his sordid meanness, and lets his dear gold spread some sunshine through a uniformly gloomy home. Wealth, too, which is ordinarily so thoughtless and so selfish in its pleasures, and often so insolent, now remembers the poor, and the comfortable dinner, the warm clothing, the well-packed hamper, bring an unaccustomed joy into the abodes of misery, so that Indigence

half forgets its wretchedness. Then there are the hand-shakings, the warm greetings and other social amenities which tell of hearts surcharged with good feeling. Gruff and surly men are heard to express good wishes, and perhaps the sole kind word that many people speak to their neighbours during the entire year is a complimentary greeting in the Xmas season. In short, humanity partly redeems its reputation at Xmas time.

Like the rest of the world, the GAZETTE has now put on its best and newest dress to call upon and greet its friends. And first, to the Professors, who guide our faltering and offtimes unwilling steps along the paths of knowledge, we give, in the name of all the students, our heartiest greeting. May increasing years sit lightly on your heads, and may you be long spared to bring greater success to Dalhousie! The professor as a *teacher* is ordinarily soon forgotten; but as a *man*, the professor lives in the memory of every student, who, having run his college course, goes out to his life work. Next, to all friends and patrons of the College, the GAZETTE extends its greetings and best wishes for Xmas and the New Year. Your friendship alone is worth much to us, your active sympathy, more; and if Fortune has blessed you with wealth, it has also favored Dalhousie by making her worthy of liberal gifts on your part. And lastly the fledgelings of Dalhousie send their warmest Christmas greeting to her graduate broods scattered far and wide over the Provinces and continent. Blythe and merry may ye be, blessed by Fortune with plenty of gear, by Providence with abundance of grace, ever mindful of "ye ancient days" and your *Alma Mater*.

IN our first issue we had an editorial on the founding of a Law School in Saint John by King's College. The article seems to have disturbed the equilibrium of the editor of the Law Department of the *King's College Record*, and he proceeds in that paper to indicate some mistakes we made. We, however, fail to see the errors he would point out. He seems to write on the assumption that the GAZETTE stated, that regular courses of lectures would not be given in the new school. The GAZETTE merely expressed a doubt as to whether the active practitioners and judges who lecture in the school would "be

able to find sufficient time to prepare and deliver regular courses of lectures." We are pleased to learn that so far the lecturers have been able to attend to their duties fairly regularly, but as "new brooms sweep clean," we were prepared to hear this; yet time will tell whether our doubt was well founded or not. As regards the library, we are glad to learn that the "Saint John Law Society have placed the use of their law library * * * at the disposal of the students," and trust that they will continue to allow the students to use it, and not shut down on them as did the Halifax lawyers on Dalhousie students. At the time of writing the article for the first number, we did not think the Law School was started in opposition to Dalhousie, but now that the *Record* suggests it, we are struck by the thought that it might have been one of the reasons why it was started, for we are well aware that some good Kingsmen envy Dalhousie her rapid growth and great success, and we note by the report of the opening, that although several speakers say it was not intended to interfere with the U. N. B., that there is no mention made of Dalhousie. In closing, we would assure the *Record* that we have no fear of Dalhousie going to the wall, and would express the hope that the good feeling heretofore existing between the students of Kings and Dalhousie may continue.

SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON is now Premier of Canada. Dalhousians, independent of political parties, offer their hearty congratulations to the brilliant Nova Scotian into whose hands the government of our country has been placed. The Senate of our University recognized the great ability of Premier Thompson, and at the last spring convocation bestowed on him the honorary degree of LL.D. as a tribute to his great attainments, and as an acknowledgement of the value of his services to the Law School as a Lecturer from 1883 to 1886.

It is not necessary here to give a sketch of the first minister, as during the session of 1890-91 the GAZETTE published quite a long account of his life. On the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, in the early summer of 1891, Sir John C. Abbott became the nominal leader of the government, but in reality Sir John S. D. Thompson held the reins of power and now he has

accepted the premiership. The new premier is a man in the very prime of life, of spotless personal character, of great ability, and what is more, is devoted to the service of his country. His public life has not been long, but both as a provincial and a federal minister he has won and retained the respect, not only of his political friends, but also of his political foes.

As no stain attaches to the premier's name, we are led to hope that he may prove instrumental in purifying Canadian politics and making "Campaigns of Slander" a thing of the past. Let the policies of political parties be thoroughly discussed on their merits, and may the party with the best policy come out victorious, but let us hear no more of the "blue ruin cry." Many changes are necessary to the best interests of Canada, and a new premier of the capacity, and ability, and energy of Sir John S. D. Thompson, is the person who should bring these changes about. The task at present before the government is difficult, trade matters require careful attention, but we trust that the master mind of Nova Scotia's worthy son will rise above party and safely steer the craft of State, through the troubled waters, to a prosperous future beyond.

SCIENCE AS AN EDUCATOR.

IN the short space at our disposal we shall try to group some of the advantages of Natural Science as a means of education, when compared with its rival Classics. Against each in turn zealous advocates of the other have had their fling, and one has received about as many knocks as another. We think that now Science has strength and room enough to stand on its own merits, not on the neck of its neighbor, and still be seen above. The study of Classics has long enjoyed public favor, and many good and strong men have been trained in the Humanities, but there has been much discontent shown with this means of education, and never more than now. If we are "the result of the centuries" it will not do to be too hard upon previous means of education.

Many rejoice over the *beauties* of Latin, Greek or English, here there is much to admire, many pretty turns of expression and neat use of words, but what strikes us is the *adaptation* rather than the thought. We hold that Botany, Geology or Zoology, presents not only more examples of the right thing in the right place, but the thing is more neatly adapted to its place, and we thus have scope for keener powers of observation than is ever used in classical study. We see the goal to be attained by all who pursue Latin or Greek, they can only acquaint themselves with the language, only fit themselves for entering the field of Roman or Grecian thought; but the greatest number do not enter. How far has this preparation been an education for energies to be otherwise directed? That it has been of some —yes, considerable—benefit cannot be denied, but if we take any of the faculties, *e. g.*, observation, application, or interpretation, would not those be far better educated by a like devotion to the study of the Natural Sciences? No one acquainted with the latter will question it.

Then the field of Science is new, it is also practically unbounded. What America was to the undaunted in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Science is to the aspiring, the courageous of the Nineteenth. Here there is a good training for energies of youth in patience, in collecting, interpreting and classifying facts, ample scope to exercise any ability in the young man, and honor for the persevering.

Too much need not be made of the mistakes of Scientists, being human they err, but they shew a praiseworthy readiness to adapt their theories to new light; a truly scientific mind is the same that Theologians laud—one ever open to receive new *truths*. Scientific theories may differ, but they are becoming unified. There is only one explanation for each phenomenon, for that we seek, our goal is to see everything as it is, to see how things are done, then stupid wonder will give place to intellectual delight. "A."

THE FOOTBALL.

Lay it aside. Its hour has fled,
Its annual toils are o'er,
It, over whom so many bled,
Lies slighted on the floor.

A week ago the people's pet,
That bag of russet leather.
To-day, dethroned; its empire set
With change of mind and weather.

Forgotten, there it lies aghast
At such an act of treason,
To dream, perchance, of glories past
Until another season.

S. G. R.

Correspondence.

THAT $50,000 FUND.

To the Editors of the Gazette:

Two years ago a conference of the Governors, Senate and Alumni was held to discuss the financial position of the University. The members of the Alumni Association strongly urged the authorities to follow the example of the governors of John Hopkins and other American colleges by giving a complete statement of the financial affairs of the University to the public. They advocated the adoption of this course on the ground that the public before subscribing wished to know there was a *real* need, and to bring Dalhousie's need to the minds of the people they would require to deal with it specifically—not generally. The Treasurer furnished a statement showing an annual deficit of some $1,800.00, due to the increased expenditure in the new building and the depreciation of rents on property held by the University in the city. All were impressed with the gravity of the situation. The speeches breathed a patriotism that was truly soul-stirring. All were anxious to make a grand united effort: all eager to obey the President's call. A plan of campaign was suggested and approved :—

1st All the important towns in the Maritime Provinces were to be visited and canvassed.

2nd. Public meetings were to be held.

3rd. The financial position of the University was to be made public.

4th. It was determined to raise a fund of $50,000.

Before this year of grace 1892 is numbered with the past, let us see what has been done by those entrusted with the responsibility of raising this fund. So far as the public know three places have been visited, namely, New Glasgow, Pictou and Truro, and between them in the vicinity of $7,000 has been subscribed. Truly a marvelous amount of work for the authorities to accomplish in two years! There must be something wrong. We know the Executive, including the Governors and President, are not dead, but they are certainly sleeping soundly, and it is time for them to awake and see if their peaceful slumbers do not border on an almost criminal lethargy and carelessness. There is two much division of interests about the government of Dalhousie. Those near the throne seem to be more interested in success of the Deaf and Dumb and other institutions than in that of Dalhousie. Any body of men who undertake to govern and finance for an institution such as Dalhousie should first have some slight conception of their duties. They are onerous and not, as it would appear, trifling The man who accepts a position of honor and trust should not treat it lightly or with a neglect and indifference that always kills. It is an open question whether the responsibility in this matter lies with the Board of Governors or the President. In my opinion it rests partially with both, but chiefly with the President. He is the man to whom all look—the captain of the executive team. His position as head of an aspiring University like Dalhousie affords ample opportunity for exercising the highest talents, the intellect of a giant, and the financing genius of a Gould. The Deaf and Dumb, Civic Tax Reform, the Church and her Councils can safely be left to the tender mercies of our Civic and Local Governments and a religious public. But he cannot for a moment shut his eyes to what *ought to be* for Dalhousie or delude himself into the belief that all is well when the facts show the reverse. There are many ready to subscribe if they are only asked. A young graduate said to the writer last year :—"I have $75 ready to subscribe when asked, but I have met the President time and again and he has not asked me for a V." This, I presume, is only one instance of many that could be found.

To what do Queen's, McGill and Toronto point as the secret of their rapid advancement and success, if not to the untiring efforts and almost rabid enthusiasm of their Presidents?

The magnetism of the name Grant has made Queen's; that of Dawson, McGill; and that of Wilson, Toronto. The enthusiasm and industry of Schurman will yet make Cornell the rival of all American Universities. Only a few weeks ago he made a bid for $250,000 State aid. He won't get it without a struggle, but one thing can be depended upon: he will work till Cornell *does* get it. Let our President follow the example of these distinguished men. He has a good case that only needs to be presented, and is not called upon to canvas cap in hand or in the apologetic strain that sounds the death knell of any scheme. Take the public into your confidence; give them facts and figures to dissipate the fiction that Dalhousie is rich, and the independent, if not the sectarian, public will substantially acknowledge her claims. If no further steps are taken to raise the balance of the $50,000, then let us be honest and return what has been collected as an *instalment* of the $50,000 and avoid the accusation of having obtained money under false pretences.

ALUMNUS.

College Notes.

PRESIDENT FORREST has presented the Law Library with a *fac-simile* copy of Magna Charta.

PERHAPS never before in the history of the College has there been such a dearth of scrummaging in the halls as during the past two months. Whether due to the advance of civilization, or to the muscular superiority of the Freshmen, it is an improvement at which all order-loving students will rejoice.

THE Sodales will hold its first meeting after vacation on Friday, January 13th. Free Trade vs. Protection is to be discussed. It is to be hoped that the discussion will be conducted in a non-partisan spirit, and that a large number of the future legislators of the Dominion will dignify the occasion with their presence.

THE general students' meeting was well attended, the Law School especially being well represented. After the routine business, the question of having an "At Home" came up. As a strong sentiment in favor of an "At Home" with dancing prevailed, a motion to the effect of having such an "At Home" was carried by a large majority. A committee of eleven was appointed to see the Faculty and superintend matters.

ON the evening of Thursday, December 1st, the Philomathic Society held its regular meeting. Mr. Geo. Patterson, M.A., LL.B, of New Glasgow, read a paper on "Three Canadian Heroes." The large crowd who assembled to hear "Pat," and who expected to hear a treat, were not disappointed. George has a knowledge of Canadian History and Literature such as few in our Province possess. The professors were conspicuously absent.

THE Dalhousie-Acadia game was later this year than usual. It was played at Wolfville on Nov. 26th. The yellow and black came out victorious by a try to nothing. The Dalhousie men, as soon as they got off the train at Wolfville, began to prepare for the match, as the most of them were eager for an immediate settlement of the question of superiority, though a few of the team did not relish the idea of playing with an empty stomach. The game lasted from about half-past 11 o'clock till 13 (new system). Mr. Annand, of the Wanderers, was referee, and discharged the duties of that invidious office with impartiality, and in a way that shewed his thorough mastery of the rules of the game. During the first half Acadia was forced to touch for safety three or four times. Dalhousie got a number of free kicks in consequence of the foul play which some of the Acadia team persisted in. Dalhousie's scrimmagers were lighter and less muscular than their opponents, but for all that they held them. During the whole of the first half Acadia was compelled to play a defensive game. Shortly after the beginning of the second half the fine play of Dalhousie's forwards, especially of Gordon, brought the ball within a few yards of Acadia's goal line. Here a number of terrible scrummages ensued, which ended with Logan (J. W.) getting over the line with the ball and securing a try. The attempt to "kick a goal" was unsuccessful. During the last ten or fifteen minutes of the game the Acadia men rushed things. They forced the ball along and made Dalhousie act on the defensive. Graham, at this point, gained 20 or 30 yards by a pretty piece of play. Gordon, in one of his fine rushes, collided with one of the enemy, with the result that both were helped off the field. When the whistle blew to intimate that time was up, the ball was being scrummaged some twenty yards from Dalhousie's goal line. After trying to remove a portion of the mud, and after doctoring their bruises, our men sat down with their formidable opponents to the sumptuous repast, which the latter had provided. The effect, which six hours abstinence from food and a football match have on the appetite, the waiters who served on that memorable occasion could testify.

And the brave foemen side by side
Sat peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And turkey gorged with might and main,
Till roused by the approaching train.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

Mock Parliament met on the 19th instant, with very few members in their places. Ths Treasury benches were occupied by

Hon. J. MONTGOMERY (Restigouche), Premier & Minister of Finance.

Hon. H. H. MUNRO (Yarmouth), Minister of Justice.

Hon. R. A. IRVING (Kent), Minister of Public Works.

Hon. R. M. GILLIS (Pictou), Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Mr. Speaker TILLEY presided and announced the following Government appointments:—

S. G. ROBERTSON to be Poet Laureate.

C. M. WOODWORTH to be Deputy Speaker.

R. H. GRAHAM to the Senate.

A. H. ANDERSON to be a Commissioner of the V. G. Hospital.

After routine business the House adjourned till the 26th instant, when the Government will bring in a measure providing for tariff discrimination in favor of Great Britain and the Colonies.

The majority of the members of Mock Parliament spent the evening of the 26th inst. in celebrating two football victories, consequently there were many vacant seats in the House. The galleries were well filled, for the greater part with male and female verdants from the Arts Faculty.

COPP. presented a petition from the Sophomore Class in Arts asking that the Sergeant-at-Arms be instructed to assist them in enforcing the rules for the government of Freshmen. It was referred to the Government.

Premier MONTGOMERY moved the second reading of a Bill providing for a reduction in duty of 10 % on all goods imported from Great Britain or the Colonies. His remarks were brief, but clearly showed the effect of the measure and asked for it the careful consideration of the House.

Minister of Public Works IRVING seconded the bill.

COPP forcibly and eloquently opposed the measure and assailed the Premier for the stand he had taken when an Unrestricted Reciprocity resolution was before the House.

ROBERTSON spoke next. He did not know whether to support or oppose the measure. He favored the general principle of the Bill, but thought that the Government should not have inserted a clause which would prevent a reduction in price of rum and cigars.

Ex-Premier BENNET then took the floor in support of the measure, and in an eloquent and telling speech pointed out to the opposition that such a tariff discrimination in favour of the rest of the Empire would be a greater boon to Canada than any trade arrangement that could be made with the United States.

On a division it was found that the Government were supported in this measure by a good majority.

SATURDAY, December third, again saw the Montgomery Administration on the Treasury benches. After routine business is disposed of, the Minister of Justice rises to move the Government Resolution, endorsing the N. P. Ex-Premier Cameron then makes some technical objections to the moving of it, but they do not prevail. Minister of Justice Munro moves the resoution in a practical address—his maiden speech. Minister of Marine and Fisheries Gillis seconds it in a carefully prepared speech on the development of the country and its industries. Anderson attacks the Government resolution and talks prohibition and exodus. Gerrior supports the Government and points out that protection has been beneficial to the coal industry of Nova Scotia. Copp follows him and makes grave charges of corruption against the Government. The Premier then brings to the support of the resolution the trade and commerce figures since '78, and, it being ten o'clock, moves that the time be extended to 10.30. Carried. Grant then introduces the opinions of economists against protection, and Woodworth points out that these same economists say that protection may be beneficial to new countries. It is 10.30. During the evening the whips of both parties have been very active, and from theatre and from club members hurry to their places. The question is put. The clerk announces the vote amid opposition cheers. The Ministry is defeated. The Speaker then announces the Christmas honors. The Ministry resign. Votes of thanks to Speaker and to Clerk are unanimously passed and fittingly replied to. Dalhousie's Mock Parliament then prorogues till September '93, and members join hands and make the College halls echo with "Auld Lang Syne."

Dallusiensia.

THE comet struck off the moustaches of several freshmen last week.

FAR surpassing the kindergarten and other plans of study is the *family plan*. Such interesting familiar talks.

PIANO agent to Soph.—Is there a laboratory in connection with your college, or do the students just board about the town?

PROF. of Mathematics to student who has made a haphazard answer. "You might as well have offered an observation about the weather."

FRESHMAN: Say Jack, I've come to the conclusion that I'm like the mills of the Gods. I grind slowly, but you bet I am getting my work down very fine.

KEEFLER took a tumble to himself the other day. The sight of the doctor using his knife on a patient at the hospital was more than his nerves could stand.

STUDENT walking with a young lady:—"Why, look, there is the strangest looking little man I ever saw."
She:—Ye-es. That's my brother.

CITY GIRL (to young lady friend)—What is the matter my dear? Why are you weeping?
Her friend—Oh! ——— has been playing football with those horrid Dalhousie fellows, and has got his fine aristocratic face all disfigured.

PROF. OF PHILOSOPHY: Mr. G—n how would you determine the distance of an object from you?
MR G—N: By noticing my distance from the object.

PROF. concluding a lecture to Sophomore class:—Is it possible for thought to exist without language? You have already seen that there can be abundance of language without thought.

A DUEL is announced to take place shortly. One of the parties has of late been *fostering* feelings of hatred against his rival, and threatens to make his foe blanch before his flashing steel. The other has *been at* the campus practising with his second for some evenings past.

OUR humorous editor will for the next few days be busy examining and classifying the moustaches of the freshmen. His report will be contained in our next issue. All freshies wishing to avoid publicity are now notified to appear with clean upper lips.

SCENE in English class.—Prof.—Mr. C. will you take up Act I, scene vi.?
Mr. C. reads: "Flower of warriors! how is it with Vitus Lartius? "As with a man *bruised with degrees.*
PROF.—Oh no Mr. C., degrees don't generally affect a man that way.

ONE of our theologically inclined students was heard singing the following after seeing his best girl home one evening:

"Close—closer—closed our lips in ecstasy,
What hero's laurel ere such crown as this?
What king's domain so potent, sweet, of bliss?"

ONE of our fair students sings:

"Oh how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I be brisk and braw,
When the bonny lad that I love best
Is o'er the line and far awa'."

ONE of our bloods enjoyed a little wine supper with an opera singer recently. Some students in the next room heard him address her thus.

"let lily lips,
Pale with the fear of *virgin* modesty,
Steal close to mine—till I may barely see
The founts where feverish Cupid daily sips
Beneath the lace that rises now, then dips."

Scene in Arts' Library.—Freshman to Eng. Prof.: "May I take out this reserved book, sir"?
Prof.—"Why, that's the World's Almanac."
Freshie—But isn't it for additional English? A sophomore told me he had to read it last year."
Prof.—"Oh don't believe him, he's only trying to guy you."

WE find in our pigeon hole two bulletins from the Minister of Agriculture, one on "the fattening of steers," the other "the fattening of swine." We have looked them over, but fail to see the joke—(every item in this department is supposed to contain at least one joke). The bulletins are too lengthy for publication here, but will be placed on file for the benefit of lodgers.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, *Feb. 2, 1892.*

What sayest thou! The *deacon* in the *Gods!*
Then after all 'tis true Dan Homer nods
And poker is discarded,
Ned Hoyle is disregarded,
If sober, gloomy *Deacon's* in the Gods.
The *deacon* in the Gods!
What! really in the Gods?
The *deacon?* yes the deacon's in the Gods.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIÆ.

THE freshman had a very pleasant stroll in the park after church.

THE Hon. Member for Oxford patronizes a children's dancing class.

THE member for Kent is a privileged character at the Ladies' College.

PINEO was not pleased with the result of the Acadia-Dalhousie foot-bal match.

THE Colonel does not mind the wound, as it gives him a good excuse for going to the V. G. H.

WHO went home on the 16th inst. with the H. L. C. girls? The N. B. boys, of course.

IT is rumored that Vic thinks the chorus girls would appear to better advantage without tights.

B. & S. stands for Brandy and Soda, but the students could not find the case which the professor referred to at the St. James.

THE face of one of our seniors *burns* when any one speaks of the pug dog which was stolen for the actress. The culprit was a client of his.

SOME of the practitioners in the Moot Court refer to the judges of the Supreme Court of N. B. as "their Lordships." When was the change made?

Oh ! Edgar of Oxfoid be not so cross.
The song can be bought, you'll suffer no loss.
I'll hie me down town and will it replace,
To restore pleasant smiles to your sweet face.

TWO of the Saint John boys think the blue dress very becoming to the fair student who generally stands at the window of the Ladies' waiting room at 2.30.

A HARD CASE.

I sent my son to study law,
A madcap, lazy youth was he,
Most careless boy you ever saw,
And given much to revelry.

Yet though the fellow was not staid,
And he the law could not define,
I am quite certain that he made
A very able judge of wine.

And though to court he would not go,
("To court !" his lips with scorn would curl),
O curious paradox, I know
He yet would go to court--a girl.

If e'er a case he gets, indeed
'Twill be by just the merest chance;
And when he's called upon to plead,
He'll only plead his ignorance.

—*Nathan M. Levy.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Prof. Schurman, $5.00. D. C. McIntosh, $3.00. C. W. Lane, $2.30. Hugh McKenzie, Prof. Seth, Rodk. McNeill, each $2.00. A. B Copp, W. S. Thompson, Miss W. Chisholm, A. W. McKay, F. Simpson, Miss B. Dickie, W. H. Smith, E. Annand, Miss Jennie Ross, Miss Sophia Ross, J. B. Johnson, D. McRae, J. A. Sutherland, T. F. West, J. F. Putnam, Miss I. G. McDonald, L. W. Parker, Miss McPhee, W. A. Payzant, D. Cameron, R. B. Bennett, W. E. Thompson, Miss E. Muir H. O. Simpson, D. W. Byers, —— McCauley, —— Murphy, Miss Marshall, each $1.00.

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