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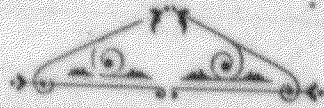
THE

Dalhousie

Gazette.

CHRISTMAS.

1899.



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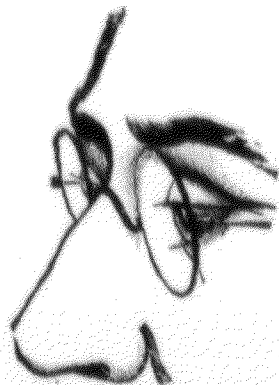
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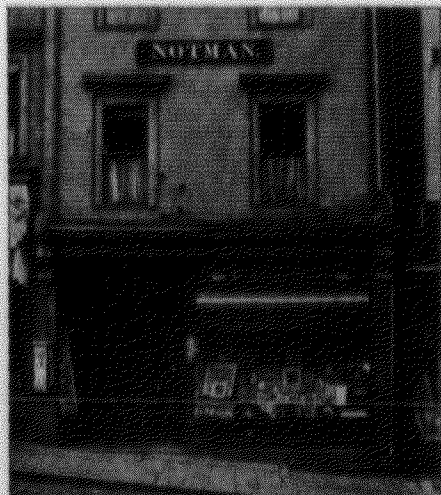
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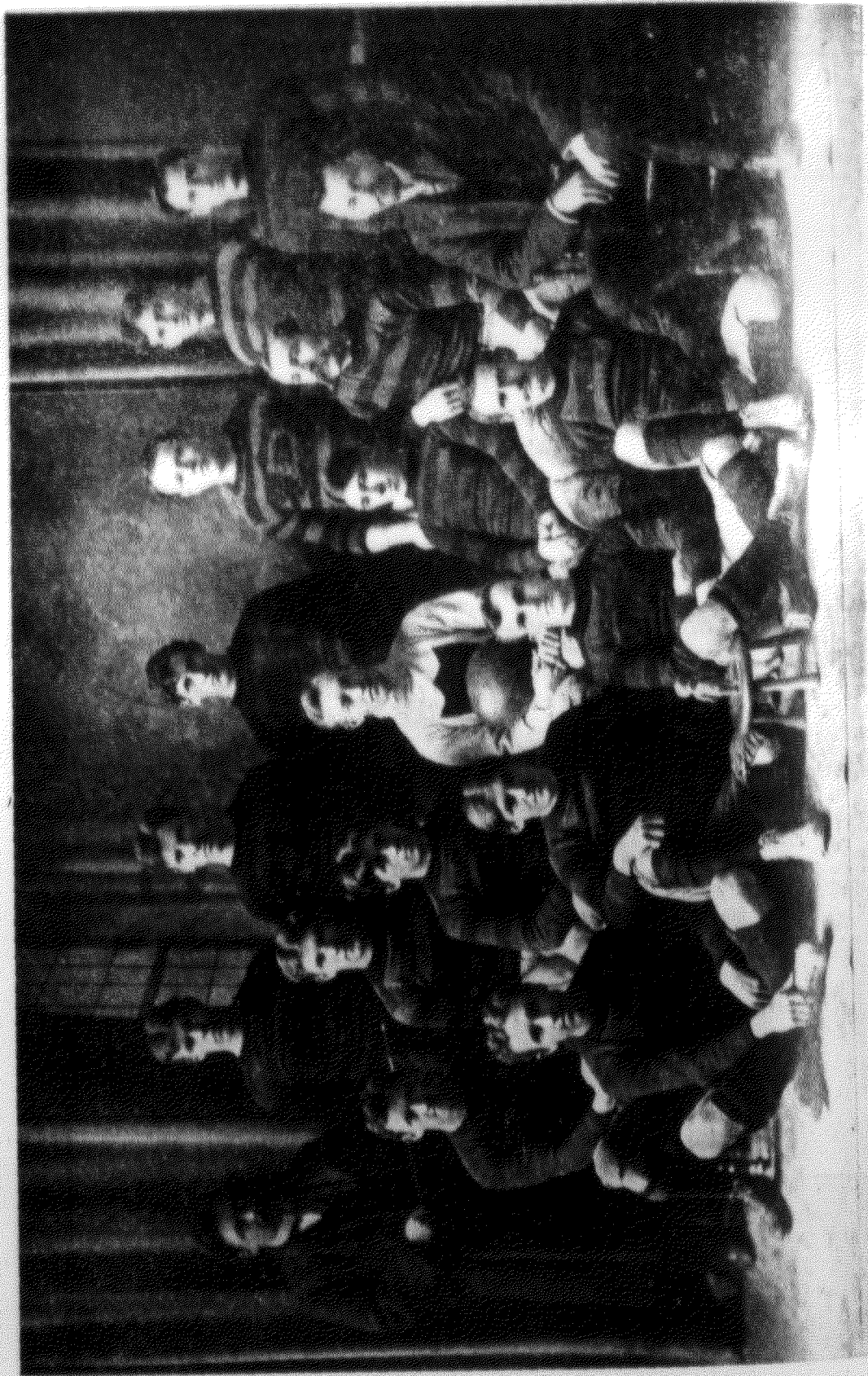


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# The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABOR."

VOL. XXXII. HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 20, 1890. No. 4.

## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Of all the sad words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are these 'it might have been.'"

(Cf. John R. Green's *History of England*, Book VIII., Chap. IV., closing paragraph.)

**E**VEN before sunrise, Montcalm had heard of his approach, and whilst Wolfe was drawing up his lines the French commander was summoning his many, though poorly disciplined, forces from every quarter of the city.

As the sun rose it showed Wolfe, with his five thousand fighting men upon the plains of Abraham and the long straggling French lines pouring from the city. They came with such haste and in such disorder that they brought only two or three field pieces and mounted these so poorly that they annoyed rather than injured the English.

By a quarter to eight the French advance came into range, and began a disorderly and intermittent fire, whilst the press behind kept rapidly forcing it nearer the opposing line. Wolfe, confident in the discipline of his men, walked up and down in front cautioning them not to fire until he himself gave the word. Nearer and nearer came the French, their fire becoming every moment more regular and more deadly, but the gaps in the English lines were silently filled, and the dead and wounded hurried to the rear.

The French were almost upon them—eye glared into eye—when Wolfe raised his arm to give the signal. Expectant fingers touched the trigger, but the order never came. A bullet pierced the heart of the English commander and he expired in an instant. The critical moment had come. In the excitement the second-in-command did not for a moment give the looked-for word, and even as Wolfe was borne to the rear the opportunity was lost. The front lines of the French, urged from behind, were upon the English. The English without even bayonets fixed began firing their pieces, as often wounding each other, as injuring the enemy. Fully five minutes elapsed before the officers seemed to reassume command, but already the lines were broken in many places. A desperate hand to hand encounter began in which the strict discipline of the English helped them but little, whilst

the French accustomed to the unscientific mode of warfare, customary amongst the colonists, were aided rather than hindered by their own lack of order. To an experienced eye it was soon evident that the French would win. Superior in numbers they fought with the fiery enthusiasm so characteristic of Frenchmen. Resting behind their walls they were fresh and eager for battle, while the English had not only been up all night, but in the haste of disembarkation none of the men had been served with breakfast.

Still the battle was not yet lost, and a large English square, that square so fatal years after to the French at Waterloo, formed on the right wing and began a steady and murderous fire upon the rear lines of the enemy, but Montcalm was now on the field and directed in person the re-mounting of the field guns. Then the well directed fire of the French artillery soon threw the square into confusion, whilst a hasty charge drove it back to the rear. By this time news had reached the city that the English were beaten and thousands of the inhabitants, armed in every manner, came flocking out, more eager for spoil than fighting. But to the already wavering English this scattered mob seemed a vast force coming to aid the French. A cry arose that reinforcements were coming to aid the enemy. That indescribable thing called a panic seized the left wing and centre, and they began to give way. The retreat changed to a flight and hundreds rushing to the bank, pressed over upon the right wing and crowded it towards the river. Hundreds were forced over, and as many more leaped down in terror themselves, and those who escaped death in their descent were drowned in the rapid currents below.

But the square which had been driven in on the right had reformed and, giving no ground, became the only barrier between the French and the retreating army. It was soon surrounded by the French, but the confusion of forces saved the English from the fire of the French artillerymen, who feared to injure their own troops. A small reinforcement was sent back by the English and at once destroyed those of the French that had got between the square and the English army, and then drawing out on the left it helped to form for a time a complete barrier against the French. In the unequal struggle that followed it was evident that there was no lack of the old time English courage. Stocks of muskets were used as clubs, swords as daggers, and bayonets were thrust home, whilst the left hand grasped the victim. Many personal encounters took place. Encounters which give a

romantic though awful colouring to the horrors of war, but which gunpowder has made rare. In some cases, deprived of their weapons, the combatants used their fists, or rolled together on the ground locked in a deadly embrace. Twice was Malcolm himself in danger. The last time he was for a moment a prisoner until rescued by his guard. The struggle, however, was too unequal. The thinning ranks of the English ceased to form an effectual barrier. The French rushed through in many places, and soon every Englishman was dead or a prisoner. But their army was saved. The troops had descended to their barges bearing off their dead commander.

"Farewell English," shouted a French half-breed. "We will come again," said the English sailors, but they never did. Though the British drove the French from India, and their fleets rode triumphant in the West Indian waters, and though scarcely a Spanish or French sail was seen between Cadiz and Havre, Canada was lost. Chagrined at their failure, and weakened by their losses, the Quebec fleet sailed for home. French reinforcements arrived.

After this attempt the New England colonists ceased to molest the French in Canada, but France once again gained Acadia by treaty. Assured of the impossibility of making Louisburg impregnable, they turned their attention to fortifying Halifax, which has remained ever since a menace to English commerce. The natural vigour of the English colonists soon placed them far ahead of their Northern rivals, whilst the great opportunities their country offered drew, and still draws, the most energetic Frenchmen to their side of the border.

Disappointed in the North the New Englanders began to reach toward the Pacific and driving out the few French settlers, they acquired west of the Mississippi a country of inexhaustible resources and extent. Turning to the north, just west of the great lakes, they have claimed as their own all that vast tract lying between the Arctic circle and the forty-seventh parallel, a country spacious enough for empires greater than that of Rome or Greece. Some historians lament our defeat on the plains of Abraham, and lament the loss of that opportunity to make this continent wholly English, but more thoughtful minds will consider how improbable it is that England could ever have amalgamated the Frenchmen of Quebec with her own people, and how far the possession of the southern and all the western portion of this continent counterbalances the loss of the doubtful country of Quebec and those bleak and insignificant provinces by the sea.



## JOHN DOULL.

**D**ALHOUSIE met with a very severe loss, about the opening of the present session, in the death of the Chairman of the Board of Governors, MR. JOHN DOULL. His death did not come very unexpectedly, for he was well advanced in years and was in failing health for the last year or two. John Doull was born in Wick, Caithness-shire in 1822. His parents came to this country in 1828 and settled in Pictou. He received as good an education as the schools of that time afforded, attending Pictou Academy for several years. When still a boy he came to Halifax, having obtained a situation with W. & C. Murdoch. Mr. Doull had always pleasant recollections of his first years in Halifax. He began with the munificent salary of five pounds a year and his board, in the house of his employer. These were not the days of short hours and early closing, and we have often heard Mr. Doull tell of working till three o'clock in the morning and then starting again between six and seven. This of course was in the Spring and Autumn when most of the wholesale work was done. His steady and industrious habits and faithful discharge of his duties entrusted to him won the good will of his employers, and when quite a young man he was enabled to start in business with a nephew of Mr. Murdoch. The firm of Doull & Miller began business on Barrington Street and soon became one of the leading dry goods establishments in the Province. After a number of years of successful business they erected the free stone warehouse on Hollis Street where they continued till the business was closed a few years ago. From the very first till the end of his busy life, his faithful discharge of duty and his untiring diligence marked him out for the respect of every one. His employees, his customers, the whole community, all respected, trusted, and loved him. There are few names in the roll of Halifax business men that stand higher than the name of John Doull. He was in every respect a good citizen, deeply interested in everything that pertained to the welfare of the community. Whatever he undertook he performed with the same faithfulness that marked his business life. Our Halifax Park is a monument of his public spirit, while the records of the Association for the Relief of the Poor testify to his deep sympathy with the poor and suffering classes in our city.

He was one of the few business men in Halifax interested in higher education. His name is associated with Dalhousie



College ever since its opening in 1863, first as a Trustee of one of its funds, then as an active Governor, and ever since the death of Sir Adams Archibald, as the Chairman of the Board. During all his connection with it he was one of the most liberal contributors to its funds. Unfortunately there are not many such in the community and, therefore, the loss is more keenly felt.

---

IN CACTUS-LAND.

**N**OTHING more? *Cafe? Pan?* Nothing at all? Well, then, since breakfast is a thing of the past, what shall we do to kill time until the afternoon? I have a plan. You want to get acquainted with the country and the people, you say, and the best way to do so is to go among them personally. I have some business at a *haciendo* three miles from here, and you may come with me if you care to do so. Very well, I ordered the horses before breakfast. Ah, here they come now; nice looking steeds, are they not? Too wild for you? You don't really mean that you would rather take that mule over there? All right, if you prefer it; or would you like a *burro* better. I can easily procure one, they are absolutely warranted not to run away. Perhaps you need some assistance in mounting. Pardon my raillery. A man who will not ride a mustang is a *rara avis* here. We are off at last, mule and all.

Queer looking city? Yes, I suppose it is, rather. You see it is one of the oldest cities in Mexico; of course it is full of Americans now, but not many years ago these houses were all occupied by old Spanish and Mexican families. I suppose it does seem dead to a stranger. Certainly the empty, quiet streets, with those dark walls and grated windows facing them, do give a gloomy effect, but this evening I shall take you behind those sombre-looking doors and introduce you to the life beyond—beyond the doors I mean, of course; although when you see the beautiful faces hidden by those forbidding walls, you may think yourself beyond this world. Oh, no, they are not secluded like Eastern princesses, but they have not yet acquired the shopping habit, and are seldom seen in the streets, but each *pateo* is an open-air drawing room, where daily receptions are held. What is a *pateo*? Did you not notice how the houses are all built around a sort of open court? Well, that open space is called a *pateo*, and very beautiful some of them are with their shady orange and peach trees and lovely bright-colored flowers. Yes, the piazza, as you call it, around the *pateo* is

where they dance and play in the evenings. Shall I ever forget my first evening in the *pateo* of a real old Spanish family. I felt as if I were in a dream, watching the white-robed figures gliding around, the soft mantillas carelessly thrown over their heads; listening to the low-toned "*Senor*"'s and the deep, rich, "*Senorita*"'s and "*Donna*"'s. Getting sentimental am I? Just wait until you have been here a few months. Beauty? I don't believe there is any other in the world like it.

We are leaving the dwelling part behind us now. That open space over there is the *plaza*, all the business of the city is done around it; you will always find crowds of people there at any hour of the day.

Where? Oh, yes, we shall pass that in a minute. It is the famous Chichuahua Cathedral. The Mexicans tell of it, that it was seven hundred years in building, and that sand was piled around it for the workmen to stand on, instead of the present ladders and scaffolding; so that when it was finished nothing could be seen but a huge sand-hill. They don't say whether it took another seven hundred years to dig it out or not. You should see this place when a religious festival is going on. Such swarms of people can hardly be imagined. The lower class Mexicans are so superstitious that they would as soon die as not attend these affairs. Consequently, not a few of them do both, for the crowds are so dense that numbers are crushed to death. They are getting more civilized now, and these are becoming things of the past.

We shall be out of the city in a few minutes. Hark! do you hear that bugle call? Is not that a pleasant way of being told that it is twelve o'clock? You must use your spurs on that nag, or we shall find our friends taking a *siesta*, that is a luxury enjoyed by rich and poor alike.

You never imagined the country was so barren? Why this is nothing. A few miles past the *haciendo* to which we are going there is a regular Sahara, not even a shrub of any kind for miles, only a solitary cactus here and there lifting up its prickly hands. You must remember that we are on the plateau here. What do the natives do for a living? Steal, mostly, since silver has become a drug in the market.

We are just on the outskirts of the *haciendo* now. Do you see that large, bare-looking building to the left, an old rusty engine and a few cars beside it? That was a great silver mill a few years ago, but it is shut down now. I remember the first time that engine was run out here. Such a panic! The natives ran screaming into their huts, the women covering their faces with their skirts, and the men

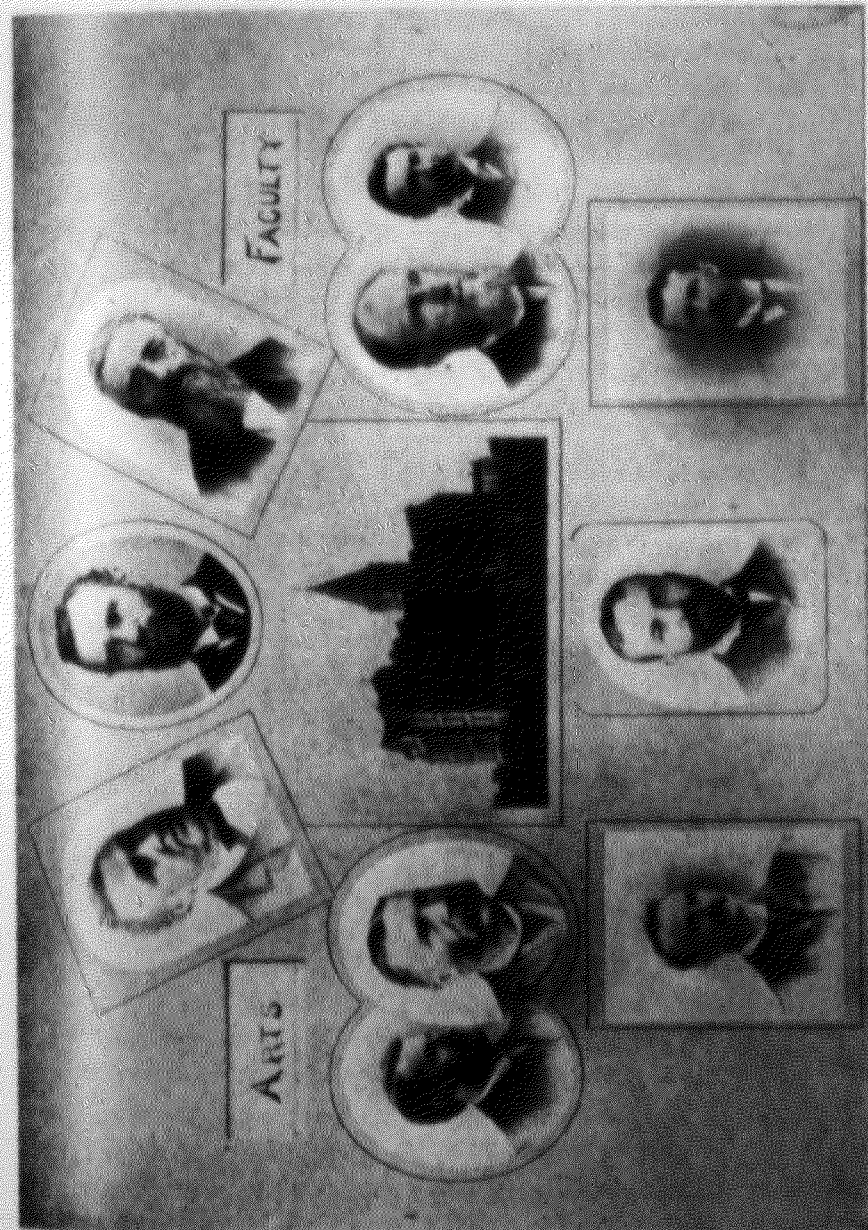
throwing themselves on the ground with their heads wrapped in their *sirapees*. That long low *adobe* house is our destination. The lazy-looking fellow lying in the sun is the Mexican "greaser" to whom it belongs. After a word with him I shall take you into the house.

Now we are ready. You must be very gushing if you wish to win their hearts. If the mother offers to embrace you, submit as if you liked it. Oh, no! Only the mother. Yes, there are nine altogether, but we shall probably only see two or three of them. That fat woman in the door is the mother. Don't shrink, it will be over in a second. It is a good thing they don't understand English. Well done! Now you must come pay your respects to that old withered crone sitting on the straw mat at the end of the room. She is the great grandmother, and controls the whole household, from her grandson-in-law down to that little tot outside. That long switch beside her is not merely an ornament, as probably the ankles of these two pretty girls bear testimony. Now give all your attention to the mother. She is asking you to sit down. Where do you suppose? On the ground of course. Did you think those two black-eyed beauties had gone out to get you an upholstered easy-chair? Oh, no! they have gone for a dish of *chili* and some *tortillas*, the usual refreshments offered to distinguish guests. You must not refuse them, if you do not wish to deeply offend. What are you gazing at so intently in the outer room? I see, another girl. It is her occupation you are interested in? She is grinding corn between two stones for the family *tortillas*. Modern inventions have not yet penetrated so far. Here come your refreshments. Red peppers stewed? Taste it. Goodness man, restrain your tears; you are not listening to a tale of woe. Look as if you enjoyed it. The *tortillas* are good, are they not? Have a queer taste? That is because they are cooked on hot stones. Don't try that. It would be useless anyway; for they would immediately get you more. Good! you have shown yourself a brave man. We had better get out? Don't be alarmed; there is nothing else to fear, unless it be the grandmother's switch. Make your adieus then. Aha! You forgot that, did you not? *Adios, Donna Carlotta. Adios, Adios.*

TULA.

AND they who do their souls no wrong  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel's song,  
To-day the Prince of Peace is born.

—J. R. LOWELL.



J. GORDON MCGREGOR, M. A., D. SC.,  
W. C. MURRAY, M. A.,  
CHARLES McDONALD, M. A.,  
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HOWARD MURRAY, B. A.,  
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## THE MAN BEHIND THE SCRIM.

**D**FT when football foes we're rushing,  
 And our "rooters" are not hushing,  
 With pure joy our beaker just begins to brim;  
 But, to cause us consternation,  
 Comes a sudden punctuation  
 To our premature elation—  
 We are thwarted by their Man Behind the Scrim.

Then again it is exciting,  
 While our forwards well are fighting,  
 Towards our line to see the pigskin take a skim  
 And we almost feel dejected—  
 But the flyer is "collected"  
 Quicker than he quite expected,  
 And the credit's due our Man Behind the Scrim.

When the freshies love aggression  
 And, despising Sophs' discretion,  
 Rush them down the centre stairway with a vim,  
 Lo! someone with mien severest,  
 He to scrimmagers—the *dearest*,  
 Sallies in and nabs the nearest—  
 Dies iræ! it's the Man Behind the Scrim.

Then when corridors just crowded  
 Quick in silence all are shrouded,  
 And the chance for "taking names" is rather slim  
 (For the "scrappers" all have scooted  
 Likewise standers-by who hooted,  
 'Cause of fear of fines deep rooted)  
 Who so mad then as The Man Behind the Scrim?

## MY FIRST SCHOOL

**I** ALWAYS had a desire to be a teacher, to wield the birch and hasten youth along the "flowery path of Knowledge." At last came the day when my wish was to be gratified. I was driven thirteen miles from the railway station, far up the Cobequid mountains, there to take charge of a small country school.

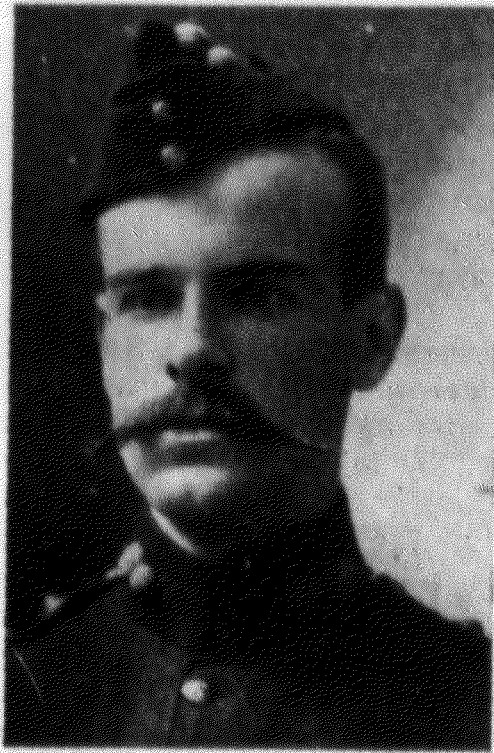
Early on Monday morning, the first of the term, I set out from my boarding house, carrying my dinner, as was the wont of the teacher in that district. As I reached the top of the hill, at the foot of which was the schoolhouse, I

saw four dozen feet fly swiftly in my direction and heard two dozen voices cry loudly, "Look! Look! Here comes the new teacher!" My welcome was undoubtedly a unanimous one. They guided me to the teacher's desk, told me what every teacher had done before and evidently expected me to follow in the footsteps of my predecessors. Standing around the desk, they gazed at me with wide open eyes and mouths until I wondered if there was really anything startling in my appearance; then wandering off in groups of twos and threes, they discussed the "Teacher" to their heart's content, in not the quietest tones. This over, I "took in" school, and then only did I realize the position which I was supposed to fill. Here were twenty-four children, ranging in age from five to fifteen years, to be taught by my precepts and example and to be governed by my word! My heart sank with fear, yet the pride of being "Monarch of all I surveyed" buoyed me up. What a useful thing Pride is,—sometimes!

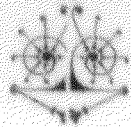
By judicial questioning I learned that few of them were in the same class: everyone seemed to think he knew more than his seatmate. They had all made fairly good progress in reading but in History and Geography, in Grammar and Science, they knew scarcely anything at all. I asked Carrie, the oldest girl, if she had ever studied any Grammar, "Oh yes," was the quick reply. "How much have you studied?" Before answering my question, she gazed at me and then broke out with "Grammar is all about Christopher Columbus, isn't it?" I corrected her solemnly and hoped sincerely that ere the end of that session she might know the proper name of the study "which treats of" America's discoverer.

My next difficulty presented itself in the form of a small boy called Emerson, who knew not the correct spelling of "cat." I printed it in great startling letters on the blackboard, I repeated it dozens of times, and at the end of fifteen minutes was rewarded by hearing the child spell it correctly. In the afternoon, as a sort of review, with perfect confidence in his ability, I asked Emerson to spell "cat." Standing up in his seat, he loudly proclaimed to the school that "D-A-O-G" spelt "cat." My first attempt failed sadly but I "tried again" and soon had the pleasure of seeing Emerson at the head of his class. At recess, they informed me that the other teachers always played "Blind-Man's Buff" and "London Bridge" with them, but my first day of teaching had been enough, and I declined all their urgent invitations to the playground, and went home at night a satisfied and tired, but full-fledged teacher.

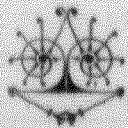
DALHOUSIE'S TRANSVAAL VOLUNTEERS.



H. B. STAIRS, B. A., '91, LL. B., '93.



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WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS GAZETTE.)

## THE QUEST OF BEAUTY.

*A Winter-time Legend of the Micmac Indians.*

BY AWFUL.

**S**HARP was the whiz of the arrow as it left the bended bow of Fleet-foot, the hunter. Through the light-some air it sped, and cut the wind with a cruel, hissing sound. A dull-beaked crow sat upon the outstretched limb of an aspen birch, and it caught the rustle of the leaves. It lifted its wings, but it had no life to fly. Down on the driven snow it fell, pierced by the well-aimed arrow.

A mighty man with the bow was Fleet-foot. Of sturdy ash, a man's length, was the bow, and hard to bend, but its aim was sure, and swift to kill. And Fleet-foot roamed the woods with it, and slept with it by his side, and treasured it as his own life. For never had it missed its mark, and the name of Fleet-foot had gone forth as a hunter great and strong.

And Fleet-foot came up to where the dull-beaked crow, with its raven wings outstretched, lay quivering beneath the tree. And the blood had run out upon the snow and dyed it red. Then said he, "Would that I could find a girl whose tresses were as glossy as the raven's wing, her skin as white as the driven snow, and her cheeks as bright as the blood that stains it. Such an one I would take to wife, could I find her." And all that day Fleet-foot's thoughts were of the red-blooded bird, and the damsel he would wed.

When the driven snow had gone from off the corn-fields, and merry spring was come, Fleet-foot on a day went a-hunting, and he carried his trusty bow with him, and his quiver of sharp-whizzing arrows. And he met a stranger, a noble man, whose brow was that of a brave, and he was clad in well-dressed raiment. But Fleet-foot knew not that he was a Megumoowesoo. And the stranger talked with him, and asked him of his heart's desire, and if he had found her whom he would wed. Then Fleet-foot answered him truly, and told him he looked for a damsel with glossy hair, and white skin, and crimson cheek. Such an one would he wed, but in vain had he searched the haunts of men.

Then the stranger stood forth, and spake to Fleet-foot, saying: "O mighty hunter, who fightest nobly, I know where there dwelleth such a damsel, and thou shalt find her, and I will show the way, lest thou come to grief in a strange land."

And Fleet-foot consented thereto, and made him ready, and together they set out through the dark-grown woods.

Now after many days they came to the border of a very large lake. And near the lake was a great wigwam, and an old man lived in it, who gave them welcome, and asked their errand. Then the Megumoowesoo told him, and he was well pleased, and made them offer of his canoe to cross the lake. And he went with them to the shore, where he spake wise words to them, and said:

"Do ye hearken as I tell you, lest grievous harm befall you in a land ye know not of. To the Great Skunk shall ye come, who drowneth all men, and stiflenth them, whoso goeth unwittingly. But as ye pass by, do ye take a cord, and knot it, and throw it cunningly around his head, and draw it tight. Then will he not be able to harm you, and ye can pass him safely. And from there ye will sail swiftly to the other shore."

Thus spake the wise old man, and he bade them step upon a small island, which was covered with trees and rocks. And when they had unmoored the island, it moved off, and glided swiftly over the glassy lake. And they had neither rudder nor oar.

Now it was Glooscap, the god-man, who lived in the great wigwam, and the island was his canoe.

And straightway they came to a rounded point, which ran out into the lake. And at its end sat the Great Skunk. An evil spirit was he, who had taken the form of a skunk that he might be a terror to all men. But the Megumoowesoo took a cord and knotted it, and threw it round his head, and drew it tight, so that he was not able to stifle them with his stench. Thus they passed him safely, and were speedily at the other shore.

Now when they had journeyed but a little way into the dark-grown woods, they came upon a man of marvelous power, and he was cutting logs of wood which he carried upon his back. And he made inquiry of the travellers concerning their errand, and when they answered him truly, he made to follow with them. So the three went on. And by-and-by they met another man, with one leg tied close to his body, and he was hopping on the other. And he told them that this was so he should not run too swiftly. Then they asked that they might see him run. So he untied his leg, and behold! at once he was out of sight. He went toward the dawn, but in a twinkling back he came from the west, for he had run around the world. Then he too would go with them; so they all went on together.

And now they came to a man with his nostrils filled with wooden plugs. And he took them out, and immediately there was a mighty wind, and it tore up trees, and rolled great rocks. And he put back the wooden plugs in his nostrils, and the winds were stilled. And he too went with them.

In due time the travellers came to a great wide river, which flowed through a level meadow, and there was a high mountain back of it, and a very steep bluff, and between the mountain and the meadow was a town. There they stopped, and when they had taken rest, they made their way to the lodge where lived the chief.

And the chief received them kindly, and entreated them for days. And he set fine food before them, and they feasted on tender meat and yellow corn. Of all that the land bare of goodly food and drink did the chief give bountifully unto his guests, and their hearts were cheered. Then he spake words to them, and said :

"Tell me now what I ask. Whence come ye, what manner of men are your people, and why are ye hither?"

Then the Megumoowesoo made answer and said :

"O great chief, we have come from a far distance, from the land of the sunrise, where the men are mighty hunters. And this my friend is the greatest of them all, and he hath come seeking a bride. A damsel with glossy hair, and pure white skin, and crimson cheek doth he look for, but in vain hath he searched the haunts of men. And we heard a saying that such a one dwelt here, and we have come to find her. Now, therefore, if we have favour with thee, do thou tell us if our journey may have a happy ending."

Whereupon the great chief called to him his own daughter, and set her by his side, and said :

"This, ye strangers from the far-distant, is the damsel ye have heard of. Loath am I to give her to any man, but ye are pretty braves, and the young man shall have her, and she shall be his wife, if he and his friends will but vie them with our own young men in certain tricks of skill. So on the morrow shall we have a great feast day, and ye shall run races and test your manly valour."

And the maiden was indeed fair to look upon, for her hair was raven-black, and her skin white as snow, and her cheeks were bright as crimson. And Fleet-foot saw her, and his heart was glad.

Now when the rosy dawn shone forth next day the town bestirred itself, and set about a time of feasting. And great was the people's joy.

And the chief ordained that first should be a dance. And he picked out choice men of skill, and they danced before the people, and sang songs. But the Megumoowesoo excelled them all at the dance, for he had great skill, and his voice was wondrous sweet.

Then did the chief desire a running match, and three young men came forth and made them ready. Swift of foot were they all, and with great speed did they run, but the man of Fleet-foot's party untied his leg, and lo! he was around the world in the twinkling of an eye.

Now the chief was a deceitful man, and he feared that he would lose his daughter. And he made the tests very hard, for he hoped to see the strangers beaten. But in lifting and wrestling and swimming they excelled all the young men of the town, and were winners at every match. Then did the chief, with an evil heart, ordain that Fleet-foot himself should coast down the steep mountain, where there was snow still lying, and a beaten path. And two sleds were brought out, and Fleet-foot took one, and a young man from the town took the other. And they coasted down the mountain, and the young man went over the bluff and was killed, but Fleet-foot's sled jumped the precipice, and he reached the town safely.

So in all the tests the strangers were the winners. Then did the chief in sorrow give his daughter to Fleet-foot to wife, and great was the wedding-feast, for the people did honour to the men that came from the far-distant. But the chief nursed his anger, and was wroth.

And on the morrow, when the rosy dawn shone forth, the bridal party went home, but when they had gone a way into the dark-grown woods a terrible tempest arose. Now it was sent by the magic-men of the town, for the chief hoped to kill Fleet-foot even yet. And the tempest tore up the trees, and knocked down the men, and bade fair to kill them all. But the man with his nostrils closed took out the plugs therefrom, and there at once arose a mighty wind which beat back the magic-men's tempest and stilled it. And they went on in safety.

So they came to the lake again, where their three companions left them. And they went on board the island canoe, and once more passed the Great Skunk without harm. Then they came to Glooscap's wigwam, and Glooscap received them gladly, and feasted them, and blessed the bridal pair. And on the morrow they went on, and the Megumoowesoo left them when he saw them safely home. Then Fleet-foot knew that his wonderful guide was a demigod.

## "THE VOICE OF LONG AGO."



HE echo dying in the blue-mist hills  
 In hush of eventide, sounds faint and clear,  
 Above the murmuring brooklets gurgling near,  
 Above the rumbling, booming, distant mills :  
 Even so, voices of long ago oft sing ;  
 And in the sweetness of that song, my soul,  
 Weary from strife and sick with present dole,  
 Revives, borne back on memory's pensive wing.  
 And this the song of happier days long past,  
 Of hours 'ere this that lightly sped away ;  
 Shall give my languid soul new life alway  
 For misty future till the unknown LAST.

Dec. 18, '99.

P. T.

## STUDENTS OF OTHER DAYS.

**B**UT you know Bologna of the present day from having seen it when you were making your wedding journey, in very pleasant company. If you have not seen it, you certainly will, some day. Being unable to show you the Bologna of the future, we shall try, if you will trust yourself to my guidance, to revive a bit of the Bologna of the middle ages. But here again, what shall we select? With your leave, we shall pass over what I call the fringe of history, noble dames, and fair maidens, courts of love, poetic tourneys, battles of flowers, (though this I confess is a "bit" not without its charm). But as my reader is no trifler, as he is a student, or has been, or would like to be one again, I am sure that he would like to know first of all about the University. Student tends to student, like water to the river, when it rains. Let us glance then at the University of Bologna.

I open for your benefit, a huge commentary on the Digest, written in Latin, by messire Odofredus in the twelfth century. He gives us some information about the students and professors of that time, which is so extraordinary, that we have to read it over a dozen times to be sure that we are not befooled by some obfuscation of the senses. Alas! how times have changed! If such customs should find their way into Montauban, what changes we should see! Besides, you would not find me complaining. Nor would my humble views be shared by everybody.

\* \* \* \* \*

The students constituted the university, and elected a "rector" (read "president"). The "rector" was a most imposing personage; and took precedence, in university functions, over arch-bishops and cardinals.

The professors were humble servants in the pay and at the orders of, my lords, the students. They were all obliged to swear allegiance to the rector. Every professor at the opening of the session deposited a certain sum with a banker, to meet the fine the rector should impose upon him. And it rained fines. A professor skipped a paragraph in the book he was interpreting. A fine! He did not clear up a difficulty, under the pretext that he would do so later. A fine! He spent too much time over the beginning to explain the last "consistently." A fine! Professors are forbidden to miss a single lecture, without the students' consent; no holidays without their permission. And finally there was a committee "for the accusation of professors," a committee whose duty was to prevent professors from being "arrogant," and to examine their work.

"Impossible!" you say, "absurd!" Nevertheless, this was in fact the constitution of the University of Bologna in the twelfth century. And it was not so absurd as it looks, for this University was then, and long continued to be the great rival of the University of Paris. It was only eclipsed, when the professors got the upper hand. JEAN LOUIS.

*Translated from "Le Suisse Universitaire."*



## THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE.

A CRITICISM OF A PAINTING AND A POEM.

FRANK BAIRD.



HE was bending low over it. It was mid-June, and the sun was flaming warm. On the woman's forehead were great bulges of sweat. Still she worked steadily, strongly, rapidly. Now and then she stooped to the child at her side, and, taking from him the small basket he bore, she scattered here and there a few handfulls of grain; then, stepping ahead, and to either side, she dug the grain into the black, ashy earth.

Suddenly there came to the woman from a knoll near by the cry of a waking child.

"Portez l'enfant à moi mon garçon," she said without raising her head.

The boy obeyed. The woman drew herself up. She stood the hoe at the side of a blackened stump, then she extended her arms towards her child:

"Venez à moi," she said. The next moment she sat down on an unburnt log. She fanned herself cool with her wide, home-made hat. After a time she raised her child to her strong, deep breast.

On three sides of the woman, back a little from where she sat, were the giant beech, and birch, and hemlock. Immediately about her were blackened stones and stumps and earth. In front, stretching from the edge of the black away to the small French Canadian home,—away past to the wide, full river, a mile or more distant,—there lay the rich green. Beyond the river was the town. From its lower end there rose the great, dull, mill-chimney of stone. Near the centre there shot up from the clustered poplars the chaste, snow-white spire of tall Sainte Marie's. From its top a cross of gold glittered in the sun.

One of the woman's children was at her breast; the other six played hide-and-seek among the blackened trunks and stumps. But it was the child at her breast on which her mind now centred. She looked steadily down for a while—a great long while—on its small, dark, firm face. As she looked, she thought. Slowly—after a time—her thoughts, from the child, went upward. Her eyes wandered over the fields, the full river, on to where tall Sainte Marie's stabbed the sky with its white dagger. They rested on the glittering cross.

The child whimpered, and the woman's mind came back. When her eyes again found the cross of gold, a drift of mill-smoke had blown across it; its glitter was gone.

The woman's eyes followed the thin drift of smoke—on to where it tumbled thick and black from the dull, tall chimney. Down at the base of that, among the busy, buzzing saws, there worked the father of the child at her breast. If the distant, glittering cross had an interest for the woman, so, also, had the tall, dull chimney of stone.

The child in the woman's arms began, at length, to sleep. The woman turned her head towards her playing children.

"Soyez tranquille!" she said. The children ceased their laughter and drew away.

A little later the woman broke into a low, soft song in French. Again and again as she softly sang, she looked from the sleeping child to the cross of gold, from the cross of gold to the tall chimney, from the tall chimney to the sleeping child. When the song had been thrice sung, and the long pause that followed filled up with thinking, she looked around the circle once more. Her clear, full eyes filmed a little; there were deep thoughts behind. Her lips moved.

"M' église, mon mari, mon enfant," she murmured. A great joy came in upon her. Those were her life—husband, church, child. For any one of them she could happily live, bravely die; and she had them all. She was thrice blessed.

She arose quickly and laid her child again in its cradle of fern at the edge of the green. She called to the boy with the basket of grain. Then she reached for the heavy hoe at the blackened stump. The next moment she was again strongly, rapidly working in the black, ashy earth.

The afternoon slowly slid into evening. The cone-like shadows of the big trees in the west were forging out, covering stump after stump. There was no wind. Off on the bay some ships were loading for Glasgow. Out on the smooth, full river, was a fleet of canoes; the women of the country were crossing to the lumber mills for their husbands.

The woman with the hoe did not look up. But by-and-by there came a low sound of distant bells. She stopped. It was the angelus from far Sainte Marie's. The work of the day was done. In a little would come also the shrill mill-whistles. Out of respect to the angelus they always waited.

At the sound of the bell the playing children hushed. Their small heads sank instinctively; their small hands raised. The woman glanced towards them. Then, folding her own strong, hard hands over the handle of the hoe with



which she worked, she bowed reverently in prayer. And she thanked God for her happy lot.

When the woman ceased to pray, a half dozen mills were shrieking a good-bye to the day's work. The men from the mills were streaming down to the waiting canoes. Tall Sainte Marie's still stabbed the sky. The gold cross still glittered in the sun.

The woman went home.

\* \* \* \* \*

There were three men in a canoe. They were crossing to their homes from the lumber mills. The one in the bow was Tom Logan, the next was Pierre Doucet. The man in the stern was Gabe Bear.

In many parts of Canada, French, English and Indian live and work happily together. And there are no jars; there are no latitudes claimed which are not allowed, except, perhaps, that the unbending Englishman, in the matter of language, insists always on all others learning and speaking his, he, never theirs. And so well has he succeeded in his unbendingness that not only do the Indian and the "habitant" invariably salute the Englishman, but each other, in some kind of Queen's English. But this by the way.

Gabe Bear, the man in the stern, silently, strongly, swiftly plied the thin, smooth-bladed paddle. An Indian, unlike other men, when he has nothing to say, is quiet. So Gabe was silent; Pierre and Tom talked.

"De coountry," Pierre was saying, "she's look gran' dees spring; fine crop prospect."

He emphasised strongly the last syllable of his last word.

"Firs' rate," Tom said; "good spring this, fine. I've more crop in than I've had this ten year; grass'll be great if it keeps on."

"Oui-yass," Pierre corrected, "dees not half bad coountry lak dey say she am. De crop, she's grow good—grow fas', too. W'y de buckw'eat ma femme she put on de new lan' to-day, in dees tam t'ree months away we have pancake. You know any coountry do more better'n dat? You Gabe?"

Tom said "no;" Gabe said "ay-ee." But on the rare occasions when an Indian thinks it necessary to speak at all, he generally says "ay-ee." So Gabe may have meant anything—or nothing.

Pierre went on:

"I tole you dees, boys; no man need starve on dees coountry. Dere's alway plaintee work, an' wit' good work 'an pay, dat mak' plaintee for wear an' eat; an' dat's 'bout all man get nowhere on dees world'. Den more, man may get

'heal leetle if he careful. W'en I marrie ma femme we have not'ing. Since dat tam she work, an' I work, an' now we have good farm, free, no debt—t'ree cow, t'orteen sheep, fine familee seeven, eighteen hen an' rooster all layin' egg for sell, good 'ome, good 'ealth, an' more we alway 'appy—'ave good tam. W'en de beeg circus come we alway go; tak' de familee. Den, too, we often have wan dawnce. We go on Emile Cabot's or Joe Duga's, or—

But the canoe struck the shore. The men got out.

"You'll be ready in the morning, Gabe?" Tom asked.

Gabe said "ay-ee" as he pulled up the canoe. Then he strode silently up the shore to the group of Indian homes.

As Tom and Pierre walked towards their homes Pierre began where he had left off.

"Ma wife she work sam's me; dat help beeg pile; she encourage me, too. Dees spring w'en I come off de drive an' tak' leetle rest, she say, 'Pierre, you go work on de mill; I work in de farm, plant de potat', oat, buckw'eat.' She say she lak dat work—lak be out—she feel better, she say, more 'appy out w'ere she hear de sing-bird an' get de good air. 'Work,' she say, 'wa'ts work w'en you workin' for yourse'f an' familee?' W'en you get all you earn or grow?"

"Tak' now dees summer. We work both an' by fall we pay all bill, buy new feedel, an' maybe 'orse. Den we be good off—almost reech. Ma wife peety peupl' born reech, she say; dey look poor, pale, sick; dey can't have no good tam; not strong enough for enjoy it. Den she peety town peupl' who am not reech. Half de tam dey can't get no work, den dey 'mos' starve—dey mus'. She say me las' night, 'Pierre, it not de peupl' as have work in dees worl' dat am de un'appy so much as dem as hav'n't any; an' ma femme she spik right."

This appealed to Tom.

"Country's all right, an' work's all right, too, I s'pose."

"Yass," Pierre again began, "jus' look now at dem fruit tree, an' dat grass, an' dem"—he threw his arms up and about—"look at dat oat an' dem buckw'eat. Ma farm she all lak dat; an' w'en I go feeshin' wit' Joe Boulanger las' Sunday afternoon we drive ten mile an' all, all"—he threw his arms more wildly—"all jus' lak dat only more; good crop, fine prospect."

"All man need do am work some in dees coountry, an' he leeve all right. Only small tax for pay; de pries' not hard; he only want for leeve, sam's me, he say; he only tak' leetle monee, den leetle hay, oat, buckw'eat. De goovernment, it not bad; it pay par' de school tax—it buil' de road-rail an'

de walk-side, an' dat mak' work. Den if she do wrong we all vote to de opposeetion, an' so de goovernment can't boss de coontry no more ; dey scared for boss wrong. Dat good rule ; fus' rate."

Tom came to his own gate and turned in. A few moments later Pierre had a child on each arm ; and there were several others clamouring to be taken. At the door of the house he went into there stood a large, heavy hoe.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was an hour later. A habitant was sitting quietly smoking at the door of his home. It was small, but it was home—his own home.

He looked off towards the full, still river. There was no drift of mill-smoke. One of the ships for Glasgow had gone. There was no glitter from the cross on tall Sainte Marie's. The sun had left it. Great, flaming bars of scarlet were shooting up in the west. Something was gold-plating the clouds as high as the zenith. The long mid-June day was dying, reluctantly—hard—but dying.

The man who sat at the door of his home took his pipe from his mouth.

"Portez moi le violon mon garçon," he said to the boy near him. The boy obeyed.

In front of the habitant's home was a wide, smooth stone. He gathered his children to the centre of it. Then, as he played, there, till it was full dark, the habitant's children danced. And it was a woman who showed them how.

A little later the man who had worked all day among the busy, buzzing saws, the woman who had dug all day in the black, ashy earth, the children who had played themselves tired, all sweetly, soundly slept. They had earned that anyway.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now—since the morning—had somebody else earned the curse of God? Had humanity been "profaned," "plundered," "outraged?" Was the man less a man, or the woman less a woman, because they had worked as they wished that day in order to be happy? Had some of the immortal been crowded out, and some of the bestial in? Was the kinship between man and brute stronger that night than that morning and must heaven's hot anathema light somewhere on some individual or social condition because a man had chosen to work that day in a mill and a woman in a field?

If the curse should come—I wonder where—upon whom—when—but should it come at all? Is it the man with the

hoe or the man without it who is the truly unblessed—which? Is it the condition that gives the hoe, or the condition that takes it away that is more deserving of the curse—which?



ROAD TO THE PARK.



H, here's a harbor broad and blue,  
And there's a wide and silent sky,  
And here and there's a happy wind  
And there's the wood!—and here am I!  
Oh, what if years be swift or slow?  
And what if life be bad or good?  
Two things are all I care to know  
Just "here am I and there's the wood."

The broad white road's a crooked way  
And well I love each twist and bend,  
The harbor tosses at its side  
The strange gray wood is at its end.  
Oh, glad and wild the sounds I hear!  
The wind that in the twilight talks,  
The trill of frog-throats, quaint and clear,  
The rush of water on the rocks.

I see your changeless, silver face,  
Your lonely face, O little star!  
And smile to think that I am here,  
And you should sparkle where you are.  
You have your sky, and I my earth,  
I would not change it if I could,  
But just for this I hurry on—  
The solemn glory of the wood.

For it is here, where things grow wild  
 And lift strong faces to the sky,  
 That wish and care seem far away  
 And I forget that I am I.  
 O rocks and water, star and trees,  
 And sweet, white road that I have trod—  
 In all the rest and strength of these  
 I think I see the face of God.

ANNIE CAMPBELL HURSTON.

Halifax, N. S.

## AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR'S OPINION OF OXFORD.

**S**IR: Your invitation to give some impressions of Oxford recalls days which are among the choicest of my life. The dignity of man, as a rational animal, has been better vindicated there, on the whole, than in any society I know. From Oxford life one gets an increased respect for the power of the Creator, and is ready to cry out with Miranda:

O brave new world,  
 That has such people in't!

They are such splendid physical specimens, these young Englishmen, every one an athlete, able to row, and bowl, and box, and ride, and all this without giving muscular training the chief place. They come there seasoned by an intellectual discipline which far older American students would gambol from. We give young people a formal and superficial acquaintance with the classical languages and literatures, while Oxford holds to these as a supreme means of culture, a discipline which draws out all of a man's mental, moral, and physical faculties. English classical education is aristocratic and costly; it makes immense demands upon the one who is to climb to its inaccessible mountain-peaks, but it rewards him with a loftiness and sweep of view which is not approached by our current cheaper methods.

It is these young gentlemen in the English universities who actually fix definite values and pass judgment upon new claimants for recognition in poetry, letters, and philosophy. The supreme intellectual verdicts of England are largely debated to a firm conclusion by Oxford students. Oxford gives a culture which gets into the very centre of a man's being, and stays there; it creates thirst which can never be satisfied at less pure springs; it makes enthusiastic scholars who can never cease to be students, and men who "recur in the crises of life to the great thoughts of the literature on which they have been nourished."

No one can visit the British House of Commons, and listen there to the high-toned, honorable, self-respecting, fair-minded debates on great questions of public policy, without recognizing that this is a country which not only breeds gentlemen, but chooses them to bear the burden of its national fortunes—just as the average tone of our legislatures is that of vulgar, greedy partisanship, in the hands of coarse-grained, brutal men who stoop to low, dirty, and mean-spirited quibbles.

Whether there be a more modern substitute for the ancient classics or no, it is at least demonstrated that these latter, faithfully and adequately assimilated, do develop an artistic consciousness, and implant an undying love for the Muses:

*Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
 Emollit mores nec sinit esse ferus.*

This consciousness is revealed in every detail of social life in the University circle. The man who professes the humanities is himself steeped with the spirit of Greek art, and is an embodiment of its love of restrained proportions. A fascinating volume might be written on "the Oxford professor's wife, a consummate product of culture."

These things have a hard, and one often feels a losing struggle for existence under American conditions. Our colleges rarely accept their task of human culture in a pure spirit, but contaminate it with secondary aims: for large attendance, social pleasures, athletic successes, practical acquisitions, and the like, and the "white hyacinths," if planted at all during the years of student life, are sorely put to it when subsequently exposed to an environment which abounds in telegraph poles, common councils, golf, cafetrias, prize fights, *The New York Journal*, summer schools, elevated roads, Olga Nethersole, sky scrapers, bill boards, boards of trade, dudes, mutoscopes, Roswell Field's paragraphs, progressive euchre, Christian science, money, political campaigns, barb-wire fences, and *Judge*. In Berlin (which might be called a decent Chicago), an ornamental stream winds through the city and makes a home for serene swans; put the same birds into our Chicago river, and they would soon succumb.

Your recent "St. Ann" article speaks of our Northwestern girls (Heaven bless them!) as "the product of the most highly civilized homes in all the world." Well, I doubt whether one in ten thousand of our American homes has ever experienced the Renaissance; our conditions are too much against it; it doesn't come easily; something more strenu-

ously heroic than the civilization of pink teas, and the reading of the *Ladies' Home Journal* once a month is needed before a nation's fibre is mutated into the full fineness of culture, and we are not getting at this task with the devotion and hard work which it claims. Too many young persons move about among us with brisk complacency and much rustling of starched skirts, who are in entire innocence of the fact that they are still running around in the Hercynian forest, clad in wolf-skins and decorated with woad.

As we are all, at heart, eager for the dawn of a true civilization for America, we can find much solid encouragement upon the rugged path ahead of us in contemplating a society which has led the way to possibilities which, we hope, are not forever to be denied to us.

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD, in "*The Northwestern*."

#### ECONOMICS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

**D**URING the past few years several very important changes have been made in the school curriculum of this province. It has been enlarged and enriched so as to meet the needs of the individual student. Its scope includes an education for the masses. But despite all the improvements that have been effected, the curriculum, to our view, has still one bad defect—it makes no provision for the study of political economy. Economics is not, therefore, taught in our schools. This is to be regretted, in view of the fact that the hope of our province rests in those whom we are now training for future citizenship. A ceaseless strife is going on between capital and labor that materially affects the political, if not the religious, character of our people. We should make it a duty to instruct those who will be participants in the conflict in a department of knowledge, through the exercise of whose principles alone the impending crisis can be averted or mitigated.

We are alarmed at the rapidity with which socialistic ideas are spreading among our people. The laboring man, always looking at the practical side of life, is ready to adopt any theory, immaterial how erroneous and fanciful, that purports to be a remedy for his grievances. He knows capital is concentrating into the hands of a few; he knows that the introduction of new machinery means more of his fellow-beings out of employment; he knows that wages are being gradually reduced; he foresees the struggle for existence becoming keener and fiercer. Tell him that the converse is

true and he will laugh at you. He has not been taught to look upon the condition of things other than from the standpoint of "the down-trodden laborer." The capitalist, greedy for gain, brings his heavy heel down upon the shackled unfortunates that are compelled to serve him, and with the price of precious blood, enriches himself. He lives in ease and luxury; his employees in squalor and misery. Such abuse of privilege and power would not exist did the laborer and the capitalist understand the industrial world in which they live. To understand this world necessitates a knowledge of those laws which govern it, a knowledge that can be obtained only through the study of economic science. That a knowledge of the principles of political economy should be of a high value to the individual, both in his private business and as a citizen, no one, we trust, will care to deny.

It may be possible that political economy cannot be taught the citizen of to-day, but it can be taught the one of tomorrow, and he is to be found in our public schools. The teaching of economics in our schools would turn the searchlight of scientific investigation upon the phenomena of the industrial world, whereby a more accurate information of those self-governing laws which regulate man's relation to man, as an individual and as a nation, could be obtained. Besides seeking the adjustment of human relations, political economy brings out into the clearest light the advantages of saving, foresight, industry and uprightness, both to the individual possessing them and to the community in which they prevail. A large majority of our people are lacking in this knowledge, the consequence of which is that others have to think and act for them.

The great danger threatening the stability of our nation is that the democracy shall become subservient to the party politician, who has no higher purpose to serve than self-gratification and self-aggrandizement. The question might be asked whether we are coming to that point when "the motley life, dressed in modern trappings, shall suck the dregs of a corrupted state?" If we are to have the exercise of a suffrage independent of the demoralising influence of the party politician, the common people must be given an intelligent grasp of at least the questions bearing upon the trade, commerce and finances of their own country. It cannot be denied that degenerate politics are largely due to the susceptibility of these people to act and live by the erroneous conceptions politicians have of economic changes and economic laws. But politicians have found fallacious reasoning even when they know better, a sure and safe highway to

advance their own selfish interests. They play with "facts and figures" and magnify moleholes into terrible powers for good or for evil, as will best serve the purpose. Thus it is that we have a democracy pinning its faith upon what it learns from a muzzled press or from the chaotic hubbub of the stump politician. Is it of any wonder that the great untaught should be marked for the political mart as sheep for the slaughter?

Economics largely determines the character of a nation. Had political economy been as assiduously taught in the Canadian schools as classics or the practical sciences, it is possible that the industrial aspect of the country might now be somewhat different. It is, however, only within recent years that economics has been brought forward as a recognized department of thought in any country. Prof. Dunbar, of Harvard, says that "the last quarter of a century has seen a remarkable development of political economy as an academic study in the United States." Canada, apart from the Colleges, neglects the subject almost entirely. In Nova Scotia, it is possible for a person to secure even a Grade A license (scientific or classical) without a knowledge of political economy. When we reflect for a moment what this means to our province, when we reflect what emphasis is being placed on subjects not nearly so important, our vaunted boast in the high order of our system of education must give way to a feeling that we are but just emerging from the chrysalid state.

Objection might be made to the introduction of the study of economics into our schools because it is "the most abstruse of all the sciences." While admitting that political economy may possibly be an abstruse subject, broad and profound, with many ramifications requiring delicate distinctions, we are, however, of the opinion that the teaching of such fundamental principles as would give pupils a real tincture of economic science is not at all beyond the reach of the high school mind. There is no reason why it should not be as successful as the weak and abortive attempts that are being made to teach chemistry, physics and physiology with the complete apparatus comprising a blackboard and a piece of chalk. Indeed, the path for its inception is already well marked. Pupils everywhere are conversant with wages, work, buying, selling, farms, factories, stores, ships, currencies, debts, interest, etc. We have here a concrete foundation upon which an economic structure could easily be erected. No such basis is provided in the case of chemistry or physics. The time is ripe for its introduction; the times demand it.

When our people shall have become familiar with the

operations of economic laws and the results of economic changes; when they are taught to grapple with the facts of industrial life; when labor and capital understand each other; when the existing conditions of things is studied independently of demagogical devices, then, and only then, need we look for national unity, national prosperity, a democracy without a flaw, and a parliament without dishonor.

J. W. G. MORRISON, '00.

### Correspondence.

The student comes to the High School or Academy with a mind stored with information. He knows the simple rules of arithmetic, and has acquired the arts of reading and writing. He knows that Britain is called an island, and that certain words are called nouns, and that it is correct to answer "Columbus discovered America." His memory has been trained. Now, at the age of twelve or fourteen his memory is not so retentive; and what he has not yet learned, he will not easily learn at all. His need now is for the development of other faculties, especially his reason and his judgment. His schooling must consist of exercise of thought, generalizing from known facts, divining of connections, reasons, causes, and effects. The value of this, however, does not lie in the importance of his conclusions, but in the ability which the training gives him of reasoning and thinking clearly regarding the hard facts which he meets in life, of learning quickly from experience.

A High School course should have this so-called practical value. It should also have another. But it will not be necessary here to mention the importance from a merely literary standpoint of an educated class of citizens.

How is the youth of Nova Scotia to get this training? Under what teachers? The law substantially says, "under teachers who have a sufficient knowledge of the substance of teaching to obtain a Grade 'A' certificate, and of the theory and practice to graduate from the Provincial Normal School. Experience is showing that this is working badly. It finds that the easiest method of becoming a Grade 'A' teacher, and therefore the most popular, is to study solely the required syllabus. It finds that Academy graduates are qualified. Now, an Academy graduate runs with a Freshman who has passed his seasonal examinations. Is it then the intention that men of the rank of successful Freshmen shall conduct our secondary education? By no means. For no intelligent man would contend that an Academy graduate and a Freshman are equal in education. The former has spent his year preparing twenty subjects for examination, subjects ranging from the recitation of names to the epic of Homer, subjects which he can learn, had even he no knowledge beyond, subjects whose study store his memory to the regions of oblivion, and this in a school, under the constraints those necessary. How can he compete with him the Freshman, who has for a year breathed the electric atmosphere of University life and learned to be a man, to begin a child?

Unsatisfactory? Of course it is unsatisfactory. Unsatisfactory from every standpoint. In many of our High Schools and Academies today

these men are giving training which is utterly valueless, whether viewed from the standpoint of the educator, or from that of the public. There are, no doubt, well educated men who cannot teach; but they are as rare as the school bred men who can.

College men feel that they can teach: for that matter everyone believes himself able to shine in the profession. Yet teaching is an art, and a difficult one, and one not taught in colleges. Unfortunately there is not provided in this Province any institution in which the College man can get the help he needs. He must learn by experience; and a couple of years teaching will teach him his art. College graduates are not perfect; some are only slightly educated, some are dull, some are pedantic, but they are all better for their course. There is among them more education, more thought and refinement, more ability to direct scholars towards culture and self-reliance than among others. They should be the teachers of the young.

The need is great and urgent; secondary education is largely in incompetent hands. Whence comes help? Students of Universities are searching the ranks of physicans, barristers, clergymen, if haply they may find a standard unborne. Is it not to them that the country is looking? And for them this opportunity, dear to every man—the opportunity of serving his native land? F. S. SIMPSON.

#### RECEIPT FOR MAKING A GOOD DALHOUSIAN.

Catch him young;

In Pictou, "the Island," New Glasgow, Truro, or Cape Breton;

Let him belong to one of the clans;

Or at least have a sufficient tincture of *sang azur*, (Scotch) to claim the Mackenzie or North British in due season;

If Fortune have withheld these advantages, let him not be puffed up, let him go softly;

Let him cleave to the "solid Arts" for the full four years, he will never regret it;

Let him also play the game, (*labora*), for the coll.

If not on the team, let him sport the tiger-stripes and yell, (*ora*) at the ropes;

Let him labor in "the laboratory of human nature", be sociable,

Let him stand by all college institutions;

Let him meditate on the Dalhousie idea in the night watches;

Let him remember that Shakspeare was the first Dalhousian; his colours were the yellow and black, (see cover of the *Temple* edition, inside.)

The result is warranted to wear.

## The Dalhousie Gazette.

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### CHRISTMAS.

"Be merry all. Be merry all.  
With holly dress the festive hall;  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome Merry Christmas,"

"THE time draws near the birth of Christ." The old year is hastening to its close, and the thought brings a feeling of sadness. Another year with all it contained of possibility and opportunity has melted away, and is now among the memories of the past. And how has it left us? How has it dealt with the hopes and wishes which marked its birth? Such questions crowd upon us in the shade of its dying hours, and move us to thought. And yet, other thoughts there are which break in upon our musing, at which our hearts beat faster and more warmly. This is the world's great holiday. "Ye merrie Christmas feast" is spread for all. Not for a few alone, but for every one. For each the festal board bears its gift. For the aged it brings the wine of youth; for the young the fruitage of life; for the gay, the apples of wisdom; for the sad, the cakes and ale of mirth and jollity. There are treasures here for all, enough and to spare, and all are welcome to the Christmas feast.

It comes, too, bearing its message for all, its cheer-words of hope, its evangel of unselfish service. It comes with promptings loud to spurn and curb the ignobler self. It strikes through our sordid self-love with firmer purpose to leave the low and seize the high. It inspires nobler plans to hold the truth and choose brave deeds. Its message is of joy, yet, withal, of service. Duty is our work and scorn of ease. The message each receives must be coloured largely by the year which is passing. Christmas means more to one than to another because the year has been for him more full of meaning. To no two has the Bethlehem message exactly the same import. The ways by which it has reached us are as numerous as human lives and as varied as human experience. The path of the dying year has not been the same for all. For some it has been strewn with roses, suns have smiled, and favouring winds have borne them on. Others have shed the tears of bitter sorrow, and have learned the fortitude that battles fears. It comes not alike to all, yet,

"Howe'er it comes, it still shall tell  
The truth that gives an endless lie  
To all that crawls and winds with sense,  
To all that loves the light the less.

This one clear truth it will confess,  
That Christ was born, the Babe Divine,  
This truth that bids man ne'er repine."

Because of the great event which it commemorates, Christmas stands pre-eminent in the changeful year. It speaks of that time in years past when the world received its great lesson as to the meaning of Brotherhood. It brings back to the heart of humanity the great truth of our world's destiny. It is not open for any to despair concerning the ultimate issue. "The incarnation is the world's hope. The Christmas evangel is the world's glad tidings. That sublime stoop of the Godhead changed despair into hope. This world is now God's world, and its Redeemer is its King." Therefore, though every power of civilization and all the influences of art "fail to recover the wastage of error and break the power of sin," yet need we not repine. This world is bound by golden chains about the throne of God, and of these

chains the strongest is that which was forged in the Bethlehem stable that earliest Christmas morn. Centuries have come and gone since first the peaceful word was heard, and mankind has learned its lesson but slowly. Doubtless some progress has been made—great progress has been made—but there remains yet much to be done, ere good will and fraternity become universal; not peculiar to a single season, as at present, but year long and perennial.

Seldom have we had greater need to be reminded of the peaceful destiny of our world than at the present. The Christmas carol chimes but poorly with the jarring note of strife. Even as we unite our voices in the grand peace-chorus around the Christmas fire at home, our brothers join battle in a far country and mingle their voices with the hoarse and warlike cry of the battling Boer, amid the hilly passes of Africa. Surely we cry peace, when there is no peace! And yet, is it not all for peace? Is there not a sense in which all discord is but harmony not understood? May not war be the way to more enduring peace? We may, at least, cherish the hope that the outcome of the present conflict may be such that the Gospel of man's Brotherhood shall have a wider scope for its beneficent rule.

"Peace on earth, good will among men,"—this was the burden of the angel-message: this is the wish of every true heart. And so we take up and pass along the old greeting—old, yet ever new. To all to whom "THE GAZETTE" may come, we desire to bring heartiest wishes for a bright and joyous Christmas-tide. May its warmth melt all icy coldness of heart and loose the streams of brotherliness and love. May even the chilliest nature and most desolate life yield to the magnetic influence of an all-pervading cheer. To President and professors, students and friends, to its patrons everywhere "THE GAZETTE" extends, best and warmest greetings.

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BLOW, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;  
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!

—WHITTIER.

**I**N honour of the festive season of the year, the GAZETTE in this number, as is customary, greets its readers in a new dress. We have endeavoured, as far as possible with the limited time at our disposal, to make the paper of interest to students and graduates; whether successfully it is not for us to say. To those who helped by their contributions, at the cost of considerable time and trouble, we return most hearty thanks.

**N**OW that the football season is over and closed, we wish to call the attention of our readers—graduate or undergraduate—to the matter of athletic grounds.

As our readers know, the City Council kindly gave us the use of the part of the Old Exhibition property in front of the college, for the present year. At the same time they carefully let us know that their giving the grounds this year was no precedent. If the field is not disposed of in any way in the meantime it is likely that we will have the use of it again next year, but there is nothing sure about it. Now, are things to continue in this hap-hazard way? Are we never to have a field to call our own, and upon which we may make the improvements necessary for the most effective training of the teams?

Not only do we need athletic grounds of our own, but we need this particular field. On account of the nearness to the college, much more practice was possible this year than in former years, when it was about an hour's walk for most of the students to get to and from the grounds. Besides the regular practices, many of the men spent the time between classes in kicking the ball, and thus got good training in this very valuable, but often much neglected part of the game. Then the expense of equipping this field would be much less than that of equipping any other, since no dressing room or lavatory would be needed, as those in the college could be used.

Apart from athletics altogether, there is another good reason why we should get possession of this field. If we let

it slip through our fingers and wake up some day to find an ugly row of houses opposite the college, we will then realize our mistake.

There are so many crying needs in our University such as,—A new library building, more books, better laboratory, equipment, etc., etc., that we are afraid that this one is not taken seriously enough. At the present time it is probable that the field could be bought at a reasonable price, but in a short time it may be too late. Let our Alumni and students take this matter in hand and we believe that the field will soon be ours. Then, and not till then, will we be in a position to battle for the trophy on equal terms, and more important still, our students will get that physical training which is inseparable from the highest mental and moral development.

**F**OR some years past it has been felt by the undergraduates in Law that a feeling of better fellowship might be promoted among the students in the Law School by the introduction of some annual festivity. It has remained for the students of 1899-1900 to take the initiative. On the evening of Dec. 13th, the first of a series of annual dinners was held at the Halifax Hotel.

Among the seventy or eighty who sat at the dinner table, were Judge Sedgwick of the Supreme Court of Canada, Judge Townshend of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, the leading members of the bar of the City, Pres. Forrest and the Professors of the Law School, and representatives from McGill, Acadia and Kings. Owing to illness Dean Weldon was unable to be present.

The dining hall presented a very pleasing appearance, being prettily decorated with natural flowers. The menu card was tastefully gotten up and showed clearly the spirit of the students by being liberally adorned with yellow and black ribbon.

After attending to the somewhat pleasing functions of satisfying the wants of craving nature in the line of eating, the more interesting part of the evening opened. Letters of regret at not being able to attend were read from Sir Wilfred Laurier, Hon. David Mills, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Premier Murray, Attorney-General Longley, Chief Justice McDonald, Mr. Justice Graham, John Y. Payzant, and others.



The toast to the Queen was proposed by Mr. Foley, President of the Law Students' Society, and was responded to by the singing of the National Anthem.

Mr. McNeill then proposed "Old Dalhousie." This was responded to by Dr. Forrest, who dwelt at some length on the great work which the Law School was at present performing.

The "Dean and Professors" was proposed by Mr. Madden, and responded to by the lecturers of the Law School.

G. F. Pearson proposed the "Bench and Bar," which was responded to by Judge Sedgwick, Judge Townshend, R. L. Borden, President of the Barristers' Society, and J. T. Bulmer.

"Local and Federal Parliaments," was proposed by Mr. O'Hearn, and responded to by Dr. Russell.

"Our Absent Minded Beggars," proposed by Mr. F. J. Sutton; responded to by Mr. R. E. Finn.

"Our Graduates," proposer, Mr. Sanford; responders, W. J. Leahy and J. M. Slayter.

"Sister Universities," C. C. Avaré; responders, Mr. Wainwright, McGill; Mr. McNeil, Acadia; Mr. Payzant of Kings.

"Class of '00," A. C. Calder; responder, A. L. Davison.

"Our Guests," proposed by Mr. Lockhart, and responded to by Messrs. Bentley, Taylor and Barnstead.

The outcome of the dinner reflects considerable credit on the committee who had it in charge, as they spared no pains or trouble to make it the success it was. The Committee was composed of Messrs. Foley, Davison, Blenkhorn, Pearson, Allison, Routledge and Avaré.

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#### COLLEGE NOTES.

FROM "Farthest North" to "Krugerland,"  
Our readers far and near,  
We wish a Merry Christmas and  
A bonny bright New Year.

PROFESSOR MACDONALD, on Dec. 1st, entertained a number of students at his home on Carleton St. A very pleasant evening was passed.

WE understand that it is expected that the gymnasium classes will be resumed immediately after the holidays. Sergt. Long's work in this line was much appreciated last season.

FRESHMEN, get the torches ready! Dalhousie's yell and Dalhousie's songs seem to have been forgotten this term. Break-up night is the time to remember them. Let us all make a joyful noise.

KEEP your eye on those of our Sodalites (and there are lots of 'em) who from time to time show decided oratorical proclivities. It will soon be in order to choose representatives for the coming intercollegiate debates.

NOT the least interesting among the several series of lectures delivered at Dalhousie, is the course arranged for by the Sodales Society. One of the best lectures of the course was that given by the Rev. J. deSoyres, M. A., of St. John, on the subject, "Recollections of College Life at Cambridge." In his manner and personality Mr. deSoyres is one of the most pleasing lecturers who has ever come to Dalhousie, and his story of English university life "took" with his hearers from its opening to its ending. He described, in bright and easy fashion, the buildings, the system of government, the personality of the professors, the manner of life, the athletic sports, and the tricks of the undergraduates, at "dear old Crmbridge," as he knew it. The record of his Alma Mater was a great one; among her sons she numbered such men as Milton, Newton, Harvey, Cromwell, Tennyson, etc., and this, if nothing else, justified one's pride in the school in which he got his training. Mr. deSoyres manifested throughout that enthusiastic spirit of college patriotism which always appeals to the true college man, and which, by the way, makes a good example for Dalhousians.

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#### SISTER COLLEGES.

ON Monday, December 4th, the Chemical Laboratory of Johns Hopkins was destroyed by fire.

WE notice with pleasure that the trouble in the University of New Brunswick has been practically settled by the Senate handing the matter over to the Faculty.

THE library of Cornell University has received from an Alumnus, Mr. Theodore Stanton, a fine collection of over one thousand volumes of the Tauchnitz collection of British and American authors of the present century.

MOUNT ALLISON is rejoicing in the laying of the corner stone of the new Residence, to replace the building which was burned last summer. Mt. A. is to be congratulated on the splendid buildings they already have, and on their promptness in replacing their recent loss.

CORNELL, last year, established a graduate school of railway mechanical engineering. The fourteen who took this work have now positions as "special apprentices" in the Canadian Pacific, C. B. and Q., and a dozen other railroads. The railways welcome brains, and these men will be given every chance to earn rapid promotion.

## Personals

MR. PRATT of the fourth year Medicine, who has recently had an attack of typhoid, is able to attend class again.

PRESIDENT MACKAY of the N. S. Institute of Science has, in a recent address, a word of commendation of Messrs. Barnes and Lindsay ('99) for the good work they did as undergraduates in the field of chemical and physical research.

T. C. MCKAY, M. A. '99, in co-operation with a Harvard man, Mr. J. C. Howe, has a paper in the *American Journal of Science* on "The explosive effect of electrical discharges." McKay has been working in the Jefferson Laboratory, Harvard, under Prof. J. Trowbridge who has probably the best outfit in the world for the study of electrical discharges.

## Dallustensia.

DR. : This is the pineal gland.

P-TT-R : Where is the Pine Hill fissure.

PUGSLEY has been christened "Pompadour Jim."

WHAT did Prof. McK. mean when he spoke of Mr. Reilly's solution?

OWING to an oversight, we failed to notice Mr. C-off-n S. I. A., B. L. among our graduates.

MCK. (R).—"Not every one of your girls will suit me. I want one that is hard to win.

ONE of the professors says that our intelligencers have done little good. This is really hard on Dr. Price.

It is rumored that Pears-n pays attentions to a certain Mill(in)er, residing in the ambitious town.

PROF. OF HISTOLOGY : Your dissecting needle is very good Mr. Wh—-an, but a piece of telegraph wire would be better.

Freshie M-ck-nt-sh,— "I wonder how Santa Claus finds the stockings in the dark."

Freshie V-ck-rv,— "I think he uses the Xmas-rays."

THE fact that Coffin went down town last night at five o'clock in the rain with Miss —, and held his umbrella over her while she carried hers shut, might be of interest to GAZETTE readers.

S-D G W-K (G. H.) wishes to inform the GAZETTE readers that it was all a mistake about the arsenic; that he is making a vigorous canvass of the members of the Delta-Gamma, and hopes to be elected next meeting.

THE Law School can congratulate itself upon having at least one student, who by his majestic mien and stately bearing, resembles the British commander-in-chief in America. We beg his lordship's forgiveness if he should feel offended.

FIRST FRESHIE, (examining motor carriage) : "I wonder how long it takes to wind the thing up?"

Second ditto : "It don't go by clockwork, you dough-head; it's run by some new kind of stuff called auto-mob ile."

LECT. EDUC : "John Milton's father was a scrivener. By the way, what is a scrivener?"

Mr. W—-d : "A scrivener is a baker."

Mr. W—- evidently patronizes the bakery on Barrington Street.

A CABLEGRAM from London announces that the government has been pleased to make the following appointments from the Dalhousie Law School—

Inspector of Her Majesty's beverages—H. Mose-lee.

Royal taster—J. W. Mad-in.

Superintendent of Royal Brewery—A. W. Rutl-dge.

Se.retary to above—S. H. Wick-wire.

THE SORROWFUL SONG OF A SOPH.  
Ship me somewhere—to the Transvaal,  
Or to some uitlandish place;  
Rather than those boorish Freshmen  
I would Boer bullets, face.

W—D, (T. C.), was making interesting experiments in electricity in the halls of a neighbouring institution when he was literally chased out by one of those in command. We would suggest that he find other lights to turn off if his brain demands such relaxations. The girls of the affiliated college demand lights all the way to the dining-room.

MISS A. : "Girls, do you know Mr. C-nn-g-m said the flattest thing to me at the party. He asked if he might draw my picture, you know he had to draw a deer."

Misses A., B., C. and D., (in chorus) : "Why that's just what he said to me."

Does the above mentioned young man have a formula for such occasions?

A PAGE from the diary of one Reverend John :—

Sunday, Nov. 26th.—Was not out to church this morning. Got up at nine, but had so much trouble with my new 3½ in. collar, that I did not get down to dinner. Really afraid will have to come back to 3¼ inches, as my neck felt just the least bit stretched. Also brushed my hair. Getting to be an awful job. Must get it cut at Xmas. In afternoon out walking with the freshette. Went to church at night. Home with Miss X—, Nice little thing. Got home at twelve and went to bed.

THE jolliest crowd on earth are found  
In gay Dalhous-i-a,  
Where the heads with knowledge much are crowned  
In gay Dalhous-i-a.  
Here lots of things we know 'tis true  
Are not precisely what others do,  
But that is the fun, if you only knew  
In gay Dalhous-i-a.

They call us all Dalhousians  
In gay Dalhous-i-a,  
We've Sackvillites, and Acadians  
In gay Dalhous-i-a  
Of course we've lots of cheek and go,  
Of course we are by to means slow,  
A little perhaps inclined to blow  
In gay Dalhous-i-a.

Then come and join our handsome band  
In gay Dalhous-i-a.  
We'll raise our yell and give you a hand  
In gay Dalhous-i-a.  
To all our srees both large and small  
We give you a bid and welcome all,  
Whether you're short or whether you're tall  
In gay Dalhous-i-a.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For gay Dalhous-i-a.  
Of course 'tis only fair to add,  
If we're not very good, we're not so bad,  
We're never grumpy and never sad  
In gay Dalhous-i-a.

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1! U!  
2! P!  
3! DEE!

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