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No. 4.

ACADIAN OLD-FOLK LORE.

1746, and the 9th of May.

Already there was a show of green over the salt marshes and in the forests about the Acadian settlement of L'Equille. It had been a remarkably mild winter. For weeks together the wind had been soft and balmy and seemed to these French people to be blowing straight from their sunny France.

The 'Equille, and the larger river into which the 'Equille emptied, had been free of ice for many weeks; so that the canoe the party of men congregated on the 'Equille bridge were idly watching, met with no obstruction as it sped swiftly up the tortuous stream.

"The English have besieged Louisburg, the stronghold of our countrymen in the island beyond the Passage de Fronsac," said Pierre Gascon, one of the group, to Bourge, the Notary of Minas, who had come on business to Port Royal and was now overnight at L'Equille, "and M. Marin is urging, nay even threatening us with death, if we refuse to go to help raise the siege!"

"This Marin," asked the Notary, "who is he that he should order or threaten?"

"A subaltern officer from Canada," replied Pierre. "He has been at Chignecto during the winter. Early in April he removed from there to Pesiquid,—from Pesiquid to Port Royal. Week after week our cattle, our carts and teams have been taken from us, and we ordered to furnish horses, saddles, canoes, bags, collines and all such things, to supply him and his troops. Menaced with the destruction of our houses if we refused these, it is no wonder that we utterly

disobey when we are commanded to repair to Louisburg."

"Then he gets little help from about here?" asked the Notary. "Yet they are your countrymen who need your help, he is your countryman who asks it of you,—strange that you are loth to go!"

"We who are in the Banlieue, we have taken the oath of allegiance," said the Padre. "Compelled, I admit, yet we have found these English just to us since we submitted, and it is not worth our while to raise them against us again."

"There is Jean Terriot, though," said Pierre Gascon, with a shrug of his shoulders that was repeated by all the group, "he goes. I have not seen him about for days, but I hear that on the morrow he leaves. As near as I can find out, four hundred embark from Port Royal,—two sloops, two schooners, and sixty large canoes. He will leave few friends to mourn or miss him if he never returns," added the speaker with bitter tones.

"Like his father before him—a good-for-nothing," said the Padre. "I have heard the old men tell of him being brought from Laffare by DeAulney. His English wife did him no good, and it was a wonder he found so pretty a maiden to call him husband; but no wonder that she died at the end of a year. What he will do with the child if he goes I cannot guess. It is a girl, and but two years old—"

"Yonder he comes, saying he will tell us," interrupted Pierre, as the man that had been lost to sight for some time suddenly came around the bend below the bridge, in full view of the men.

"It is little we will hear if we wait for him

to tell us," said the Padre, raising his voice. "There are others beside Mistress Gautieer and Peter Surrat who should be detained at Port Royal for giving information of the English to M. Marin. If anyone is a spy and deserves imprisonment, it is Jean Terriot!"

The man kneeling on the folded skins in the bottom of the canoe must have heard these sneering words; but he gave no heed to them, or to the group of men who looked steadily down upon him, as the little craft shot under the bridge and out beyond their sight amid the windings of the river. As the canoe turned the first curve he leaned forward, and drawing aside a pile of furs in front of him, disclosed a sweet mite of a child sleeping beneath; and the hard and haughty look on his face changed to one of infinite tenderness, as he gently passed his hand over the golden curls which showed the English blood of the mother who had died on the day of its birth.

Up the river, in and out around the endless flexures the canoe went; and a mile beyond the Horse-shoe curve, where the dense forest lined the shores of the stream and the rocks impeded navigation, it stopped.

Stepping out on the shore, the man took the child and placed it on the trunk of a fallen tree, lifted the canoe from the water and laid it behind the tree, then raised the child in his arms and started on through the forest; the golden hair seeming like a glint of yellow sunlight penetrating its shadowy depths, and the low boughs of the great trees caught it as though they were loth to let it go from them.

Walking with rapid tread, the Frenchman came to a well-beaten path that led to a clearing where many wigwams were built in the order of an Indian encampment. Without a word or even a nod of recognition to the Indians who lounged about the trees, he went straight on to a taller wigwam farther removed from the others, and pushing aside the boughs that partly shielded the doorway, stepped in.

The Indian, who sat with crossed feet before the fire, gave a grunt of welcome as he entered, and pointed with a wave of his hand to the higher part of the camp.

But the Frenchman did not speak. He set the child down by the fire, and turned around and stood in the doorway of the wigwam.

For some minutes he stood thus. Then he turned and went in and sat down by the Indian, who in all this time had known so well how to be silent while another suffered.

"Massaosit," said the Frenchman, "you know M. Marin. Mayhap you do not know though that Duchambon has sent to him begging help in his great strait, for the English have besieged the French fortress. Marin is taking men from about here, taking many of your own people. I am going. I have no friends. I like the Frenchmen at the settlement not at all, I like the English less. But the child—how could I take that? Yet how can I leave it or live without it? I care not to let it be where it has been,—they will say nought but bad of me to it, and I could not bear that the only thing that loves me should learn to hate me. You are my friend though. If you can say nothing good, you can at least be silent. Will you take it? I have no knowledge when I will return; it may be one year—two years."

There was quiet for many moments in the camp. Then the Indian spoke. "The Frenchman saved Massaosit from drowning once; shall Massaosit say 'no,' when the Frenchman ask something of him in return? Massaosit will take it."

"You promise fair," said the Frenchman, "so do the English; yet they break their promises."

"This tree," said the Indian, pointing through the doorway to the bare boughs of a birch tree, "this English. See! green in summer, it look fair, and if you not know better you think it last for ever. Five moons and the green fades, another moon and it is gone, yet six more moons and again it comes.—That is English—always making, always breaking. Promise look fair, look as if it last, but gone in a little. Indian is fir, spruce, hemlock; once so always so; never any more green, never any less green. I say I take it—I take it. I say I keep it till you come—I keep it. Eleven moons you come back, and you find it. Twelve moons, you find

it. Eleven times twelve, you find it. That is all I say. I have said."

"It is all I ask," said the Frenchman, as he bent for a moment over the child, and then went out of the wigwam and down to the shore where the canoe lay.

In silence the Indian accompanied him, launched his canoe, gave him the paddle, and waited to watch him out of sight.

There were no more words spoken, no more charges given, no farewell between these two so strangely different in race, so strangely alike in life and character.

Alone, in the silence and coming night, on the verge of the grand old forest untouched by the devastating axe of civilization, the Indian stood, watching the rapidly receding canoe that would have soon passed out of sight in the curves and bends, only that the flood tide and the full of the moon filled the river—a mere brooklet of itself—to the level of its banks with the tidal waters.

Not until the canoe disappeared around the Horse-shoe curve below the bridge, did he turn into the forest, tall and silent and stately as the giant trees among which he strode.

1757, and again it was May.

The 'eleven moons,' the 'twelve moons,' yea, the 'eleven times twelve' passed by, and there came no word from the Frenchman.

Since that day eleven years ago, when the two sloops, the two schooners, the sixty large canoes sailed out between the precipitous looming hills on either side of St. George's Channel, there had been no tidings of him.

From the Indians about the fort Massaosit picked up the news of the fall of Louisburg.

From the few who straggled back from Marin's party, he learned that the fleet had been met at Cape Sable and chased by armed Provincials, met again in Ascomouse harbor and forced to land to escape capture, reaching Louisburg in July, only to find the Island battery beaten down and the fortress in possession of the hated English.

Of Jean Terriot, nothing could be heard.

But in the harbor of Port Royal that bright May morning a great ship came; and

among those who landed in the first boat was a man who seemed not a stranger but was recognized by no one of the fifty or more whom he met on the wharf or in the street over which he walked rapidly with the step of one who treads familiar ground.

It was the Frenchman. He drew the attention of the people but took no notice of them, as he pursued his way through the village and out on the road that led to L'Equille.

There were now no loiterers on the bridge. The tragedy of "55" had been enacted here as well as at Chignecto and Minas; the houses burned, the crops destroyed, the flocks and herds driven to the woods or taken as plunder, and the men, women and children driven to the ships that lay waiting for them at the mouth of the river.

Without once pausing to look about him, the Frenchman kept straight on till he reached the rapids; then throwing off his silken cloak he dashed into the forest, with the long stealthy step of the Indian and hunter and the confidence of a man who knows where he is going.

In a tumult of hope and dread he reached the clearing. There was no sound of human life, no sight of human being. The smoke from only one wigwam fire curled up through the green boughs.

Standing at the entrance of this wigwam, he uttered the single Indian salutation outside.

"Kwa weenenkel?" came from within; and not waiting to reply, for it was the well-remembered voice, the Frenchman stepped forward and stood in front of the Indian, who sat in the centre of the camp on a bed of boughs.

A dark scowl of suspicion came over the face of the Indian, but it instantly vanished as his keen glance penetrated the genteel dress of the intruder, and recognized his friend, Jean Terriot. Without rising, or laying aside his work, he said, slowly.

"Massaosit's long gone friend welcome back," and pointed to the rear of the camp.

There, standing with wondering blue eyes was a tiny Indian maiden. The deer-skin frock was fine and soft as only Indian skill could make it, and ornamented with gaily painted

fringe and strings of brass tags and beads. The moccasins of deer-skin gathered about the dainty ankles were brodered with colored quills. The dress was Indian, the manner Indian, the face dark; but the blue eyes and golden hair were there too; and, stepping eagerly forward, the Frenchman gathered her in his arms and lifted her to his breast.

When he turned around again the Indian was sitting back to him, gazing steadily into the blazing fire.

With trembling lips the Frenchman sat down beside him. He thanked him for all he had done, told him of all his adventures; how he had been taken from Louisburg to New England, from New England to Rochelle; how he had struggled for eight years for bread and life, yearning all the years for a sight of the child; how at last good fortune came to him enabling him to take the voyage. And, as he spoke, with lavish generosity he emptied a leathern pouch of gold on the ground at the Indian's feet.

Slowly, the Indian picked the glittering pieces up; held each separate one in his dusky hand; and, with each look at the gold, glanced across at the child, who nestled against the Frenchman's shoulder. One by one he dropped the pieces into the pouch, held it for a moment before him, then leaned forward and laid it on the Frenchman's knee.

"Massaosit need no gold, want none," he said, "Massaosit had pay every day, better than gold. He do only what his friend asked him to; he no take pay when he no earn it—he no English. Every sunset, every sunrise he have looked for his friend; now he have come there will be empty camp; no shining hair, no bright eyes, no pretty voice,"—and, stretching out his arms toward the child, he uttered a wild wail like a bereaved mother.

The child sprang to his side, and with tender words in his own tongue, soothed him, as she laid her soft cheek against his swarthy face and her tiny hand upon his brow.

For a long time they all sat thus, and talked together.

With eager interest the Frenchman listened while the Indian told him that the year after

the taking of Louisburg a terrible disorder broke out among the Indians of Isle Royale, heaping the burial mounds of their fathers high with its victims. How it spread from the Isle to the Province, and swept away hundreds. How it came to the Indian Settlement at L'Equille and left all the wigwams empty of life. Only to Massaosit's it came not; into his dwelling the evil spirits did not enter; and, day after day, he buried his dead friends, till he was the last living. And, laying his heavy hand upon the child's head, he said, solemnly and slowly: "It was the bright eyes, the pretty voice, the shining hair, that kept it off."

Sunset came, and the three started out from the wigwam, along the same path the two had trodden so many years ago. And as then in silence they parted, so they did now. The Indian had given them his own canoe, and, as he gently lifted the little maiden into it, he kissed the "shining hair" and then turned alone, with slow steps, into the black forest.

They who know the story at Port Royal can tell you better than I, of all that followed.

Of the deserted camp the Frenchman found on the two succeeding days when he went up the river, again to urge the Indian to accompany them to France.

Of the pouch of gold left in trusty hands at Port Royal, that the Indian might never want while he lived.

They will tell you this, and that when the great ship sailed again for France, a single canoe came down to the river with the ebbing tide and watched it leave, following far behind in the wake of the white trail of surf, till forced by the waves to return.

They will tell you of the new supply of gold sent in the autumn; of the rich furs and brodered blancoating.

They will show you the bit of broidery taken as a relic from the wigwam when the Indian died. For when the hunting moon was only a slender silver horn, Massaosit was gathered to his fathers, stricken with the same deadly malady that had carried his people off years before.

And if you could walk well, and cared to go

up the stream and through the woods, you might see, as I did, the moss-grown sunken tumulus where he is buried. D. D.

THE MEETINGS OF MEN.

"When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity and meet once or twice a week upon account of such a fantastic resemblance."—*Spectator*.

The palatial club houses that line Pall-Mall, while they inspire one by their magnificence and wealth, do not convey to the *bon vivant* that sense of conviviality and good-fellowship which we are accustomed to attribute to the coffee-houses and club-rooms of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The club-houses of to-day are imperial—adequate temples for the gatherings of the wit and fashion of the world's metropolis; with their tessellated pavements and columned halls, their priceless gems of the chisel and the brush, their costly plate and magnificent suites of rooms—everything that the lavish use of wealth can procure.

The English nation has grown rich; the artist and the literateur reap bountiful harvests from a generous public. The days when the rewards of genius were dependent upon the bounty of some high magnate have gone; the high magnate that the genius now looks to is the people and genius is consequently paid handsomely and can afford to take its leisure in resorts such as the Athenaeum. But carry yourself back to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Genius was then, such as we, alas, can no longer boast, but genius was then too content to congregate in a low-ceil'd tavern, in some obscure court of the great city, with dingy, smoke-stained rafters o'er head and a wine-stained table beneath, and whose presiding goddess was some buxom Dame Quickly, who drew the sack and bandied jests not too savory with her assemblage of merry wits and poets. And what assemblages must those have been! The kings of our literature, the polished courtiers of Elizabeth and James, sailor knights who had peered about an earth as yet unknown, soldiers who had campaigned against Parma in

the Netherlands, all that the vigorous, springing age of the world's awakening had produced in or brought to the busy heart of Merry England, could be found joined in good-fellowship in the snug taverns that every nook and corner of the city contained.

Famous among these resorts of the learned and great was the Mermaid, founded as a sort of club by Sir Walter Raleigh a year or two before Elizabeth's death. It was situated on Bread Street, a by-way running from Cheapside to the river. Not all the genius and wit of all the palace clubs of modern London could refurbish the grimy back-parlor of the Mermaid with the gods who, in the early days of King James, were wont to there assemble. We can fancy Raleigh himself, the accomplished poet, historian, sailor, soldier, courtier, decked out in velvet doublet and hose, with his rich cloak and clanking rapier, turning off from the roar and bustle of Cheapside into the quiet by-way and, entering the tavern parlor reeking with the odour and smoke of his own weed, take his seat at the head of the board spread out with flagons of canary and tobacco pipes. And there, perhaps, seated next him, we should find the greatest of the immortals waging fast and furious repartee with rare Ben on the other side. And round the board, what learning, what sweetness, what wisdom! There sits Seldon, the all-knowing, who can come out of the depths of his *De Diis Syriis* and crack his joke with the glib hostess with the best of them—Seldon, whose invaluable researches collected into his "History of Tithes," are at this day the hope of the reforming Radical. There, too, are Beaumont and Donne and Phineas Fletcher, author of the "Purple Island." And many a stout captain who has fought under Hawkins and Drake will drop in and hold the company spell-bound with prodigious tales of fierce fights on the Spanish Main, and the plunder of the rich treasure ships of Philip, with many a dark story of the Guinea coast, and the newly established slave trade. A classic spot that Mermaid Tavern, for hard by in the dark Spread Eagle court is the house of John Milton, merchant and musician, and a little grave, fair-haired Puritan, who can hear the sound of the

roysterers over their cups, and wonders at the great men that throng in and out of the genial tavern. He, too, in the stern days that are coming, will be great among the immortals, but no reveller over wine cups and profane jester will he be. The stern ascetics, among whom his lot will be thrown, gather in secret places of the great city, soberly, with close cut hair and sombre habiliments, and talk in low, earnest tones of this sinful Babylon and the approaching triumph of the servants of the Lord. No room for the wit and the comic dramatist among Histriomastix Prynne and Burton and Bastwick. They meet soberly and righteously, prepared to hear, at any moment, the joyful sound of the archangel's trump, when the wine-bibbers and the play-goers shall give place to the faithful saints.

The triumphant Puritan put an end to that characteristically English joviality which found vent in these gatherings at taverns. It is said that the people grew weary of the austerity of the saints. While the great Protector was alive and England was under the heel of that wonderful army of zealots, the people could not but submit; but scarcely was Oliver dead than it became apparent that Puritan power had gone with him. The wild demonstrations of delight that hailed the second Charles on his arrival in England were the natural outburst of a people whose native mirth and love of amusement had for years been sternly repressed. English gaiety revived, the play-houses again opened their doors and the license of the Restoration had full swing. It was now that the old tavern gave place to the coffee-house, a change more perhaps of name than of nature. In the Old Palace Yard, was Miles', where, in the first days of the Restoration might be seen Harrington, the Republican, though no Puritan, belonging to the political school of such men as Hazelrigge. A bold, unbending spirit was Harrington, with some wit. He would not kiss the toe of His Holiness in Rome and excused himself to the King on his return to England by declaring that it was derogatory to kiss the toe of any potentate after having kissed the hand of his gracious Majesty. The wise Clerk of the Acts or, as we would say, Secretary of the Navy, Pepys, would sometimes

chance in to enjoy Harrington's conversation. A great oval table with a passage for the waiter through the middle of it, was the festal board around which these worthies clustered and discussed the politics of the day, which we guess was not of the most loyal character, for Charles had not been long upon the throne before Harrington was arrested on a charge of treason, of which nothing came but a short confinement in the Tower.

But far more renowned was Wills' coffee-house, between Covent Garden and Bow Street. There met the literary men of the day, and in the great arm-chair by the fire, which none but he might occupy, would sit Dryden, the great oracle in all that pertained to literature, past and present. A loftier, if less strong spirit, incapable perhaps of trimming his sails to every political wind like the great satirist, would there be seen—Otway, the author of "Venice Preserved," whose poverty would too often compel him to avoid the haunts of men. William Wycherley, the comic dramatist, of high renown in his day, whose chief charm, obscenity, was a charm to that age alone, and who has incurred the fierce scorn of Macaulay, was among the motley throng that crowded about Dryden's chair. "Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen, ears in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze." And mingling with the crowd, picking up a stray criticism from Dryden, a pathetic sentiment from Otway, or a villainous *bon mot* from Wycherley, might be observed a character peculiar to that period of primitive newspapers, the writer of news-letters. The news-letter antedates the Restoration; the entertaining epistles of Meade, tutor in Christ Church, Cambridge, are still preserved; but, in the days of the coffee-house, the news-letter attained its greatest glory. Wills' was but the chief of hundreds of other houses devoted to every conceivable object and haunted by every profession and sect of men. There the political and religious views of the day were formulated, the merits of authors and artists fixed, and expression given to the popular opinions on every subject, the discussion of which, in our day, has been usurped by the press.

The coffee-house long held its sway. During a great part of the next century it was still the resort of the wits, the poets and the learned, for it afforded a cheap resort to men who oftener than not were a sort of Bohemians, living a hand-to-mouth existence; one day sporting velvet

PERSONALS.

MR. O. F. McCALLUM is studying medicine at McGill.

MR. T. H. McKINNON, Sophomore of 1883-4, has entered on his medical studies in McGill University, Montreal.

MR. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., '84, who, as Financial Editor, did so much for the GAZETTE in his Senior year, is studying medicine in the plague-stricken city.

WE are glad to hear of the continued success of Rev. J. C. Burgess, B.A., '67, in the first Presbyterian Church of the Queen city of the Pacific.

MR. MORRIS McLEAN, who completed his Sophomore year in Dalhousie in '83, is continuing his studies at Queen's University. We congratulate Mr. McLean on his success in the University Athletic Sports in which he won several first prizes.

MR. ROD. McKAY, B.A., who completed three years of his Arts course in Dalhousie College, but who graduated at Kingston, is, after a successful summer in the missionary field, taking the final year of his Theological course at the Presbyterian Theological Hall, Queen's University, Kingston.

OF the Sophomore class of last year Mr. MacLennan is teaching in Cape Breton and Mr. Sutherland is at his home in St. James, N. B., Mr. Geo. M. Johnson is teaching at Stewiacke. We have every reason to expect all these gentlemen among us again, we hope, next session.

THE legal metropolis of Westmoreland, N.B., is favoured by the presence of W. W. Wells, undergraduate of the third year of the Law School. Mr. Wells is articled to H. R. Emmerson, Esq., one of the leading barristers of Dorchester, and has every opportunity of putting into practice those golden maxims and confusing theories acquired by two years hard study at Dalhousie. He will return later on in the season for his degree.

THE following general students of last year who were attending the Halifax Medical College are now pursuing their medical studies at Bellevue Hospital Medical College:—J. W. McKay, W. G. Fulton, C. A. Webster, N. D. Harvey, W. H. Dockerty, F. S. Wade, A. J. Fuller, W. F. Smith, — Cameron, J. U. Butler, Fred. W. Cox, and E. D. McLean. We wish these gentlemen every success regretting at the same time that the Hospital trouble has prevented their presence among us this year.

REV. J. ANNAND, M.A., '76, Presbyterian missionary in the New Hebrides, has, together with his amiable wife, been spending the summer in Nova Scotia. Mr. Annand is a gentleman of most genial and pleasing address, and makes friends wherever he goes. After conversing with him for a short time we no longer wonder at his marvellous success in winning the hearts of the dusky heathen. We hope that, if Mr. Annand visits Halifax during the winter, he will be able to find time to address our College Y. M. C. A.

coats and silver buckles, the next lying in bed to avoid the necessity of going naked. Authors were at the mercy of the bookseller, unless some great lord took them up, and the bookseller's "mercy" may be judged from Johnson's fierce sarcasm, that the lines:

"Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci

*Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia curae:
Pallentesque habitant Morbi, tristisque Senectus,"* etc., should be posted up over the booksellers, door. Johnson himself was a club man. The coffee-house in his day had gone back to the name "tavern," and when Boswell first made the doctor's acquaintance, the pair might often be seen at the Mitre, an inn of saintly title on Fleet Street. But in after years, when the famous "Club" was organized, the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street was the place of rendezvous. Around the chair of the great man might be seen a gathering of celebrities not to be matched in England since the days of the Mermaid. Garrick, with his inimitable buffoonery and mimicry, the cold, sneering Gibbon, Burke, the greatest of modern orators, with Adam Smith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the Club, Mr. Beauclerk and other eminent men. And among them, the face of one who with all his frailties, is perhaps the greatest of them all, for he has in largest measure that divine fire of the poet which Warrington says is beyond and above all else in the world of literature—the gentle author of the "Deserted Village," and the "Traveller," the sweet essayist, the witty playwright, the elegant, if inaccurate, historian and naturalist, the musician; he who has extorted from the huge savage critic in the chair, the extraordinary encomium that there is nothing he touches but he adorns. And last, the biographer himself who, as a great writer has well said, became celebrated through being thoroughly contemptible.

The jovial tavern gatherings of literati and artists have gradually declined, and the vast palace club-house now gathers in those who, a century or two ago, would have been glad to group round the table of the dingy inn parlor. Here and there in the metropolis no doubt remains some relic of the old days, but the men whose names will live are (we cannot say, alas,) too well paid to be haunters of taverns. Yet in the heart of the true literary man must linger, as in Thackeray's, a tender regard for the Back Kitchens and the Caves under the Hill, for the flashing mirth and gaily trolled song, for the quaint old inn, the brisk landlady and the old fashioned English hospitality. T.

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HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 26, 1885.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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CONTENTS:

Acadian Old-Folk Lore.....	41
The Meetings of Men.....	45
Personals.....	47
Editorial.....	48-49
The Xmas. Entertainment.....	49
Nationality or Continentalism.....	50
Is Man a Free Agent?.....	56
Musings.....	57
Law School Notes.....	58
Dallusienia.....	59
Among the Colleges.....	59

CHRISTMAS! What a host of pleasant memories cluster round that Hallowed Word! For the old it is a season of mingled joy and sorrow. They rejoice in common with others at those happy reunions and merry festivities which send a thrill of pleasure through the Christian world. But, as they think of those dear ones, with whom never more on this side of the gloomy veil which divides time and eternity will they hold sweet communion, what wonder that even when the rippling laughter of light-hearted merry makers sounds loudest in the ear a tear dims the eye and a sigh escapes from the saddened heart. To the young, buoyant with

hope, this is the season of unalloyed pleasure. For them the future opens up naught but vistas of glory and renown. Their present cares, light as the gossamer, they banish from their minds and plunge headlong into the enjoyment of the moment. For them it is truly a Merry Xmas.

To the student Christmas is a season that is specially looked forward to. The season at which he is enabled to drive dull care away simply by taking part in the Holiday sports on which all seem intent. To think that there is a whole fortnight in the midst of the session during which it is no sin to leave study alone. Above all he has the high privilege of spending a few happy days at Home. Oh! those Xmas holidays, those skating and tobogganing parties, the thousand little innocent pleasures which each and every student will look back to how often before the long four months of steady work are ended! Then there are those moonlight drives. Fruitful source of matter for the "Personals" editor of some future number of our College paper. Does not Venus seem to have given all her potency and sweetness to the fair one whose silvery laugh, makes all too short the drive which seems so weary and so long at other times?

We would advise all students to enjoy themselves thoroughly. You know well that this is the last chance to rest from your labours before the sessional examinations. Henceforth throughout the session it is a long, strong, patient effort to keep up with the college work. During this happy season then let no dread of the terrible *Idus apriles* come to blunt the edge of the joys in which you will be participating. Let no ill feeling that may have been engendered between yourself and others during the session continue beyond this season of peace. But with the opening of the New Year return to college at peace with yourself and the world, prepared to enter heartily into the work that comes to hand, and resolute to do your duty to your work, your professors and your fellow-students.

And now for our Honoured Professors, our fellow-students, our friends and subscribers it is our sincere wish that they may, one and all, enjoy a Merry Xmas and a Happy Prosperous New Year.

THE past year has been one of great prosperity for this University. During its course Dalhousie has for the first time in its history sent forth a class of Law Graduates. A Medical School has been incorporated into the University. This session we have a larger number of undergraduates than ever before. We have now for the first time a Museum. Our already fine Law Library has been much improved, while the College Library will compare favourably with any in the Maritime Provinces, if usefulness to the student for practical purposes be made the ground of comparison. The schedule for the distribution of the Munro Bursaries has been entirely remodelled; and we have no doubt that the wisdom of our Senate in making the change will be strongly endorsed in 1886, when our Freshman Class, we venture to predict, will be larger than any of its predecessors. Looking at the advance which Dalhousie has made in the past year, it requires no prophetic power to tell of the successful future which is before our Alma Mater.

WE would like to call attention to the state of the Reading Room. The furniture of this room is a disgrace to the College. Last year we had our papers neatly filed. This year, when the Reading Room was opened to the students, one or two sadly disabled chairs and a stove constituted the whole furniture. There was nothing with which to file the papers, and there has been no improvement since. In spite of the manifest contradiction in terms, this apartment is still dignified by the name of Reading Room. We think that it is about time that some improvement was made. The Y. M. C. A. has seen fit not to admit students to their Reading Room unless they pay a stated amount. This year is the first in which they have not cordially invited us to use their Rooms. Under these circumstances a students' Reading Room is all the more necessary. That it is somebody's duty to see that the room is properly fitted up will be acknowledged by all. The students have deposited money for the room, expecting to find it in the same state as last year. We think that the Governors of the College, (if it is within

their province) could not grant a more appropriate and satisfactory favor to the students than by giving to them, on their return from the holidays, a properly furnished Reading Room.

WE have to apologize to our readers for the misprints and typographical errors of our last number. The state in which the GAZETTE was given to the public was that in which it went to the printers after the first proof reading. This was due not to any want of competency, nor yet to any negligence on the part of the proof reader. A perfectly natural misunderstanding, which might arise at any time and between the most careful individuals, was the whole cause of the mistakes which disfigured our last number. It will be our earnest endeavor to prevent the recurrence of such a state of affairs in the future.

THE XMAS. ENTERTAINMENT.

WHEN a student, at the beginning of the session, looks forward to the steady work which lies before him, his thoughts are ever fixed upon the Xmas holidays,—that season which furnishes the only oasis where the weary searcher after knowledge may repose beside the perennial spring of home affections and beneath the grateful shade of the love of those who have been from his earliest childhood the willing sharers of his joys and sorrows.

For the Dalhousie student the Xmas. entertainment is the great event which heralds the near approach of the joys and pastimes which Christmas brings to all.

In accordance with time-honored custom, over one hundred students assembled in the Library to celebrate the end of college work for '85.

The Committee had prepared an excellent programme which, as may be seen below, gave great promise of a rich intellectual repast. Nor were the students disappointed.

Everything went off smoothly, and although the programme was not fully carried out, this was due to no fault of the Committee, but to the fact that the hour of closing was fixed beforehand, and, quite properly, adhered to.

PROGRAMME.

1. "Alma Mater" By Choir.
2. Speech by the Chairman D. Stewart.
3. Cornet Solo H. W. Rogers.
4. Original Paper J. C. Shaw.
5. Gaelic Song J. Calder.
6. Speech J. W. Fraser.
7. "Sailing" By Choir.
8. Original Paper H. C. Shaw.
9. Piccolo Solo J. W. Huggins.
10. Original Paper C. P. McLennan.
11. Piano Solo D. M. Soloan.
12. Speech H. McGinnis.
13. TABLEAUX VIVANTS.
14. Speech D. A. Murray, B.A.
15. Cornet Solo W. H. Rogers.
16. Reading—"Now and Then" Miss McNeil.
17. "Swanee River" By Choir.
18. Paper A. W. Macrae.
19. Piccolo Solo W. Huggins.
20. Speech C. H. Cahan.
21. Piano Solo D. M. Soloan.
22. Reading W. McLeod.
23. "Three Jews" By Choir.
24. Reading H. V. Jennison.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Several of the papers and speeches showed evidence of more than ordinary mental power. If we may be permitted to particularize, we would specially commend Mr. J. C. Shaw's paper, and the speeches of Messrs. Fraser and Cahan. The entertainment furnished by Messrs. Soloan, Huggins, and Rogers, spoke well for the amateur musical talent which Dalhousie can call upon when needed. Miss McNeil's elocution won golden opinions from all. The pathos with which she read produced a wonderful impression upon her audience.

At 10 o'clock, the Chairman, Mr. Stewart, closed the meeting, in order that the "Grand Torchlight Procession" might start on time.

It was unanimously agreed that this was by far the most successful entertainment which had ever been carried out under the management of the Dalhousie students. No doubt the presence of the ladies did much to inspire the speakers; but throughout the whole evening there was a manifestation of *esprit de corps*, which was most gratifying to all who take an interest in the prosperity of our College.

THE PROCESSION.

Headed by the band, the students started from the Parade on their annual tramp. The line of march was illuminated by the glare of numerous flaming torches. Southward we wended our way. By means of kazoos, horns, and students' songs, we strove, with no small degree of success, to make the night hideous with discordant sounds.

Profs. Graham, Sedgwick, Forrest, Alexander, Schurman, were successively serenaded. A most excellent speech was given by Mr. Sedgwick, and good ones

from most of the others. The newspaper offices and Girton House were cheered, and, after singing "Auld Lang Syne" before the Police Station, the procession broke up in the Parade, at midnight.

THE LAW STUDENTS SUPPER.

The law students then betook themselves to Teas', where an oyster supper having been made away with, the following toasts were drunk:

H. V. Jennison, Chairman.
 H. W. Rogers, Vice-Chairman.
 The Queen—By the Chairman. "God Save the Queen."
 The Governor-General—By Chairman. Responded to by Vice-Chairman.
 Our Country—By E. M. Macdonald. Responded to by D. A. McKinnon, A. E. Milliken, and H. McInnes.
Alma Mater—By F. A. McCully. Responded to by W. A. Lyons.
 The Legal Profession—By the Chairman. Responded to by Titus J. Carter.
 Sister Universities—By H. McInnes. Responded to by F. W. Hanwright, A. A. McKay, and F. A. McCully.
 Athletic Club—By E. A. Magee. Responded to by Wm. Henry and J. W. Fraser.
 The Ladies—By J. R. Campbell. Responded to by C. W. Lane and H. V. Jennison.
 Our Professors—By A. Morrison. Responded to by E. M. Macdonald.
 The Press—By C. A. McCready. Responded to by A. W. Macrae, C. P. McLennan, and Hector McInnes.
 Our Host—Responded to by Mr. Teas.
 Our Next Merry Meeting.

About two o'clock the festive board was deserted, and the students departed to their respective places of abode, satisfied both in body and mind.

NATIONALITY OR CONTINENTALISM?

[The following address was prepared by Mr. C. P. McLennan for delivery at the entertainment on the evening of Friday last. But Mr. McLennan concluded that the patience of the audience had a certain limit, and consequently declined to appear on the platform. Having secured the address, however, we publish it in the same form as it was to have been delivered. —EDS. GAZETTE.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The subject of nationality or continentalism bears on the face of it a political character, and it is, therefore, not perhaps as congenial to the student mind as a subject of a more literary caste. I trust, however, that the burden of my song will not be absolutely noxious, for the future of this country, I need scarcely say, is of interest to every one of us. The man who follows life's daily routine with no thought of the destiny of his country seems to me to be wanting in patriotism, and those broad views which form the kernel of intellectual culture.

Indeed, I feel like going a step further, and laying it down as a general rule that a lack of knowledge as to the probable future of this country can be palliated on very narrow grounds, more especially among collegians, to whom the nation looks for its coming men, and in whom should be found the quintessence of cultured sentiment and the most liberal refinement of thought. And as I have every reason to believe that not a few Dalhousians are destined to wield the weapons of political life, I have taken the privilege to discuss an all-important and far-reaching subject, upon the final issue of which will hang the destinies of half a continent, and one of the largest territorial slices in the world's divisions.

Under what form of government will we live in another half or quarter of a century? Will we have joined the great republic to our south, or will we have made a compromise between independence and colonialism and given our support to a Pan-Britannic federation? Time alone will work out the problem; and as I am not a prophet or the son of a prophet, I do not propose laying down any plan for the future well-being of our country, and predicting that it will be realized in detail. It is my intention merely to view from an impartial pinnacle the most probable outcome of the political agitations which the course of time will unfold.

The slender filament which binds this country to Downing street cannot always remain intact. No one pretends to believe that the present system of political tutelage will be perpetual. The natural course of events must necessarily alter the relations now subsisting between Canada and the mother-land. The flight of each year finds the affinity growing gradually less and the bond of sympathy materially weakened. We are told by many that only a slight aggregation of years will discover a final severing of the tie. However that may be the question arises, why should we not have a more satisfactory system? why, indeed, should we not demand a liberation from colonial servitude? I am convinced that judiciously agitated the cause would be embraced by an overwhelming majority of our people. In the million French and half a million Irish now in Canada, without including the large English element which approves of separation, we have a basis of a third of our population to start with. With so firm a foundation upon which to build, why should we not begin at once to erect the edifice of Canadian nationality?

It is now forty years since Canada received the priceless boon of virtual self-government.

In that period vast public works have been undertaken, and with the true principles of colonial government the country has been developed, from ocean to ocean, with a rapidity almost incommensurate with the wealth of her people. But, as we all know, the system is not yet complete. There is a mathematical tradition that the whole is better than a part. To-day, there are many in Canada who desire a still larger measure of self-government. Having tasted of the sweetness of even partial self-control in our affairs of state these advocates of a still larger measure of freedom view the political horizon in order to discover how this larger measure of liberty is to be had. One man sees in imperial federation the solution of every difficulty, the realization of every hope. Another, elevating the standard of independence, calls on the people to rally round a scheme which will place the "premier colony" on a footing with the nations of the earth, and give her a voice in the councils of the world. And still a third stands forth, who, not having the courage to use the word "annexation" to convey the idea of his remedy for existing ills, applies the more modern euphemistic appellation, "continentalism."

As to the first of these three schemes for the solution of our political problem I have little sympathy or respect. The idea is too grand to be feasible, too visionary for an intensely practical question, too Utopian for realization. Joseph Howe, the golden-tongued orator of Eastern Canada, dwelt on the sublimity of the scheme more than a quarter of a century ago. To-day we find the same picture presented, with the same liveliness of fancy, brought out, if anything, in a more dazzling light, and decked in still more gorgeous apparel. The scheme reads too much like a Canterbury tale: it has all the elements of romance, none of the elements of practicability. We can perceive so ideal a scheme in the mind's eye, as we can any *ignis fatuus*, or by soaring on the wings of fancy. But it would require a stretch of imagination wholly beyond what I am capable of conceiving, to seriously affirm that this is the only practicable way out of the difficulty. Moreover, no plan has yet been put forth whereby the idea can be carried into effect. Up to the present we have had nothing but theory, not a very stout staff upon which to lean the destinies of a sixth of the world's territory. By what right, may well be asked, would you or I have to interfere with questions affecting the crowned potentate of the Sandwich Islands and his subject savages? What sympathy or community of interests exist, I ask, between Heligoland and

Hong-Kong? Why should an envoy from the Windward Islands have the opportunity to say what should or should not take place in relation to the Veddahs of Ceylon? By what system of reasoning could we conclude that a representative of West Griqualand would be competent to vote on the affairs of New Zealand? Would it be reasonable to presume that a federationist from Newfoundland would be able to intelligently discuss the vital questions appertaining to the king of the Feejee Islands? Would an ambassador from Trinidad be the right man in the right place when deliberating on matters affecting Australia or the Islands of Ascension? Yet those who pin their faith to the federation phantom virtually concede that such things are possible, the assumption being that the affairs of the empire are to be regulated by a parliament composed of representatives from every portion of the British world. No one doubts but that the representatives of the colonies would be quite capable to look after the affairs of their own countries. But would they be walking encyclopedias, able to legislate for countries situate in every quarter of the habitable globe? How farcical would it be for this motley throng, which would meet in London at stated periods, to attempt to legislate for each and every dependency of the crown? A parliament of this kind would be *prima facie* nonsense, at variance with every law and precept, opposed to every principle of right and reason. No single body of men will ever be able to shape the policy of the numerous and ever-expanding units which constitute the empire whose drums-beat encircles the world. This vast conglomeration of states can be held together only by a feeling of mutual affection, and by an abiding faith in the sincerity and wisdom of the mother land, and the crowned head which wields the sceptre of the throne. This is sentiment, it is true, but sentiment plays a stronger part in national life than is generally recognized.

The plea for nationality appears to me to be based upon a more reasonable and lasting foundation. I feel obliged to disagree with Mr. Goldwin Smith when he affirms that nationality is a lost cause and that the ultimate union of Canada with the United States is a moral certainty. I would not like to charge the learned essayist with in-sincerity; but one cannot help thinking that Mr. Goldwin Smith would like it to be a lost cause, in order to make the way more clear for his continental notions. But, in the words of Commodore Tattnall, who went to the rescue of England at the Pei-ho forts, "blood is thicker than water." There is

no desire among the Canadian people to take up a hostile attitude to the nation whose force of arms wrested from the grasp of France the dominion of half a continent, as would necessarily follow their union with the United States. Independence we might have and still remain under England's sheltering ægis. This, indeed, is the kernel of the whole problem. It may be said that if Canada drops off from the empire England will be in no mood to extend protection to the refractory state. When it became evident to England, however, that unless she pursued such a course Canada would be in danger of absorption by the United States, there would be no hesitation about giving us an ample protectorate. England is too far-sighted to be found cutting off her nose for no other purpose than spiting her face. And such a protectorate would not be anomalous. Parallel cases are not wanting. Egypt enjoys the joint protectorate of France and England. Bulgaria's independence is guaranteed by Russia. England guarantees the independence of Belgium. The Transvaal, under the rule of a president, likewise receives the protection of England. But this is treason, some one cries, a conspiracy against our beloved sovereign! Far from it. Canada has the right to say what her future shall be, not the statesmen of a foreign land. I believe in loyalty to Canada first; loyalty to England next. Indeed a prominent Canadian writer has gone so far as to assert that loyalty to England is disloyalty to Canada, which I am inclined to believe is less creditable than disloyalty to England. Canada first should, in my humble estimation, be clearly written on the mind of every native of this country, and instilled into every Canadian youth from his earliest years. It is by this placing of native country as the brightest star in the national firmament that the people of the United States are so intensely American.

What is to prevent us from nation building? Why should the people of this Dominion suffer their affections to centre around a country thousands of miles away, and separated by a tremendous stretch of ocean, when they have a country of their own to develop, a country equal to all Europe in extent. We are of age; we have reached the period of maturity; we are competent to expand our resources and to build up a country without hanging on to the sleeve of Britain. Why should we not glory in our emancipation? True, we would feel the responsibilities of self-reliance, but, as the Bard of Avon puts it, "courage mounteth with occasion," and with the privileges of manhood we would go forward to cope with national affairs, confident in our strength and moral courage, confident of

a successful issue, and as would become the posterity of an Anglo-Saxon people.

As to an invasion of Canada by the United States, in the event of our sliding out of the empire, we need concern ourselves but little. The Americans will never try to force Canada to adopt the stars and stripes. Were we anxious to throw in our lot with our cousins over the border, no doubt we would be cordially welcomed. An acquisition so important would be hailed with unfeigned delight. The addition of some five millions of people, one in language, in ideas, in commerce, in religion, and of similar political institutions, would be an acquirement the value of which would be almost beyond the pale of estimation. We, however, are not yet ripe for such a fusion. Neither have our American friends any apparent yearning after the colony. They have already as much territory as they can govern with justice and propriety. It is but a few years ago that they refused to annex St. Domingo. More recently they have thrown away the opportunity to bring Cuba under their jurisdiction. They cannot be tempted to conquer Mexico, notwithstanding the numberless provocations they have been subjected to in the way of border outrages. From these instances, which are capable of extension, we may conclude that the Americans have no ambition to extend their territorial limits, that they prefer to quietly develop their resources, and to win the plaudits of the world in commercial rather than military pursuits.

"As a political organism we are now confessedly incomplete," says Rev. Principal Grant. "We cannot remain permanently in the colonial position without losing immensely more than we gain." There is no denying the fact that every day we remain a dependency we sink deeper and deeper into the unenviable position of hangers-on to the empire; that the passage of each day in our present humiliating attitude detracts from our manliness as a people and our standing in the eyes of the nations of both the new world and the old. It is an erroneous impression which obtains that a colony is in duty bound to remain a dependency. Why should the people of any country be characterized as unfilial and revolutionary because they wish to become a nation? The term colony, as we all know, is derived from those Roman colonies which had no existence of their own, but which remained in a state of perpetual vassalage, as military and political outposts of the republic. It was the same with the Carthaginian factory and the Athenian *cleruchy*. None of these, however, ever attained true greatness. Other colonies have been independent from the first.

The Northern tribes which founded England were independent from the beginning. So were the Greek colonies of Italy. New England was in reality independent some time after foundation. These independent colonies prospered without exception, and in not a few cases outstripped their parents in material greatness. Canada, too, has been practically independent for some years. She has accordingly flourished. But if she has prospered fairly well with this large measure of freedom, why should she not prosper to a still greater degree with absolute independence? Prosperity, in our case, is clearly in proportion to the amount of liberty we possess. It therefore follows as a logical conclusion that the most perfect prosperity can only be secured by the most perfect freedom. Dependence, too, seldom produces great men. And it is great men that we must have to bring about Canadian nationality. And I see no reason why there should not emanate from the ancestral halls of Dalhousie some of the men who will affect this grand desideratum—some of the men who will start "this Canada of ours" on a bright career of independence.

It must be confessed that there is a lack of solidity about this country anything but conducive to greatness. In the debate on confederation it was urged by one of the advocates of the measure in the Canadian parliament that seven sticks, though separately weak, when bound together in a fagot, would be strong. "Yes," was the reply, "but not so seven fishing rods tied together by the ends." This want of compactness would unmistakably be a tremendous drawback to a successful national life. Prussia, it is true, prior to our absorption of Manitoba and British Columbia, was almost as unwieldy as the five older provinces of Canada. But the annexing of the two western provinces has seriously altered the situation. British Columbia, especially, has nothing in common with the rest of the Dominion and I see no reason to doubt that when its great natural resources are well under development and its people quickened into commercial activity, secession will be a strong cry with the British Columbians and possibly another state may be added to the American Union. There will be one way of preventing such a loss, viz., by breaking down the customs barriers between the two countries, or, in other words, by securing commercial union. Such a sweeping away of the customs lines would, however, be fruitful of other results than the saving of the Pacific province. It would awaken in this country such a commercial activity as we have never yet known, as we never will know without it. And of

this we may rest content that so long as we remain a scion of the British empire, just so long will we be deprived of this elixir of commercial life. Here, again, we find another argument for secession. When we obtain our liberty, that very moment will we negotiate with the Americans for a removal of the obnoxious and artificial restrictions which now seek to divert the current of trade into alien channels. We read much, nowadays, about the advantage that would accrue to this country by a commercial union with the United States. This is very laudable in its way. Yet is it not clear as meridian day that such a treaty must follow, and can not precede, independence? Our energies, then, should be focused in the one direction, for so grand a commercial scheme can never be realized till the colonial bud blossoms into the national flower. And I, for one, would, if for no stronger reason, gladly lend my aid in overthrowing imperial sovereignty till, stripped of our colonial skirts, we could make those commercial regulations most conducive to our common weal and most likely to give fresh strength and vitality to our blushing manhood.

This power of making treaties would alone compensate for anything we might lose by unlinking the maternal chain. At present we are governed very largely by laws and treaties in the formation of which we have neither hand nor voice. All the laws promulgated by our Dominion parliament are liable to be vetoed by statesmen three thousand miles away, who know little or nothing concerning what legislation is for the good of this country. And the whole history of treaties made by England affecting Canada has been one of humiliation, I was going to say, shame; not because English diplomatists are wanting in sagacity, but owing wholly to their indifference to the interests of Canada, and to a feeling that Canadian affairs are not sufficiently associated with the affairs of England to call for any strenuous exertions on their part to protect the rights and to conserve the interests of the colony. The Americans, of course, will not treat with an "irresponsible, semi-independent power," and, shorn of one of the first essentials to a vigorous growth, we are left to the mercy and caprice of those who look to their own welfare first and to Canada afterwards.

In regard to "continentalism" I know not what to say. We are told that it is useless to battle with nature; that it was never intended a national line should run through the heart of this continent; that the manifest destiny of Canada, however remote, is a union with the United States; that the want of unity in territory and in race will eventually force

Canada into the arms of her republican neighbor. Mr. Goldwin Smith, the intrepid champion of "continentalism," very logically says that "few have fought against geography and prevailed. A commonwealth spanning the Atlantic may be a grand conception, but political institutions must, after all, bear some relation to nature and to practical convenience." On the other hand Hon. Alexander McKenzie has decreed that it is inevitable that there shall be at least two systems of government on this continent. And surely there is room on this continent for a dual nationality. If not, then Europe is a myth. We in Eastern Canada have but faint conception of the extent of this country. The whole of the Roman world, in its most illustrious days, exceeded in proportion little, if any, this Dominion of Canada. It makes one's heart throb with patriotism to reflect that in the bosom of the North-west could be snugly deposited the great majority of the nations of Europe. Why then should we look forward to annexation when we have so much material of our own to mould into a gigantic nation? At all events the possibility—and a most remote one—of winding up our career by an amalgamation with the Americans, should not deter us one iota from seeking for a national existence. We should grasp at the substance, and let the shadow take care of itself.

The idea of independence is indeed a grand one. Its realization would not dwarf us into pigmies. Instead, it would develop us into pyramids; we would feel the stature and dignity of manhood, the vigor of independence; it would elevate the character, as well as the social and political status of the Canadian people; it would improve our credit in the money markets of the world; it would prevent the exodus of the flower of the Canadian youth to the adjoining republic; it would fill our countless acres with immigrants from Europe; it would give us prosperity, peace and good-will towards men. And is there no motive power in these things? Is the love of country, of liberty, of human happiness of no account? Give us nationality and manhood suffrage and we will then be true Canadian subjects. What are we at present? Not British subjects, because no colony has the power of conferring such an honor. Not Canadians in the real sense of the term, because we are not a national people. As we have no national name or significance we are therefore not even Canadians: we are colonists, nothing more nor less, mere dependants or under-strappers of the English nation. I would be as proud to own allegiance to the British crown as was ever an ancient Roman to proclaim himself a citizen of the republic; but the privilege is denied me. While in this country I have no means of becoming a British subject—a colonist is the highest honor to which I can aspire. There might, it is true, be a worse fate for a man: and there might also be a better; and it is for the purpose of bettering ourselves, of becoming subjects of a real nation, that the young men of this country should unite their scattered forces, and clear the way to a national existence. A few years ago our emigration agents in Germany were arrested on a charge of fraud and misrepresentation. And why?

Simply because they were endeavouring to induce the Teutons to emigrate to a place where they would have no country, as Canada has no citizenship of her own and has not the power to create a British subject. What is the chief impulse which prompts the people of England, Ireland and Scotland to emigrate? Is it not a desire to break loose from aristocracy and landlordism? Can it be expected, then, that they will take up their abode in a scion of the country which they left, or, as they regard it (wrongly, no doubt), as jumping from the frying pan into the fire?

The expense of a national government would be little greater than that of the present regime. We would need no elaborate political machinery: we would have no great and costly issue to eat up the revenues of the country; we would have no identification with the rest of the world, except in a commercial sense; our diplomatic accounts would be small; our war bills would be nil. The principal changes would be the election, at stated intervals, of a supreme head; the appointment of a small diplomatic corps; the effecting of some improvements in our military system, and the adoption of a national flag. As affairs stand at present our governor-general is the veriest figure-head. In the case of the Pacific railway scandal Lord Dufferin avowed that he was obliged to act according to the dictum of his ministers, which course was approved by the home government. The authority of this imperial creation is therefore practically nil, and, as it has been aptly put, of nothing, nothing comes.

The question, in fine, resolves itself into this: shall we go on as we have been doing or shall we throw off the shackles of colonialism? shall we remain in servitude, or shall we enjoy unqualified freedom? We all know that in the hundred and twenty-two years which have passed since the last vestige of French dominion in Canada was swept away in the blood of Wolfe and his fearless followers, we have been indebted to England times without number. But, it seems to me, we have outgrown our childhood,—that we are quite competent to convert our colonial coach into a national chariot, and to handle the reins by our own statesmanship. Imperial federation is a will-o-the-wisp, some of whose advocates are seeking to curry imperial favor, rather than the good of Canada. We have no ambition, as a people, to be swamped in a Pan-Britannic parliament, where European and Oriental ambassadors would hold the balance of power. Continentalism is equally mythical at present, with perhaps more likelihood of realization, and certainly much to be preferred. What, then, is to fill the felt want in our constitutional polity? What is it that will give permanence and stability to our political institutions? I answer, Nationality. No matter to what extent we may advise England we should cherish a still stronger affection on our own courage. The lack of nationality is the striking defect in our political system. Amalgamated, as it is, by a want of social and political self-respect, it cannot but have a degenerating tendency. And its downfall is happily approaching.

ing. Colonialism, with all the narrowness which the word implies, cannot continue to exist in the face of over three hundred million square miles of territory. Anthony Trollope was forced to confess "that in passing from the United States into Canada you pass from a richer country into a poorer, from a greater into one that is less; you pass from a country embracing in itself the resources of a continent, into one that is a narrow section of the continent, cut off commercially from the rest; you pass from a country which is a nation into a country which is not a nation?" When we consider the magnitude of our country the appeal for nationality appears in strong relief. A few years back the American year book calculated that, at our then ratio of increase, the population of the Dominion, independently of the streams of immigration would, in 1961, be 79,957,000 souls; at the close of this century we will doubtless number eight millions, almost double the population of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. And when we secure our liberty from imperial rule we will launch upon a sea of prosperity unrivalled in Canadian annals; a new career will be opened up to us, and with a fresh impetus to all our commercial and industrial pursuits, we will take our position among the nations of the world; our flag will float before the masts of a third of the mercantile navy of the world; we will then be real subjects of the Canadian nation; our lands both east and west will be tilled by the surpluses of European labor, and peace and prosperity will hold sovereign sway from ocean to ocean.

COLLEGE MEN IN LITERATURE.—Disputants about the value of college education have drawn up the following lists of eminent names in American literature, and have given them to the public to say which is the greater:

College graduates—Longfellow, Willis, Hale, Ticknor, Merley, Dana Jr., Jan. Cook, Emerson, Hawthorne, Robt. Grant, Lowell, Lodge, Holmes, Prescott, Bancroft, Fremont Alden, Wainwright, Warner, D. D. Mitchell, Stebbins, and John Fiske.

Non-graduates—Walt Whitman, Whipple, Trumbull, Field, Foster, Bryant Taylor, Eggleston, Harris, Howells, James, Alcock, Lathrop, Shuckton, Frost, Celia Crawford, Gillet, Harris, Carleton, Mack Twaite, Stebbins, Burroughs, and W. Quail.

"Whom when Synonyms join the list words he uses so plentifully in his writings." "Out of the dictionary of course." "That accounts for it: He used those words in his lines, the other day, of which I did not know the meaning. I went to the dictionary, but they weren't there. Probably, as you suggest, Synonyms has taken them."

IS MAN A FREE AGENT?

(AN ETHICAL ESSAY.)

THE arguments brought forward by President Porter in support of his view of the freedom of the will as an appeal to self-consciousness which declares the individual to be responsible for his own action; and a further appeal to the general opinion of mankind as expressed in language, literature and laws.

It has, I presume, never been doubted that there is in each man the belief that he is, to a very large extent, a free agent. Every man frequently finds himself in a position where two or more courses of action are open to him no external force being brought to bear upon his decision. At such a moment he may stop to ask himself: which path shall I choose? but it does not occur to him to inquire: Am I free to choose, or is my choice already irrevocably fixed? And when the consequences of his choice have brought their natural results of good or ill, the self-satisfaction or remorse he experiences proves his sense of personal responsibility. So, too, if the collective consciousness of mankind be appealed to, there will be found an all but universal consensus of opinion in favour of the view that the will is entirely and unconditionally free.

I venture to think, however, that when the real nature of the case is considered, neither self-consciousness, nor popular opinion, nor both together, can be accepted as "a final court of appeal." Rather they occupy the position of witnesses whose evidence must be sifted, and its precise worth determined, before judgment is passed.

It being granted that man *feels* himself free to choose, we have to do with the problem:—Is a choice or act of volition predetermined? Does it inevitably follow preceding events which stand to it in the relation of cause to effect? Is it subject to necessary law in the same sense and to the same extent as any of the phenomena of the external world? President Porter answers the question: Why does a man choose as he does? by a reference to the power of the will as

its ultimate explanation. But to tell me I had the power to choose between A and B does not tell me *why* I chose A rather than B. Consciousness itself tells me that I chose the one rather than the other because of some qualities in it which I desired, and which were absent in the other. Were the objects presented again under precisely similar subjective and objective conditions, my choice would inevitably be the same. J. S. Mill's contention seems unanswerable, that were the character of the individual and all the circumstances of the case fully known, his choice could be certainly and accurately predicted. The question has still to be considered in how far is such predetermination consistent with liberty.

That the volitions are the effects of preceding states of mind taken in connection with external circumstances will perhaps be more readily granted after considering what the idea of causation really implies. The ordinary conception of a cause as an actively producing agent would lead one to regard the fact that the volitions are caused by what precede them as a restraining force compelling the will into a certain groove. But if we give to causation its legitimate and strictly scientific signification as merely an invariable sequence, the proposition assumes a different aspect. It is no longer "given the preceding facts the choice *must* necessarily be so and so," but "the choice *will*, under such circumstances, certainly be so and so." The idea of compulsion is gone, though the possibility of fore-knowledge remains. It may be noticed that while the popular voice denies that the will is subject to the laws of causation, its skepticism on this point is by no means confined to the subjective sphere. "Even thoughtful men," says Huxley, "usually receive with surprise the suggestion, that the form of the crest of every wave that breaks, wind driven, on the sea-shore, and the direction of every particle of foam that flies before the gale, are the exact effects of definite causes, and, as such, must be capable of being determined, deductively from the laws of motion and the properties of air and water." If the every-day speech of men calls that the work of chance,

which science proclaims to be under the dominion of natural law, is its judgment to be regarded as decisive when it applies the terms "spontaneous" and "free" to the human will?

On the other hand it does not follow because the course of action of any individual is the inevitable result of his character and environment, that he is unable to choose whatever course he pleases or approves of. It is only determined what will cause him pleasure or give rise to his approval, and consequently what he shall do. And that a man can at will enjoy a pain, or approve of a wrong action, no one will assert; nor is it ever maintained that the will acts in defiance of all motives.

We may then regard the will as free or predetermined according to the stand-point from which we consider it. Causation, itself a creation of the mind, can no more be excluded from the mental than from the physical sphere. If it is incorrect to speak of necessity in reference to the determination of the will, it is equally inaccurate to apply the term to the laws of nature. I quote again the words of Huxley who, speaking on this subject, says: "When we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. Fact I know, and law I know, but what is this necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?"

E. R.

MUSINGS.

There are moments in the life of a student, a law student at least, when he turns away from the contemplation of present joys and woes, and looks forward to a time when he shall have a happier existence—in this world, I mean. Do not understand me as subscribing to the vulgar belief that the men of the legal profession who continue to get a place among the elect are numerically small. On that subject, by the way, there is a great deal of superstition; but it is too vast for discussion in these columns. I wish merely to discuss the aims and hopes and aspirations of a student with regard to the matters of this life.

Well, as I have said, we sometimes give way to musing. We retire to our domestic rooms or

the third flat, lay aside our text books and note books and take the easy chair. Then as the smoke of our cigar curls heavenward we ask ourselves the question, what shall become of us when we shall have quitted college for the great world without? What will we be? What should we strive to be?

It is scarcely necessary to say that a law student's first and great ambition so long as he is a law student, is to become a lawyer and all that that name implies. Our conception of that class of people may differ; but all agree as to what the ideal lawyer is. We are indebted to the gentleman who delivered the inaugural address on the occasion of the opening of our school for some sound advice on this matter. "A lawyer" he says, "is not engaged in a trade. It is the lowest view of his profession to consider it a business to make money by. There is no more despicable creature on the face of the earth than the lawyer whose whole soul is absorbed in bills of costs. Who uses the opportunities his profession affords for no higher purpose than to exact fees, to mulct somebody, no matter whether client or antagonist, in bills of costs. The men who do these things may be in, but they cannot be of the profession." This is all true. There certainly is as wide a field for the exercise of honesty in the legal as in any profession. We need not and we should not cease to be honest men when we pass into the ranks of the practitioners. The integrity for which all law students are conspicuous, the noble works of charity and philanthropy which are the distinguishing marks of every law student, should continue. And in the case of the Dalhousie students no idle doubt, on this point, disturbs us.

Again, we sometimes muse on the bustling competitions we shall have in the great world of action; we think, how kindly, but honestly withal, we shall strive to get the vacant chief-justiceship of Canada. This shall be at some future time, but it is not wise to fix the exact date. We cannot all be chief-justices,—certainly not all at the same time. But without any doubt, we shall all be competent to discharge the functions of the office; in fact, the freedom with which we sometimes criticize the judgments of some who have filled the office would indicate that some of us feel that we now possess the necessary equipments. But what of the disappointed ones? It will be for themselves to determine; but our advice is that they accept the chief-justiceship of their respective provinces or even an ordinary judgeship, when the occasion presents itself. Seeing that the highest office is filled by a Dalhousie graduate, the other gradu-

ates should have no compunction about accepting an ordinary judgeship, as far beneath their dignity. Some may be loath to give up an extensive practice; but when your country calls you, fail not.

There are still other places which we can fill. In Canada, and in other countries as well, public life seems to have peculiar attractions for our legal gentlemen, and it is not surprising therefore to find that the leaders of our two great political parties are lawyers. Their ablest and most experienced lieutenants in Parliament are also of the profession. Then must we surely play a part in public affairs. Our future Premier may be at this moment torturing his big head over the case of Cooke and Oxley, or, maybe, he is taking notes of the lectures on conveyancing, the lecturer having the lead by a stretch of four or five long sentences, with every prospect of distancing the plodding student before the hour is up. His great opponent, too, is intent upon his work. He is perhaps the student who challenges the decisions of the chairman of the Debating Club, and seems to be a chronic fault-finder. Nature intended him for leader of the opposition. Passing down a little, we come to our local premiers, of whom we have a large number. The great questions agitating their minds now are the appointment of justices of the peace and the constitutionality of the liquor laws. I decline to deal with the question of our representation among the elect: but I have strong hopes that a large number will always be found among the elected—after the next election. It is not necessary for me to say more. If I were to enumerate all the judges, statesmen, etc., in embryo that the law school gathers to itself, I would go far beyond the space allotted to me in these columns. I merely outlined some of our aspirations; what we hope to become, or rather hope we may worthily become in after life. To this may be added the aspiration to be free from the police control of the boarding mistress—an aspiration all students have, one that never quits them until they quit her.

WHITESTONE.

PROF.: "Which is the more delicate sense, feeling or sight?" Soph.: "Feeling." Prof.: "Give a proof of it." Soph.: "Well, there are the Juniors who could feel their moustaches, but no one else could see them."

LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL, a few days before his death, met a barrister, and remarked: "Why, Mr. —, you are getting as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my Lord, for the great seal," was the ready repartee.

LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

MOOT COURT.—The first moot court for the Second Year was held on Friday evening, the 28th ult. It was an appeal from the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia to the Privy Council. Milliken, C. J., Hanright and McLatchy, JJ., presided. Counsel for appellant, McCully and Thomson; for respondent, Lyons and Lane. Following is the case:

Hopkins v. Slocumb.—Plaintiff, residing at Truro, offered by letter to sell the house in which he resided to the defendant in Halifax for the sum of \$3000, agreeing to keep the offer open for a fortnight. At the end of a week, having received an offer of a better price, plaintiff entered into a written agreement to sell the property to Mr. Stowell. Defendant's agent in Truro, having learned this fact, communicated it to the defendant who, in order to clinch the bargain, mailed a qualified written acceptance of plaintiff's offer, addressed to him at Truro, three days before the expiration of the fortnight. On following day, defendant, having changed his mind, wrote a letter, declining to take the property, referring to the letter he had previously mailed, and revoking the acceptance therein contained. Owing to an accident in the P. O., the first letter went to Truro by the same train as the second, but was actually delivered and read by plaintiff some hours later than the other. Stowell failed to carry out his agreement and by letter which was received by plaintiff on the same day on which defendant's letters arrived, and shortly before they were received, he repudiated the agreement and declined to fulfil it; and plaintiff, on receipt of defendant's letters, wrote by return mail acknowledging receipt of them, and intimating that he would hold the defendant to his acceptance. Defendant, refusing to complete the bargain, plaintiff sued for damages and Judge at trial gave judgment for plaintiff. The Supreme Court in *banc* sustained the judgment, and an appeal was taken to the Privy Council which now comes for argument.

Mr. Thomson opened for the appellant, stating that he rested his case of the following grounds:

1. The offer was a continuing one for which there was no consideration and hence could be revoked at any time by the offeror before the expiration of the two weeks mentioned; *Cook v. Oxley*, 3 T. R.; *Payne v. Cave*; *Head v. Diggon*, 3 M & R, 92.
2. The respondent revoked his offer by making an agreement to sell the property to one Stowell; *Dickenson v. Dodds*.
3. The revocation of acceptance, being communi-

DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who are alone expected to understand its contents.

HA THERE! The Freshies who engage in window flirtations must stop it at once, or we must put names down.

POOR Philosopher! truly thou art in the gall of bitterness. Can't you give up those pleasant walks and thus keep out of those columns?

WHO would ever believe that our thoughtful classical Junior would become a heroine worshipper. And yet on his way home the other evening he was heard murmuring to himself, "Yea to celestial choirs."

WAS it love for the Pictou girls or fear of the metaphysics exam. that caused those two Juniors to leave two days before College closed? No doubt the calm bells of Xmas. will create in their hearts much joy.

TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF THE SINGING IN DALHOUSIE'S HALLS.—The deceased, while strong and vigorous, was cut off in the prime of life by a murderous blow delivered with all too fatal effect by the Hymnal Committee of 1885.

To the students who joined the procession later on the edition would give the following advice:—To the Soph. "Beware, for even now thou in a *Steer* art put." To the Eng. Honor Junior, "Stay thy hand! we wish to still remain 'unCoffined and unknelt.'" To the grave and modest Senior, "Cease vainly striving to Mak(e) raids on the affections of ladies fair and beautiful."

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

AMONG great Americans who have expended their youthful talents in editing college papers, are the poets, Holmes and Willis, the statesmen, Everett and Evarts, the eloquent divine, Philip Brooks, and the pleasing author, Donald J. Mitchell.—*Ex.*

THE buildings at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, for the new college for women, will be ready the coming summer, and the first term will open in September. The total cost of the buildings was \$200,000, and they are pronounced equal to those of Vassar. The course of study will be nearly identical with that at John Hopkins University.—*Ex.*

THE Catholic or American University is to be located at Washington, D. C. The endowment now in sight is nearly \$1,000,000. The founders will not be content with a support insufficient to produce an income of from \$200,000 to \$400,000; which is the aggregate outgo for any one of the leading universities of England or Germany. The work intended is science, especially in chemistry, engineering and abstract mathematics will be stressed with that done in the leading German Universities.

cated to offeror before the acceptance, was a good revocation; *Dunmore v. Alexander*.

Mr. Lane, contra.—He rested his case on following grounds and cases. He stated that up to the moment of acceptance by the appellant, the respondent was free to negotiate with Stowell and that his entering into an agreement with him, did not amount to a revocation of his offer. He said that the appellant, in accepting the respondent's offer as soon as he heard of respondent's agreement with Stowell, acted as though he considered the offer as being still open, and, in bringing this suit, he contradicted himself by alleging that the contract was void. He dwelt at some length on *Adams v. Lindsell*; *Bryne v. Van Tienhoven* and *Household Fire Insurance Co. v. Grant*, and showed that the acceptance was irrevocable the moment the letter of acceptance was posted.

Mr. Lyons followed enforcing and elucidating the points raised by the Junior Counsel. He advanced the theory that the acceptance of the appellant might be considered an offer on his part and, therefore, could be accepted by the respondent and made a valid contract.

Mr. McCully, in reply, briefly reviewed the grounds upon which the respondent's case rested and brought to the notice of the court the strong points in his case, especially dwelling on the last point which, as yet, was a mooted question, whether an acceptor can revoke an acceptance after having mailed it in due course of post. He cited *dicta* of numerous jurists and text writers, and several foreign judgments, there being no English case upon the point. The following were cited: *Dunmore v. Alexander* (Scotch); *Judgment of the French Court of Cassation*, 1812, Chitty, 11 Ed., p. 17, Benj., sec. 73 and Pollock in direct support of his contention.

MILLIKEN, C. J., now gave the judgment of court for the respondent. He rendered an excellent *ex tempore* judgment, reviewing and criticising the cases as cited by the counsel on both sides.

HANRIGHT, J., followed, concurring with the judgment of his learned brother, the Chief Justice, and delivered an off-hand judgment with much precision showing a clear insight into the most difficult parts of law of contracts.

McLATCHY, J., concurred.

Appeal dismissed with costs.

THE University of New Brunswick opens its collegiate year with the largest Freshman class that has ever entered its doors. Two of the matriculants for this year are ladies.

MRS. L. A. WILMOT, widow of the late Hon. Judge Wilmet, has become the leading benefactor of the University of New Brunswick, by making the Wilmot Scholarship a permanent gift.

MICHIGAN Agricultural College has an increased number of students this year, which evidently shows that the young men of that State, consider, that in order to become successful farmers, they require a good education to fit them for their work.

IN England one man in every 5,000 takes a university course, and there are about 5,000 men in the great universities of that country. Scotland has 6,500 students in her universities, and it is estimated that there one in every 615 embraces the opportunity. Germany boasts that one man out of every 213 takes a university course. She has 23,500 students in her various universities, about 6,000 of whom are Americans. In this country every 2,000th man takes a university training. In New England there are 4,000 students.

GERMANY has more books in its libraries than any other nation. There are 1,000 libraries in Austria, Germany and Switzerland, twenty of which contain over 100,000 volumes. France has six libraries of over 100,000 books, besides the National library, which is the largest in the world. Great Britain has only nine libraries of 100,000 volumes, and the British Museum spends \$100,000 annually in adding to its collection. Spain has thirty libraries, containing 700,000 volumes. The library in Washington contains 513,000 volumes and 170,000 pamphlets, and there are five larger in the world: the French National, 2,500,000; the British Museum, 1,500,000; St. Petersburg, 1,000,000; Munich, 700,000.

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