

**PAGES  
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# THE ACADIAN

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUG. 9, 1889.

### The Halifax Carnival.

The season looked for summer carnival opened in Halifax on Monday last, bringing its thousands of visitors to witness the various attractions provided for their enjoyment. Perhaps never before in the history of the city has there been so much effort put forth to make it attractive as at the present time, and these efforts, we believe, have been crowned with abundant success. The opinion has gone abroad that Nova Scotia is a cold and cheerless country, and our winter carnival with their ice-palaces and toboggan tournaments only tend to strengthen such an opinion. On the other hand a summer carnival during the season when all nature is smiling and our country rich in fruit and flowers, with a climate unsurpassed by that of any other, cannot fail to turn a large measure of success.

### The Fishery Troubles.

The seizure (?) of the Canadian seiner *Black Diamond* in Bering Sea by the United States revenue cutter *Rush* is another evidence of the aggressive character of our neighbors across the border. It shows pretty clearly what would be our condition in relation to fishery matters had we not Great Britain at our back to restrain us. The question will soon have to be settled, whether the United States is to have exclusive ownership over these waters or not. It has never been conceded to them by either nation, and the state department at Washington even acknowledges uncertainty in the matter. Armed cruisers have been sent into those waters to protect the rights of our miners, and in the event of there not being a satisfactory arrangement made as to their rights and priv leges certain results are likely to ensue.

### Distinguished Visitors.

The morning train from Halifax on Saturday last left on our siding for the day a private car belonging to Senator Parcell, of Chicago, and his representative, Mr. C. G. Jones, en route to Boston, including several Indians. Dr. Harriet M. Pease, and them at the station. The party first visited the College and walked through the building by the President and one of the Professors. The view from the College was prettily shaded. After lunch the beautiful Gaspeian Valley and Grand Pre were visited by team. All expressed themselves greatly pleased with the position of the country and an American friend says it is worth a trip all the way from Chicago to see the land of Evangeline.

### The Camp Meeting.

The camp meeting at Berwick was successfully held in a glorious Sunday last. The number present and the financial return amounted to funds more than twice what we the previous ones held. The camp grounds are beautiful and the association have gone to considerable pains in making necessary improvements. The new pavilion which we dedicated on the first day's meeting, is very neat and will be a great attraction in those partaking the meetings from year to year. A somewhat larger number of tents were noticeable and the order maintained, considering the large numbers attending, was excellent.

Among the number of ministers present on Sunday we noticed the familiar faces of the Rev. Levi H. Johnson, of the New Brunswick Conference, and the following from the Nova Scotian Conference: John Johnson, formerly pastor of the Berwick circuit; F. H. W. Pickles, Teasdale, G. O. Basnett, Tuttle, E. E. Englund, Ezra Moore, Thomas Rogers, Taylor. The Sunday morning service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Teasdale, who preached an eloquent and impressive sermon from the 12th verse of the 11th chapter of the gospel by St. John. His attention was manifested throughout by the large assemblage that listened to this truly eloquent preacher.

Immediately after dinner Dr. Woodbury, of Halifax, and Miss Cartwell, returned missionary from Japan, dressed a large company of children in the new pavilion. After which Rev. Lyon C. Barlow, Principal of Mount Allison Ladies' Seminary, Wolfville, N. B., preached. In the evening Dr. Sterling, evangelist, of Torrington, preached an impressive sermon, taking for his text, 1st chapter, 1st Matthew, his subject being the baptism, after which a prayer and pronouncement was kept up, and a singing. With the exception of slight showers of rain during the afternoon of Sunday, everything of decided work done by the latest methods. Offices at my residence, situated

### Vacation Jottings.

BROOKFIELD, July 26.—An invitation to go to Brookfield and spend a week at the home of "Hart Harlee," whom the readers of the Acadian have long known by his delightful contributions, was of course held with delight. Hearing that I was at Acadia Mine he drove over and made me come back with him, and here I am. "Hart Harlee," or, throwing aside the *mon de plume* by which he is known by his large and appreciative circle of readers, Harlan Cox, is as genial and entertaining in conversation as he is in his articles. I might say he was more so, for never was a drive spent more pleasantly than the one which brought us from the juvenile iron metropolis on that bright July afternoon to Brookfield. Past broad and level fields of green land where now and then the clatter of the mowing machine and the clink of the scythe being sharpened told of pastures to be filled with the new-mown hay which sent its fragrance across the fields to us; past meadows already mown and the green of the aftermath giving freshness to the view; past luxuriant woodlands where a rabbit or a squirrel would look at us from the roadside and scamper off in fright, or a bobolink perched on a high bank would stop and look at us and go on with his song; through pretty villages with handsome residences and attractive grounds; past huge barns and farm houses, barns and sheds looking up to the sky; the wind howled, and the waters dashed against the rocks. The tall trees without ground, and crooked in the drift November blast, as if seeking mercy from the springing tempest.

But see! The tamaracs have stopped their screaming and are still again. The waters of the lake still dash against the shore, but the breakers are growing fainter. There at the east, through the little clearing you can see a long white cloud stretching nearly half way around the horizon. It grows larger! It rises into the sky. By and by a ray or two appears beneath the cloud. The Bright Sun is the only one visible in the blue sky. The sun is slowly rising and another day dawns. The partridge and the wild goose take wing as you pull apart the skin that forms the door of the old wigwam, and their flight frightens others near by, and a great flock fly to the southwest. The waters of the lake cease entirely, and the sun shines on a fair prospect.

The old chief's mind is wandering. "My boy," my hatchet!

The old man, who has fought in so many fights, is handed his bow and hatchet, and he is still again.

Years ago the old Indian was the chief of a dozen hundred red faces, who would be the remnant now would lay down his staff for the honored dead. He is the wisest man in the tribe, and the most experienced, and the most respected among his people. He is the old Indian, and now he is alone. He is the old Indian, and now he is alone.

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"Hark!"

Again the old chief wakes, and again the faithful watchers gather around his low couch of furs.

"Hark!"

"Do but the wild goose in the part."

"No, not that."

The sound grows louder. It is now louder now. The shrill war-whoop of the tribe of Strong Bow—that tribe above all other tribes which the Black Feather. There where the camp fire has once lighted, there where women bleed the friends of Black Feather; there where the peace pipe was lighted and smoked there stands the city of the pale face. But here no white man's hand tread, and once more reign supreme the red face of the forest.

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