

Dalhousie Gazette.

Vol. VII.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

No. 9.

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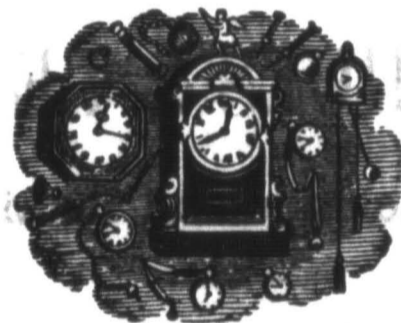
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ORA ET LABORA.

Vol. VII.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 3, 1875.

No. 9.

SOME DISTURBING ELEMENTS OF SOCIETY.

Variety is the spice of existence. We cannot expect to drift forever lazily down the smooth current of the stream of time. Sometimes we must shoot a rapid. Sometimes we must pull against the stream. Life is not a livelong summer day. Perhaps it would grow monotonous if it were so. It has its storms as well as its calms; its tears as well as its smiles. We find this diversity everywhere. Some horses go very quietly in harness; others are addicted to kicking. Some dogs meet your advances with a growl; others are the embodiment of good nature. So it is with men and women. Society is made up of an endless lot of opposites. Some of us think that if we had the running of the world's machinery, all these harsh elements would be left out. We would bask in an eternal sunshine. Everything would run smoothly, easily, and harmoniously. It is difficult to resist the conclusion, however, that the one phase of life is as necessary as the other, to the fullness and completeness of the whole. A piece of music is improved by an occasional discord, and life is all the smoother for its occasional roughness. Imagine a community where every one is good-natured. Where there are no tattlers, no scandal-mongers, no busy-bodies. The people would die of a surfeit of happiness. No one would be properly appreciated. Good-natured people are in many respects just such a commodity as corn. They take their value from the state of the market, and rise and fall as it wavers between a famine and a glut. Every people, I think, believes in a conflict between good and evil, and most of them in the ultimate triumph of the one over the other. The idea is a perfectly natural one. We see the conflict going on in our daily experience, with varying results. It has in a way supplied me with a subject for the following remarks.

Here, however, I find that it is difficult sometimes to reduce even the best of theories to practice. We may admit in a general sort of way, that things which are commonly catalogued as nuisances are possibly devised by a wise providence for the accomplishment of very excellent purposes, but, when we come down to the plain, practical point, we reiterate (not exactly) like Galileo, that they are nuisances after all.

Foremost among the disturbing elements of society are your busy-bodies. The busy-body has a long descent. The pedigree of those of us whose ancestors "came over with the conqueror" pale in the presence of the more splendid antiquity of his line. He had his existence ere yet the world was, and "of Man's first disobedience," he was the cause. The state of our first parents was as happy as we can well imagine. Their lives were pervaded by that calm content which arises from a consciousness of the most complete innocence, and having nothing whatever to do. There were no other women around, so Eve had no occasion to be jealous. There were no other men, and therefore the confidence was mutual. Adam never came home late from his office grumbling because dinner was not ready, or to be

grumbled at for keeping meals waiting. Eve never got sulky because somebody else's wife dressed better than she did, and Adam, for obvious reasons, never experienced that peculiarly irritating sensation which some of us have felt, just five minutes before church time, on a Sunday morning at making the discovery that there is a button off somewhere. There were no bills, no taxes, no duns, no wash days, and no hash. It is questionable whether there was any cooking at all. If there were, the animals would probably have been reduced to such a state of perfect docility as to give Eve every opportunity of making her selections to the best advantage.

It is only when we recall all these things that we can realize how much we lost through the malicious intrusiveness of the first great Busy-body. The world might have been an Eden still, and all these blessed immunities might have been ours. But all this was lost. The tempter came, humanity fell, our first parents rose from the

"Soft downy bank damasked with roses"

on which they had reclined for the last time, threw down by the sparkling stream the primitive dish from which they had so often quaffed its cooling waters, and,

"Through Eden took their solitary way."

There are busy-bodies now. I don't know where you would find them. If you drop into some quiet country place to enjoy a week's seclusion, there are persons there who will know who you are, what you are, where you've come from, what you've come for, how long you are going to stay, with whom you are going to stay, why you are going to stay there rather than anywhere else, whether you are married or single, how long you have been either, whether you intend to remain so, whether you haven't at sometime or other done something that you ought to be ashamed of, whether you are not the sort of person that would be likely to do so again, whether your father or uncle or brother was not hung, and whether you would not be if justice had her due, within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the mail coach. Then begins the interesting process of disseminating this curious information through the community. If the busy-body is not one of the worst sort she will wait until tea time. There is a touch of genuine art in this. The cares of the day are over, the mind is relaxed, and in a peculiarly receptive condition. The family is gathered around the frugal board, and the visitor who drops conveniently in is entreated to draw a chair up and partake of their hospitality. She offers the usual formalities by way of excuse. She had only run in for a minute. She had no idea it was so late. She really cannot stay. She has ever so many things at home which have been in the positively-must-be-attended-to state for the last six weeks, and, finally, "well, since they insist, she will take a cup of tea, though she really cannot take her bonnet off." This is the point she has been aiming at all along. Having established her position she begins her aggressive operations. When the respective mothers of Betsy Jane and Artemus

affectionately biled soap together, the tongues of those two estimable women wagged an epic of loving and confidential abuse of their neighbours, in its way, as mutually attractive as the more esthetic intercourse which their hopeful progeny held on moonlight nights, on the rail fences in the neighbourhood. What the mothers of Betsy Jane and Artemus did in their humble way, the ladies of genteel society do in a way that is theirs. Who has weighed the power that is contained in a cup of tea? Who has reckoned up the characters which have been talked away under its subtle influence? When your enemy comes to you with open professions of hostility you know how to meet him. But when he springs out upon you in the dark, and vanishes almost before you have felt the sting of that slender steel in your back; or, when he advances with a smile, and says pleasantly "Art thou in health, my brother?" and sticks you under the fifth rib, we may be excused for keeling over in the most approved fashion, and leaving it to our friends to justify or avenge us.

To do the busy-body justice, however, sometimes he is not such a bad fellow after all. But this is only when his peculiar propensities are turned into a channel in which they may really be of some service. In this case he is probably a member of one of the associations of the city. He has a class in Sunday school, he seeks the improvement of the condition of the poor, he, perhaps runs an institute, he is a member of every society, and he is invariably on a committee. He is a busy-body, in fact, in every good work. There is a danger of course of running into excesses even in this direction, but so few of us are likely to be guilty of that fault that none need fear to incur the risk.

The next disturbing element to which we will refer is the bore.

"Oh he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house; I'd rather live,
With cheese, and garlic in a windmill far,
Than feed on cakes, and have him talk to me,
In any summer house in Christendom."

He comes to our offices and drives us to such a pitch of distraction that we wish him in Heaven, and ourselves in the Grave. She comes to our houses and while we sit talking to her in the parlor, with a constrained politeness, we smell the cake burning in the kitchen or hear the cat, who has taken a thoroughly feline advantage of our absence, making havoc among the dishes in the pantry. There never is a moment of their lives at which they have not some grievance which they will confide, with the most minute particularity, to anyone that they can get to listen to them. They would button-hole a person at the point of death, and keep the reaper waiting for his prey until his patience was exhausted, and until the victim surrendered up his ghost, in the assurance that nothing could await it in the future worse than its last moments on earth.

Lastly of envy. Envy is a fruitful parent. If we cannot hope to climb to another level, we get even with a man by endeavouring to pull him down to our own. Bacon says that if we want good in ourselves we prey upon the evil in others. Thackeray, in one of his Round-about papers refers to a paragraph which appeared in one of the newspapers of the day stating that the will of the famous Lord Clyde was written "strange to say" on Club paper. As no paper of that particular description was to be obtained outside the Club house, whereas the will appeared to have been written at a place some 20 or 30 miles distant, the mean insinuation contained in the words "strange to say" was perfectly obvious. The facts were these: Lord Clyde's lawyer, who was also a member of the Club, had drafted the will on a sheet of the Club paper and sent it to his client for approval,

Lord Clyde, finding the draft all right, signed, dated, and returned it. Before giving this very simple explanation, however, Mr. Thackeray introduces an imaginary conversation between some of the members of the Club.

"Notorious old screw," says one.

"The poor old fellow's avarice has long been known," sorrowfully adds another.

"Habit of looting contracted in India, you know," chimes in a third.

And this is confirmed by a fourth who adds as his testimony, that "When officers dined with him in India it was notorious that all his spoons were of a different pattern."

How often we hear just such things as this said. Some of them more true perhaps, but all equally uncharitable and better not to have been said at all.

We consider it positively offensive in any one to wear better clothes, or to eat better dinners, or to live in better houses, or to frequent better society than we do. Perhaps we don't care to acknowledge to ourselves that this is so, but it is. Whenever we hear Mrs. Brown remark in a mournfully sympathetic tone that she fears the Jones are living beyond their means, or that the extravagance of that Mrs. Jones is really reprehensible, depend upon it the real cause of Mrs. Brown's sorrow is not that the Jones live extravagantly, but an inward soreness, that the Browns cannot do the same. We cannot wonder at this. The evil seems to be one inbred in the human race. It exists in the Sandwich Islands, precisely to the same extent to which it prevails in civilized Halifax. A nose ring of elaborate pattern, or a costume of beads produces precisely the same effect there that jewelry of other patterns and wearing apparel more adapted to our own climate do here. In both places, though in different tongues, the same dreary common-places are uttered, the same thread bare moralities crooned over, and the same desired forbodings indulged in. It is little use speculating about these things. However much we might like to see them rooted out, they are far too deeply implanted to render an attempt likely to succeed. As long as Jones occupies a higher social position than Brown, lives better or dresses better, nothing in the world can deprive Brown of his dearly cherished privilege of deriving all possible consolation from the reflection that the tailor is beginning to feel anxious about his bill, that the grocer's account is one of long standing, that the landlord is pushing for his rent, and that a smash must come some day. To that day Brown looks forward with malignant pleasure. Or, if happy Jones is above these trifling annoyances, if he has a substantial balance at the bank, and pays as he goes, who will deprive Brown of the consolation of telling everybody who Jones father was and how he made his money, and how much he spent to make his son a gentleman, and what a pity it is that he failed? Oh no. Let us pass over these weaknesses with a sympathetic fellow feeling. The days of knight errantry of the Jack-and-the-Bean-Stalk Order have passed away. The social ogres of to-day have no appetite for our bodies. Their toothless old jaws have not strength enough to mumble anything more substantial than our reputations. Let us not deprive them of this last shred of their vanished greatness.

None of us belong to any of these classes. Our paths are of the strictest rectitude. If however we have ever felt any temptation to err I do not know that we can do better than carefully consider and studiously follow the admirable line of conduct pursued by Governor B.

Governor B is a sensible man

He stays to his hum, and looks arter his folks

He draws his furrer er straight er he can,

And into nobodys tater patch pokes.

J. M. G.

ADVICE.

"Be niggards in advice on no pretence,
For, the worst avarice is that of sense."

is a motto practically followed by all liberal-minded men; but as it implies that the "advice" contains "sense," there is abundant room left to make out a case against those who are always blocking our way with "If I were you," in as much as many of these last care so little about sense that for the privilege of differing they readily shoulder the risk of being silly. People who will not stoop for the blessing of the meek, stalk boldly up and claim another on the ground that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" advice.

Contrary to the ideas that mortals are short-sighted, it is a pitiable fact that we are all so far-sighted that few can discover the irregularities in their character, though it be twisted and knotted worse than the supple distortions of a dying snake, while all, at the longest range, can detect in another the least coloring of a fault. In no way could your charity cover a greater multitude of sins, than to suppose the glimmering view some people obtain of their imperfections is on account of their inward vision being dazzled by a collection of glittering virtues, which have been so modestly veiled that no one ever suspected their existence. The most troublesome advisers belong to this class. With an evil eye they "look every one on the affairs of others." They seem to think (or take it for granted without thinking) that they have been raised up for the special purpose of telling others, by words far louder than their actions, what duties should be discharged; and certainly they magnify their office and make it dishonorable. We find them standing sign-posts directly in the way and always directing us on to some other rout. That their numbers do not decrease is a strong argument against Darwin's "survival of the fittest;" and while any are left to vomit their undigested theories in the face of the world's workers, the most ingenious intellect must fail to explain the mysteries of nature or show that nothing is made in vain. These self-appointed inspectors of morals would immensely better themselves and relieve humanity by maturing a few good principles in their own acts, and by ceasing to continually spawn their troublesome opinions on society.

Of all the ways in which we can present our views for the purpose of influencing, the worst is to put them in the form of direct, unasked advice. From the young Nicholas of to-day who instructs his father, to the Old Nick in Eden who advised our first parents, those giving advice have generally been interested in the issue to a greater extent than love for simple right or wisdom would move them; and on this account the views of the sincere when presented in that suspicious form are accepted with reserve. But apart from this altogether, other considerations render the giving of advice generally unprofitable and often worse; unprofitable because seldom taken in sufficient quantities to operate, and worse as tending to encourage, in the adviser, an already overgrown opinion of self. To ensure its being swallowed at all when it contains unpalatable truth, the counsel must be sparingly mixed in a honeyed solution of flattery, colored by the figured goblet of the dialectician, and enticingly presented with the affected humility of a courtier. Then, though every art be tried, when I advise anyone he cannot fail to see through all, that I prefer my own opinions to his, which of itself is no compliment to his intelligence. Further he is told indirectly that if he would be esteemed better than a creature sporting the head but lacking the wings of a goose, he too must accept the verdicts of his own judgment as quite secondary to the random intermeddling of a self-opinioned oracle. Let the counsel be given in the mildest and most general terms, still it is given. From the nature of the case

it does not apply to the speaker. The adviser must of necessity assume a certain superiority. This rouses a counter feeling which at once proclaims war on the aggressor, and begins to fortify and defend the assailed position. When requested to follow advice we all feel inclined to regard it as an invitation to disobey our own convictions, and therefore to a certain extent, to throw away our self-respect. It plainly says that another at a distance can see your course better than the muddled mind that has the wheel, and declares to your face that you either do not know the soundings, or cannot bring your action to answer the helm of your reason, or that you are a mere tossing hulk without the ballast of consideration.

This prejudice against the very form of advice may be somewhat unreasonable and to a great extent built upon pride, but it is none the less real on that account. The man who does not wish to put himself in the troublesome class of which I have spoken, who does not like to have his motives suspected, and who does not court mental repulsion would do well to avoid as much as possible advances from this direction. Not that he should be too civil to give an independent word of caution, for by trimming our ways according to considerate reproof, we may the sooner merit praise; but still it is an old truth that nothing is more difficult than the art of making advice agreeable, or as the author of Hudibras has it,

"Nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opinionator."

W.

We have received the twenty first Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of this City. The Association has met with very gratifying success during the past year, and we know that every student in Dalhousie believes that it has deserved it all. The kindness of its Committee in opening their Rooms to all our students has been well appreciated. We think that those students who do not live in the City can best show that appreciation by making an effort to form Branch Associations at home.

The *Argosy* requests us to send them a copy of "Tom Hood," when that poet has been edited by us. We shall be most happy to do so, not only out of the fulness of our love for that paper, but also in the hope that its conductors will not, after receipt of said edition, so mis-print "Hood" as to draw upon themselves the ridicule of the city press. (See *Reporter*, March 12.)

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *McKendree Repository* from Lebanon, Illinois, has been received and read with pleasure. "The usefulness of Colleges" is an excellent article; so, too, is the one on "Culture." We may here make the remark that the appearance of a college paper in no way indicates the value of its contents. The *Repository* is a much more valuable paper than many others which are better printed.

A new exchange greets us under the name of the *Alabama University Monthly*, a Magazine published by the Literary Societies of the State University. We are very much pleased with this visitor from the sunny South. There is not a badly written article in the *Monthly*. "The Study of English" shows careful reading. "Three fights in a day" is at once ludicrous and graphic; and the verses on the Immortality of the Soul are a long way above ordinary college rhymes.

Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 13, 1875.

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CONTENTS.

Some Disturbing Elements of Society.....	65
Advice.....	67
Our Exchanges.....	67
Editorials.....	70
The Moabite Stone.....	70
Patriotism.....	71
The Study of History.....	72
Personals.....	72

According to custom this number has been delayed a week beyond the usual time. The next and last number will be out about the first week in May. Subscribers who have not yet paid, will please take note of this and pay up at their earliest convenience.

We thought that after the plain statement of the matter at issue between ourselves and the *Argosy*, in our sixth number, it would be impossible for any one to find fault with the much-debated sentence of Dr. Lyall's inaugural. However, the *Argosy*, with much more zeal than discretion, and much less logic than either, returns to the charge. We gave an illustration from Botany to explain to our readers the absurdity of the *Argosy's* criticism upon Dr. Lyall's statement. After playing with this for a sentence or two, the *Argosy* says, "What the GAZETTE meant was probably this—that, because the sugar-cane does not grow in Nova Scotia, this man of straw would be wrong in finding fault with a Botanist who would say, 'The sugar-cane grows in the West Indies, and, I believe, in other countries as well.'" This is not at all what we meant to say. We did not think any one could have mistaken our meaning, and in fact the *Argosy* has blundered upon our meaning while intent upon a different purpose. It gives our illustration in this shape: "Botanist loquitor. In looking over Calkin's Geography of Nova Scotia, I find sugar-cane is wanting among the plants of that Province, and the same I believe is the case with other countries as well." Then the *Argosy* triumphantly adds, "Let the GAZETTE defend the Botanist if it chooses. We bet on the man." We do not think the botanist needs any defence, but nevertheless we will try to explain to the *Argosy* the meaning of its own language. The Botanist states on the authority of Calkin that sugar-cane does not grow in Nova Scotia. Then on some other authority not mentioned, he states his belief that it does not grow in certain other countries as well—say Russia, Scot-

land, Newfoundland. Could anything be truer! Interpreted in this common-sense method, Dr. Lyall's statement is precisely similar. He states on the authority of the Calendar of King's College that the Mental Sciences, save Logic, have no place assigned them. Then he says that certain other colleges, the names of which we do not know, are destitute even of Logic. Can any reasonable person see anything to blame in this? In fact the *Argosy* has endeavoured to reduce our illustration to absurdity, and has failed, which is rather curious, considering that the rest of its paragraph is absurd without any reduction whatever.

If we had only absurdity to find fault with, we could stop now, but it may be useful to go on. In our last issue we gave our readers some idea of the pitiful equivocations of which the *Acadia Athenæum* is capable. We can now give them a notion of what disreputable shifts the *Argosy* can have recourse to when pressed in argument.

The *Argosy* quotes a sentence from our fourth number, pointing out Prof. Inch's multifarious duties. It then quotes a protest made in our sixth issue against the *tu quoque* argument employed by the *Argosy*. We said, "We hope the *Argosy* does not imagine this is an answer to our statement." This is all the *Argosy* quotes; but we went on to show why the *tu quoque* argument was inapplicable. "Let the editors turn to that very address of Dr. Lyall's, and they will find that Dalhousie does not claim to be fully endowed in every department." Our meaning of course was, that it was beside the question for the *Argosy* to point out deficiencies already admitted by us, while it was perfectly allowable for us to say that such a farrago of subjects crowded upon one man could not be "ample provision" for any one subject included in them. The *Argosy* has quoted our statement without quoting our reason for it, and upon this mangled extract has founded a charge of disingenuousness. We submit to our readers if anything could be more dishonest.

The *Argosy* proceeds: "With regard to our saying that the Theological Class has nothing to do with the College, the GAZETTE, with characteristic politeness, says, 'At best, the *Argosy's* assertion is an equivocation.'" Here their quotation ends, but we gave in our next sentence the real issue of the question. "The question is not for whom Prof. Stewart teaches these branches; but the fact that he does teach them, thereby striving to accomplish single-handed, what would require at least four or five men to do perfectly." This puts a different aspect on the matter; but the *Argosy* chooses to ignore it, and re-states its former trash as though no reply had been made. Not content with garbling an extract, the *Argosy* a little further on says: "The GAZETTE takes its stand on the ground that Dr. Stewart's name is found among those of the Faculty as not only Professor of Moral Science, but as Professor of Theology." This is a downright mis-statement. We admitted that this was only a side issue, and took our stand upon the ground laid down in the sentence which the *Argosy* has prudently winked out of sight.

The *Argosy* unintentionally pays us a high compliment.

It says: "It is plain, therefore, the editorial ethics of the GAZETTE are too fundamentally at variance with our own to render profitable any further discussion of the subject." The *Argosy's* code of ethics can be gleaned from the article before us.—"It is quite allowable to quote one part of an opponent's argument, omitting that part which explains the rest. There is nothing unfair in omitting an argument entirely, and misstating the point really at issue. One may freely attribute to an antagonist opinions the exact reverse of those which he represents himself as holding."

There is a much more important element in controversy than the studied mildness of language upon which the *Argosy* so plumes itself—the element of common honesty and candor. We confidently expect to see many sentences of what we have just written appear in the next issue of the *Argosy*, divorced from their context, and distorted beyond recognition. The *Argosy* will need this and many similar subterfuges to bolster up its reputation for honesty.

The *Christian Messenger* in its issue of the 24th inst., contains what it calls a "History of the Colleges in Nova Scotia." All readers of the *Messenger* are well aware that it has never said a word in favour of Dalhousie College, but has always done its very best to show that it is not a Provincial University. Our readers, then, may rest well assured that the "History" above mentioned says nothing in favour of our College, except what its bitterest enemies are compelled to admit. These admissions may prove a little interesting.

It is admitted that the College was built by a provincial Governor, with the approval and aid of the Imperial Authorities. It is admitted, tacitly, that up to 1863 there was not about the College the faintest trace of anything sectarian. In that year, says the *Messenger*, "an Act was passed permitting the Governors of Dalhousie College, to form a combination with religious bodies, or with private individuals, for the maintenance of the College." This is the only statement in the whole "History" that even seems to indicate a sectarian element in our College. It really indicates nothing of the kind. As it stands it is apt to mislead and was perhaps intended to be ambiguous. The whole question turns upon the meaning given to the word combination. There are many different kinds of combinations. Take a Bank for example. A man may buy stock in a Bank, become a shareholder, and have a voice in its control. Another man may put his money into the Bank at interest, and have no share whatever in the government of that Bank. Of this second kind was the arrangement made by the Governors of Dalhousie with the Presbyterian Churches of Nova Scotia. The latter knew that a Provincial University was the best for them, and resolved, that, whatever others might do, they would do their duty, and, as Nova Scotians, support a Nova Scotia University. The result has proved that their act was beneficial to them and to the Province; and the undisguised hate evinced towards our College by the *Messenger* and the *Wesleyan*, and their pet bantams

the *Athenæum* and the *Argosy*, looks very like the bitterness of regret that their churches did not do the same.

The claim "by the representatives of the other colleges," that the Presbyterians by being allowed to endow two or three chairs in Dalhousie, were receiving £1250 of public money, shows a depth of dishonesty or stupidity which we never expected to find in the columns of the *Messenger*. The fact is that the Presbyterians are paying a yearly sum of about \$4000 towards the support of a college which is perfectly free to every denomination in Nova Scotia. Instead of receiving \$5000 a year, from the public funds, they pay annually into the public funds an amount nearly as large. We observe, too, that the *Messenger* would bitterly oppose an act to give Dalhousie a larger yearly grant, though the increasing number of students attending our college has rendered it an absolute necessity. This dog-in-the-manger spirit is not what we would expect from a paper calling itself *Christian*.

We have received a note from the Editors of the *Acadia Athenæum*. They tell us that they are to inform the public of the fact; and hence we have a full right to discuss the note publicly. It is an unique production, of touching simplicity. The writer tells us that we are coarse, and then calls our statements glaring falsehoods, and threatens to call us "malicious traducers, or incautious and heedless assertors!" Charming consistency! The object of the note is to request us to retract our statement that the course of study at Acadia is a Theologico-Arts one. To show us that our assertion was incorrect, a conspectus of the studies of the Arts course for the present term accompanies the letter. Our readers will remember that we expressly stated, that in theory and in printed calendars, the courses in the Denominational colleges may be quite faultless. We based our epithet of *theologico-arts* on the undoubted and undeniable fact, that in practice students attend both courses, and pass in both in the space of four years; and that the professors, for the most part, are the same in both faculties. These facts justified all we stated, and have never yet been denied. Certainly, we never once dreamed that the Arts course in Acadia was in theory mixed up with Theology. Yet this conspectus, which was sent to convert us, makes us more than suspect that it is. There are two courses of lectures on History, and one of these is on the history of the Middle Ages. This is a favourite subject with church historians, who are all theological. The subject may however, be treated without touching upon theology, and if the editors of the *Athenæum* give their word for it that no theological opinions are expressed in the lectures on this subject, we shall not press the point. Another course of lectures is on the Evidences of Christianity. This subject is not necessarily theological, but it forms an essential part of every theological course. So, too, does Hebrew which, the conspectus tells us, may be substituted for Greek or Latin, on Mondays, in the senior year. If these three subjects were not taught in the Arts' course at Acadia, they would have to be taught in the theological department. Such facts as these show that our

epithet was not inapplicable, even in the sense in which it was understood by the *Athenæum*. A letter which lately appeared in the *Herald* furnishes a further proof of our position. The writer speaks of a certain class in which Arts' students and "theologues" were examined together. If the editors of the *Athenæum* expect that by threatening to call us names they can frighten us into a recantation of what we have proved, they are unmitigated simpletons.

THE *Provincial Wesleyan*, in a late issue, seems sorry that "its young friends," the *Athenæum* and the *Argosy*, have taken up the College question. They, poor things, did not see that the present system is utterly indefensible, and they rushed blindly to attack the *GAZETTE*, which has treated them so "unhandsomely." The astute *Wesleyan* and its bosom friend the *Messenger*, adopt a different policy. They know that nine-tenths of their readers have no means of testing the accuracy of their statements. So they avoid argument, for sophisms can be detected, and betake themselves to ambiguities and mis-statements. One of these mis-statements occurs in the very article under review. The *Wesleyan* says we began the quarrel with the *Argosy*. The truth is that the *Argosy*, with more zeal than prudence, began the attack by making a statement so deeply, desperately absurd, that even its writers have grown ashamed of it, and have ceased defending it.

We must apologize to our kind readers for taking up so much space with these subjects. When they reflect that we have to expose single-handed the errors of two monthly college journals and two weekly newspapers we trust they will be indulgent to this fault.

THE MOABITE STONE.

On the 19th of August, 1868, Herr Klein, a German missionary, in making a journey through the wilderness of Moab, came to a collection of ruins called Dhiban, among which he saw a block of basalt covered with old Phœnician or Hebrew characters. It was rounded at both ends, nearly four feet long, about two feet broad, and about two feet in thickness, thus forming a kind of rude tablet. The inscription, which was very clearly cut, ran in thirty-four lines upon one side of the stone only.

After making hurried measurements of this monument, Klein returned to Jerusalem, when with Prof. Peterman, of Berlin, then Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, active steps were taken to secure the treasure for the Berlin museum. Already, however, had M. Ganneau, of the French Consulate, learned of its existence from some Arabs. Capt. Warren, of the English Palestine Exploration fund was using efforts to secure it, and news of the wondrous stone, and discussions about it were in every mouth.

The eagerness of the rivals to secure the treasure, aroused the attention and superstition of Beni-Hamide, in whose territory Dhiban lies; he accordingly, after examining the carved stone with great care, and seeing "nothing about it any more than any other bit of ruin," thought that like the white stone of Mecca, it must possess some talismanic power, to gain which the foreigners showed such anxiety. He accordingly ordered the mystic thing to be buried, but find-

ing that the seekers could dig deeper than he could bury, he determined to destroy the fatal block. Young Arabs, commissioned by M. Ganneau, were busy trying to get a copy on colored paper, but this had to be torn off before properly impressed; yet, though illegible, it afterwards proved of good service as a hint to arrangement. Hamide then heated the stone to a high degree, and dashing cold water suddenly upon it, broke it into a number of fragments, which were distributed among the tribe as magic means of blessing their corn. Many of these—about three-fifths of the whole—were subsequently collected, and much of the inscription restored.

The story of the rock is a boastful enumeration of the victories and public works of Mesha, King of Moab. Here we have definite mention upon the oldest monument bearing lettered inscriptions of the only King of Moab who is definitely mentioned in the Old Testament.

In II. Kings, 3—4, we read: "And Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheepmaster. . . . But it came to pass when Ahab was dead that the King of Moab rebelled against the King of Israel," &c.

The first line upon the Moabite stone runs, "I am Mesha, son of Kamos-Gad, King of Moab," thus identifying the setter up of the stone with the subject of the sacred history.

The age of the monument is thus fixed at about 890—900 B. C. It takes precedence of all Greek carved inscriptions; it bears in its language, style, and mode of expression, striking resemblances to the utterances of the Old Testament, and rises in the midst of modern textual criticism, a small but sure witness to the truth of that old book called the Bible. The shipmaster Mesha, can boast of the grayest tombstone, and the most venerable epitaph on record. What are our modern iron-guarded, sulphur-stuck slabs of marble before his hoary monument? What are our tottering, drunken forests of memorial stones before this flat tablet of the desert, holding up its speaking face for three thousand years to the one eyed day and the many eyed night? Who, with all the science of a material-maddened age, and all the wealth of a Pluto-governed earth, will rear amid hosts of admirers and flatterers, a monument so lasting as this shepherd king erected amid the flocks of the wilderness. But we had better now let Mesha boast for himself, by giving the inscription upon this famous Moabite stone. It runs thus—the brackets denoting what interpreters supply in obscure places:—

"I am Mesha, son of Kamos-Gad, King of Moab (from) Dibon. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I succeeded my father, and I made these high places of sacrifice for Kamos in Korcho—a high place of deliverance; because he had saved me from all Kings, and let me see (my pleasure) over all them that hated me. (Then rose up Omri), King of Israel, and oppressed Moab many days; for he angered Kamos upon his (own) ground, and there followed him his son (Ahab) who said also, 'I will oppress Mesha.' In my days he spoke. But I saw (my pleasure) upon him and upon his house and Israel went utterly to the ground forever. And Omri conquered (the land) Medaba and dwelt therein, (and after him Ahab) his son forty years. Then Kamos was restored in my days. And I built Baal Meon, and made in it (a wall), and I (built) Kirjathan, and the men of Gad dwelt in the land (Ataroth) from early time, and the King of Israel built for himself A(ta)roth. And I fought against the city and took it, and slew all (the souls in) the city to the good pleasure of Kamos and Moab. And I took thence (vessels of Jehovah) and brought them before the face of Kamos in Kerijoth. And I allowed the men of Siran and the men of Schacharat to dwell there (i. e. in Ataroth). And Kamos spake to me: 'Go, take Nebo from

Israel.' (And I) went by night, and fought from early dawn till mid-day, and I took it and slew them all—7000 . . . women and maidens (?) for (I had) devoted it to Ashtar-Kamos, and I took thence (all) the vessels of Jehovah and brought them before Kamos. And the King of Israel built Jahaz, and dwelt in it while he fought against me. And Kamos drove him out before me, and I led from Moab 200 men—all its leaders—and led them up against Jahaz, and took it, joining it to Dibon.

"I built Korcho, the walls of the groves and the walls of the Hill, and I built its doors and built its towers. I built the King's palace, and I made reservoirs for the water from the mountain, in the city. And there were no cisterns in the city, in Korcho, and I commanded all the people 'Make every one a cistern in his house.' And I dug a moat for Korcho, by means of the (prisoners) of Israel. I have built Aroer, and I made the streets of Arnon. I built Beth-Bamoth, (or the High Temple) for it was destroyed. I have built Bezer, for there helped me 50 men of Dibon. For all Dibon was subject to me. And I filled the cities (with about) 100 men (or priests.) And I built . . . and the Temple of Diblathaium, and the Temple of Baal-Meon, and I led them up thither.

. . . of the land. And Horonaim . . . there dwelt therein. And Kamos spake to me: 'Go up, fight against Horonaim.*' And I (fought against it and took it.) . . . Kamos in my days. And . . . years . . ."

That is the writing upon the Moabite stone and the interpretation thereof. We see that bragging formed a large part of the national literature in the land of Moab, as it seems still to do in our own "land of the free and home of the brave." Mesha crows and sings about his victory over Ataroth, but says not a word about the terrible trouncing that he received at the hands of Israel, Judah and Edom. How early were tombstones taught to lie!

I have now done all that I intended, and all that *GAZETTE* space will allow—pointed the attention of students to an unique and important literary remain.

Further and full discussion will be found in such papers as "Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund," (No. 5, 1870.) "*L'atele de Mesa, Roi de Moub, 896, av. J. C., par Ganneau*, (Paris, 1870), the exhaustive and learned work of Schlottmann, "*Die Siegestäule Mesas, Königs der Moabiter*," (Halle, 1870), and the very valuable treatise of Nöldeke, "*Die Inschrift des Königs Mesa von Moab Erklärt*," (Kiel 1870.) The principal facts in the above notice I have gathered from an article in "*Jahrbücher für Deutsche Theologie*," (1870), by Dr. Diestel in Jena.

H. M. S.

PATRIOTISM.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S lines on Love of Country which have been food for the rapt enthusiast and the patriot mightily fearless of dangers when "distance lends enchantment to the view" are familiar to us all. It must have been an awfully wicked man who deserved such a fate, as is there appointed for him. Is it reasonable, we ask, that a man should be "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," simply because he didn't love one country better than any other? It is all very fine to tell us about the brown heath and shaggy wood of our country, and very poetical to talk about never-dying affection for them; but what reason have we for it. The heaths are as brown, and the woods are as shaggy in other lands; why not as well sing about them? The differ-

* Compare the 15th and 16th Chapters of Isaiah with the inscription throughout.

ent countries of earth so far as we know, are all made of one kind of matter. The same causes make the heaths brown, and the woods shaggy in the one place, as in the other. They sprung from the same mother of us all, as Brutus said when he kissed her. Methinks if we must love something, it should be *mater terræ* herself and not any little division or subdivision of her.

But some one tells us that his love of country is quite rational, being very different from mere affection for material insensate things. He loves her for her history, her institutions, and her grand old flag. Now I cannot see why a history would dispose us to love only one little spot of earth. Men are men wherever they are; and a record of their actions in one place is, I suppose, as interesting as a similar record in another, if the actions are as noble in themselves. It would be very difficult to prove that our country has a superiority in this respect. Those which take the preeminence here, are found in the early history of the Romans. I need not say what a pride they took in them. But we now, for the circle of knowledge has been extended, know that these records were not true, and who can tell but the people who live 2,000 years after this, may know the same thing about us?

Neither do I see any more sense in preferring a country on account of her institutions. Certainly there is none, unless these institutions are better than those of any other, which would be a very difficult proposition to prove. Almost every citizen of every community in the world, imagines that he is governed in the very best possible way. In such a strife, who is to decide the question?

Supremely and sublimely ridiculous is the devotion to the grand old flag. To think of men giving up home, friends, and all that is really dear to them, going through all manner of hardships, and facing death in such horrible and horrid shapes as must bring a tear of pity to the eye of the grim old mower himself, for a flag; when the wearer could make another just as good! As well might a beggar tell us of his grand old rags, or a student go into raptures over his grand old gown. Another tells us that he has a better reason, yet tells us with equal knowledge and sense, that he loves his own country for herself. Now the abstract of a country, I suppose that is what is meant by herself, may be generally stated as, first a substratum of rock, *quod* subst. accidentius, then soil, then vegetation, together with a history, institutions, and a grand old flag; for flags you know are always "old." The American flag for instance, though in reality a mere youth, being only in its ninety-ninth year, is as much a "grand old flag" as any. I have not mentioned the people in this abstract, because, since they change about every thirty years, they can be no part of the country, except the dust of which they are composed; and that is included in the term soil. But our friend loves his country for none of these parts; ergo, either he does not love it at all, or if she does he has no reason for doing so. The first he denies; the second is what we are trying to prove. But there is a reason for patriotism, and it is graven deep upon our hearts. It moves alike the breast of the fierce Mohawk, and the cultivated Englishman, of the polite Frenchman and the cannibalistic South Sea Islander. It is our innate pugilistic propensities. Man loves to fight, and patriotism affords an excuse for fighting with our fellow-man, that has some show of reason and justice. It is not real love, for that would take in the world. If Scott had denounced the man who didn't love anybody but himself, or who didn't love anybody's country but his own, we could sympathise with him. But whom do we ever hear making such a fuss as that about love for the world. It would not have any excitement, that is to say there would be no fighting in it; and therefore we never think of such a thing. On the other hand a political

contest will set a whole country on fire. So much is this the case, that those wise in these matters, tells us with one voice that party spirit is best where least found. But what harm has it done, that is at all to be compared to the evil wrought by patriotism. The few civil wars in the world's history, are only a drop in the bucket, compared with those that have sprung from the quarrels of nations. Politics sets men at variance for principles, as least so I am told. Patriotism divides them against each other for no other reason than difference of geographical position. Politicians show the falsity of their opponents' principles, by enlightening the people, and their very struggle is a means of education. Patriots gain the victory, by sending their enemies into eternity at eight hundred paces.

In short, it seems to me that what is generally regarded as a virtue of the highest lustre, whose devotees take the first rank among earth's great ones while the opposite class are to go down

To the vile dust from whence they sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

is a kind of political bigotry, a secular sectarianism, which has been the cause of a great deal of harm in the world, and is prejudicial to the best interests of the race; is, in one word, a humbug.

J. M. S.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

To the intelligent student, to the man intent upon important political and social problems, to the ardent lover of the antique and venerable, the study of History presents a peculiarly interesting and instructive field for thought. The perception is quickened, the mind expanded, and the feelings elevated by the contemplation of the noble deeds of yore; or depressed by the consideration of those dark transactions that have blackened the historic page. As a mental discipline, history equals most branches of learning. The mind is trained to continuity of thought, accuracy of conception, and loftiness of imagination. In this utilitarian age, men are too apt to place "the practical" in the foremost position, while they suffer their nobler feelings to lie dormant. Few, even of the great seats of learning, give to this subject the place it ought to occupy. The state ought to feel that it is a matter of paramount importance, that men be brought up to exercise their intellects, untrammelled by prejudice, ungoverned by ignorance, and entertaining feelings of respectful veneration for their institutions and laws.

History, the record of the deeds of men, often displays vice in its worst colours. The tyrant is brought before us, ruling with asperity the nation crouching at his feet, depriving his subjects of civil and religious liberty, crushing out all feelings of honour and truth, squandering the money of his people in extravagance and luxury. The land is on the brink of financial and political ruin. But in the midst of "dull despair," there is a faint ray of hope. One of "Nature's noblemen," perhaps one of the "horny-handed sons of toil" comes upon the "stage" of public action. Some over-ruling providence has raised up this man to free his countrymen from the thralldom, to which they have been so long subjected. His soul is filled with the great object before him, to elevate his countrymen, from that moral and intellectual darkness, the constant attendant of a brutal despotism, to the light and gladness of the sun of liberty. His brain almost gives way, under the heavy weight of responsibility. At last his fellow-citizens are fully aroused, the smouldering fire bursts forth into a vast conflagration, the cruel tyrant is hurled from his throne, amidst the rejoicings of a state hitherto trampled under the heel of oppres-

sion. Similar is the fortune of the ambitious ruler, although the manner of his treatment of his subjects is very different. He flatters his countrymen, and appeals, not by threats, to their so called self-interest. Ambition impels him to conquest. The nation makes him its idol; armies are willingly raised, taxes freely borne, that the munitions of war may not be lacking. Great glory is to be won, great conquests are to be achieved, and the wealth of opposing nations is to be poured into the coffers of the state. A career of supremacy is to ensue. But how frequently have these glowing prospects turned out mere visionary oases in the sandy desert of unfulfilled expectations! How frequently has success been but a bubble, collapsing when least looked for!

Let us now glance at the bright side of human nature as portrayed by history. We can now fully realize the force of Cowper's beautiful lines: "Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve, receive proud recompense." Political rights have been gained in the hard-fought contest between Truth and Error. Blood freely shed, has gained for many civilized nations, freedom of opinion, and speech; the patient endurance and heroic fortitude of men, whose bosoms throbbed with patriotism has bestowed on posterity these priceless privileges. Gallant resistance to an aggrandizing foreign power has made the names of Marathon and Thermopylae, historical watchwords; while Morgarten and Bannockburn will never be forgotten, as long as the love of liberty holds a place in the heart of man. Even in later times we have seen what men can do, when influenced by lofty motives, though placed in most critical circumstances.

The history of great inventions brings before us the lives of men, who, though frequently struggling against dispiriting reverses, have displayed undaunted resolution, and have gained for themselves undying fame. Literary men, endowed with wonderful natural genius, have lived, and in the midst of the most disheartening circumstances, produced monuments of their skill, that have been the wonder of subsequent times.

In conclusion, we may say that the study of History opens up to us a vast amount of information. It gives greater breadth of view. If judiciously studied, it will free us from those prejudices, which often make a man appear ridiculous in the eyes of his fellows. Our native land may not have the historical associations necessary to form a great history, but we can have this consolation, that it will yet possess such. May the names of many of our University's sons occupy a prominent place in its pages!

Personals.

WILLIAM R. FRASER, a general student in the Freshman Class during the former part of this winter, has taken charge of the school at Shubenacadie, Hants Co.

DANIEL MCKAY, of East River, Pictou, and formerly a Dalhousie Student, was in town lately. Mr. McKay has been laboring during the past four years as Colporteur for the British and American Book and Tract Society.

HUGH McINTOSH, one of the Freshmen, has been compelled to give up his studies on account of ill health, and return home to Pictou County. We hope he may return recruited and vigorous next winter.

We understand that Daniel Sutherland, a general student during the Session 1872-3, is successfully wielding the birch at Parsboro, Cumberland Co.

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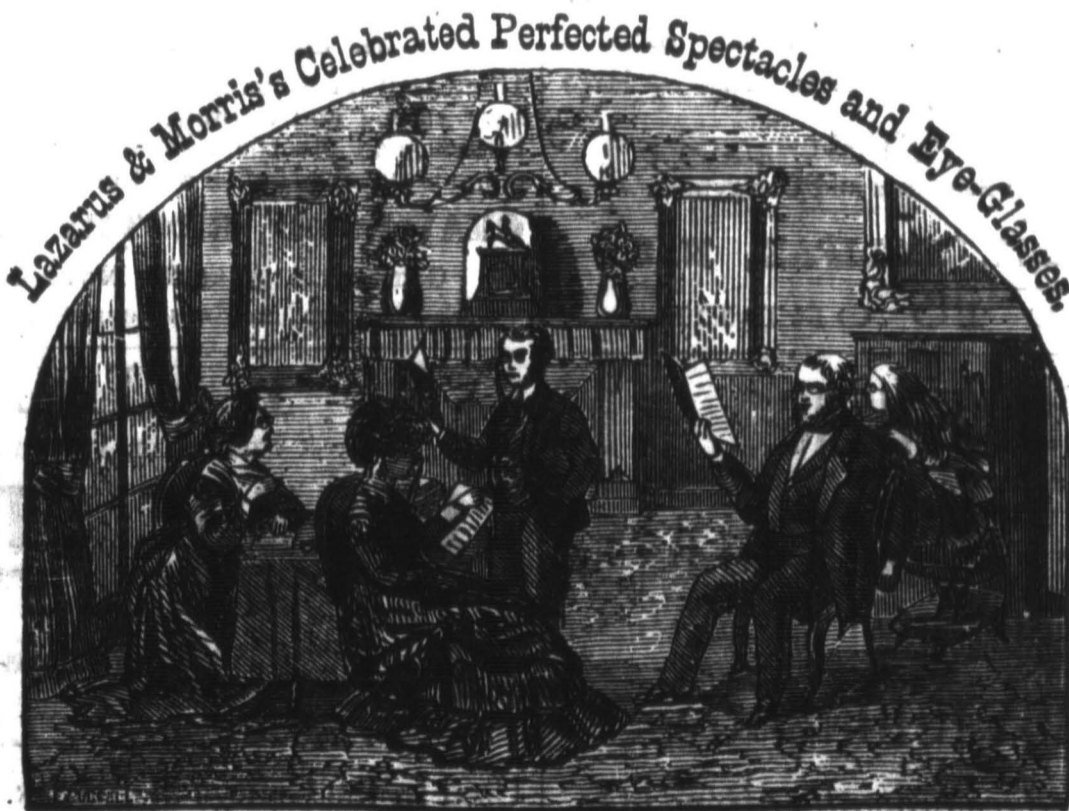
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