

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

Vol. VI.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 24, 1874.

No. 5.

## TO EACH HIS OWN.

*(From the German of Jetteles.)*

Say to the birdling, "Come to my home,"  
And he will answer, "Still would I roam,  
Bathing in aether my bright feathered breast,  
And singing glad songs as I build my nest.  
Oh no! Oh no!  
My freedom lost, I have naught but woe."

Say to the flower, "Turn away from the light."  
"Oh no!" she will answer, "Then 'twould be night;  
The rays of the sun give me color and strength,  
I must drink them in the whole day's length.  
Oh no! Oh no!  
Away from the sun I have naught but woe."

Say to the heart, "Like the iceberg be cold."  
Answer 'twill give, "Not for mountains of gold;  
Love is my highest my holiest good,  
It gladdens my life and quickens my blood.  
Oh no! Oh no!  
A loveless heart has naught but woe."

UEBERSETZER.

## WHAT WE NEED.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE is at present in need of many things, but of nothing more than a good Grammar School, to act in connection with it. Acadia and Mount Allison Colleges have their Academies, and feel the good effects arising from them, whereas we have always felt the want of such an institution. Every year young men present themselves at the Matriculation Examinations notoriously deficient in those very branches in which, above all others, they should be thoroughly grounded previous to seeking admission into any college. The examiners can do only one of two things, admit or reject them, which, in college idiom, means "pass" or "pluck" them, and it is easy to see that the standard of matriculation is very low. Those who chance to be successful, enter upon their college duties under a great disadvantage to themselves, and are at the same time a drawback to the students who are better prepared for their work. They necessitate an expenditure of time at things which they should previously have learned; they are themselves unable to grapple thoroughly with legitimate college studies, and hinder others from doing so. To those who are unsuccessful there are two, and only two, alternatives. They may remain as general students, to labor under the same difficulties as those who happened to be a little more fortunate, or return to the place from whence they came, and there await the passing away of twelve months of precious time to repeat a similar performance with no more definite prospects of success.

It may be said that they should go somewhere and receive

this necessary preparation. But we ask where is this "somewhere?" Echo sorrowfully and despondently answers, "where?" From Cape North to Cape Sable no such "somewhere" is to be found. There are to be sure ten County Academies, each receiving a grant of \$600 from the Government, and having a Head Master who is required to be, and generally is, a good Classical and Mathematical scholar. But of these ten County Academies and their ten Head Masters, we could a tale unfold—just think of it! A County Academy attended by 120 pupils and taught by a Head Master and one lady teacher. The County Academy, too, an old store, and leaking like a basket, with draughts of wind passing through it that would compel a person that might happen to take a lamp into it, to resort to the device of the English Alfred with his famous candles. Then the Head Master teaching 30 branches, varying from the Nova Scotia Reader, No. VI., and the Multiplication Table, to Horace and Navigation. Assuredly, then, a County Academy is not this almighty "somewhere." To many of the County Academies this picture of the building is not just, for several of the shire towns have come forward and provided very creditable school rooms. But it is needless to say that a small village of 1000 or 1500 inhabitants cannot build, equip, and maintain an Academy worthy of the name with the meagre assistance of an annual grant of \$600. In some cases it is however literally true, and in others more or less so. Our statement in regard to the number of branches taught by the Head Master is not over drawn—in some places he is even required to teach a greater number. Whether he can do so to advantage or not is foreign to our question. One thing is certain, viz., that such an institution is not the place to send a young man to prepare for college. They may do well for those who do not intend to study for any great length of time or for those who wish to study the 15 or 20 branches which a school teacher is required to know. Indeed, to this last thing the nine-tenths of our County Academies devote all their energies, and perhaps they in some cases do very fairly, in others, it is simply impossible that any good thing can come out of them. From the County Academies our "would be" College student must turn away. There are still three Public Schools to which he might go, with some hope of obtaining that of which he is in quest. There are the Yarmouth and Pictou special Academies, and a Denominational one at Horton. All are good institutions as compared with any other school in Nova Scotia. Yarmouth Academy has sent out students, we are credibly informed, who have succeeded in passing into the Third Year at Toronto University. Pictou Academy is the main stay of our College, and the young men from it have generally outdistanced all competitors at the Matriculation Examinations, and as a natural result, Pictou men are generally prizemen. There may be, and are, exceptions, but they are only exceptions. Both these Academies, however, are open to the last objection which we urged against the County Academies: there are too

many branches taught in them to give a proper proportion of time to the studies which a person intending to take a college course generally wishes to pursue when in attendance at them.

Of Horton Academy we need say nothing; being a Baptist institution, it is out of the reach of all those not inside the pale of that denomination. In Halifax, a city with 30,000 inhabitants, some such an institution as a good High School might reasonably be expected to be found. But alas! no such institution there exists! Yes, Halifax, with all its wealth and influence, the would be terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, a port of call for Ocean Steam Boats, and the most important city in the Maritime Provinces, can not boast of a Public School worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the public schools of the small town of Pictou! For some time we thought that Halifax would take this matter in hand and supply the missing link between the common schools of our Province and its Universities, but the prospects of its doing so are no nearer now than they were years ago. Even if it did, unless it were thrown open to the young men of other parts of the Province, our College machinery would not be complete.

We think we have now shown clearly that no institution exists in Nova Scotia properly constituted to qualify students for college, and, therefore, there should be no delay in establishing one in connection with Dalhousie.

Further; young men can board as cheaply in Halifax as in any of the County towns, and more cheaply than in some of them. We would consequently receive students from all parts of the Province as well as from Halifax City.

We think, also, that it is evident to any person at all acquainted with the merits of the question, that such a school would increase the number of students attending college, and would benefit it in all its operations.

Then is it possible to have such a school founded? We think so. How much money would it take to establish a better classical and mathematical school than any which at present exists? We think we could do so with \$1200. The teacher could be paid \$1000, and there would be still a balance of \$200 to furnish one of the rooms in the College building. One teacher is not enough for such a school, some may say. But can not one man teach Latin, Greek, and Mathematics to more advantage than two can teach those three branches and thirty or forty more to boot? We think we may safely say that \$500 could be raised by the tuition fees of the students. There still remains a sum of \$700 to be raised, and whence is it to come? There is no good in expecting any aid from the Government at present, and that for a very good reason, they have nothing with which to aid us. There is, then, only one resource left, viz., to raise it by subscription. We, therefore, ask the friends of this College throughout Nova Scotia to think of this matter and be ready to act when called upon. To the citizens of Halifax we wish to put one simple question. Is not an institution that brings \$30,000 or \$40,000 annually into your city and which proposes to start a project that will benefit you more than any other persons, worthy of your support? To this question there is only one answer consistent with reason and liberality. But let the project be started and we do not much fear that the people of Halifax will fail in their duty towards it. But let the ball be started, and it will keep on rolling, until, in place of one teacher, we will have three or four, and an institution a benefit to the College, Country and City, and an honor to all three.

**HAPPY THOUGHT.**—One of our Sophs. thinks he will escape from the task of writing an essay on the Intuition of Cause, by denying belief in it. This is cutting the Gordian Knot with a vengeance.

#### THE MAGDALENE ISLANDS.

ABOUT the close of the 15th century, the adventurous Cabot sighted a group of seven islands lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and with ready tact named them after the day of their discovery (St. Magdalene's). Thus the Magdalenes—for they still bear the name—at first became the possession of the British Crown.

Situated 50 miles from P. E. Island, and 150 from Gaspé, these islands present to the observer a pleasing but peculiar appearance. They are seven in number—Entry, Amherst, Grindstone, Alright, Grosseile, Bryon, and Coffin; surrounded by small isolated uninhabited reefs and rocks, such as Deadman's Isle (so called from its appearance at a distance), Gull Rock, and Bird Island. All these are for the most part, beaches of sand, rather than lofty rocks, perhaps owing their formation, to some extent at least, to the action of the waters. Amherst, Alright, Grindstone and Grosseile form the mainland, which is generally described as crescent-shaped; it is really a narrow belt of sand widening in certain places to which the name of "island" is given, and enclosing from its irregular circular shape, a huge gulf or bay with a narrow entrance. The total length of this irregular area is 57 miles; and the greatest breadth 14—though in some places the belt becomes a mere line of sand, scarce half-a-dozen yards wide. Many stretches in fact are often overflowed by the spring and fall tides.

The islands are under the Government of Quebec, but owned by Admiral Coffin and his descendants. Their proprietorship was a gift bestowed on the family by the Crown; and will leave them only to return thither. Thus the land is entailed; the inhabitants cannot buy it, but merely rent it. Hence paying as they do, (if we remember rightly) a shilling an acre per year, they have not a single foot of earth which they can call their own. A discouraging system for the islanders truly! and enough to drive away from their heads all ideas of farming.

The population of the Magdalenes consists of 500 families, comprising in all about 3000 souls, nine-tenths of whom are of French descent. The chief occupation is—as might be expected from their isolated situation—that of fishing in some form or other; either in reaping piscatory harvests, which they sowed not, from the fertile bosom of the deep, or in capturing the beach-loving seals, or in pursuing the whale for its blubber and oil. The waters around seem to teem with fish, especially herring, mackerel and cod. These islands were settled as a colony by the Canadian French about 80 years ago, which accounts for so small a proportion of English-speaking inhabitants. These latter have for the most part emigrated from Nova Scotia and P. E. Island. There are, in the whole group, three or four Roman Catholic chapels, built on the larger isles. Thus the French-speaking portion of the islanders are pretty well supplied with religious services. Then there are also three Episcopalian chapels founded by Admiral Coffin, under the charge of one minister, sent out by the Bishop of Quebec. There are no Presbyterian churches, although a small proportion of the people are Presbyterian in denomination. On the whole, the religion of the islanders is not of the most zealous and enthusiastic kind.

Of very late years a small school has been opened for Protestant children, with an average attendance of ten or twelve pupils. Whatever be the instruction imparted, the accomplishment of showing politeness towards strangers is no part of it. We can judge of the state of education in the islands by the fact that before this school was commenced, the children were taught by chance sailors and casual visitors, whom a kind Providence caused to be shipwrecked and thrown on the islanders' hands. The Roman Catholics how-

ever have their own schools, where their children appear to receive a fair education.

Farming on the Magdalenes is undoubtedly poor. Not but what there are many natural advantages, which a more judicious treatment and system might turn to good account. Thus, owing to the presence of gypsum, little or no manure is required for the soil. In some places oats have been raised for fifteen years continuously, and crop after crop may be procured without employing any fertilizer for a stimulant; though at that rate, the land must soon show signs of exhaustion. Entry Island (so called from its situation at the entrance into the bay formed by the mainland) appears to be the most fertile of the group. On almost all the isles, lime and gypsum are found in large quantities. The result of this is, the production of a rank, luxuriant herbage—a *natural grass* one might call it—almost as coarse-grained as seaweed, yet eaten by the cattle with avidity. This herbage overruns the whole beach, and attempts are yearly made to reduce it to a palatable hay, huts being scattered along some of the sandridges for storing in this produce. Fruit trees will not grow in the Magdalenes at all. Probably this is due to the impregnation of the air with saline particles, and the incrustation of everything with salt. One might almost as well expect a tree watered with pickle to bear fruit, as one breathing the air of the Magdalenes. Hence, wood is exceedingly scarce. It is said that some of the churches are built mainly of *drift wood*, and from the wreck of the ill-fated bark has risen many a substantial abode. The firs and birches alone grow, though the height of their ambition is but a few feet, and they never develop into more than stunted bushes. Yet hardy shrubs seem to flourish. The islands produce cranberries and foxberries in great profusion; these are stored in barrels and conveyed to the neighbouring shores.

The wild animals of the Magdalenes are few and small. The famous pony, the synonym for hardiness and endurance is no more—at least, in its untamed state. The cattle and domestic animals are imported. Yet they seem almost to have an individuality of their own in these islands. The horse is a slow sure-pacing beast; the cow a strong bony creature, with the framework of an ox, often bringing forth two calves at a birth; while the pig seems even to excel himself in voracity and hoggishness generally. With the spirit of the cannibal, he sacrifices if need be his own relations to his appetite: his small leering eyes tell of dark draughts of blood and unnatural banquets; while he revels daily in fish and reeking oil.

In winter the isolation of the Magdalenes becomes truly pitiable. Not only is all connection with the mainland cut off, but even all internal communication, the one island with the other, is suspended. Shut out from each other and the world, several dreary months are thus spent. In the summer time packets ply between the islands and the neighbouring mainlands; while internal communication is carried on by small boats for crossing from one island to another, or by land journeys. A dismal walk or ride in solitude through the yielding sand is however anything but desirable.

As might be expected from their position, these islands have been the scene of many a shipwreck. Upon such accidents the islanders often rely for their supply of fuel. Can we doubt that "Deadman's Isle" though so called from its resemblance in appearance to a corpse, has caused many a fatal disaster, and well deserves the name? And how little provision for the shipwrecked mariner! a few huts built to contain hay scattered up and down the huge sand-stretch of the mainland, form the only shelter to be found for miles for the unfortunate castaway. Bird Rock is furnished with a small light-house, which is much needed in such a place.

One of the greatest disadvantages in the Magdalenes is,

the want of a harbor for ships. Such a boon Nature has withheld from the islanders. The Dominion Government has for some time been trying to make a harbour, and force Art to take the place of Nature; with what success remains yet to be seen. These two—the want of a harbour and the scarcity of wood—may be considered as almost insurmountable obstacles to trade and commerce.

As to the exports from these islands—time was when immense quantities of fish, oil, sealskins, &c., were shipped off to Nova Scotia and the United States, but alas! it is a lamentable fact that of late years the trade has been greatly decreasing. A comparison of the exports a quarter of a century ago with those of the last half-dozen years shows a sure and swift decline. In fine, the future of the Magdalene islands does not at all seem promising. Civilization is at a stand still; luxury and refinement are all but unknown; with but one small town and a few scattered communities, they are isolated from the rest of the world, with diminishing trade, and a great lack of secular and religious instruction, there are few so callous to the refinements and advantages of more favoured countries as to envy these islanders: and year by year as periodic storms sweep the seas, the curse of the mariner shipwrecked on those inhospitable shores rises high on the gale. How thankful for our benefits should we be who inhabit happier lands!

## Dallusiensia.

CHEMISTRY ROOM.—Prof.—“We now come to the metals of the Second Class.” Soph.—(Hurriedly and with a look of terrible consternation) “How? What? what are the metals of the First Class?” Diligent Soph!

THERE is genius among our freshmen of this year. One of these gentlemen lately suggested some improvements on a line of Virgil. Prof., however, thought it was very well as it was. Another has discovered a new verb in Greek. He speaks of the verbs *to be* and *I am*. What a pity it is that genius such as this is not appreciated.

THE other day as the Professor of Chemistry was showing the colours of the flames of various metals, he happened to ask what was the colour of Lithium flame, (which was then burning.) From a back seat (medical) came the answer, “Green!” Prof. thought that if the green was not in the flame it must be somewhere else. One student didn't see how that was.

Two of the most profound students of the Astronomy Class got into a warm dispute a few nights ago relative to what seemed to be a star in a certain part of the firmament. One asserted that it was Venus the other that it was Mercury. The timely arrival of a Junior prevented blows. He gently informed them that it was the light on the Storm Signal Staff on Citadel Hill, and concluded that they either neglected their class or had not been in “godly company” the whole evening.

THAT hole in the pavement in front of our college, deep, dark, dirty, dangerous is now covered with the head of a barrel, which is waiting for some heavy man to come along.

IF students don't stop putting their gowns and overcoats in the Reading Room, there'll be a hue and cry some of these days. Fuel is scarce, and the fire must be kept up whatever happens.

WHO has been stealing papers and magazines from the Reading Room?

ANOTHER student has been enrolled. We may have 106. THE Brewery still thrives.

# Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 24, 1874.

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## TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE would ask those subscribers who have not yet paid, to do so as soon as possible. We are already in debt for the *Gazette*, and find the Printer and his legions a hard set of creditors. Come, patrons! don't be delinquent. We would also hint that a liberal man need not limit his generosity to 50 cents. Also, our graduates appear to have forgotten that they are expected to pay \$1.00.

To judge from appearances, we must come to the conclusion that the majority of our students greatly undervalue our Debating Societies. Considering the great importance of, and the benefits to be derived, from these institutions, we do not hesitate to set it down as part of each student's duty to do all he can to make them more fully accomplish the end for which they are intended,—to train men for public speaking. Many are inclined to say, in effect, if not in words, that "all we can learn by attending these societies, is not worth the time spent; far more profitable would it be to occupy ourselves in studying, and reading." This is a mistake, as we shall try to show.

We have noticed, during the time we have been in college, that almost, without exception, those who have won class and other prizes, were regular attendants at the meetings of our Debating Societies. Men cannot study all the time. Some relaxation is necessary, and what time more appropriate for it than Friday evening, when weary by the arduous duties of the week, we require to regain some energy to enable us to get "all the good out of Saturday?" In the first place, then, it affords a season of rest from regular study. Take into account, now, the other benefits to be reaped from the seed sown on Friday evenings, harrowed into our minds by the corners of the arguments of our opponents, and rolled smooth by our own efforts, coupled with those of our associates who maintain our views.

In order, however, to show what other benefits may accrue, it is perhaps necessary, first, to state our idea of what a Debating Society in a college ought to be, and how students should act in regard to it. It ought to be well organized, with Constitution and Bye-laws, with efficient officers, well acquainted with its rules. Parliamentary usages should be followed. Subjects of an interesting, and practical character, should be chosen. The meeting should open and close *punctually* at the hours appointed. Having thus given very briefly what are considered a *few* of the leading characteristics of a properly conducted Debating Society, we will endeavour to point out the relation of its members to it. Every member should attend *regularly*, as far as is possible; each one should always make it a point to form no engagements for Friday evening, if it can be avoided. He ought to study the subject to be discussed; form his own opinions, and not *bore* the meeting by talking incoherently about *something* of which he knows *nothing*; or even what is more unpardonable, not speaking of the topic at all, but wandering away, no one knows whither, and, like the Indian, who, when lost in the thicket, declared positively that, not he, but "*Wig wam* was lost," he vainly imagines that it must be the *subject* which is at fault and not himself. He should speak as grammatically, and logically as he can, and not sit down without having advanced some argument, in favor of his own opinion; not spend all the time making apologies, and eulogizing his opponent's speech unless it really deserves it, and even then be very careful he don't flatter him. It might make him vain. Bad is flattery.

Some may be inclined to think that it is of no use for a number of students to spend their time in studying and discussing questions of a practical bearing, because, "what influence," say they, "will our opinions have?" This is an objection that is too often raised, and which is a hasty conclusion drawn from false premises. What is our object in attending college? Is it not to prepare ourselves for the active duties of life? And are we to overlook the all important fact that we,—some of us at least,—must occupy influential positions at the Bar; in our Legislative Assemblies; in the Church, and in other stations of greater or less importance? that many of us will be called upon to express our views on topics of the day in which we may live; on questions, perhaps, of vital moment? Though neither the voice of our eloquence, the ring of our rhetoric, nor the sound of our logic may be heard, nor its influence directly felt outside our college, yet they have a power which will not be lost. There is a sufficient number of questions, some of which are now occupying the public attention, and others that are just beginning to show themselves above the horizon of public notice, to furnish us with subjects for discussion during any collegiate year. It is important that we should become acquainted with, and discuss such topics, for many of these will undoubtedly meet us, if we live to go forth in the arena of the active world; and opinions may be formed here, and now, which may have a decided bearing upon such questions before many great circles of revolving months shall have rolled away. It is of very great importance for us during our college course to cultivate, to as great an extent as is possible,

and consistent, the *Art of Public Speaking*. We are here to study the *arts*, and why neglect one of so practical a character? Let it be remembered that, though many men who are good writers, make but a very poor show at speaking in public; yet, very few indeed who are good speakers fail to be also good writers. Let us, and all who have the opportunity, make the best use of our present advantages and privileges. Let us all with one mind and one heart

“Rise, for the day is passing,  
And we lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armor,  
And forth to the fight are gone;  
A place in the ranks awaits us,  
Each man has some part to play;  
The Past and the Future are looking  
In the face of the stern To-day.”

### OUR INTENTIONS.

(A paper read by J. M. Oxley, '74, before the *Kritosophian* and *Excelsior Societies*, Jan. 16th.)

THERE are not many occasions which so strongly display force of character, as when a man masters his resentment, and forgives, an injury on the assurance of its having been unintentional. Even in our own affairs we often find it very difficult to forgive ourselves for our own oversights, should they be productive of results that give a permanent colour to after existence. Much more difficult then it is to forgive, when the mischief occurs from the mistaken interference of others. The law, to be sure, allows an innocence of intention to be pleaded in extenuation of an act otherwise meriting severe punishment, and considers the absence of malice pre-pense a sufficient ground for acquittal, however dreadful the consequences so life or limb may have proved. Thus the man who aims at a partridge but only succeeds in killing his companion, and the facetious fellow, who (actuated of course by pure fondness for a joke) levels the *undoubtedly* empty gun and brings down his beloved sister, are held equally guiltless, provided they can prove that no evil intention was present to their mind. Unfortunately for mankind's best interests, this leniency of the law does not go sufficiently far. In its eyes an assault is an assault, notwithstanding the best intention of the agent in administering that wholesome correction which the recipient manifestly needed, and thereby teaching him how to behave better in future. So also with the libeller, no matter how excellent his intention, whether to unmask the villain, or warn the victim in his toils, it will afford him no protection. The tendency only is considered, the intention goes for nothing. Let the law however decide as it pleases, it will never persuade the sufferer that a little more malice, and a great deal less injury would not have better suited his account.

To digress for a moment at this point, we may state that for our own part we are strongly inclined to impeach the veracity of the well-worn statement, that a certain place very far down is paved with good intentions. Not because we consider the material too respectable for the service, but because its slippery nature would surely render it unfit for the pavement of a place, whose ruler's chief object is to make his subjects sure of their footing.

It is astonishing to note in this nineteenth century, when man has made, or is supposed to have made, such mighty strides along the road of progress, how the fact of the dealers in good intentions being in reality the greatest bores mankind is plagued with, has been overlooked, or at least unheeded. Nevertheless it is this very *triste vérité*, which

lends such a weight of sincerity to the proverbial prayer “May Heaven deliver me from my friends.” In private, and in public life, we continually find injurious results accruing from the failure of good intentions. You are promised by a friend now member of the Government, a situation for your son in the Red Tape, and Sealing Wax Department, which opens up a sure road to ultimate competency. Upon these hopes you deprive him of some bird in the hand less brilliant of plumage, and cause him to waste valuable time in idle expectation. At length, after long waiting your influential friend goes out of office, and nothing has been done to redeem his promise. Perhaps he had no opportunity to fulfil his word. Why then did he promise? Because he could not bear to deny his friend and then he really *intended*, to do something for the lad. If from private life we turn to public it would not be difficult to show that the worst miscarriages in legislation are not owing to predetermined wrong-doing on the part of the leading statesman, but rather to the good intentions of gentlemen who never gave a thought to political economy, before they found their way into the house. How many hundred men, for instance, were hung for forgery, without in the least diminishing crime, by the votes of men who had no other intention than to secure their Bank, and preserve the credit of paper currency! How many years were Catholics persecuted and Jews incapacitated from taking part in public life, by members conscientiously endeavouring to preserve the supremacy of the reformed religion! They meant for the best in their voting, and sincerely believed that they were subserving the welfare of their country, and so with many others whose works were more productive of damage than benefit. Yet, strange as it may seem, and he will be no bad social philosopher who can satisfactorily account for the circumstance, this falling short appears to be a speciality of good intentions, while the evil intentions of our enemies rarely fail in attaining their object. Without going too far into the difference between good and bad intentions, we are more than half-inclined to suspect that the weakness and failure of the former is most commonly attributable to a want of lively interest in the benevolent party, and that if folks took one half the trouble to oblige and serve their friends, that they do to harass and injure their enemies, their good intentions would be crowned with a like measure of success. The genuine hater will leave no stone unturned to wreak his vengeance, but rarely do we find this intensity of purpose manifested by the friendly intender of benefits to others. It would seem as if the very fact of our intention having a good object begat in us a certain tardiness of execution.

Our Creator in His scheme for human happiness has seen fit to couple our pains and pleasures with facts, and not with intentions. To what purpose, then, would it be that a man should surround himself with friends, and (as the saying is) put his eyes upon sticks to earn their good-will, unless there be some adequate relationship between the will and the deed? What difference, indeed, does it make to the sufferer, whether the injury inflicted comes from friend or foe, from a good or evil motive; unless it be that the former is the least endurable. Of all the conspirators that joined in the murder of Julius Cæsar, Brutus alone had good intentions. All

“Save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only in a general honest thought,  
And common good of all, made one of them.”

Yet Cæsar's pathetic “*et tu Brute*” stands upon eternal record as the most natural and touching reproach, that one man ever cast against another. How very little intentions merit consideration is further evinced by the fact that they must ever remain a matter of conjecture, or be received on the testimony of the person who is most deeply interested,

and therefore most likely to throw a particular colour over the proceedings; whereas according to the Scotch law "deeds show;" and herein lies the weak point of most writers of history, who in a few lines set forth a great political event, and then devote whole chapters to analysing the secret motives of the actors in bringing the matter to pass. The result being that their argument at most reaches to placing before their readers *un grand peut être*.

How then are we to decide in these cases, or how is the matter to be determined? Every man, after all, is the best if not the sole judge of his own intentions, as alone knowing what really is going on within him, and if he is prone to deceit, are not we, on our parts, equally fallacious in generally thinking the worst? Is it not therefore an obvious pre-judgement, and unjust prejudice, to jump at once from the act to the motive, and then punish the act for the sake of the motive?

The legitimate inference from these premises must be, either that there is nothing intrinsically good or evil in intention, or, that if there be, it is the deeds which give it its qualification. Why indeed should any motive be called good, unless because of its being attended by beneficial results—or why called evil, if followed by no evil consequences?

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## Correspondence.

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DEAR GAZETTE,—At an examination the other day, as I was looking about and trying in vain to gather inspiration and facts from the walls and benches, my attention was arrested by a medical student in a very curious position. It seemed to me to be very awkward, but probably habit had made it easy. He was sitting with his back curved into the shape of a half circle, and his head below the level of the desk. Medicals are not generally remarkable for humility, and for some time it puzzled me to find out what he was about. But the discovery of a text-book made all plain enough. Our careful friend, afraid of trusting his own brains (and no wonder), was diligently transcribing for the special benefit, I suppose, of the paper manufacturers: for the rate at which he was writing was nothing short of terrible. He was not alone; there were about half-a-dozen others engaged in the same honest task. Some who would fain have aided in the good work, seem to have had a little of that troublesome thing called conscience, for they stayed at home. As I was reflecting on these things, a rustling of leaves in front of me made me turn my eyes in that direction. Tell it not in Gath! Here was an arts student copying from the text-book with all his might. Not far off was another, more experienced, coolly looking for what he wanted, and trying to improve it, as it seemed, by putting it in his own words. On all sides arts students and medicals with heads bent down, eyes staring wildly, and pens grasped convulsively, wrote as if their very life depended on the amount of paper they would cover in a given time, irrespective of sense or honesty. There were about a dozen of them altogether. I tried to imagine the sort of papers they would give in, but imagination failed utterly. Dreary wastes they were doubtless of nonsense and mistakes, with a few truths not asked for, interspersed here and there for the sake of variety. Some of these students intend to be doctors, others would be clergymen. Pity their patients, physical and spiritual, I most heartily do. To speak to such of them as have to support themselves at college, would, I think, be mere waste of time. They are past all hope. And those, if there are any such, who have been sent here by their friends,

and are doing all they can to disgrace them, are not in a much more promising condition.

The student who uses his text-book at an examination is, in my opinion, first cousin of him who crams, and brother of the thief and the liar. For he tries to rob honest students of their hard earned position, and writes a lie whenever he signs his name to an examination paper. To test him for any good quality would be an almost useless task. He has a sort of cleverness, but it is the cleverness of the pick-pocket. He has also a species of courage, but it is of a kind which leads him to dare his friends' disgrace for the sake of his own cause. Left to himself, he is indeed in a hopeless case. What can be done to help him? Though he has neither honesty nor shame, he very likely has fear. How would it do to publish a list of the names of those students in your next issue? I am afraid the consequences would be too terrible. Solomon says: "A stone is heavy and the sand weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both." He knew. Therefore it might be better not to do it; especially since, in this case, instead of one their name is legion. And I cannot console myself with the thought that their true value will be found out after they leave college. For I believe it to be a fact that men of their stamp are not uncommon even in high places. Look at school trustees, as a rule; and, alas! alas! at school teachers also occasionally, for examples of this truth. But there is one thing that I can do. I can keep a list of them by me, and be more wary in my dealings with them after this. And I would advise you, my dear GAZETTE, to get your subscriptions from them as quickly as possible.

McG.

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## Personals.

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H. M. STRANBERG, last year a Junior, spends the winter at Centre Clarence, Annapolis Co.

W. A. MILLS, formerly of '75, is teaching at present in Kentville, Kings Co. We believe that there's some great attractions for him in this neighborhood. He was always a susceptible youth.

R. G. SINCLAIR, who has taken 3 years at Dalhousie, intends to graduate at Queen's College, Kingston. He is teaching this winter at Owen Sound. We wish him every success, and a B.A., with honors.

W. MUIR, a Medical of last year, occupies the position of assistant surgeon at the City Hospital.

W. McMILLAN, who, several years ago, attended the Medical Department of Dalhousie for one session, was recently married to a young lady in the town of Pictou. We send our hearty congratulations. Mr. McMillan is Head Teacher in the High School of Pictou.

JOHN LOGAN, the merry Logan whom every student knows, writes to us from St. John's, Newfoundland. Instead of the ice he expected to see when he left Halifax last December, there has been nothing but constant rain. One of his fellow passengers was the Rev. Jas. Allan, B.A., of last spring.

We understand that CHAS. McDONALD, B.A., one of last year's Editors of the GAZETTE, intends shortly to leave Nova Scotia for South Germany. His health being very poor since last winter, the doctor has advised him to this step. Our good wishes go with him, and we hope he may return in due time invigorated and healthy.

RODERICK SUTHERLAND, M.D., '70, is, we understand, succeeding well in the practice of his profession at Shelburne.

FINLAY McMILLAN, M.D., '72, is practising at Sheet Harbor. His success is good. We are glad to learn that two of the first Medical Graduates of Dalhousie are doing so well. We trust they will continue to do honor to the Alma Mater, and not forget the duties incumbent upon them as the first born sons. We wish them continued success.

E. D. MILLER, B.A., '69, is settled as pastor over the Presbyterian Congregation of Shelburne.

F. GORDON, a general student of the second year, has been advised to give up study on account of ill-health. He leaves this week for his home in P. E. Island, where we trust he will fully recruit.

D. C. FRASER, B.A., '72, is "over head and ears" in the political waters in Pictou County. His speeches are reported to be excellent. We are glad to hear of the growing popularity of one of our old Editors.

E. S. BAYNE, B.A., and A. G. RUSSELL, B.A., both of '71, are continuing their theological studies in Princeton.

### EXCHANGES.

A goodly pile of Exchanges lies before us: and we feel that it is incumbent upon us to make a few remarks about some of them.

Among the best we reckon the *Yale Literary Magazine*. The last number is an excellent one; replete with useful information, written in a pleasing style, and in every way worthy of the venerable institution from which it emanates.

The *McGill University Gazette* is an admirable effort on the part of the students of McGill. It looks like a journal able in every way to take care of itself. The matter is well written. As to the arrangement of articles in the last issue, it strikes us that a number of small items is not the best way of filling up the first page. Further on we find four pages devoted to a scientific paper on the Birds of Montreal and vicinity. An article of such a length, upon such a subject, whatever its intrinsic merits, is perhaps out of place in a College journal.

The *Brunonian* of Brown University is a very good looking Magazine. Its contents are generally well selected. In the "De Rebus" of the January number are many acute and spirited remarks. The Editors evidently know what they are about.

Who can tell us what has become of the *Vassar Miscellany* and the *Owl*?

The *Parker Quarterly* is as replete with readable matter as ever.

We have received the *Collegian* for the first time. It is a pleasing sheet; but we think (judging from the issue of January 1st) it devotes entirely too much space to matter that can be of little interest to any outside of the College from which it proceeds.

The *Yale Courant* from beginning to end, with the exception of 6 pages of advertisements, is very readable. It abounds in short lively articles of the true journalistic style. That adjective, "Yalensicula" seems to us a word of unnecessary length.

We are pleased to renew our acquaintance with the *Leaflets of Thought*. Our flirtation with the gentle students of Mrs. Cuthbutr's school was suddenly interrupted last winter by an untimely remark of ours. The fair managers of the *Leaflets* have our best wishes.

We welcome to our table *Stephens College Chaplet*, which emanates from the female college at Columbia, Mo. It is a

neat sheet of seven pages, full of short and, in many cases, spicy articles. We notice that the feelings of love and jealousy are not things unknown to the daughters of Stephens College. They also, as is quite natural, treat us to a few words on "Fashion." We are happy to add the *Chaplet* to our list of exchanges, as a companion to the *Leaflets*. They both come to us from the far South.

Since last issue we have received, the *Stephens College Chaplet*, Columbia, Mo; The *Collegian*, Cornell, Iowa, the *Teachers Record*, Philadelphia, the *College Herald* Louisville, Pa, the *Maritime Catholic*, Halifax, and the *Acta Columbiana*, Columbia College, N. Y.

LOOKING AHEAD.—That freshman was evidently longing for the time when he shall have donned the Sheepskin, when, being asked for the dative plural of the Greek for *life*, he responded, "Bousi(e)."

Dr. Hopkins.—"What does your enjoyment of a witty man depend upon?" Student.—"It is in proportion to his wit." Dr. Hopkins.—"Supposing he is a good man?" Student.—"It is in proportion to his goodness." Dr. Hopkins.—"Well supposing he knows a great deal?" Student.—"In proportion to his nose." Class howls.—*Williams Review*.

A young lady in Stephens College being asked how she liked Geology, replied, "I proceed in this study with luminous simplicity. The verbosity and taciturnity of this author will be likely to develop a great profundity of heterogeneous incongruity." In another place the *Chaplet* says "young men, beware of the 'Breakers' of this institution, as they come with great force."—*Stephens College Chaplet*.

The caution is undoubtedly well timed.

SINCE the issue of No. 2, Vol. VI. of the GAZETTE, the following subscriptions have been received:—W. A. Mills, Thomas Grant, Miss Jessie McKean, D. M. Johnston, Harry Seamon, H. M. Christy, Rev. Mr. Morrison, — McMahan, — Fraser, (Bridgewater), E. D. Carritt, H. A. Rand, Miss Julia Reading, E. Scott, B.A., Thomas Murray, G. W. Dill, R. W. Oliver, Dr. H. H. Black, John A. Logan, R. Sutherland, M.D., Geo. W. Sweet, J. H. Cameron, Rev. A. B. Dickie, Daniel McDonald, John Hunter, B.A., C. W. Hiltz, M.D., Rev. W. Johnson, Rev. P. G. McGregor, A. G. Bremner, W. Doull, Rev. James Thompson, Daniel Chisholm, Dr. T. O. Geddes, D. R. C. McKay, Rev. E. E. Ross, Rev. R. McDonald, P.P., John Boyd, R. G. Sinclair, William Gordon, E. S. Bayne, B.A., A. G. Russell, B.A., C. Robson, Rev. J. Munro, S. J. Waddell.

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Payments to be made to L. H. Jordan, Financial Secretary, and all communications to be addressed to "Editors DALHOUSIE GAZETTE," Halifax, Nova Scotia. Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

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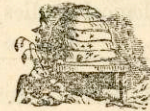
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