

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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## Dalhousie College Gazette,

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 25, 1869.

### SALUTATORY.

THE first issue of our paper has appeared, and is now before you. Previous to introducing you to its contents, we crave your attention for a little, while we endeavour to state the aim of our paper, and the manner in which it will be conducted. Its aim is two-fold, viz: the cultivation of a literary taste among ourselves, and the establishment of an organ in which free expression can be given, not only to our own sentiments, but to those of others who may interest themselves in our progress and prosperity. The prosperity of a University is the prosperity of a Nation. The training and mental tastes formed there extend their influence to succeeding generations, and give to the national character tone and direction.

The *Dalhousie College Gazette* is to be conducted mainly by students, under graduates, and graduates of the College. Several gentlemen of known ability, have kindly promised to contribute to its pages, among whom are PROFESSORS LYALL and DEMILL, SIR WM. YOUNG and HON. MR. HOWE. Our first issue, we must plead, labours under some disadvantages, owing to our not having received in time, several interesting articles from among the ablest of our contributors. They will appear, however, in our next issue. Commencing under such favourable auspices we trust our readers and subscribers will find our columns interesting as well as instructive.

Our annual subscription has been fixed at the low price of FIFTY CENTS. The paper will only contain four pages at present, should however, a good circulation be realized, it will be a strong inducement to add other four pages.

### THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

(Translated from the German.)

BY A STUDENT.

1. "Who shall venture, squire or knight  
Into the deep abyss to dive?  
A goblet gold shall be his right;  
E'en now 't has sunk beneath the wave;  
Who e'er shall bring 't to me again  
He shall the golden goblet win."

2. The king speaks thus, and from the cliff  
That steep, o'erhangs the boundless main,  
He throws into the boiling gulf  
The goblet for the brave to gain.  
"I ask again, who is so brave  
To dive into this raging wave."

3. The squires and gallant knights around  
Are mute and silent, all remain  
And view the storm-tossed sea, astound,  
And no one shall the goblet gain.  
The third time now speaks out the king,  
"Will none the golden goblet bring?"

4. Still all remain, mute as before,  
Until a youth, as brave as gentle,  
Steps forth from out the trem'ulous train,  
Unbuckles then his belt and mantle,  
While all the knights and ladies gaze,  
And eye the youth with wondrous praise.

5. And as he stepped upon the brink  
And looked into the dark profound,  
The billows which in whirlings sink  
Come gurgling back with roaring sound;  
Like thunder's rumbling roar they come  
All foaming from th' abyss of gloom.

6. And bubbling up it seethes and roars  
As water thrown on raging fire;  
And up to heaven the white-spray soars,  
As floods on floods press higher.  
And it will never cease to rave,  
As wave gives birth to sequent wave.

7. But now, at last, its dark rage spent—  
Dark-seeming, through the foaming wave,  
The yawning chasm shows its vent  
As if it led to hell's deep cave.  
The waves roll down the dark abyss,  
Descending, roar and foam and hiss.

8. Quickly, before the waves return  
The youth to God confides his way.  
Amazement holds the breathless crowd,—  
Already he's beneath the spray,  
While strongely o'er the swimmer brave,  
Now seen no more, the billows rave.

9. And silence reigns above the deep,  
Its hidden depths groan loud and fell,  
And one can hear from lip to lip,  
"Brave-hearted youth, farewell, farewell!"  
It hoarse and hoarser foams aloud  
While dread suspense congeals the crowd.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES ON CAPE BRETON.

BY A GRADUATE.

The subject of the following remarks is the Island of Cape Breton, an Island concerning which one might superficially remark that nothing worth while could be said, so associated is it in most minds with all that is common and unnovel. We are satisfied for the most part to know that it is an Island stretching far out north easterly in the Gulf, separated from Nova Scotia by the narrow Strait of Canso, and possessing, comparatively speaking, a very hilly exterior. The rest of our knowledge of Cape Breton is inferred, and a very illogical inference it is. The Prince Edward Islander especially is exposed more perhaps than any other person, to be the subject of this fallacy. He has been accustomed from his youth up, to gaze upon level unhilly meadows, captivating to the vision, and suggestive of comfort and repose. He has early associated his ideas of contentment and comfort with a regular, even horizon, and modest meadows of green sloping gently down to the river's side, are to his mind symbolic of social progress and felicity. He has heard, or perhaps he has seen Cape Breton to be a wild, rugged country, or perhaps he may have had the opportunity of a passing observation, his mind easily draws the result ascending to the narrow generalizations which his native ideas have prejudiced him to form. He wishes to know no more about Cape Breton. His fancy clothes it in unsightly representations, which force themselves upon his mind as tenaciously as realities, and his knowledge of Cape Breton is here complete. The truest wisdom then for an "Islander" to adopt, is to dismiss all such preconceived associations from his mind, so soon as he has set his foot on board a steamer, intending to visit Cape Breton. He will not at all find himself disconcerted by such a dismissal of it, may be a long nurtured habit, although riveted on his mind by influences acting forcibly, since his childhood. He will feel the truth of that old motto "judge not by the outward appearance" flash more forcibly than ever upon his mind, and he will find moreover that indulgence in local predilections is not one of the best methods to cultivate the judgment. The best precaution for such a person to adopt would be to hold himself in patience till he has passed the hill exterior on his way to the interior. The danger is then past, he will then feel himself like a man who for a long time confined to dungeon chains, has at length obtained his liberty. The following impressions are intended to take away from Cape Breton some of the unjust associations with which it is connected in many minds.

The most common point of ingress to C. B. is by the south western side, Strait of Canso, from which place, at Plasier Cove, two stages run, one to Baddeck, the capital town of Victoria County, and another to Sydney, the principal town of the Island, we shall commence there. On the Strait of Canso, C. B., there are two small rising villages, Plaster Cove, called so from the Plaster of Paris

found in abundance there, and Port Hawkesbury, formerly Ship Harbour. There are safe harbours at both places, and some business carried on. The steamers plying between Boston and Prince Edward Island call once a week at the former place, which makes the village quite business-like, from its being the point of landing passengers, freight, &c. There are mostly always some vessels lying at anchor in the harbour, which renders the place quite lively in summer, also Ship Harbour or Port Hawkesbury is getting quite an important place, chiefly from the fact that the Marine Railway has been built quite near it, while ships of very large tonnage can be hauled up for repair—a want which was previously greatly felt by seamen. Quite near Plaster Cove are the remains of the Free Church, which was formerly quite an ornament to the place, but which was unfortunately burnt to the ground a year ago.

These villages are very lively and pleasant in the summer from the cool weather which they enjoy, but are very cold and blustering in the winter season, and in the fall are subject to violent storms. There is a stage running between Hawkesbury and Arichat, a distance of about 20 miles. Arichat is an old looking town, the principal business being trade in fish. The residents for the most part are French. Farming is not carried on to any considerable extent along this side of the Island, the land being rocky and defying all attempts to cultivate it. Leaving Plaster Cove in the stage we make our way inwards, and we may prepare ourselves for a long, tedious journey, especially if we are unfortunate enough to be compelled to travel in the summer months. The Victoria Line Stage is the most expeditious one; this stage runs twice a week; the other, running three times a week, passes by Port Hood and Mabou to Baddeck, and is a much longer, though it is said a more pleasant route. We consulting expedition, fully as much as comfort, made up our minds to take in Victoria line stage. The stage driver, a stout, rustic young fellow, who had apparently been long accustomed to the hills, having informed us that he was ready, we jumped into his coach, which by no means seemed suited to the rough travelling which we were told we would meet with. It was a simple waggon, drawn by one horse only. It was a dark, foggy, chilly evening, and it was with no very pleasant feelings that we anticipated the nocturnal journey which was just before us, increased too by the miserable conveyance, concerning the safety of which even the coachman himself expressed serious doubts. The road by the Victoria line strikes into a thick wood, which in the night throws a shade of dismalness over our path, and seem to force the idea upon one's mind that he is entering a horrible labyrinth, equalling the most frightful description which he has read of the wilds of the African Sahara, or of Virgil's swampy Styx. In the spring of the year the roads. (and this, remember, is the worst road, for it has lately been opened) are in a most miserable condition, owing to the sticky nature of the soil. In the morning as welcome twilight begins to grow

upon the darkness, the sight of water in the distance makes you hopeful.

Nocturnal travelling is, for all its discomfort, a solemn thing, you are kept awake by the variety and wildness of the objects which break upon your vision, and which almost act like stimulants upon the system. The route as you approach Whycomagh, the first village you meet with frequently passes at the bases of the Indian Rear Mountains a very high range, whose summits gradually become apparent as the morning twilight steals on. The sight of water in the distance makes you a little hopeful, and you almost forget that you had passed a sleepless night. It is Whycomagh Bay the most south-westerly water of the Bras d'Or Lake. We entered Whycomagh in the gray of the morning. The peaks of the mountains were shrouded in thick volumes of misty vapour. Not a ruffle broke the glassy surface of the bay. Whycomagh, so called by the Indians, is a rising village, 21 miles from Baddeck. There are a number of houses scattered over a distance of about a mile. There are perhaps ten merchants in it altogether, the most of whom have but lately commenced business. There is a large Indian settlement back of it, consisting of I think twenty acres of land, but of which a deed cannot be obtained.

Directly, opposite Whycomagh, is a small Island, called Indian Island, wholly covered with a growth of birch trees, and no part of which is cultivated. The Indian Rear range of mountains is a very long chain, being a continuation of the chain which overhangs the valley of the Middle River Settlement, a distance of about thirty miles. On the eastern side of Whycomagh again there is a chain of very lofty mountains, connecting with a range that runs as far on as the North Cape. Salt Mountain, a name given to it from the Salt spring of water which gushes out at its base, of course, issuing from beds of salt within the mountain, is almost overhanging Whycomagh, and is considered the loftiest peak in this part of the country. It is comparatively easy of ascent on the western side. Almost every stranger that visits Cape Breton deems it a necessary part of his business to get a view from its summit, from which one can command a horizon of about 30 miles in each direction. On the Southern side of it is Whycomagh Bay, from the brink of which it makes a gradual ascent. Its height is said to be 700 feet. There are two steamers plying twice a week between Whycomagh and Sydney, calling on the way at Baddeck. Mr. MacDougall is the principal merchant in the place, whose kindness is almost proverbial.

After leaving Whycomagh you enter the settlement which takes its name from the narrow strait of water which divides it from the opposite land. The settlers are all farmers, who emigrated from different parts of the Highlands of Scotland, some forty years ago. They are all Gaelic speaking, a language which seems to retain its ground very tenaciously, notwithstanding the trade of the country is carried on in English. The Gaelic is peculiarly the domestic language of the C. B. Highlander. It is to

the Highland hearth what the Lares were to the Grecian. When he returns from market in the evening to the peace and calm of his own fireside, his family gathered around him, the rough German-like tone of the Gaelic is the tongue through which he gives vent to his deepest and warmest feelings. He throws away his broken English then, as if it were too cold and inexpressive for such an affectionate meeting. With the increase of the mercantile class in Cape Breton, however, there is and shall be a greater proportion of English speaking people, nor shall this increase, we presume, greatly diminish the home comforts of the Highland population in Cape Breton, although at a sacrifice, it may be, of a language which the true Highlander would be the last in the world to sacrifice, so knit up is it with his national predilections and his own individuality. Again with the rising generation of Cape Breton, provincial predilections are very forcibly supplanting the national, and besides the progress of education is itself a guarantee to the progress of the English language, and the consequent obsolescence of the Gaelic. In respect to its tuition, the Gaelic is an oral language, and like all oral knowledge it must ultimately become corrupt or lose its influence altogether, while the English as exerting a more historical influence, must gain the ascendancy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE NATURE OF FALSEHOOD.

BY A GRADUATE.

We have all from our very youth been told more by example perhaps than precept, that is wrong to tell a lie, yet if we were asked the real nature of falsehood, or even its meaning, we would be unable perhaps to give any explanation of it, further than that it was to lead a person to believe what we did not believe ourselves. This results very naturally from the concrete manner of teaching which is adopted, the most convenient, it is true, as it is the only available method that can be adopted towards very young children. We teach by example very reasonably indeed, since it is of the nature of objective truth to fasten itself upon the young mind with great force, and at a time when their powers of conception are very feeble. This, however, if used as a means of development, as the capabilities of the child increase, would serve its proper place. But in this very point lies the danger. It is evident that all knowledge in its first stage must be presentative, and all teaching concrete. A glance at the natural progress of science will be proof in point. Concrete teaching serves the same place in Ethics as scientific observation does in Mathematical Physics. Both are to be made available as means to an end.

The first step in all moral teaching must be inductive, as the capabilities of the child increase, it should become proportionably and gradually subjective, the mental, like the corporeal system derives nourishment from without,

but the means of it in each case is quite arbitrary and symbolic. Now, what accounts for the materialized and narrow conceptions of abstract moral qualities in society, is that this material progression has been reversed, they make the symbolic, the absolute and the concrete the encet and invariable measure of the abstract. We have singled out falsehood as exemplifying in its popular acceptation, perhaps more than any other quality, this erroneous process of the mind. The word in our language which would appominate (not, however, precisely) nearest to the popular meaning attached to this word, would be, untruth, which does not imply any wrong whatever in itself, so that we have no word in the language which would express the popular meaning. The necessity upon which is based the utterance of falsehood at all, in this present constitution of things, is man's partial ignorance of the feelings of his fellow man, and the end which truth, as opposed to falsehood. serves, is to encourage just feelings towards mankind, and a desire for the individual and general welfare. This is the great end sought after. The reason, therefore, that a falsehood is wrong is, not because it is punishable, which is as popular a notion as it is erroneous, but because it is opposed to the order observed in the moral universe, and because its practice would prove subversive of that order.

Under certain circumstances it often happens that we have our fellow completely in our power, and can make him subservient to our interests in whatever way we please. Now, it is in taking this unfair advantage of our fellow, that the wrongfulness of a falsehood lies. It is in the unfairness that the wrong is evolved. In this light falsehood is just a kind of theft. Both exist by virtue of the same defect in man's nature, and both are, or ought to be prohibited for the same end. It would be equally as untrue to say that in every case, the making others to believe what we do not believe ourselves, is a falsehood, as it certainly would be to say that in every case, the seizure of another person's property is theft. Such is not the common measure of it, so to speak, such an enunciation would display a blind groping amid symbols which mystify and confuse. It is as unnatural as asserting that the part is greater than the whole. We may conceive a man taking advantage of another's belief, yet expressing no falsehood, because he does so with a regard to his fellow-man's welfare. Nor does it in the least enculpate him if his fellow does not foresee it, on the contrary it is falsehood of a much baser nature, because more pre-meditated, in certain cases to tell a man what is really the case, foreseeing at the same time that it will be hostile to his interest. Superiority of mental foresight then, we see, just aggravates the unfairness which is the prime element in the falsehood.

We have said that the objects of truth as offered to falsehood serves, is expressed positively a furtherance of the interests of our fellow-men consistently with our own, or negatively a wish to take no unfair advantage of him. Yet even this is not general enough, for I can conceive myself wishing to take no unfair advantage of any one,

although my actions naturally may result unfairly to my fellow-man. I may wish to act fairly with my fellow-man and really intend to take no negative unfairness of him and at the same time act falsely towards him, for a negative act is not at all the counter of a positive one. A wish for his welfare is a negative feeling, it respects the agent himself merely, and not his action, whereas the action must always be complimentary to the agent, and exponential of his intention. Hence, we perceive a wish may imply nothing more than an intentional and tacit depreciation of any power to act, in order to take an unfair advantage. What we mean to say is that the motive to action is in all cases the genuine measure by which falsehood can be detected.

#### EXPLANATORY.

We have issued this, the first number of the *Gazette*, amid much opposition and many difficulties and disadvantages. The opposition has certainly not been against the paper itself, but against the mode in which it has been prepared. Want of space and time compels us to defer the consideration of this for a fortnight; at present we can only ask you to judge the *Gazette*, now that it has appeared, by its merits and by its aim—to throw away all prejudice and spirit of opposition, and give it a fair trial under its present management.

We will most willingly open our columns to *any* expression of opinion on the merits or demerits of the paper, or the manner in which it is to be conducted. We will insert *all* articles sent to us on this subject, provided that they are of a reasonable length, and are not characterized by personalities. We can do nothing fairer.

Political and denominational articles will be strictly excluded from our pages, but all others—literary or social, grave or gay, heavy or light, will be thankfully received, and readily inserted. The design of the promoters of the *Gazette*, is to make it pre-eminently, though not exclusively, a *Students'* paper, one in which all, senior or junior, Freshmen or Magistrans, as well as all others who would join with us in fostering a *general* literary taste as our ultimate design may freely write on all subjects, one which although it may be nominally conducted by two or three, is to be considered common property, and to whose pages the youngest member of our University may have as free access as the oldest. Will you not, then, lend us a helping hand in our design? Will you not join with us in striving to make the *Gazette* distinguished for its high and intellectual tone, and for its general as well as its academic usefulness.

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