

Cape Breton is Still God's Country

Page Two of the Historic Dal Gazette

Cape Breton was and still is a question of much interest especially to anyone from this island part of Nova Scotia. Apparently it was of great interest in 1869 for it was deemed worthy of two pages of the history making Dalhousie Gazette. This well-informed graduate student describes every geographical beauty of the famous island.

THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE.

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 superlatively remark that nothing worth while could be said, so appreciated is it in most minds with all that is common and unnew. 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 unhillly 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 natured 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 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

Poet of the 20's

Now Fe. runs a motor boat
For C2H6O.
Said she to me, "Now Ba. sport,
And U and I will go
Just out to Ca. league or two
For bottled Tl. think,
Pt. and Se. both will come
For Ne. kind of drink.
Said I, "O that will be B.O.K.,
'Ni will Cu. through,
Who interferences will Cl. sure,
Ge. can stay right 'ere."
Said Fe, "Sure U. Ra. man,
Now Ru. ready dear?
If Ne. one is still afraid,
Ge. ca nstay right 'ere."
Then C2H6O we got
Just three miles out from land,
Pt. and Se. said 'twas fine,
'Ni thought it was grand,
Th' affinity we had for it
Created an uproar
Like adding drops of H2O
To H2SO4.

From the leaves of the Dalhousie Gazette

Any professor: "What was the former ruler of Russia called?"
Any Freshman: "The Czar, sir."
Any professor: "And his wife?"
Any freshman: "The Czarina, Sir."
Any professor: "And the children?"
Any Freshman: "Czardines, Sir."

How It Happened:

Mr. Douglas Reid, the Domino Champion of Shubenacadie, is secretary of Med. 24. This is how it happened. "I nominate Doug Reid." "Go to blazes!" "I move nominations cease." Congratulations Doug.

The Very Idea . . .

Felix: "They tell me your complexion is all made up."
Felice: "That's false."
Felix: "That's what they meant."

Night watchman at Studley: "Hey! Who goes there?"
Reply from the night: "A professor with two friends."
N. W.: "What! A professor with two friends!"

Examinode

Behold a session of the Muse!
From History Ones to English Twos
The busy mob perspires with thought
And Need brings forth what Sense would not.
"And so we see" . . . assert the bold
(We've never seen, we've just been told)
Or "To the meanest minds 'tis clear . . ."
(We're not the 'meanest' minds to fear)
Or "Let us now . . ." and then some blots
Pretend to cover brilliant thoughts.
But see where one with vacant stare
Despises all the scribblers there
And, knowing he can't write to call,
He fails by writing not at all.
Or worse, the man who writes not what
He thinks but what he's taught;
At second hand he is a sage
And shows the fact from page to page,
His pen dipped (till his hand is tired)
In a well of English uninspired.
Great History this day learns some facts
Unlikely dates and unknown Acts,
And, when he hears why Hamlet err'd,
Poor Shakespeare turns where he's interr'd.
And even Ovid well might smile
To see metamorphosed his style.
I know, for all of these I've been—
The plodder, failure and the keen-eyed seeker after subterfuge.
The honor's small, the worry huge.
What mark is measure of the man?
'Tis what he can't not what he can
It indicates, and nothing more;
The man's still what he was before.
—N.T.

The Other Fellow:

When the other fellow treats people very well, he is "toadying." When we do the same it is tact.

When the other fellow says what he thinks, he is spiteful. When we do it, we are frank.

When the other fellow gives way to ill-temper, he is "ugly." When we fly into a rage, it is "nerves."

As an aftermath of the "AT HOME" several things have come to light, one of them however not being Don Sinclair's trousers. "They can have a dozen more 'At Homes' says Don, "But those girls won't get in my room."

"Waiter this soup is spoiled!"
"Who told you?"
"A little swallow."

October 1920:

The Students' Council at its very first meeting decided to give greater publicity to the heretofore silent workers of that body. The Gazette has been allowed to send a reporter to all meetings, and Mr. K. H. Gray of law has been appointed reporter. He is not a member of the council, and we can expect full reports from him. Each issue of the Gazette will carry an exact account of the latest activities of our Council.

1st Co-ed - "What gown do you propose to wear to the Freshie-Soph?"

2nd Co-ed - "I have decided on nothing."

Who was Cain's wife?

Well who was she? Dr. W. Riley, world famous fundamentalist in his address before the students at UBC was unable to give a satisfactory answer to the students. In the course of his lecture entitled "Is Man a Developed Monkey?" Dr. Riley made some interesting statements about unholy professors and textbooks, the book of Genesis and the "utterly false" theory of evolution. He states that he has "taken part in 26 debates in evolution and has yet to lose one. There is no such thing as the transmutation of species. Science was knowledge gained and verified by experimentation and has there been a single case of such transmutation proved by experiment?"

At any rate Dr. Riley might have obliged the questioning students by answering their query about Cain's wife. He might have used the answer the colored preacher who when told by a dusty skeptic that he would become a church goer if the preacher could answer the same question replied, "Brudder, you will never be holy if you show such an interest in other people's wives!"

Delta Gamma:

Having missed the Ferry by about 99/100 minutes, Delta gamma on Saturday the 25th, 1922, used up the fifteen minute wait by getting weighed for one cent. Aggregate weight—two tons, one hundred and fifty-three pounds, two and forty-four forty-fifths ounces.