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UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

# REVIEW



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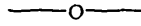
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# CONTENTS.



	PAGES.
AUBREY DE VERE AS A SONNETEER.....	1-9
SQUIRE MORTON'S GHOST.....	10-18
VOLCANOES.— T. G. MORIN.....	19-27
A BRAVE LITTLE SACRISTAN.....	28-34
EDITORIAL:	
Father Pallier's Jubilee.....	35
At the University.....	36
Few words to our footballers.....	37
GLEANINGS.....	39-42
THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.....	42
PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.....	43-45
AMONG THE MAGAZINES.....	45-47
ATHLETICS.....	48
BOOK NOTICE.....	50

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# University of Ottawa REVIEW

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Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. I.

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## AUBREY DE VERE AS A SONNETEER.

S the spoils of very many countries have gone to swell the fat national coffers of England, so numerous languages have contributed to the formation, richness and ornamentation of the verbal mosaic, which we call the English language. So far as its vocabulary goes, the English language is throughout mingled and composite. Its architectural surface is neither Doric, Ionic, nor Corinthian, but rather a mixture of all three, and much more; and it has about it, therefore, no little of that want of harmonious completeness made up of "the lines of beauty and curves of grace," so generally shared by all manners of hybrids and things of mixed nature, from a mule or a cur to a coalition government. Nevertheless, the English language, taken all in all, may safely be considered as by far the richest, though not the most sonorous of all languages spoken in our day. Madame deStael proved herself a competent authority on the relative ability and adaptibility of languages when she crowded into one sentence a whole essay on living tongues. "Were I mistress of fifty languages," she said, "I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek and make love in the soft Italian." Generalizations have almost invariably a screw loose somewhere, but these are, I believe, as correct as such things can be framed. It is safe to conclude that while the consonantal qualities of the English, whether guttural, sibilant or

mute, are indeed marked, they leave the language less harsh than German, though infinitely more intractable than the triune daughters of Latin, the French, Spanish, and Italian.

Perhaps, as an aid towards the attainment of the supernal finish which more than aught else lends to literary composition the lasting charm and value that make literary masterpieces rank among the eternal monuments which are carved in stone that can never crumble, and which is generally produced, not by intuition—although there are, I willingly grant you, rare cases of “inspiration,” of “divine afflatus”—but rather by patient work with the file and the pumice-stone, the scoring-pencil and the rubber eraser, it is just as well that the raw material out of which our poets are compelled to chisel rather than to mould their creations should be in part refractory. The very intractableness of the raw material compels the artist in words, by filling him with doubts (if his head be not swelled by conceit) and by spurring him to put forth his most strenuous efforts, to work slowly, carefully and thoughtfully.

To paraphrase a famous saying of Shelley to the effect that no man can say, I will compose poetry, it may be affirmed with at least equal correctness that no poet using the English language can say, I will compose poetry without exertion. Great art is the production of great labor and mental suffering. Nothing that is really excellent is easy to do or to find. The “divine afflatus,” as displayed in the verse of an overwhelming majority of versifiers everywhere through the English-speaking world in our time, appears to be the direct opposite to the divine.

Real poetry is nobility of intellect. A language may have versifiers, with smooth numbers and easy rhymes, and yet have little or none of that dignity of thought which always goes to the making of poetry worthy of the name; as witness the Troubadour lays of Provence, the volatile chansons of Spain, and the mass of the amatory verse of Italy, especially the article produced in modern times. To think deeply is to toil hard, and wearing toil goes against human nature. Very few would refuse to join the numerous and noble Order of Sons of Rest were there no such things as dinners to be earned. In the case of the Latin languages, their flexibility greatly relieves the poet from the arduous toil of profoundly thinking, and all too frequently allows him to follow

the natural bent of a first notion without a single effort at reflection, so the minor composer in the Latin languages—in French or Spanish, or Italian—rhymes, as Cunon whistles, for want of thought. The minor bards among the Latin nations are more numerous than the minor bards that use the English language; for one Austin Dobson or Edmund W. Gosse that we could show, the Latins could produce several scores, and with these careless singers the rhythm is jingle, the words are strained, the pictures are hazy and the sentiment is silly. So, I make bold to repeat, a language that puts the poet on his mettle from the outset, constraining him to bring all his resources of conception, contemplation, and expression into action, as a military commander in extremity does with his troops, is very far from being an unmixed evil to the industrious artist in words, and such the true poet must always be.

The English tongue—our cartilaginous tongue, as someone has styled it—has been described, even by scholars, and great writers, as harsh, hard, dry and inadequate. But surely those learned men spoke of the language rather as it was than as it is. The very works of more than one of these sweeping witnesses refute their testimony and stamp their medium of expression as the reverse of harsh and inadequate. When we contemplate what those men have said about the language in the light of the masterpieces which their genius has constructed by its means we are struck by the incongruity, and we find ourselves instinctively recalling glaring instances of inconsistency, that for instance, of Carlyle's life task of preaching eternal silence in over thirty portly volumes of words, or the three-hour sermon on the Brevity of Human Life. Without in the least desiring to stand out as the protagonist of learned men and great writers, I nevertheless without hesitation venture the opinion that the fault, if fault there be, lies oftener with the user of the language than the language itself, to confirm which statement I need only refer the reader to his own linguistic experience, for, although the English language is comparatively defective in unity and symmetrical grace of proportion, it possesses vast resources and is of immense power. Of it Sir Thomas Moore declared: "It is plenteous enough to express our minds." It is allowed by all that our language grows sweeter



and deeper every day, Many years have passed since good Sir Thomas spoke, the golden roll of English writers has lengthened four-fold, and if the language was, according to the conviction of a surpassing intellect, "plenteous enough" for the expression of the things, "one man hath used to speak with another" then, it surely must be, to copy the appetizing diction of the hotel advertisements, "gracefully abundant" now, since, like a careful household manager, or port wine, it has been growing rich with age. Nay; there are no mysteries of faith so sublime, no speculation of philosophy too subtle or too profound, to be adequately expressed in the popular idiom. The instrument which makes us the highly favored possessor of the many-sided fullness of Shakespeare, of the majestic music of Milton, of the wit of Dryden, of the homely sympathy of Cowper, of the descriptive power of Thompson, of the romance of Scott, of the elegance of Tennyson, of the pathos of Longfellow, of the sparkling fancy of Burns and Moore—such an instrument is, rest assured, equal to every demand. "Who cannot dress it well wants wit, not words," was the conclusion arrived at long ago by the worthy George Herbert. "The obscurity uttered is the obscurity thought," is an apposite dictum attributed to the distinguished Swedish poet, Teyner. Then, possess yourself of the necessary ideas, and feel them profoundly, and you will be certain to find the English language, like our inspiring and noble Ottawa river, deep, clear and resistless in its sweep.

On language, poetry acts as a solvent and precipitant, if I may use the terms of the chemist. The matter and diction of poetry tend alike towards the enrichment and refinement of the language. Matthew Arnold insisted that there must be something of the grand style in every composition that is truly poetic; something that rejects the trivial and the low, or even the familiar and the homely, as beneath the dignity of poetry. In general, poetry not only deals with those thoughts and sentiments which are universal to the race, as distinguished from those which are in any sense limited or conventional, but the constraints of verse compel a selection in the words employed, and a special nicety in their arrangement and combination. As man, when he passes the emotional dawn of intelligence and advances to a station where literary culture is refined and matured, finds it less easy

to write in verse than in prose, he reserves for the poetic form of writing his choicest thoughts and his best emotions. Thus, poetic thought requires a certain dignity and elevation of diction inconsistent with the employment of trite, trivial, vulgar and slangy expression. Poetry is the immortality of language. As regards arrangement and connection of words, poetry and highly impassioned prose are sometimes not very dissimilar; but in the choice of words a marked distinction is observed by the best prose-writers. Poetry, in its different styles, uses almost all the words of poetic prose; but prose avoids a number of words belonging to poetic diction. The poet, by virtue of his calling as maker, invents new words and recalls old words. Forms and words, constantly repeated by successive poets, become, as it were, the legitimate inheritance of all who write poetry. Poetry being less conversational than prose, is less affected than prose is by the change of a living language, and more affected by the language of the poetry of past ages. It is, to use the words of the rhetoricians, the diction of poetry is archaic and non-colloquial, and it is also more picturesque, ornamental, euphonious and concentrated.

Real poetry is rich thought clothed in rare words. The attentive reading of poetry is so far from being a waste of time, that it should, I venture to think, be made an indispensable condition of education, as it gives us not only a deep and broad insight into our own language, but also sharpens our taste (vitiating by sucking at trashy magazines and nibbling at still more trashy novels) for the undoubted masters of the world, and restores to us the healthy use of the great classics of antiquity.

To indicate with anything like precision the distinctive amount of benefit which our language has gained from any special form, is a work that call for better ability than mine. But, it is probable, that the lyric in all its phases, especially the song and its sister, the hymn, has done most to enrich, ennoble, and beautify our language.

It is quite certain—and this bears closer on my present theme—that since the sonnet was given a home in British Literature by the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, it has been made, in each succeeding age of its progress, the fitting vehicle of deep and refined feeling, of lofty and noble sentiments, of bold and soaring



thought, of tender and impassioned emotions. To write a detailed history of the English sonnet is not my object; but I may mention in passing that he who desires such reading will find much to satisfy his desires in the essays on the sonnet prepared by such writers as Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Main, Mr. Ashcroft Noble, the late Archbishop French, Mr. J. Addington Symond, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mr. William Sharp. By referring to the collection of sonnets published by Hall Caine and William Sharp we are at once convinced that the mightiest of the British poets, not urged thereto by any form of necessity, but of their own free choice, have one after another chosen this form of verse in which to embody and preserve some of their very choicest thoughts, their most personal and most vivid utterances. As an exercise in metre and compression, the sonnet form commends itself forcibly to the poetic worker. The mold has ever been a favorite one with our poets, who, no doubt, felt the advantage of that check to diffusiveness, that necessity of condensation, which its narrow limit imposes. The point is made clear on Wordsworth's famous Sonnet on the Sonnet, wherein we are told of the many great poets who loved it, and found it the casket in which they were pleased to treasure some of the very best which they possessed. Our sonnet literature is, consequently, extremely rich and various, and the influence exercised by the sonnet must be great on the more cultivated and scholarly minds, as the English sonnets contain a large amount of the material from which none, capable of enjoying true poetry, should willingly cut themselves off.

But while the sonnet form has always been, and is, a prime favorite with the poets, so much cannot be affirmed of their readers. To resort to paradox, the sonnet is a popular form of verse which is not popular. Leaving aside the fact that good sonnets are crammed with high thought, the work of quarrying which marble many good people dread, the chief reasons for the dislike are, I believe, two in number. A great number of bad sonnets have found their way into our literature, commonly through the kitchen door of our lesser magazines; for, be it remembered, some of our truest poets have been and are unable to write sonnets of the first order, and, where the great ones failed the little ones simply floundered. On the other hand some of the lesser lights

succeeded where the bright suns shed few rays. Matthew Arnold and Alfred Austin, for example have sauntered gracefully down the sonnet glades, where Percy Bysshe Shelley and Samuel Taylor Coleridge cut poor enough figures. Again, the sonnet is not popular because it is not everyone, even among the most cultivated, can tell precisely what a sonnet should be.

A sonnet has been defined by an intelligent young lady as "a thing that rhymes with bonnet." A young gentlemen of some literary pretensions and a turn for satire perhaps, has called the sonnet "a little poem used to stop holes in magazine copy." A learned pedagogue in reply to a question of the present writer replied: "a sonnet is fourteen lines of decasyllabic metre." Now, all these definitions are lamentably deficient. As Mr. R. K. Mun-  
kittrick recently reminded the readers of a magazine, a decasyllabic poem of fourteen lines is not a sonnet any more than an octasyllabic poem of twenty lines is a lyric, or a poem of eighteen thousand lines in iambic pentameter is an epic. Sonnets are, it is true, extensively used to fill in blanks in magazines, and as tail-pieces for prose articles, but this use does not made them sonnets. As to the definition of the intelligent young lady it can be truly averred that it is as nearly right as any one that would be submitted by the average member of any social circle. In fine, the sonnet is a form of very often used but little understood.

Spirit goes for much in a sonnet. Perhaps the best way of briefly showing the spirit which should actuate this form of poetry would be to analyse the thought of one of the greatest sonnets in the language, if not the greatest—poor Blanco White's sonnet on Night. The grand thought of it I take to be this: Night, which at first threatens to hide all things from view, in fact reveals to us those illimitable starry worlds of which, and of the existence of which, except for it, we should not have had the least suspicion. What if death, which in like manner threatens to hide so much, shall indeed reveal far more than it hides? This profound thought is worked out by means of two quatrains, its octave, or major system, and two tercets, its sestet, or minor system. The quatrains are, you perceive, objective, and make a statement, and the tercets are subjects, and express the simile suggested in the quatrains, just as William Clarke says they should. The sonnet

closes with a great wave of suggestiveness, which closing impressiveness transcending all the preceding gravity is another characteristic of every first-class serious sonnet. A study of the sonnet on Night shows, I think, not only the spirit which should underlie this form of poetry at its best, but also demonstrates the thought relation that should exist between the two parts of a sonnet, and show very satisfactorily that this form is admirably adapted for the graceful and adequate expression of a more than ordinary valuable single thought.

The reader is probably aware that in English we have more than one legitimate form of the sonnet. According to Professor Sharp the formal types used in our language are, the Petrarchan, the Spenserian, the Shakesperian and the Miltonic. The Guiltonian, or Petrarchan sonnet is the classical type now in use, and of which I shall have more to say presently. Spenser, according to the same authority, after many experiments, and having grown dissatisfied with the quatrains and couplet mold of Wyatt and Surrey, produced a modification of both the English and the Latin form, retaining something of the rhyme-iteration of the latter along with the couplet ending of the former, but failing to please the ear either of his contemporaries or of his successors. What is now called the Miltonic mold has the characteristic of unbroken continuity between the octave and the sextet, a system probably suggested to the great poet by a sonnet by Sir Walter Raleigh. The Shakesperian sonnet is distinctly different from the normal Italian type, as, still following Professor Sharp, unlike the Italian sonnet, it is not divided into two systems, though a pause corresponding to that enforced by the separation of octave and sextet, is very frequently observed. Instead of having octave and sextet, the Shakesperian sonnet is made up of four elegiac quatrains clinched by a rhymed couplet with a new sound.

I will now briefly enumerate the chief conditions which, according to the rules laid down by the very best authorities, the ideal classical sonnet should fulfill. In the first place it must consist of fourteen decasyllabic lines, neither more nor less. These, again, must be distributed into two groups or systems; the major group or system consisting of the first eight lines, which should be complete in themselves; and then the minor

group or system, of the six concluding lines. Again, the first eight lines should only have two rhymes between them ; and these rhymes distributed in a fixed order and succession. Let A stand for one rhyme and B for the other and the succession may be clearly indicated by the following diagram :

A-B-B-A--A-B-B-A.

The first, fourth, fifth and eight lines should all rhyme with one another, and the second, third, sixth and seventh lines should also rhyme identically. There should then be a pause in the sense and the six concluding lines, or minor system, should similarly contain only two rhymes ; these in the most finished specimens of the sonnet, alternating with one another. Resorting again to the diagram, and supposing the letters different sounds, or rhymes, this alternation may be clearly shown as follows :

A-B-A-B-A-B.

Or, again, as there is a certain freedom allowed in the rhyming of the sextets :

A-B-B-A-A-B.

All other things being equal, a sonnet may be considered as nearest to perfection in its outward form. Other rules, both numerous and trying, have been laid down, as, for example, that no terminal should also occur in any portion of any other line in the same system, that the rhyme sounds of the octave should be harmoniously at variance, that the rhyme-sounds of the sextet should be entirely distinct in intonation from those of the octave, that the continuity of the thought, idea or emotion must be unbroken throughout, and that—but this rule is regarded by many as merely capricious—the same word should never recur twice in the same sonnet. All the minor rules may well be left for the delectation of the sonnet student. Enough has, I venture to think, been said to show what a good sonnet should be in spirit and form, and the task that remains for me is to apply the rules of sonnet structure to the sonnet work performed by Aubery de Vere, to bring forward certain striking examples of his method, and to strive, according to the best of my poor skill, to determine his status among the sonneteers of our language.

(To be Concluded.)

MAURICE CASEY.

## SQUIRE MORTON'S GHOST.



It is a peculiar errand that draws mortals to a graveyard after dark. At any time the resting-place of the dead is an awe inspiring spot ; but in the darkness of night when the blanket of repose is spread over a slumbering world, the death-like calmness of the cemetery, occasionally disturbed by the mournful dirges of the winds as they whistle through the trees and around the crumbling tombstones, impart to a naturally weird scene an uncanny character, suggesting to ordinary minds horrid ideas of spirits and hobgoblins.

It was about ten o'clock one night in September that a span of horses drawing a wagg'on and driven by two men, halted on a quiet by-path which led from the main road around to the rear of Marklyne cemetery. The weather had been sultry since sundown and the dense clouds gathering in the west portended an approaching shower. Evidently expecting the rain, the drivers were comfortably wrapped in waterproofs and furnished with umbrellas. An occasional glimpse of the moon, darting through a rift in the clouds, showed both men to be of dark complexions, one apparently about 22 years of age, the other about 30. The younger man was the taller of the two, and wore an embryonic moustache, which however, sank almost into insignificance, when compared with the well cultivated product of his companion's upper lip. At times his bearing and conversation indicated education, but gave no signs of that refinement usually accompanying it. The other had a rougher appearance, his dark, heavy eyebrows imparting to his broad face an unprepossessing and rather sinister expression. The hushed conversation of both men, but especially the marked restlessness and caution of the older companion, whose attention was called to every rustle of the surrounding bushes, plainly intimated that they were engaged in some secret and hazardous enterprise.

As already stated the horses halted in an unfrequented locality. "We've struck luck," remarked the younger man leaping

from the waggon. "The contents of those clouds will soon be upon us, Curdzon, so that we need expect but little disturbance from nocturnal stragglers."

"Let it come," responded Curdzon in a hoarse but subdued tone, as he cautiously alighted from his seat; "if the night were only as dark as the heavens above us, we'd be none the less secure from detection, for this is a dirty and risky piece of business we have before us." So saying, he led the horses by the head to an enclosure surrounded by dense bushes, and tied them to a low log-fence that skirted the grave yard. "Now Hardy," he continued, "get the instruments ready and let's to work; the sooner we get out of this the better for the both of us."

Hardy at once complied. Approaching the waggon, and removing a large oil-cloth, he uncovered a long wooden box, on opening which he produced two spades, an axe and several smaller tools. Having collected the necessary instruments, without further words both men leaped the fence into the cemetery, and hastening warily past many a sepulchre, stopped suddenly in front of a new-made grave which Curdzon described as that of Squire Morton.

Without a moment's hesitation they set to work at their unholy task. Plying their spades with an assiduity that was disturbed only by an occasional intrusion of a night-bird in the neighboring bushes, in a short time a coffin was unearthed and unscrupulously robbed of its hallowed contents. In order to prevent suspicion of the deed, they sealed the empty coffin, and prudently replaced the sand that previously covered the grave. Then wrapping the corpse in a white linen covering, the impious pillagers carried it to the waggon and laid it in the long wooden box which they carefully locked.

During the process of disinterment the diggers worked so strenuously that their task could not have lasted more than half an hour. During its progress they conversed freely in a low tone, at the same time using the utmost circumspection lest they should be disturbed by unwelcome stragglers. Any third party having an opportunity of listening to the subdued conversation of the two men, might have gathered much of the following information regarding the object of their nefarious occupation.

John Morton, or as he was more popularly known, Squire Morton, was an old gentleman whose ample fortune had been acquired by close attention to a large wholesale business, carried on in a city which for convenience sake we will call Martville. After several years of successful commercial life, during which time he amassed wealth, sufficient to keep his small family in princely comfort for the remainder of their days, declining health began to exclude the squire from the practice of that strict attention so necessary to the successful carrying on of extensive mercantile pursuits. Not having any competent relatives to whom he could entrust his vast concerns John Morton found it necessary to retire from business, so with some reluctance he was induced to hand over his extensive commercial interests to a wealthy company for a satisfactory consideration.

It was the fond expectation of his family, that cessation of the heavy strain necessitated by diligent care of vast financial affairs would produce the salutary effect of restoring to the Squire that vigorous strength which previously resided in his robust constitution. Hence their repeated importunities were to a great degree responsible for his retirement. Rest, they thought, was the only remedy needed, and the merchant submitted to its treatment, more to satisfy the desires of solicitous relatives, than from any great hope he entertained of bodily improvement.

For one who has long been engaged in active occupation, dull inactivity is not always calculated to produce beneficial results. Thus it was with the Squire. Not having to attend to his usual employments, life began to lie heavily upon him, and day by day his health continued to decline. His characteristic sauvity of temper gradually grew worse, and his friends began to have serious fears regarding his condition. At the suggestion of the family physician, one Dr. Merden, a skillful, but unscrupulous practitioner,—John Morton removed to his country seat at Marklyne, which for a quarter of a century had been the permanent homestead of the Morton family. At the death of the Squire's father which occurred about eight years previous, the Marklyne property was bequeathed to the only surviving son, who henceforth occupied the rural residence only during those summer months in which there could be found a few weeks relaxation from business. For the



remaining part of the year the unoccupied property was guarded and kept in order by the blear-eyed vigilance, and sweatless industry of two servants, one of whom we have already introduced to our readers in the person of Frank Curdzon.

By unusual diligence on the part of the above persons, the house and its surroundings were in a short time prepared to receive their owner; so, having transacted all necessary business at Martville, Squire Morton with his wife and two daughters, departed for their new home. At first the change of residence produced the desired effect upon the merchant's health. The beauties of a naturally picturesque country were a source of pleasant contemplation for one accustomed only to the monotonous routine of business life, while the fresh invigorating country air acted as a stimulant, which partially restored to the depressed invalid his usual health of body, and characteristic buoyancy of temper. But the change was only temporary. Few weeks had passed before he relapsed into his former condition. Time only aggravated his malady. In a short time symptoms appeared for which the attending physician could not sufficiently account. Consultations were held but without effecting a satisfactory diagnosis. The real nature of his disease being unknown every treatment proved useless. Each day saw his health decline. But five months had been spent at Marklyne, when, notwithstanding the frequent attendance of practised physicians, and in spite of the loving care of his wife and daughters, Squire Morton died and was buried in the family burying plot, from which we have already seen his remains to have been shamefully removed.

During the merchant's illness Dr. Merden viewed proceedings with an interested eye. It is still a matter of doubt whether it was for the sake of science, or for some unknown personal motive, that the doctor conceived an intense desire to fathom the cause of his patient's death. Baffled until now he determined to yet learn the secret. "I'll search it out," he said to himself, "even though imprisonment be my reward." It was in consequence of this decision that Frank Curdzon, along with Tom Hardy, a young medical student in the confidence of Dr. Merden, was hired to procure the Squire's body, probably for purposes of dissection.

Such was the mission of the two diggers whom we left and to whom we now return, "in Marklyne cemetery.

During their stay in the graveyard Curdzon gave evident indication of restlessness and timidity. This was caused not so much by fear of being detected in such an unlawful act, as on account of the uncomfortable sensation many weak-minded people feel when in the presence of the dead. In a word Curdzon was afraid—dreadfully afraid of ghosts. To such an extent was this the case that at different stages of the proceedings he would undoubtedly have left the place, were it not for the taunting sneers and laughter of his younger, but more experienced companion. It was consequently with considerable feeling of relief that he now saw the most arduous part of their task completed. So, when fully satisfied that they had left no traces of the deed, and every thing being set in readiness, they prepared for departure. Curdzon proceeded for a distance on foot, to prevent any unexpected meeting. Hardy followed leading the horses by their bridles. For a time they were disturbed by the rumbling of a passing wagon, but their fears gradually died away, as the sounds of the horses hoofs were heard to diminish in the distance. Hastening then to the main road, both men jumped briskly into their vehicle, and without further adventure, proceeded on their journey towards Martville.

About five miles down the road there stood an old country inn, kept by an aged widow named Lowery. It was a large brick building, the shattered appearance of which gave manifest signs of age, while the purpose to which a few dingy sheds were put, could hardly have been surmised, were it not for a prominent placard which read: "Good Yard and Stabling."

At one time this house was known to do considerable business, but of late it had suffered greatly in this respect by the rivalry of another building of similar pretensions, but possessing more modern conveniences and accommodations. As a consequence Mrs. Lowery's staff of domestics, which at one time reached to the respectable number of three, dwindled down until the whole establishment was left to the sole care of a trusty servant known by the suggestive name of Reddy Jordon. The person who bore this weighty responsibility, was an honest orphan youth of about eighteen years of age, whose nickname, "Reddy," had been de-

rived from the marked color of his complexion. A copiousness of uncombed auburn locks hung in natural luxuriance round his massive head, expressing with admirable effect the encomium of humorous honesty, plainly written with freckled characters upon his open countenance. On the night of our story, he was standing in the stable door, with lantern in hand, thinking whether he had forgotten any of his customary duties before retiring, when a handsome span of horses drove into the yard. In a moment he was by their side.

"Looks like a storm. Put yer horses in, boss?"

"No, but I wouldn't mind if you'd give 'em a drink; they must be thirsty" responded Curdzon.

"I guess we're in a somewhat similar condition ourselves" added Hardy, and without further words both men walked toward the hotel. Immediately Reddy began to comply with their request. The horses were properly attended to, when as is customary with stable-boys in such places, curiosity led him to the wagon. "Rather a light load to be goin' to market with," he muttered to himself as he lifted the oilcloth. "Butter I s'pose." Without further ceremony he raised the lid of the box, the lock of which had been broken, by the jolting of the waggon along the rough roads. Removing the sheet, and holding the lantern in favorable position, his eyes fell upon an unexpected object. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed, as in amazement he quickly withdrew from the waggon. Looking around to see that none of the strangers were in sight, he ventured another glance, when by a closer scrutiny, he easily recognised the features of "Squire" Morton. For a moment he stood dumbfounded. But almost immediately he began to consider how he might frustrate the villainous designs of the visitors. Assistance could not be summoned; with the exception of an old Mrs. Lawery there was not a soul within half a mile. What was to be done? Suddenly a happy thought struck him. Open resistance would certainly prove useless; he would try stratagem. Darting into the house, he passed through the bar-room, in which the strangers were comfortably seated, and in a short time returned again to the yard, bearing in his hand a quantity of flour. What the nature of his subsequent action was, we shall learn later on.

In the meantime Curdzon and Hardy chatted pleasantly until they began to think it about time to depart.

"Come Curdzon" said his companion "Let's risk the storm. Here, my boy, have another drink, if we meet the rain, we may as well be wet inside as outside, eh?"

"Yes I s'pose so" replied Curdzon willingly accepting the proffered glass. Feeling fully refreshed, the men muffled up, returned to their horses, and without further delay, set out once more upon their journey.

About fifteen miles of the road stretched before them, and in view of the threatening clouds that frowned from above, their drive promised to be under rather unpleasant conditions. However, the prospect of a shower, by no means dampened the drivers' spirits, which had been greatly enlivened by frequent application of the cheering glass. On the road Curdzon became unusually talkative. Hardy held his own in the conversation which drifted from topic to topic. A slight rain began to fall, but not a whit did it interfere with the travellers' mirth. Coarse jokes and spicy stories were in turn recounted and uproariously enjoyed. Soon their flashes of wit began to be followed by flashes of lightning, while their unrestrained laughter was mocked by the rumblings of the distant thunder. The storm speedily increased in its ferocity. The clouds flashed streaks and sheets of vivid fire. The thunders clashed like the meeting of supernatural hosts contending in frightful battle. Curdzon's cheerfulness quickly subsided. He fell into a contemplative mood. "Say Hardy" he suddenly questioned after breaking from a prolonged silence "d'ye believe in ghosts?"

"Ghosts!" exclaimed Hardy, with difficulty suppressing a smile; "nobody has better reason to believe in them." And herewith, to the discomfiture of his impatient listener, he began to recount a hair-raising adventure of personal experience. The darkness and lonesome appearance of the road gave his story a realistic coloring. With glowing language he described the incidents of his narrative; how through curiosity, and a desire to make a showing of bravery, he and a companion had entered what was reported to be a haunted house; how they had waited quietly for that hour usually appointed for ghostly apparitions; how their lanterns were mysteriously

quenched; how strange noises were heard; and how there occurred twenty other such unaccountable circumstances as are usually narrated in such connection. Curdzon was wrought into a high pitch of excitement, his eyes peering forth into the enveloping darkness as if in search of expected apparitions. As the speaker proceeded his imagination became more vivid; his language, more forcible and earnest. He was apparently becoming interested in the fabrication of his own fancy. They had reached a secluded part of the road, enclosed by dense bushes, when Hardy arrived at the chief point of his narration. Turning towards his frightened companion, with suppressed but emphatic tone of voice, he proceeded to introduce his principal character. "We had been but half an hour in the deserted building," he continued, "when just as the old time-piece in the corner had struck the hour of midnight, in the entrance of the adjoining room, great Heavens! there suddenly appeared——"

But, he never finished his story. At this juncture he was strangely interrupted by a low sepulchral groan, issuing from the back of the waggon. Curdzon and Hardy turned suddenly around when to their utter amazement, a vivid glance of lightning flashing through the trees, displayed standing in the wooden box, and enveloped in the milk-white sheet, such a ghastly figure as was never before seen, even by the eyes of the melancholy Hamlet.

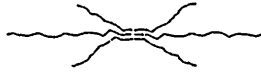
"The Lord help us! It's Squire Morton" exclaimed Curdzon, leaping from the waggon. Without waiting to halt the horses, Hardy followed, and both men fled to the woods, leaving Reddy Jordan, for he it was, complete master of the situation.

The stable-boy's presence is easily explained. Having returned from the hotel where Curdzon and Hardy were seated, he covered his face with the flour brought from the kitchen, and having quickly removed the corpse into the adjoining shed, took his position in the box, from which we have just seen him emerge, to the surprise and terror of the desecrators of the old Squire's grave.

With some difficulty Reddy gained control of the frightened horses, and turned their heads towards the hotel. The valuable span is still in his possession, no one having dared to claim them.

Curdzon and Hardy, by the assistance of Dr. Merden escaped from the country, thus avoiding the clutches of the law. When Reddy's adventure was made known, he became the hero of Marklyne, and from that day was received into the Morton family as an adopted son.

HANS NIX, '98.



"If I am traduced by tongues which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers; which ever  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trimmed, but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mocked, or carped at  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State statues only."—*King Henry VIII.*

## VOLCANOES.

LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE STUDENTS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

BY T. G. MORIN, '01.

**I**N developing the modern theory of Geology, writers have all along assumed that the crust of the earth has been subject to frequent disturbances from the earliest ages of the world. The crust of the earth, we are assured, is not that unyielding and immovable mass which men commonly take it to be. On the contrary, it has been from the beginning ever restless, rising here and subsiding there, sometimes with a convulsive shock capable of upturning, twisting, disturbing hard and stubborn rocks as if they were but flimsy layers of pliant clay; sometimes with a gentle, undulating movement, which, while it uplifts islands and continents, leaves the general aspect of the surface unchanged, the arrangement of the strata undisturbed and even the most tender fossils unharmed. Disturbances of this kind have taken place in various parts of the world, even within the period of history; and they may be distinctly traced to the action of subterranean heat.

In support of their theory, geologists bring forward the direct evidence of facts. They tell us that the deeper we penetrate into the crust of the earth the warmer it becomes. This seems contrary, no doubt, to what some of us have experienced. I myself have found it much cooler in a well thirty feet deep than in one ten feet deep. However, the reason I found it cooler below than above was because I did not reach the point where the sun's heat ceases to be sensibly felt. This limit in our climate, is at about 50 feet below the surface, and beyond this limit the deeper we go the warmer it becomes.

Again, all students of physical geography are familiar with the existence of hot springs which come from unknown depths in the earth's crust, and which appearing as they do in all parts of the world, testify in unmistakable language to the existence of internal heat. Then we have, in many countries, jets of steam



which issue from crevices in the earth and which tell of the existence of heated water below, as plainly as the steam that escapes from a locomotive or from the spout of a tea-kettle. These hot-springs are generally known by the name Geysers.

Such then are the evident symptoms of subterranean heat—hot springs, jets of steam, fountains of boiling water—which are manifested unceasingly at the surface of the earth in every quarter of the globe. But its sometimes given to us to behold the flames of this subterranean fire itself and to contemplate its power under a more striking and awful form—its power as exhibited by volcanoes. From time to time in the fury of its rage, the fiery element bursts asunder the prison in which it is confined. Then flames seem to issue from the surface of the earth, the roaring as of furnaces is heard in the depths below, clouds of red-hot cinders are ejected high into the air, and from every crevice pour forth streams of incandescent liquid rock, which rolling far away through once smiling fields and peaceful villages, carry destruction and desolation in their track. These are the ordinary phenomena of an active volcano during the period of eruption.

However, before proceeding further it would be well to have a clear idea of what a volcano is. The definition I learned in my first lessons in geography was that “a volcano is a mountain of fire.” A very short definition and easily remembered no doubt, but it is as faulty as it is brief. This description is not merely incomplete and inadequate as a whole, but each of the ideas of which it is composed is grossly inaccurate, and what is worse, perversely misleading. In the first place, the action which takes place in volcanoes, is not ‘burning’ or combustion, and bears indeed, no relation whatever to that well known process with which students of chemistry are familiar. Nor are volcanoes necessarily ‘mountains’; usually they are just the reverse. Most volcanoes are only holes in the earth’s crust through which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. When mountains do exist at centres of volcanic activity, they are simply the heaps of materials thrown out of these holes, and must therefore be regarded not as an essential element, but as a consequence of volcanic action. Nor does the action always take place at the summit. On the contrary the eruptions more frequently occur on

the sides and at the base. What is regarded as 'smoke' is generally steam or watery vapor, and the supposed raging 'flames' are nothing more than the glowing light of a mass of molten material reflected on these vapor-clouds.

The popular but false notions of volcanoes have come to us from the earliest ages. The ancients had a reverential awe for the "fire engines" and their fear prevented them from making close observations and thereby obtaining a correct idea of volcanoes. But the question may be asked. How have we obtained our present knowledge of their phenomena since great dangers evidently beset the searcher for the truth concerning these "safety valves of our globe."? Who, for example, would care to venture near Vesuvius when it vomits forth its streams of lava? The dangers and difficulties attending such an undertaking are so great as naturally to lead the unsophisticated to believe the task of ascertaining the true nature of volcanoes quite a hopeless one.

To understand, therefore, how a correct study of volcanic action is made let us bring the matter home, and ask ourselves how we would make a study of a steam engine. Would we undertake to examine the workings of its various complicated parts when the full blast of steam is turned on, and the rapid movement of shafts and wheels baffles all attempts to follow them, and renders hopeless every effort to trace their connection with one another? No; rather would we ask the engineer to favor us by turning off the greater part of the steam supply, then, as the rods move slowly backwards and forwards, as the wheels make their measured revolutions, and the valves are seen successively opening and shutting, we have an opportunity of determining the relations of the several parts of the machine to one another, and of arriving at a just conclusion concerning the plan on which it is constructed. We should follow the same method with regard to volcanoes, which are in some sort, but great natural steam engines, and make investigations when the greater part of the force is cut off. The only difficulty in the latter case is that there are no friendly engineers to cut off the supply. But it must be remembered that nearly all volcanoes vary greatly in the intensity of their action at different periods, and by taking advantage of their quiescent mo-

ments we can acquire all the knowledge that would be obtained by regulating their action for ourselves.

We may divide all active volcanoes into two classes, those that are violent, and those that are comparatively quiet or regular. As an example of the latter we have Stromboli situated in the Mediterranean Sea; while the well-known Vesuvius near Naples, Italy, exemplifies the former state of action. Let us not, like Pliny, venture near Vesuvius, but after example of our modern investigators who are just as curious as Pliny was, but more prudent, make our studies at the crater of Stromboli.

Stromboli is a volcanic island, rudely circular in outline, conical in form, and rising to the height of 3,090 feet above the level of the sea. From a point on the side of the mountain masses of vapor are seen to issue, and these unite to form a cloud over the mountain. Viewed at night, Stromboli presents a most striking and singular spectacle. Owing to the great elevation of the mountain the glow of red-light appearing from time to time above the summit is visible over an area of a radius of more than 100 miles. Hence, it has been appropriately called the "Lighthouse of the Mediterranean."

On landing upon the island, we find that it is built up entirely of such materials as we know to be ejected from volcanoes--lavas, cinders, tufas, etc. The lavas are of various kinds. They are generally heavy rocks, with some scattered ragged cellules or cavities through the mass. When a shower of rain, or of a moisture from the condensed steam, accompanies the fall of the cinders, the result is a mud-like mass, which dries and becomes a brownish or yellowish-brown layer or stratum, called tufa.

The irregularity in the form of the island is at once seen to be due to the action of the wind, the rain, and the waves of the surrounding sea. This great heap of material rises, as we have said, to a height of more than 3,000 feet above the sea level, but this does not give a just idea of its vast bulk. Soundings in the sea surrounding the island show that the Stromboli is a great conical mass of cinders and slaggy materials having a height of over 6,000 feet and a base whose diameter exceeds four miles. However you will not wonder at such an immense pile when it is known that this volcano has been in action for over 2,000 years.

At a short distance above the crater, there is found a ledge from which one can look down into the crater, and view the operations there. This is the spot whence all modern investigators have carried on their observations, because it is perfectly safe when the wind is blowing from the spectator towards the crater, and he may sit for hours watching the wonderful scene displayed before him. So exciting is the sight thus witnessed that it has been said by a modern scientist, "See Stomboli and die, for the world contains no more exciting experience." "To describe what is seen there," he adds "one must write like a god."

The black slaggy bottom of the crater is seen to be traversed by many fissures or cracks, from most of which curling jets of vapor issue quietly. But besides these smaller cracks at the bottom of the crater, several larger openings are seen, which vary in number and position at different periods, and the phenomena presented at these larger apertures are specially worthy of careful investigation. These larger apertures, if we study the nature of the action taking place there, may be divided into three classes. From those of the first class, steam is emitted with loud snorting puffs, like those produced by a locomotive but not so regular. In the second class of apertures, masses of molten material are seen welling out and flowing beyond the crater and rolling down the side into the depths of the sea. The openings of the third class present still more interesting appearances. Within the walls of the latter openings a semi-liquid substance is seen slowly heaving up and down. As we watch the seething mass the agitation within it is observed to increase gradually, and at least a gigantic bubble is formed which violently bursts, when a great rush of steam takes place, carrying fragments of the scum-like surface of the liquid high into the air.

This action of the boiling material within the volcano may be better understood by taking some familiar example on a smaller scale. Let us suppose, therefore, that a tall, narrow vessel is filled with some substance of imperfect fluidity, for example, porridge. If we place it over the fire, it will present very much indeed the appearance the crater of active Stomboli. As the temperature of the mass rises, steam is generated within it, and in the efforts of this steam to escape, the substance is set in violent

movement. At last, as we know, if heat continues to be applied to the vessel, the fluid contents will be forced up to its edge and a catastrophe will occur—the steam is suddenly and violently liberated from the bubbles formed on the surface of the mass, and a considerable quantity of the material is forcibly expelled from the vessel. The suddenness and violence of this catastrophe is easily accounted for if we bear in mind that the escaping steam acts after the manner of a compressed spring which is suddenly released. Steam is first formed at the bottom of the vessel which is in contact with the fire ; but here it is under the pressure of the whole mass of the liquid, and, moreover, the thickness of the substance tends to retard the union of the steam bubbles and their rise to the surface of the mass. But when the pressure is relieved the bubbles burst and the enclosed steam escapes with a violence that casts drops of the liquid high in the air.

Now within the crater of Stromboli we have precisely the necessary conditions for the display of the same series of operations. In the aperture at the bottom there exists a quantity of imperfectly fluid material at a high temperature, containing water imprisoned in its mass. As this water passes into the state of steam it tends to escape, and in so doing puts the whole mass into violent movement. Bubbles are formed from which, as they reach the surface, the pent-up steam escapes violently. Equilibrium being again restored there follows a longer or shorter interval of tranquility during which steam is being generated and collected within the mass, and the series of operations which we have described recommences.

But do not the mighty ebullitions of Vesuvius differ in violence and perhaps also in origin, from the feeble efforts of Stromboli? As to the difference in degree of violence, there can be no doubt. In the year 79 A. D., Vesuvius in an angry fit poured its devastating flood over the neighboring territory and buried in one mighty tomb the beautiful cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Again, as a typical example of the eruptions of Vesuvius we may take that of 1779, which has been so well and so accurately described by an eye-witness, Sir William Hamilton :

“ For two years before the mountain had been in a state of citement and disturbance. From time to time rumbling noises

were heard underground, dense masses of smoke were emitted from the crater, liquid lava at white heat bubbled up from crevices on the slopes of the mountain, and through these crevices a glimpse could be had here and there of the rocky caverns within, all red hot like a heated oven. But in the month of August, 1779, the eruption reached its climax. About nine o'clock in the evening of the eighth, there was a loud report which shook the houses of Portici and its neighborhood to such a degree as to alarm the inhabitants and to drive them into the streets. Many windows were broken, and, as I have since seen, walls cracked from the concussion of the air from the explosion. In one instant, a fountain of liquid, transparent fire began to rise, and gradually increasing, arrived at so amazing a height, as to strike everyone who beheld it with the most awful astonishment. I shall scarcely be credited when I assure you that, to the best of my judgment, the height of this stupendous column of fire could not be less than three times that of Vesuvius itself, which, as you know, rises perpendicularly near 3,700 feet above the level of the sea. Puffs of smoke, as black as possibly can be imagined, succeeded one another hastily, and accompanied the red hot, transparent and liquid lava, interrupting its splendid brightness here and there by patches of the darkest hue. Within these puffs of smoke, at the very moment of their emission from the crater, I could perceive a bright but pale electrical light playing about in zigzag lines. The liquid lava, mixed with scoria and stones, after having mounted, I verily believe, at least 10,000 feet, falling perpendicularly on Vesuvius, covered its whole cone, and a part of that of Somma, and the valley between them. The falling matter being nearly as vivid and inflamed as that which was continually issuing fresh from the crater, formed with it a complete body of fire, which could not be less than two and a half miles in breadth, and of the extraordinary height above mentioned, casting a heat to the distance of at least six miles around it. The brushwood of the mountain of Somma was soon in a flame, which, being of a different tint from the deep red of the matter thrown out from the volcano, and from the silvery blue of the electrical fire, still added to the contrast of this most extraordinary scene. After the column of fire continued in full force for nearly half an hour the eruption ceased at once, and

Vesuvius remained sullen and silent." Whence it will be readily seen that though differing immensely in degree of violence, the actions of Stromboli and Vesuvius are in their origins fundamentally the same.

These "fiery engines" of nature are distributed liberally over the surface of the globe. First, on our own great continents of America, the long chain of the Andes, which stretches along the western coast of South America from Terra del Fuego on the south to the isthmus of Panama on the north, is studded with volcanoes, most of which have been seen in active eruption within the last three hundred years. Indeed this line may be traced still further northward—to the mouth of the Columbia river.

Another vast chain of active volcanoes is that which skirts the eastern and southeastern coast of Asia. Commencing on the shores of northwestern America, which is almost a continuation of the American line which we have just traced, it passes through the Aleutian Islands to Kamtschatka, then in a sort of undulating curve it winds its course by the Kurile Islands, the Japanese group, the Philippines and the northwestern extremity of the Celebes, to the Moluccas. At this point it divides into two branches; one going in a southeasterly direction to New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, the Friendly Islands and New Zealand; the other pursuing a northwesterly course through Java and Sumatra into the Bay of Bengal. In considering these two lines of volcanoes one would almost conclude that they have sucked up the materials that occupied the space where now rolls the "deep and blue" Pacific, and vomited them again to form the continents they protect from further incursions by the breakers.

There is a third great line of volcanic fires which has been pretty well traced out by modern travellers, extending through China and Tartary to the Caucasus, thence over the countries bordering on the Black Sea to the Grecian Archipelago; then on to Naples, Sicily, the southern part of Spain and Portugal and the Azores. There are many others scattered over the globe which are not yet reduced to any general system.

From this brief outline we may form an idea of the magnificent scale on which volcanic agency is developed within the crust of



the earth. Moreover I have said nothing at all of extinct Volcanoes, such for example as are to be found in the Rocky Mountains of America, which have not been in active operation within historical times but where nevertheless the hardened streams of lava, the volcanic ashes, and the cone-shaped mountains terminating in hollow craters, tell the story of eruptions in bygone ages, not less clearly than, the blackened walls and charred timbers of some stately ruins bear witness to the passing wayfarer of a long extinguished conflagration.

It seems, therefore, that the crust of the earth is not that fixed and immovable mass of unyielding rock which it is often supposed to be. And whatever the gigantic power is, which lies shut up within it, and seems so clearly manifested by the direct testimony of our senses in the case of Volcanoes, that power exercises a mighty influence from age to age on the outward form of our planet. Like the wind, indeed it comes and goes, but we cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes; but we can hear the rumbling sounds and witness the effects when this pent up power breaks out now in this quarter of the world and now in that, bursting open the massive rocks and furiously vomiting forth whole mountains of smouldering ashes and molten minerals; or again, when failing to find a vent, it shakes the foundations of the hills, and shivers into fragments the most enduring works of man,—castles, temples, palaces,—filling every heart with terror and dismay.



## A BRAVE LITTLE SACRISTAN.



REMEMBER, Phil, be home before dark."

"All right mother, I will be back by eight o'clock at the latest."

Then with a last hasty farewell the youth sprang on his bicycle and rode swiftly down the street, under the shady maples, through whose leaves, already tinged with the beauties of approaching autumn, streamed down the brilliant mid-day sunlight.

Phil Seton was the only child of a widowed mother, and had spent all his fourteen summers in the pleasant little village of Exeter. The opening passage of this story reveals to some extent the depth of that affection which existed between mother and son. To her maternal care and solicitude he responded with a truly filial devotion. He was a sturdy active lad, thoroughly inclined to all manner of sport, and, indeed, his proficiency in this line was greater than in his studies, though Phil was nevertheless a diligent student. Being the son of a pious, Catholic mother, he was intimately connected with all concerning the little parish church. He had lately been appointed assistant sacristan, and he took much pride in the performance of his duties.

"Oh! a goody-goody sort of a boy, this," some of my readers will perhaps be tempted to exclaim. But no, Phil had his little faults: who has not? This, however is not the place for enumerating them; it is upon other aspects of his character that we have to deal.

At present our hero is bound upon a visit to a young friend who lived on a farm distant about four miles from the village. Phil often wheeled out to "Elmgrove"—Harry White's home—and the two boys would then enjoy as only boys can, the delights of a day's tramp through the woods and fields. This particular day was drawing to a close as Phil remounted his wheel for the journey home, for though earnestly pressed by his friends to remain and spend the evening with them, the memory of his promise would not allow him to accept the kind invitation. The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the

tree tops, barring the long white road with the shadows of the great elms that skirted its borders. He had scarcely proceeded a mile when suddenly he felt the rear tire give way. What was his dismay to find that it was punctured.

"Whew! this is a pretty fix. I have not my repair kit with me. It's a long walk back to Elmgrove—I have it! I will just step into Mr. Cherry's house, which cannot be more than a quarter of a mile from here, and leave my wheel there until I can come and fetch it home; while I myself——"

Phil stopped. He was going to add that he could walk back to Exeter. But it was now about dark and it would be a long, lonely tramp, while Mr. Cherry's hospitable family would be only too glad to retain him. Inclination pointed one way; filial affection and obedience the other. The struggle was short. Virtue triumphed, for the thought of his mother's anxiety, if he should not return, effectually banished any lurking desire he may have had to evade the dreary walk home.

All this time Phil was proceeding towards the Cherry homestead, and by the time he had reached the above conclusion he was almost at the gate. Mr. Cherry, an old friend of Phil's father, welcomed him heartily and was loath to let him depart. But after Phil had gone, he remarked emphatically to his wife:

"Sarah, mark my words. That boy's got the makings of a good man in him. It's not often nowadays you see boys so obedient to their parents. Seems to me children ar'n't as dootiful as when I was young."

In which opinion, minus the characteristic grumble that accompanied it, Mrs. Cherry heartily concurred.

When our hero turned his back on the Cherry homestead, the journey seemed far drearier than before. The long road stretching out before him into the increasing darkness formed a most dismal contrast to the bright and cheerful fireside he had just left. The nights were growing colder, and a keen breeze, whistling through the treetops, swept down on the lad as he began his long walk. But, summoning up all his natural courage and buoyancy of spirits, Phil resolutely faced towards home. As he plodded along numerous thoughts chased one another through his busy brain, one of which seemed to make some impression for suddenly he exclaimed:

"The very thing! Why did I not think of that before? I'll just turn down that old lane Harry showed me last summer and it will save me at least half a mile. True it's a bit dark and dreary, but it cannot be much worse than this old road anyway."

So a little distance further on Phil turned down an old disused road leading to the left. He had gone scarcely two hundred yards when a surprising sight met his view as he descended a small hill. Behind a clump of cedar bushes was a camp-fire around which three or four men were seated.

"Tramps!" ejaculated Phil.

During the past summer Exeter had been tormented with the usual number of the tramping fraternity. The boldness and insolence of these Wandering Willies had grown intolerable, and finally they were strictly forbidden the town on pain of imprisonment. Recently burglaries had become numerous in the village and surrounding country, and it was thought that the perpetrators probably had a rendez-vous in some secluded part of the vicinity. All efforts to track them had hitherto, however, been in vain.

"Well what matter even if they are tramps. They won't hurt a fellow, and they would hardly hold me up," laughed Phil quietly to himself. "They would not get much for their trouble. I'm not going to go back for fear of them. I'll just walk right past them and as likely as not they won't say a word."

Still screened by the bushes he advanced. The men were talking in low tones about something, and when Phil was but a few yards from the fire one of the group, raising his voice, said:

"Well that settles it. Jack will pick the lock and stand guard, while the rest enter the church and collar the swag."

Phil's heart seemed to stand still as he heard those words.

"What," thought he, are these men going to break into the church? 'The swag'? What do they mean? Surely they do not intend to lay hands on the sacred vessels of the altar."

Yet that such was the awful deed they contemplated he soon had ample proof. With the most profane language they outlined their plan in all its terrible details.

"Great Heavens! Can this be possible? Are these men so impious as to commit such a dreadful crime?"

Thunderstruck and horrified as he was, Phil could not but believe the evidence of his ears. No time then was to be lost. His duty lay plain before him; he must prevent this sacrilege at all costs. The only safe course lay in retracing his steps and going around by the road. He wheeled in his tracks, but as he did so he stepped upon a dry twig which broke with a loud snap. At once the men around the fire sprang to their feet. The leader's "Who's there?" was unanswered save by the sound of someone running away. Phil was a swift runner, and with the start he had he thought he might be able to evade his pursuers in the darkness. Unfortunately he had gone but a short distance when he stumbled and fell. Before he could rise they were upon him. Our hero was led back to the light of the campfire. Here he was interrogated by the leader of the gang as to his eavesdropping, but he refused to give any information. Thereupon the worthies held a consultation with regard to what they should do with him. Finally they decided to bind him hand and foot and keep him there until they returned from their intended robbery. In the meantime Phil's mind was tortured with terrible anxiety. What would his mother think of his failing to arrive at the usual hour? And, oh, what if these villains should succeed in executing their awful purpose? What would he not give to be able to frustrate it.

It was now about nine o'clock. They intended to leave for the village about midnight. Surely he could do something in three hours. If he could only free himself he might be able to reach the village before them. How to do this was the question, and Phil fruitlessly tortured his mind for an answer.

The group around the fire passed the time in gambling and smoking, while occasionally a bottle was handed round. This latter naturally had its customary effect, and suddenly one of the men, an Italian, took offence at some saying of one of his companions. Angry words followed, and finally the Italian pulled out a long, dangerous-looking knife and threatened the other with it. Instantly all were on their feet. With a savage oath the leader sprang between the two men and knocked the knife from the Italian's hand. It fell near Phil who, watching his chance,

rolled over upon it to hide it from view. In the excitement of the moment his action passed unnoticed.

"Fools! What do you mean? Do you want to spoil our plans by your fighting? No more quarrelling or somebody will suffer."

The leader's words had some effect on the gang for they immediately became quiet again. The Italian, however scowled darkly at his enemy, and luckily for Phil, his mind was so full of thoughts of revenge that he forgot about his knife. Our hero now cast off his despondency, buoying himself up with the hope that by this new found means he might yet be able to thwart the burglars. His bonds caused him much pain, the strong fastenings cutting into his tender flesh. But he bore it without a murmur. From his boyish heart he poured forth many a fervent prayer that he might be permitted to prevent this terrible sacrilege.

At length the time settled upon for the burglars' departure arrived. As soon as they were out of sight our hero prepared to free himself from his bonds. He had previously decided that the best way to use the knife would be to grasp it in his fingers, and then try to saw through the fastenings on his wrists. It was a difficult task, bound as he was, but after ten minutes' painful labor he succeeded in freeing his hands. This accomplished it was but the work of an instant to cut the thongs that bound his feet. His first act was to breathe a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. The next to restore the circulation in his cramped limbs by a brisk and vigorous rubbing. But time was precious. The distance to the village was about two and a half miles, and the men would easily do it in three-quarters of an hour. So that if Phil wished to arrive before them he must cover the distance in less than thirty minutes. The railroad track crossed the road at the end of the lane, so most probably the burglars would take to this as it was slightly shorter and less public.

The task our hero had set himself was enough to daunt an older and abler person, but despite his sore and cramped limbs he resolved to do it if it could be done. "I would gladly die," he murmured, "to prevent this act of profanation."

And so this brave boy started on his race. Wisely reserving his strength to the last, Phil commenced with a steady pace which he maintained till the final spurt. What a strange spectacle for men and angels—a young boy, panting and bleeding, swiftly racing along a secluded country road in the darkness of midnight. Past bush, and creek and meadow he dashed without abating his speed a jot. Gasping for breath, he utters a little cry of joy as he at length reaches the outskirts of the village. Putting all his available strength into one final effort he bursts down the village street. He must give the alarm at the priest's house. But just as he reaches the presbytery door he sees four dark forms skulking through the churchyard.

"Mother of God, am I too late? What can I do? It will take too long to rouse the house, and then—I must do something.—Yes, I will try it. It may succeed."

A sudden thought had struck our hero. He could not give the alarm by any ordinary means; so he must use extraordinary measures. If he could but get at the alarm bell in the church before the robbers forced an entrance, he could easily rouse the village and frighten the church-breakers away. This was the bold idea that suddenly had taken root in Phil's mind. He had the key of the sacristy, for, as we have seen, he was assistant sacristan. He now felt confident of frustrating the robbers' design. So proceeding cautiously to the rear of the church, he opened the door and stole in.

Now he was out in the main building. His heart throbbed violently as he caught the faint rasping sounds at the main door. For an instant, he halted to breathe an earnest ejaculatory prayer at the foot of the altar. Then with a few quick bounds he stood at the front of the church with the bell-rope in his hands.

More than the church-breakers were surprised as the clanging of the old bell disturbed the stillness of the night, but certainly none more so than they. From the dark old tower above them the sound came booming forth with startling suddenness. Thunder-struck, the would-be sanctuary-despoilers dropped their tools and ran. "The hand of God," gasped the renegade Italian, and all were more or less stricken with like feeling of fear. As to the parish priest at first he thought the sounds were but the noises of dream-



land. Next they seemed to him to proceed but from the trickster, Imagination. But finally, thoroughly aroused, he became fully alive to the reality of the clangor of the bell and rushed forth to enquire the cause of this mysterious occurrence. The other citizens of Exeter naturally thought a fire was in progress and each hurried forth from his home. But there was no sign of fire anywhere, and so those nearest the church hastened thither.

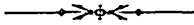
The old sexton was the first on the scene, closely followed by the pastor. Opening the main door they entered. The bell had ceased ringing but the rope yet swung gently to and fro, and underneath lay a limp, bleeding form. What was the astonishment of all present to find that the mysterious bell-ringer was Phil Seton who had fainted after completing the task. Tenderly they carried him into the presbytery while in the meantime the village doctor was summoned.

The mental and physical strain Phil had undergone proved too much for him. Brain fever resulted and for several weeks he lay at death's door. During this trying time he was tenderly and lovingly cared for by his anxious mother, whose grief, however, was submerged in feelings of maternal pride in her little hero, her little Knight of the Blessed Sacrament. Mrs. Seton finally succeeded in nursing her son back to health and strength, to the joy of the whole village, for Phil was now the lion and the idol of all Exeter, whose good citizens still love to discourse on the heroism of the brave little Sacristan.

J. R. O'GORMAN, '01.



# University of Ottawa Review.



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. I.

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Ottawa University expects every student to do his duty during the term of '99-'00.

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Remember the text of the Most Rev. Chancellor's sermon at the formal re-opening : " A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. XXII.-6.

\* \*

### FATHER PALLIER'S JUBILEE.

A quiet celebration by the Oblate Fathers of the University marked the fiftieth anniversary of the religious profession of the saintly Father Pallier, O. M. I. Golden Jubilee, indeed ! Fifty years of religious life, almost fifty years of priesthood—golden measure heaped to overflowing with golden acts of charity towards

God and men. "To preach the Gospel to the poor He has sent me" has ever been to him more than a mere motto. It has embodied the deep conviction of his soul. It has traced for him the way of his vocation. And so through all the years of his life—as they testify that knew him and that know him—his words and his example have borne constant testimony that "to the poor the Gospel is preached." Men of state—law-framers and law dispensers—have sought him to obtain counsel and consolation amidst the difficulties incident to their station in life. But he has ever sought by preference the lowly and the humble and the poor. And into every home that he visited, into the heart of every one with whom he has come in contact, he has brought by his sunny ways, brightness and warmth and joy. Nor has he ever been an acceptor of persons. In Christ and for Christ he has loved one and all. In few, he has made himself all to all that he might win all to Christ. And so, if it be true, as the poet sings, that

"One sorrow only in God's world has birth

To live unloving and unloved on earth,"

then surely has Father Pallier ever been blessed with joy sufficient to make life a part of Heaven. For none have been without his boundless charity, and (love begetting love) all have loved him with the sincerest affection. In the name of the students, we desire to say *Amen* to the blessing we have heard so often and so fervently pronounced by the Irish people among whom he has labored so long and so faithfully: "God bless good Father Pallier! Long may he live!"

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#### AT THE UNIVERSITY.

On the books for '99-'00 are to be found registered the names of nearly all the old students and of many new ones—a fact which goes to prove that the thoroughness of the education given in this Institution is becoming more generally recognized. A sign of the times, too, is the increased number of students from Ontario.

It was a general surprise for us on our return this year, to find that the genial Father Murphy had resumed the office of Prefect of Studies. The dignity and duties of this important

position have been assumed by Rev. Father Gervais who has brought to his new task an energy and a *savoir faire* that augurs well for the Scholastic year just begun. Few other changes are to be noted. The Philosophical course will be unusually good, the graduating class being presided over by Rev. Father Nilles, vice-rector, and the first-year philosophers being under the skilful tuition of Rev. Dr. Lacoste who by his deep study and faithful exposition of the teachings of the Angelic Doctor has merited the honor, unique on this continent, of membership in the Roman Academy of St. Thomas. Rev. Father Cornell still retains the chair of Higher English Literature, but his work this year is limited to the fifth, sixth, and seventh forms, while the first-year University and Matriculating classes have been placed under the able literary guidance of Rev. Father McKenna. The Collegiate Staff has been strengthened by the addition of two new professors in the persons of Rev. Father Flynn and Rev. J. Fallon, brother to Rev. Dr. Fallon. Rev. L. Binet will assist Father Gauvreau in his arduous labors in the chemical laboratory. To Rev. Father Lajeunesse, besides his important professorship, has been given the charge of the Dramatic Society. The energy, tact and artistic taste displayed by Father Lajeunesse in the direction of other Societies in past years, offer us the assurance that the Dramatic Society has in prospect a most successful year and that there are in store for us some rare theatrical treats.

In the Commercial Department Rev. B. Roy, as Prefect of Studies, replaces Rev. Father Héault who has become Prefect of Discipline in the Small Yard to the enthusiastic delight of our Junior Brethren.

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#### A FEW WORDS TO OUR FOOTBALLERS.

Gentlemen Footballers, to the Athletic Committee of '99-'00 has it been left to inaugurate the policy of an All-College Team. To you is entrusted the task of demonstrating the wisdom of that policy or of proving the folly of it and we feel confident of your ability to do the former. Yet since "the eye sees not itself but by reflection of some other thing" and lest when it is too late, it

may be "lamented that you had no such mirror as turned your hidden worthiness into your eye," we

"Your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourselves  
That of yourselves which yet you know not of."

The race, you know is not always to the swift. The battle is not always to the strong. Nor is the victory on the football field always to them that combine both speed and strength. Endurance and judgment are also essential qualities of the footballers that hope for success in their sphere. Speed, strength, endurance, judgment these are the qualities that must in due proportion be found in the ideal footballer. These are qualities indigenous to natures that have received a proper physical, mental and moral training; and physically, mentally, morally, you are, to say the least, the compeers of the representatives of any Athletic Union in the land. Speed is yours, strength is yours, endurance has always been, and still is, a characteristic of Ottawa University men. Judgment you possess. You have within you therefore all elements that go to insure success. You can succeed, if you *will*.

Prove yourselves, then, worthy of the hopes of your fellow-students, worthy of the confidence reposed in you by the Athletic Association. Let the old time enthusiasm reign amongst you. Don the invincible spirit of manly self confidence that carried your fore-runners to victory through many a seemingly forlorn hope. Be enthusiastic, be self-confident,—then *must* success crown your efforts. And success means greater glory to the Garnet and Gray. Success means renewed life and vigor to the Athletic Association. Success means the right once more to sing our exultant chorus:

Var-Rah ! Var-Rah ! we're champions again  
Var-Rah ! Var-Rah ! bring on some better men,  
Who are not afraid to beard the lions in their den,  
Hurrah, for our glorious old Varsity !

## Gleanings.

"One of President Kruger's chief legal advisers in his negotiations with Mr. Chamberlain is Mr. Michael J. Farrelly, a young Irish barrister, who went out to South Africa from London three years ago. Mr. Farrelly is an expert in international law, and was frequently consulted on intricate points by eminent London lawyers. During his brief legal career in London he secured the acquittal of a number of alleged anarchists, against whom the full force of Scotland Yard had been directed. He has since 1894 been a practicing barrister at Pretoria, and very quickly gained the confidence and friendship of President Kruger. Still in the early thirties, Mr. Farrelly is of mediocrity size, and somewhat slightly built. He has pallid features, and keen dark eyes of remarkable brilliancy. He has an encyclopaedic memory, and great charm and courtesy of manner. His power of mastering a book and catching the tone of its author is little short of marvelous. —*Ex.*

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"The Catholics of Germany have, according to R. Mosse's "Zeitungskatalog," 274 Catholic or Centre papers. In Prussia alone there are 182 Catholic daily papers, 110 of which are published in the Prussian Rhine Province; Bavaria has about 50, Wurthemberg 10, Baden 24 daily Centre papers. Meiklenburg, Brunswick, Oldenburg, the Thuringian Dukedoms have none. The Kingdom of Saxony has one Catholic paper. In one of the recent Catholic Congresses of Germany it has been recognized that the Catholic press has largely contributed to win the famous battles of the German Centre party in the Reichstag."—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

\* \* \*

In reviewing Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland," a writer in the *Boston Pilot* says:

"Another point which strikes the reader of this volume is the splendid tradition of scholarship and artistic culture in Ireland. In the Isle of Saints, as Mr. Darmesteter expresses it, 'the renaissance began 700 years before it was known in Italy.' When the knowledge of Greek, which Ireland had acquired through an early

and direct commerce with the tri-lingual seaports of Gaul, so completely perished in the agony and darkness of the Middle Ages that even Gregory the Great was ignorant of it, 'there was a wide range of Greek learning, not ecclesiastical merely, but chronological, astronomical and philosophical, away at Durrow in the very centre of the Bog of Allen.' In the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries, students flocked from all quarters to the schools of Erin and were welcomed with a princely liberality which not only provided free books and free instruction from Irish masters, but furnished a free board every day, and not improbably lodgment for the night, though this last is not specifically stated. And 'this noble tradition of free education to strangers,' Dr. Hyde observes, 'lasted down to the establishment of the so-called 'national' schools in Ireland, for down to that time 'poor scholars' were freely supported by the people and helped in their studies'."

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Julian Ralph, in the *Boston Post*, as we learn from the *Republic*, relates the following anecdote of the saintly missionary, Father Lacombe, O. M. I. :

"Some days later I interviewed both Crowfoot and a zealous old Catholic missionary and scholar, Père Lacombe, who, besides spending his long life with these romantic people, had written an authoritative dictionary of the parent tongue of the western Canadian Indians. The priest and the chief conversed in the Cree tongue, and what became my surprise to see them warming up, in time, and laughing and nudging one another like two schoolmates who meet after a long separation and rehearse the adventures or the mischievous pranks in which they have taken part. This proved to be what they were really doing !

"What is it, Father ?" I asked.

Then the noble old priest told me that he and his warrior friend were recalling the days when the priest was missionary to both the Crow nation and the Blackfeet—tribes at such enmity to each other that the world was not large enough to hold them both. They recollected how one night, when the priest was ministering to the Blackfeet, an attack on the camp was made by the Crows. It was pitch dark, and along with the first notice came a rush of the enemy, the firing of their guns, the screaming of the Blackfeet

squaws, the clamor of the startled dogs, and the hubbub of primitive warfare. The priest thought to restore peace by his presence, and so he rushed into the melee crying : " Stop this wickedness ! Go to your wigwams, you Crows ; do you hear me ? I am your priest." He might as well have scolded a hurricane or tried to command a volcanic eruption, Bullets whistled by his ears, and warriors rushed headlong upon him. Then his manner changed. He saw that it was to be a fight to the death and that the only part of wisdom was to counsel strong self-defence.

" Here," he cried to the Blackfeet, " give me a gun. Rouse yourselves. Save your women and children and your own lives. Quick, I say ; give me a gun and let us drive these mad people back to where they came from."

After that, side by side with Crowfoot, the priest fought ; and the sight so stirred the braves behind him that the battle was easily won. And so was a still greater battle, because from that time the gentle scholar, who came among them to preach love and mercy and faith in the true God, had gained a hold upon the hearts of those rude warriors such as no other priest upon the continent has or perhaps ever possessed."

\* \* \*

To the following extract from that brightest of our Catholic exchanges, the Antigonish *Casket*, we respectfully invite the attention of students and of the parents of students :—

"The advantages of a boarding-school under religious auspices, as against the public high-school, as a place for giving boys a real education, are well put by a correspondent of *The Watchman* (Baptist) of Boston. The considerations urged by him in favor of the former apply with almost equal force to the question, which parents too often allow the youth to decide for himself, of external or internal boarding. Two classes of boys, as a rule, are eager to live outside the walls of the college or academy—those who wish for greater freedom than the rules of the college allow them, and those who think they can study harder outside. The first want what is the very worst thing they could have ; the second ignore the benefits enumerated by this correspondent and never suspect that real education comes far more from association and



play of mind upon mind in the intercourse of daily life in the college than from books or class-room work. We quote from the source already mentioned :—

In a well regulated academy [by which the writer means a boarding-school] he may come under wise rules and restrictions, conducive to the formation of regular habits and to the cultivation of a spirit of obedience to rightful authority. In such a school a discipline is obtained which is not easily gotten even in a good home. Here, too, the boy is *kept* in an atmosphere of educational life from week to week and month to month. He is constantly in the helpful presence of teachers, and of young men of noble ambition from various sections of the country; young men who are aiming for the advantages of the college and theological seminary.

In the academy the teachers, living in buildings and eating at the same table with the student, make a part of the school life, as the teachers in the public schools cannot. The teachers have constant supervision of the boys to secure their highest mental, moral, and spiritual welfare. The constant personal touch of good teachers and their private advice and encouragement inspire many a boy with high aims and noble enthusiasms. The teachers, being Christian men, aim to exert a positive influence in favor of Christian character and helpful to an entrance into the Christian life. The conscience receives attention as well as the intellect.

It is a genuine pleasure to find so strong a sentiment in favor of religious education among New England Baptists. It affords some ground for the hope the the curse of godless schools may yet be removed from our own Provinces and from the neighboring Republic."

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### THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

On Thursday the 21st inst., His Grace Archbishop Duhamel paid his annual official visit to the University.

At 9 a. m., His Grace, preceded by the Rev. Faculty arrayed in their academic robes, entered the Chapel and during high mass assisted at the throne. After the Gospel, his Grace preached a very forcible and impressive sermon from the text: "A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. XXII. 6.) His Grace opened with a glowing tribute to the wisdom of the venerable Father Tabaret, from whose lips, the preacher stated, he had first heard these words of the Proverbs. Proceeding he impressed upon the minds of his young listeners, the necessity of preparing themselves now in their

youth in a manner calculated to make them in later years worthy members of the Church and worthy citizens of the state.

After Mass, the Profession of Faith was made by the professors with the usual solemnity. Then all marched in procession to the Academic Hall where His Grace was greeted on his entrance by the stirring strains of the Juniors' Band.

The visit of the Most Rev. Chancellor is always regarded by the students as one of the events of the year and is, in consequence, usually celebrated with great show and rejoicing. On such occasions in the past, too, His Grace has always been presented with addresses in English and French. This year, however, in view of the approaching Silver Jubilee of his episcopal consecration, when a grand celebration will be held at the University, it was thought more fitting to do away with all ceremony, and to give His Grace a respite from addresses and consequent replies. A few simple words of welcome, therefore, from the lips of the Very Rev. Rector and a brief reply on the part of His Grace constituted the program of this quiet "family re-union."



## Priorum Temporum Flores.

M. A. FOLEY.

During the past few weeks a goodly number of old students visited their *Alma Mater*; and from all accounts, it seems that Dame Fortune has smiled very graciously indeed upon most of them.

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Mr. Elias Doyle, '99, informs us that it is his intention to devote himself to teaching. He will leave shortly for Hamilton, Ont., to enter the School of Pedagogy.

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Mr. L. E. O. Payment, '99, has entered upon the study of law at Laval University, Quebec.

We are truly grieved to learn of the serious illness of Mr. R. A. O'Meara, '99, ex-president of the Athletic Association. While here, Mr. O'Meara did noble work in the cause of our athletic teams; and by his courtesy to all, and by his unflinching tact in trying circumstances, won the lasting affection of all with whom he came in contact. We tender him our sympathy in this hour of his affliction, and hope to learn of his speedy and complete recovery.

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Last June, John Garland, '96, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Bellevue College, New York. After a post graduate course he expects to begin practice in Syracuse, N.Y.

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A few days ago Mr. Patrick Lawn, ex-'99, put in appearance at the *Sanctum*, and with a smile, if possible more genial than ever, informed us of his recent marriage. Congratulations, Pat.; may you live to enjoy many long years of conjugal bliss.

\* \* \*

A number of former students on their return-journey to the Grand Seminary of Montreal, met at Ottawa and spent a pleasant day visiting old friends and making new ones. Amongst them, we noted particularly, Messrs. Fay ('96), Ryan, ('97), Quilty ('97) and Bolger ('98.)

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Mr. James O'Reilly, ex-'01, came back to the University shortly after the College reopened, but remained only long enough to resign his position as President of the Athletic Association and to see a new officer elected in his stead. Mr. O'Reilly has entered the Philosophical Department of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and it was this prospective step that led to his resigning the office he had so well discharged.

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Messrs. Raoul Bonin, Alex. Meindl and Thomas Saunders of last year's Matriculating class, have begun their medical studies at McGill.

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Geo. Kelly has accepted a position with the Federal Engraving Co. of this city.

Rev. Bro. Rheaume, O. M. I., '01, has been selected by his superiors for the signal honor of a philosophical and theological course at Rome. We have every confidence in the ability of our old fellow-student to uphold the honor of Canada and of his *Alma Mater*, in the intellectual arena of the famous Gregorian University.

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Mr. J. B. Piette of last year's Matriculating Class, has gone to St. Laurent College in order to finish his course in French. In a recent letter, he expresses himself as quite at home in his new surroundings.

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During Exhibition Week, Messrs. Dan McGale, James Quigley, Raymond McDonald, Albert Dontigny, and Jean Patry, registered in our Visitor's Book.

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We would earnestly request the "old boys" to acquaint us from time to time with their places of residence and their doings. It will afford us much pleasure to publish such communications and our readers much pleasure, we are sure, to read them.



## Among the Magazines.

BY MICHAEL E. CONWAY.

In many of the magazines of the present month there is a pleasant change from the super-abundance of fiction which filled their pages during the summer months. As the popular demand for this department has been supplied and the educational world has arisen from its short lethargy the reaction in favor of the more important contributions will indeed be welcomed by many readers.

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*Donahoe's Magazine* for September opens with a readable article, "Old Time Favorites," drawn principally from the poems of Chaucer, Dante, and Tennyson. In a forcible and tersely written paper entitled "The Power of Authority" a writer con-

siders the power vested in the Head of the Church. In view of the present intense ritualistic movement in England and of the position of Anglicans with regard to Papal Authority, the article well deserves the attention of every careful reader and will amply repay the time spent on its perusal. An interesting description of Costa Rica by E. Lyell Earle is found in this issue. Under the caption of "England and the Boers," J. W. Clarkson writes in a eulogistic strain of the efforts of the Boers for freedom. Other articles of considerable interest are "Catholic Literature in Public Libraries" and "Sketching in a Dutch Village."

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In the current issue of *The Rosary*, the progress of Catholic missions in Africa forms the subject-matter for a very readable article by Wm. S. Merrill. Among the contributors to this number E. Lyell Earle deserves the place of honor for his valuable paper on Cardinal Mazarin. During the minority of Louis XIV, the Regency of France had been entrusted to the young King's mother, Anne of Austria. She made choice of Cardinal Mazarin for her prime minister and to his master genius may be attributed the brilliant achievements that marked the early part of the reign of Louis. That era, too, has the distinction of being the golden age of French Literature with its galaxy of writers such as Corneille, Racine, Moliere, LaBruyere and Boileau. Religion found such defenders as Bossuet and Feulon; in the classical school of modern painting Lebrun, Rigaud and Mignard are known as masters, and in architecture Perrault and Mansard achieved fame in the construction of the Louvre and the palace of Versailles. Such then was the splendid effect of the policy formed and carried out so successfully by Cardinal Mazarin. The short sketch of Dr. O'Hagan together with a brief study of his works is especially interesting to the students of this University for this distinguished Canadian litterateur is an honored alumnus Ottawa University.

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The leading article of the *Catholic World* for September is an excellent review of the "Life of St. Vincent de Paul" a work lately published by Longmans, Green & Co. It is a just tribute of praise to the labor of the great saint and a true appreciation of his wonderful work as an organizer of Catholic charitable work. In

recent issues of this magazine there has appeared a series of articles treating of the relations of nations, society and the individual to Christ. These articles have drawn the attention and careful consideration of many readers and deservedly so, for their author (Rev. Michael P. Smith) is a learned theologian and reliable historian. Under the caption of "Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago" there is another instalment of Father Walworth's interesting series of articles descriptive of his personal experiences as a young missionary priest among the peasantry of England. Other instructive and entertaining papers are Dr. Brann's criticism of the much-vaunted Ingersoll, Miss C. Brown's appreciative sketch of the missions of California, and an exquisite description of the beauties of Venice. The illustrations of this issue are excellent notably, those accompanying the last mentioned article.

\* \*

To the *Sacred Heart Review* of the issue of September 2nd, Rev. Mr. Starbuck contributes another scholarly paper in continuance of "Considerations on Catholicism by a Protestant Theologian." Readers of the Review will welcome the first half of that attractive Irish story entitled "Bridget's Experiment" from the facile pen of Clara Mulholland. These together with many forceful editorials and important items on literary matters make the issue both interesting and instructive for its large circle of readers.

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**CURRENT HISTORY.** A Quarterly Summary of the world's news and progress. Second Quarter, 1899. 256 pp. Illustrated with 20 portraits and 19 maps, diagrams and views. \$1.50 a year. Single numbers 40 cents. Sample numbers 25c. Specimen pages free. Boston, Mass. : Current History Co.

*Current History* is always interesting and instructive and the last number is even more than usually so. This number opens with an article on Wireless Telegraphy in which the Marconi system and other systems of wireless communication are described in a manner that makes the subject plain to every reader. The contents include a succinct review of all matters attracting general attention, amongst which stand prominent the problems arising out of the Spanish War, the work of the Peace Conference at the Hague, the Alaskan and Venezuelan boundary questions, the Samoan difficulty, the Transvaal crisis, and the Dreyfus case.

## Athletics.

By W. P. EGGLESON.

Now that the lacrosse season is over football has again become the all-absorbing topic of discussion and will form the principal amusement in the athletic world during the next few months. Ottawa University is once more represented by a senior team in the Quebec Rugby Football Union and will battle for the championship with formidable teams from Montreal and Brockville. As yet, it would be premature to indulge in any visions of future glory and triumph. Much less is it our intention to engage in vacuous speculation regarding our prospects or the outcome of approaching events. But, if good material, hard training, faithful attendance to practice, pluck and enthusiasm on the part of the players coupled with able and careful coaching on the part of the management may be regarded as the elements of success, we are fully justified in saying that the University team of '99 will retain the honorable position attained and so long held by its predecessors and that the present season's work will supply abundant matter for another interesting addition to the already glorious annals of the O. U. A. A.

The decision of the Committee of Management to place a purely student team in the field is one that should commend itself to all true admirers of this manly college sport, and awaken among the students and alumni of this institution a keener attention to the efforts and a more devoted attachment to the interests of the college fifteen. In fact this action on the part of the executive is fully warranted from a variety of circumstances and is regarded by those most eminently qualified to judge as the salvation of football at old Ottawa College, and the starting point of another long series of victories and championships for the wearers of the Garnet and Gray.

The following is the revised schedule of the Q. R. U. for the season of '99 :—

Date.	Teams	Grounds.
Oct. 7	College vs. Brockville	College.
" 7	Britannia vs. Montreal	Britannia.
" 14	Brockville vs. Britannia	Brockville.
" 14	Montreal vs. College	Montreal.
" 21	Brockville vs. Montreal	Brockville.
" 21	Britannia vs. College	Britannia.
" 28	College vs. Britannia	College.
" 28	Montreal vs. Brockville	Montreal.
Nov. 4	Montreal vs. Britannia	Montreal.
" 4	Brockville vs. College	Brockville.
" 11	College vs. Montreal	College.
" 11	Britannia vs. Brockville	Britannia.

Arrangements are being made for an exhibition match with the Irish International F. B. C. which intends to visit Canada during the present season, and if terms can be agreed upon the game will take place on Oct. 18th.

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A meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Thursday the 21st inst., for the purpose of electing officers to fill several vacancies on the Executive. The committee is now constituted as follows :—

President,	- - -	T. G. Morin.
First-Vice President,	- -	M. A. Foley.
Second-Vice	" - -	J. F. Breen.
Treasurer,	- - -	J. A. Meehan.
Corresponding-Secretary,	-	W. P. Egleson.
Recording	" -	E. W. McGuire.
Councillors,	- -	{ J. McGuckin.
		{ J. Smith.

At a meeting of the Executive Mr. T. G. Morin was elected Manager of the Football Team for the season of '99.



## BOOK NOTICE.

THE FOUR GOSPELS. A New Translation from the Greek Text, direct, with reference to the Vulgate and the Ancient Syriac Version. By Very Rev. Francis A. Spencer, O. P. Cloth-gilt. Price \$1.50. William H. Young & Company, 27 Barclay St., New York.

This handsome little volume, recently received from Messrs. James Hope & Sons, Sparks, St. L., The New Translation is guaranteed by the approbation of three learned Dominican censors, by the *Nihil Obstat* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and by the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of New York. In his preface to the work, Cardinal Gibbons says: "In preparing this version of the Gospels, it has been the translator's aim throughout to make use of idiomatic English, as far as the character of the New Testament and the style of the original text permit. He has endeavored to represent Our Lord and the Apostles as speaking, not in an antique style, but in the language they would speak if they lived among us now."

There is also a harmony of the three "Synoptic" Gospels, which, together with the marginal notes and references, makes it a valuable book for clergy and students.

