

# Excelsior



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## THE HUMOR OF BURNS.

(By J. J. McCabe.)

"The poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above,  
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love."

WITH such was ever mortal man more generously endowed than the poet Burns? In order to thoroughly appreciate the genius of the Scottish Bard we must study his environment. Born in the crisp atmosphere of a rigid Calvinism, handicapped by the depressing grind of poverty, his poetic genius left to expand on a cold and wind-swept moor, far from the stimulating influences of scholastic life and kindred souls, we wonder why he was not one of those in whom,

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage  
And froze the genial current of the soul."

To the true poet all climes are golden; his soul is sensitive to every touch of nature, and the beauty of the world fills his conscious being with a thrill of delight.

Burns was a child of nature and ever sensitive to her impressions of beauty. Along the river-side, in the gloaming of a summer's eve, he loved to wander alone, listening to the music of

the ripple, and the sweet burst of bird-song. When the scene changed, and the wintry winds howled and moaned through wood and glen, the poet's soul responded to the weird music of wind and storm. Every shade of feeling, wrought by the chill of a lonely moorland night, or the merry laughter of the cottar's bairns, stirred within him the sensations of the true artist; impelling him to breathe in song or paint in words those charming gems that have become the property of the wide wide world.

We cannot say that Burns was pre-eminently a humorist, but it would be strange indeed if, with all his sensitiveness, alertness and keen intelligence he should lack a strong sense of humor and the genius of irony.

That he was a keen and biting satirist everyone knows, and many of his choicest shafts were poison-tipped indeed. Living in constant contact with a spirituality that was cold and sulphuric, he was easily roused to deep resentment.

A brilliant example of humorous sarcasm, aimed with intent to wound and maim, is found in "Holy Willie's Prayer." We smile as we follow the poet's picture of a thorough-paced Pharisee solemnly addressing his Maker in this fashion:—

"I am here, afore thy sight,  
For gifts and grace,  
A burnin' and a shinin' light  
To a' this place.

I'm here a pillar in thy temple,  
Strong as a rock,  
A guide and buckler, an example,  
To a' thy flock."

The great "I," always prominent in the foreground, expands with brazen effrontery as he recounts his sins in detail and coolly informs the Lord that his lapses from the path of virtue were caused by his accidentally getting fou. Next comes the modest request that high heaven should blast his enemies in general, and some particular individuals in an especial manner—

"Curse thou his basket and his store,  
kail and potatoes."

There is something very humorous in picturing a man in the act of invoking the Almighty to invade his neighbor's potato-bin and kail-yard. But it is in the winding up of the prayer that we find a delicious touch of humorous sarcasm;

"But, Lord, remember me and mine,  
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,  
That I for gear and grace may shine  
Excel'd by name"

Note that the temporal precedes the divine, and the gear anticipates the grace.

For rollicking humor, coupled with a finely executed attempt to flay his victim, "Death and Dr. Hornbook" is among Burns' cleverest satires. The poet represents himself as being in a mild state of felicity, induced by liberal potations of village ale, and, while wandering along in this happy state, he sees the rising moon—tries to count her horns, but is unable to make out whether she has three or four. Never was there a better description of a tipsy man—it is intensely humorous. Moving on his way he suddenly meets an awesome figure, armed with scythe and fish-speat. The description is very graphic.

"An, awfu' scythe, out-owre a shouther  
Clear dangling, hang;  
A three-tæd liester on the ither,  
Lay large and lang.  
Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,  
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,  
For fient a wame it had ava;  
And then its shanks,  
They were as thin, as sharp and sma'  
As cheeks o' branks."

The tipsy bard accosts the grim reaper in jocular fashion, and death, evidently in bad temper, unfolds his grievance. He reviews his long career of butchery and destruction, and tells of how, through all the ages of human existence, he has held the field of slaughter without a rival, until suddenly there arose this great Dr. Hornbook, with his new system of killing by *drap and pill*, and the old scythe and dart are thrown aside as the crude implements of a bygone age.

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,  
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,  
This night I'm free to tak my aith,  
That Hornbook's skill  
Has clad a score i' their last claith,  
By drap and pill."

The Holy Fair is an able and telling satire, and is full of a mild and rippling humor. To Burns' poetic soul the

"Vast unbottom'd, boundless pit  
Fill'd fu' o' lowin brimstane,"

was not a means of heavenly grace. And he does not appear to have had a great deal of respect for either the preachers or the preaching. Nothing escapes his attention. The gay holiday for the lads and lassies, the hospitality of old neighbors, the delicious gossip, the drap of whiskey, the wildly fierce declamation of the preachers—he paints them all with an artist's touch. We smile at the picture, but afterwards reflect that Burns was long years in advance of his time, and that most of the actors in the scene he so well describes, never dreamed that a century later we should read *The Holy Fair* as a piece of history rather than as a caricature of a religious rite.

Among the humorous poems of Burns, poems, we mean, that were not intended to scorch an elder, flay a schoolmaster, or reform the Church, his "Address to the Deil" is worthy of study.

The audacity of the situation is delicious. Remember that the Devil of those days was not what he is to-day. In the time of Burns, the old Scotch Lucifer was a person of some consequence, and if not entitled to respect, was greatly to be feared. The Devil was no creature of a disordered brain, he was as real as John Knox, as full of tricks as a bad Scotchman, and the last individual in the universe with whom it was safe to be on terms of intimacy.

The familiar way in which Burns, after the manner of a lion-tamer, goes up and lays his hand on the beast must have been very startling to the people of that day. The first stanza of the address suggests a most ludicrous picture :

"Wha in you cavern grim and sootie,  
Closed under hatches,  
Spairges about the brunstane cootie  
To scaud poor wretches."

Let us take in all that the poet produces here. A cavern—away down hidden from the sunlight and the winds of heaven—grim and sootie.—What more repulsive than soot? Closed under hatches.—No peep of daylight, no ray of hope from the upper world. Such is the ghastly cavern, where, standing by a great caldron of boiling brunstane, old Nick, armed with a golf stick skelps the liquid fire in hot showers over the huddling wretches, who with their arms about their faces are trying to escape the scalding cootie. Proceeding, the bard advises the Deil to stay his hand and listen to him. He coolly suggests that it is a mean business "e'en for a deil" to be tormenting poor wretches and hear them squeal.

Next he compliments his Satanic Majesty on his power and fame and recounts his varied meddlings in human affairs. Here the poet humorously weaves in all the current superstition of the time. Flying on the midnight tempest, unroofing the kirks and filling the timid with ghastly fears.

What a charming touch of humor there is in the following lines :

"I've heard my reverend Grannie say,  
In lanely gleus ye like to stray,  
Or where auld ruined castles grey  
Nod to the moon,  
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way  
Wi' eldrich croon."

The poet's imagination runs riot. Bewitched churns and belated travellers, lost in bog and flood, lightly give place to the scene in the garden of Eden and the appearance of his Majesty among the sons of God, when the man of Uz was handed over to his tender mercies.

The scriptural narrative suggests a humorous situation where Satan is interrogated as to whence he came that way. His reply was non-committal enough to hint that he was something of a Scotchman, "From going to and fro in the earth and from walking up and down in it" always suggests the canny Scot. Burns adds a keen glint of humor when he suggests that the heaviest affliction laid upon poor Job was not the loss of his vast flocks and herds, not the sudden and awful destruction of his children, not the loathsome boils, but that "worst of a' " a scolding wife."

The reference to himself is a fine touch :

"And now old cloots, I ken ye're thinkin'  
A certain Bardie's rantin' drinkin'  
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'  
To your black pit,  
But faith he'll turn a corner jinkin'  
And cheat you yet."

The Bardie was evidently highly satisfied with his idea for it occurs in several other of his poems.

In the last stanza the Bard bids Nick a kindly farewell and suggests that he should reform—

"Oh wad ye take a thought an mield,  
Ye aiblins might."

Among all the Scottish reformers, probably Burns was the first who suggested reforming the Devil.

Tam O'Shanter has long been accepted by the popular mind as the most humorous production of the poet. The construction of this poem shows much artistic skill. First we have pictured Tam and his cronies, fast by an ingle, enjoying their glass, and lingering late in forgetfulness of the long ride home and the warm reception awaiting poor Tam. Outside the storm is raging :

" The wind blew as 'twas b'awn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;  
That night, a child might understand  
The deil had business on his hand."

Tam rides through the darkness and storm in the midst of the eerie and the ghastly. The haunted Kirk appears ablaze with light. The barley-corn-inspired Tam looks in at the window and is surprised to see a dance of witches. His old acquaintance the Devil is making the pipes scream, and the dance goes on amid the strange decorations of bones, coffins, bloody tomahawks and the rest of the blood-curdling gear. Tam, enraptured with the wild performance, roars out at one of the dancing lassies and then out go the lights. "In an instant a' was dark." Then comes a wild chase and Tam escapes by nick of chance and the loss of his mare's tail.

Among the epigrams and epitaphs of the poet may be found many sparkling bits of humor. These, however, are mere fragments and his work would have been complete and his fame enduring had they never been written.

Finding, in a magnificent library, a beautifully bound copy of Shakespeare, sadly worm eaten and with leaves uncut, he wrote the following :

"Through and through the inspired leaves,  
Ye maggots make your windings;  
But oh! respect his Lordship's taste;  
And spare the golden bindings."

Looking backward from the height of our twentieth-century standpoint over the fields which bounded the poet's life and literary labors, can we not truthfully say his work was that of a great teacher?

He found the glens, the kirkyards, every deserted dwelling and ruined castle peopled with witches, warlocks and withered hags, all marshalled and disciplined by a potent demon whose

power for evil was ever checkmating the divine beneficence—  
Burns rounded up this motley crew and, like King Arthur,

“Rose on and pitched  
His tent beside the forest. Then he drave  
The heathen; after, slew the beast and fell'd  
The forest, letting in the sun, and made  
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight.”

The awful Deil he took in hand, and placed him on his easel  
in every style of outrageous caricature till at length the Prince of  
the air was ridiculed into a circus clown.

The dreaded witches were clothed in appropriate costumes  
and made to dance to the music of auld Nick's screechy pipes.

All the uncanny tenantry of haunted kirk, of ruined castle,  
grey and lonely wood-path were made to join the procession and  
pass out into the light of day, where they faded away like mists  
before the morning sun.

The destroyer of ghosts meets a quack doctor who soon  
suffers the fate of the witches. The thin fabric of sham is  
pierced by the pike-thrust of ridicule, and suffers ignominious  
collapse. The religious Pharisee is also impaled on the spear  
point and held up to the guys and jeers of the populace.

We may say that in every merry measure of the poet there  
was a purpose strong. His wit and humor were the keen-edged  
weapons with which he served his country and served it well.  
To-day, we go to his armoury and find no clumsy suit of mail and  
rusty battle-axe, but the light and shining blades, as bright and  
keen as when he laid them down long years ago.

It is not our duty to offer an apology for such of Burns'  
humor as sounds a little coarse to cultured ears. Wisdom is often  
linked with folly. Solomon, with his towering reputation would  
not be a suitable model for the emulation of European Princes or  
Republican Presidents.

“Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear;  
All the place is holy ground;  
Hollow smile and frozen sneer  
Come not here.”

## LOVE'S NIGHTMARE.

(Written originally for "The Owl.")

“COLSTON ball! Colston ball!” cry the voices of a dozen men in blue and white, as the leather sphere lifted by the beautiful drop-stick of a Brunonian quarter-back passes into touch within twenty-five yards of Colston’s goal-line. “Line up, rushers!” and both sides range out into the field while Colston’s captain with the ball under his arm stands outside the touch-line.

While the players are taking their positions to receive the throw-out, we have a good opportunity of observing them. And first it must be mentioned that this is the great annual football match between the two finest clubs in Gloucestershire, St Bruno’s and Colston Hall. All the spectators, and there were thousands of them, wear the colors of one or other of the teams; but the red and black predominate, for we are in Gloucester, whose people were proud of their college and its students.

No mean foemen are the lads of Colston Hall. Their captain, Townsend, who plays at quarter-back, is the best dodger in England, and their scrimmage line contains Huggins, Miller, Digby and Marvin, giants all. St. Bruno’s, on the contrary, has no big men, but the activity of the lads in red and black compensates for their want of strength. The somewhat clumsy Miller is no match for the wiry and wily Clark, so swift of foot and cool of brain; nor can the fiery, passionate Marvin successfully cope with the canny and shrewd Campbell. The Brunonian quarter-backs, Dufresne and Moriarty, never hold the ball for a minute at a time, a rare and invaluable quality. But on the whole the teams are very evenly matched, and Carbery, St. Bruno’s captain, while calling out in quick, sharp tones, “Cover your men! Now, then, Townsend! why don’t you throw that ball?” knows that the fight will be a hot one, and that the smile of confidence with which he inspires his friends is merely assumed.

A long and tedious scrimmage follows the throw-out, but at length Townsend gets possession of the ball and passes to Digby, who on the point of being surrounded throws it back to his captain. Now Townsend has a clear run. Past centre-field he goes, dodging Campbell and Dufresne, overthrowing Daly, the full-back and St. Bruno’s last hope. A touch-down! No! Five

yards from the goal Townsend stumbles, and before he can rise Clarke is on his neck. "Held!" he had better say it, for he can never free himself from that iron grasp. But there are only five yards to gain, and surely the big four can push it through. They seem determined to do so, and are doing it, too, when—"half time!" shouts the referee, and "Hurrah! St. Bruno's! we didn't let them score!"

To the dressing room go the players at a trot. I meet Carbery and say to him excitedly, "Charley, old man, you've got to do better than this next half."

"Keep cool, Dave," he answers, with a laugh. "We're all solid now. These chaps," with a jerk of his thumb to the giants of Colston Hall, "are pretty well broken up, and our men will be as fresh as ever in five minutes."

He runs lightly up the steps of the grand-stand, receiving many smiling nods from the owners of fashionable bonnets, for Charley Carbery is a prime favorite with the ladies of Gloucester. I follow him with my eyes, for I am never tired of watching my dear old chum, and see him stop, where I expected, beside Maggie Merivale, the prettiest girl there. A blush and eagerly out-stretched hand show that he is welcome, and I turn away and shake my head, not that I am jealous, not I, but—

"Here they come again!" Charley lifts his cap to his fair friend, and I notice he wears a bit of ribbon which he didn't have when he went up. Now this thing is going to—

"By George! but that was a splendid kick-off! Well followed up, St. Bruno's! That's the play! Rattle them from the word go!"

"Oh, well tackled, Colston Hall!" for the lengthy Moriarty has been sent sprawling. Townsend has it again. Can no one stop that fellow? Ha! he has to kick, and the ball comes flying into touch near St. Bruno's twenty-five yard line. The heavy weights of Colston Hall are not entirely blown yet, and they push the leather well down the field. Steadily, inch by inch, it approaches the goal line. Not ten yards remain. Dufresne gets the ball and attempts to pass it back. Too late! He is tackled and carried across the line, but he holds the ball like a mastiff and it is his hands that touch it down. "A safety-touch, two points! Hurrah for Colston Hall!"

Carbery brings the ball out and kicks, but Huggins' broad back rises up and the leather rebounds. "Splendidly stopped,

Huggins! That's play sir!" Another scrimmage during which St. Bruno's captain whispers hurriedly with the quarter-back, Arther Dufresne. The latter watches closely the moving legs which surround the ball. "Well pushed Brunonians!" Now Dufresne has the leather. He passes to Clark with a hasty instruction which the latter at once understands. Now then, you sprinters of Colston, catch him if you can! He has passed all the forwards, Marvin, Miller, Digby, Huggins, puffing like porpoises in his wake. But Townsend is before him. he cannot go further. Turning like lightening he throws to Dufresne, who is but a step behind. "Kick, Arthur!" But he stops and calls "Carbery!" Carbery! What in the name of all that's good is he doing at the other side of the field thirty yards away from his proper position? To stand idle at a moment like this? Is the fellow mad? Ha! what's that? Dufresne has run back a little distance, he throws back the arms which holds the ball as though to pass it behind him. Impossible! he can never do that! "Oh, well done, Dufresne!" He has hurled it the whole breadth of the field straight into Carbery's hands. "He's all alone! he's all alone! hooray-y-y! Go it, Townsend! but you'll never catch him!" He's across the line and Townsend is on him, but—"a touch-down! a touch-down! hooray-y-y!"

St. Bruno's partisans have scarcely time to clear their throats before the ball is brought out and sent gracefully flying between the posts by Moriarty. The referee's whistle is heard, "Time's up!" "Say, boys do you know what that means? It means that St. Bruno has won by six points to two! Isn't it grand? Now then, all the breath we have left! We-are-the-S-B-C—S-B-C rah! rah! rah! Hurrah!"

"Let's chair Carbery!" and I head the mob which bursts upon the field and raises on its shoulders the man who has won the match by the finest piece of strategy ever seen on a foot-ball field.

The Colston men take their defeat very good naturedly. Compliments are exchanged as they climb into their van, Carbery says to Townsend, "I can't go with you just now but I will see you before the train leaves." Townsend smilingly deprecates this half apology and raises his cap, for Charley has Maggie Merivale on his arm. I come up to grip his hand, lift my hat, and pass on. I don't feel half as joyous as I ought to on this occasion. Why?

I'll tell you why. Because I don't like to see Charley Carbery so much with that girl. I know she's pretty, and nice, and all that ; but Charley has a lot to do before the end of the year, and she takes too much of his time. And— " what else ? " —well he knows well enough himself he has no business flirting.

And so I walk home, grumbling to myself all the way. I join the fellows in the gymnasium for an hour after supper: and forget everything else while going over the details of the glorious victory. Then I go up to my room (Carbery's and mine), and I take up my pipe and a volume of literature, but I do not study to-night.

I go to bed early but cannot sleep. Ten, eleven, twelve, strike, and I am still tossing about. What can keep Carbery ? I suppose he's enjoying himself with those Colston fellows, he must have left Merivale's long before now. At last ! I hear his step—no, it can't be—he doesn't walk with a shuffle. Nearer come the footsteps, they reach my door, and Charley enters—staggering !

He fumbles the gas jet in turning on the light, and then glances toward my bed. I am looking straight at him, and surely he is not too drunk to see the sorrow in my eyes. He stumbles forward, leans against the wall, and begins to talk.

" Whashamatter, old fell' ? not waitin' f'me, 'hope. Had to go wishose chaps, y' know. Good fells', splendid. Made me drink couple glash beer, thash all s'help me Christopher. Shay, washn't that stavin' fine run I made t'day ? Townshen's dandy, though, boss fell'. Shay, don't looksho cross. I've got secresh tell y'. Whash y' think ? He ! he ! he ! I'm 'ngaged, 'Sh true, s' help me Christopher ! Magg' Mer' vle. Nicesh girl, ain't she ? Tell y' wha', I was never 'sho happy in m' life."

He reels over to a chair and putting his head on the table bursts into tears.

" Why, Charley ! " I cried. Leaping out of bed " whatever on earth's the matter with you ? "

He doesn't speak, but continues to sob for at least ten minutes. The violent emotion seems to sober him, for when he speaks again, his voice, though unsteady, is no longer thick. But his tone is hard and bitter.

" Don't people weep for joy sometimes ? " but seeing my amazed look he goes on hurriedly. " But no, no, that's not it. I was a fool to get drunk to-night, and I'm ashamed of myself,

Good night Dave, say a prayer for me and go to sleep. I'm going to have a walk in the air, for my head is splitting."

He goes noiselessly out, and for an hour longer that I remain awake, I hear his footsteps on the verandah below.

Next morning there were dark circles under Charley's eyes, sufficient evidence that he had been indulging in unusual dissipation. A nervous restlessness which made him disinclined to study was another unpleasant result.

"Charley," I said, when evening came and he had at length settled down to smoke and read, "you were telling me a queer story last night. I hope it's not true."

"I suppose you mean the story of my engagement to Miss Merivale," he answered with a strange smile. "Yes it's true. Won't you wish me joy?"

"Charley," I said solemnly, "whatever your faults may be, and they are many, ficklemindedness is not one of them. Now," I went on angrily, "you know what you have been telling me for the last two years. What explanation can you give of your present conduct?"

"You're very hard on me, old fellow," he sighed, "but surely you wouldn't have me to go on if I found out that I had made a mistake."

"Certainly not, but I believe you're more likely to make a mistake to-day, than you were two years ago."

He threw down his book, and walked about the room, with a cloud on his brow.

"It's another day-dream broken, Dave, that's all. A man mustn't allow himself to be knocked over by a shadow."

And now with a sudden burst of gayety he cried, "Oh, Dave! if you only knew the dear girl! She's the best creature in the world, and I am desperately in love with her. Tom Moore knew the human heart, my boy, when he sang

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream."

He trolled out the verse in his rich baritone, but the joyful notes could not pierce the gloom which shadowed my spirits. I leaned forward towards Charley, my elbows on the arms of my chair.

"Take care, old chum, that your *dream* of love doesn't prove a *nightmare*."

He shivered and laughed uneasily.

"Why, Dave, you're beginning to croak worse than Poe's raven! Let's drop the subject and go have a game of hand-ball. I can't study to-night."

Poor Charley! Even now it gave me a pang to remember how rapidly he changed in the course of a few weeks. He was in love. I couldn't doubt it; and he seemed honestly to feel that he had come near making a grand mistake. Then what was the matter with him? Love never affected anybody in this way. Could it be debt or a passing fit of despondency, or some nervous derangement? It was years before I could learn.

He who had been so studious cared no longer for study. When I remonstrated with him, the answer I received was not very satisfactory.

"The fact of the matter is, Dave, I'm sick of grinding at stupid old Philosophy, I'm going to let it slide for a while."

Only occasionally did he attend at football practice, and so irregular had he now become that he quarrelled with every man on the team, and at last threw up the captaincy, saying, "You may go to ----- and find another Captain." To which George Campbell replied that if they were to take the journey aforesaid, they might find the one they had lost.

Worst of all, Carbery now neglected his religious duties to which formerly he had been very attentive. He drank heavily at times, and began to spend many evenings out of College, at imminent risk of being discovered when expulsion would surely follow.

To say that I was an idle spectator of his evil course would be to do myself an injustice. I scolded and advised him continually in my elder-brother fashion, and his affection for me was sufficiently strong to prevent his ever getting angry. But I could not flatter myself that my interference did him any good.

A couple of afternoons a week he spent at Merivale's, enjoying himself immensely he said. He must have talked of me as I received several invitations to visit the family. Only once did I accept, and then it was merely through curiosity and in order to observe Charley's demeanor. I was at once surprised and satisfied. It was the old Charley I saw there with his jolly laugh, his ringing song and amusing story.

"She'll make him a good wife," I said to myself. For it was evident that she loved him dearly

Henry Merivale, Maggie's brother, and I became excellent friends, but I noticed that there was a constrained courtesy between him and Charley, from which I judged that he did not approve of the match. His name was frequently on my lips, and I observed that Charley seemed displeased thereat. One night when somewhat under the influence of liquor, his temper boiled over completely and he cried,

"Why are you everlastingly dunning my ears with that fellow's name? D—— him! I feel like shooting him, and I will if you don't drop him!"

Then seeing my horrified look he suddenly got quieter and said

"I beg your pardon, Dave, but I'm infernally cranky to-night, I drank too much of that confounded ale, and it has unsettled my nerves. Of course I didn't mean what I said just now."

He lit his pipe and picking up a yellow-covered volume began to read. The title page caught my eye; it was one of Ouida's. Another straw to show the direction of the wind! Carbery used to abhor this sort of literature.

I went over to him and laid my hand on his arm.

"Old fellow," I said, "do you think your nerves will be soothed by reading that book?"

"Why what do you know about it?" he inquired, with the first sneer I have ever seen on his face.

"I happen to have read it," I answered "and I know it is one of the kind that leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Pitch it away."

He laughed cynically. "Why it's only real life, what you meet every day in the world."

I looked him squarely in the face. "Are you trying to be a feeble imitation of Chandos yourself, Charley?"

My hand was resting on his shoulder, and I felt him tremble beneath it. He threw the novel aside without a word, pulled down a volume of Macaulay's Essays and buried himself in it for the rest of the evening.

About a week after this, he remarked as we sat together after supper.

"I think I'll go to the play to-night. Maggie wants to go."

"What's on?" I enquired.

"Mrs. Langtry. Do you know, Dave, I don't believe that

poor woman is half so bad as some people say. You see--" and he started on a long defence of the character of the notorious Jersey Lily.

I was carelessly looking over the evening paper at the time and turning to the amusement columns, I said, icily.

"I suppose you know it's 'As in a Looking-Glass' she plays to-night?"

"Yes, I believe it's some name like that," he answered in evident confusion.

"And do you know that it's not a decent play?"

"You're a regular prude, Dave; you don't suppose I would take Maggie to anything of that kind, do you?"

"Well, I may be a prude, but I think you'll admit that the reporters of the Bristol papers are not."

I drew from my desk a bundle of clippings and handed them to him. It used to be a little hobby of mine, to keep myself posted on theatrical news, and to do this I used to collect all the press notes of successful plays.

He glanced at them and returned them, saying:

"Oh, those fellows were paid by other managers to write her down, or they weren't paid to write her up, or something like that. I don't take any stock in what they say."

"Very well," I replied coldly. "I'm tired trying to turn you from the road to perdition. But," I was getting warm in spite of myself, "if you will ruin your own life, for heaven's sake don't make a wreck of that poor girl's!"

I didn't wait to note the effect of my words, and saw Charley no more until next morning.

The change in his manner surprised me.

"I told Maggie I wouldn't go last night, and I am afraid I shall be in her black books for a week at least. But you were right, o'd man, as you always are."

Perhaps I wasn't overjoyed that he had at last made a stand in the downward path. And he did more than stand. From that day he began to climb the hill again. The end of the year was but a month distant, but didn't Balmes and Liberator, Ganot and Todhunter catch it during that time?

We worked together, Charley and I, as we had done from the day we entered College till the day the shadow fell upon him. It was our last month at St Bruno's, and I do believe it was the happiest one we ever spent there. All too short it was, and sorry

we were when the last day arrived. But everything else was in such spirits that we couldn't be very gloomy.

Twenty-five of us, envied of our fellow-students, had succeeded in passing the London University examination. Surely it was the biggest and best class St. Bruno's had ever sent out, and surely the valedictory address delivered by Carbery was the best ever heard.

Not a care in the world had we, as we extended our hand to be shaken by our hosts of friends. In the midst of the confusion I saw an usher hand a note to Charley. He changed colour and went hastily away.

It was some time before I could get out of the crush, and when I reached my room I found half a dozen fellows gathered for a final chat. It was midnight when we broke up and Charley had not returned.

I must have slept about three hours when I was awakened by the tramp of feet. At first I thought it must be the porters moving trunks, but it was too early for that. The door was shoved open and something fell heavily to the floor. Retreating footsteps were heard. I jumped up and struck a light—to find Charley lying there, insensible from drink, and with his face bruised and cut! I dragged him to his bed and walked the floor till daylight, when, exhausted, I threw myself on my bed and slept.

It was almost noon before I awoke. I looked about me—Charley was gone; his books, clothes, everything had been taken away, and not even a note left for me.

It was with a sad heart that I quitted the walls of St. Bruno's College never to return.

## II.

Ten years later, strange to say, I was a member of the Secret Service Police of Canada. I had been practicing law for about three years but these three years had been spent almost exclusively in dealing with the criminal classes. Some influential friends suggested that I should apply for the position I have mentioned, and, through their influence again, my application was accepted. I may say that the work is thoroughly to my taste, and that I would not now exchange it for any other.

At the time I speak of intelligence had been received of the presence of a gang of coiners in the village of Port Arthur, at the

head of Lake Superior; and I was detailed to capture them. Accordingly I went there, mingled with the coiners in disguise for some time and then, with the assistance of the local authorities, bagged them all with the exception of the one whom they called "the boss" and whom I had never seen.

I was returning to Ottawa with my prisoners under guard, when as we neared Toronto, a well dressed man boarded the car as it was moving away from the station, I had just got a glimpse of his face, when he turned and leaped off, although the train was then running at full speed. I saw one of the prisoners start, and heard him whisper to another whose hands were locked with his own, "It's the boss!"

At my request the conductor backed down to the spot where the coiner had taken his mad leap, but if I had expected to find his mangled remains, I was disappointed. There was not so much as a trace of blood upon the ground.

Swearing in one of the brakemen as a special constable, I allowed my prisoners to remain on the train in his charge, but stayed behind myself. Information received at the nearest village set me upon "the boss's" track and I traced him to Toronto where he crossed the lake, thence to Rochester and Albany, where I heard that a man answering in some degree at least to the vague description I was able to give had taken passage on a canal-boat to Montreal. I at once proceeded to that city and spent a week in diligent but fruitless search. At length I was rewarded. My fugitive had played his game boldly, and had taken passage on one of the Richelieu and Ontario Company's boats for Ottawa, the last place I should have thought of looking for him, and at the same time determined to return to the Capital by the water route myself, with the idea that if my man had changed his mind and got off at some intermediate point I might get some news of him.

Walking down Commissioners' street to the R. & O. Co's wharf in order to make some inquiries I was almost thrown into the gutter by a body which came flying out of a low doorway. I ran toward the prostrate man, but he hastily picked himself up and, muttering something, probably a curse, in a tongue unknown to me, was soon out of sight.

I was about to pass on, when the voice of men standing around the doorway from which the man had been hurled arrested my attention.

“ There’s not another bloomin’ bloke in Montreal but Bunco Charley could a’ thrun a man like that,” growled a rough looking sailor.

“ Shure but Carbery’s as strong a wan o’ thim bears he keeps in beyand there !” laughed an expressman as he jumped up on his waggon.

“ Charley ’—“ Carbery ”—“ surely that name is familiar. Good Heavens! can it be possible?”

I elbowed my way through the crowd about the door, receiving many a benediction for my incivility, and at last stood in a low-ceilinged drinking saloon. Behind the bar, his chin resting on his massive hand which was supported by a corresponding massive arm, stood a figure which, notwithstanding its corpulence and the bloated visage which surmounted it, I could not but recognise.

An emotion of pity was strongest in my heart and I stepped forward and said in the affectionate tone I always used to him,

“ Charley, old man, don’t yo’ know me?”

He leaned forward and gazed in my face, then fell back as though half-stunned. Covering his face with one hand and stretching out the other, he cried,

“ I know you, Dave, but for God’s sake go away ! I don’t want to see you !”

“ Come, come, old man,” I whispered, “ don’t give way like that, and,” I called aloud, for the loungers were coming in, “ let’s have a bottle of ale. Isn’t there any place where I can sit to drink it?”

He called a boy to take his place behind the bar and led me further back into the building. We passed into a hall-way where I was surprised to see two large cages each containing a young bear, thence into a room looking out upon a little courtyard.

I seated myself beside him, took his hand and held it, and he began to sob like a child

He grew calmer after a time, and then I learned the story of his life since leaving St. Bruno’s and also the cause of his strange conduct during his last six months in College.

“ Do you remember, Dave,” he began in broken accents, “ the football match between St. Bruno’s and Colston Hall, when I was captain of our club?”

A vision passed before me of a green field dotted with

players in blue and white, and red and black suits, tall trees surrounding the lawn, whose leaves sung musically, in the breeze; the hundreds of glad-hearted boys scattered about, of whom I myself was one; the cheers that rent the air as we bore from the field our handsome, strong, young captain, his blue eyes full of laughter and his face glowing with manly health! And was this he who sat beside me now, this man with the swollen, inflamed countenance, and bleared bloodshot eyes?

Yes, I did remember that football match, but was surprised that it should be now in Carbery's thoughts.

"I remember it," he continued vehemently, "aye too well! It was an eventful day for me. I swear to you, Dave, that up to the evening of that day I was a happy and innocent boy. I intended to be a priest; I told my mother so when she was dying, and it made her happy. Poor mother! Thank heaven she did not live to see me come to this. Oh, my God!"

He rested his head on the table, which fairly shook with the convulsive movements of his great frame. I patted his hand as I would a child's and waited in silence until he should go on.

"That night I went home with Maggie Merivale—poor Maggie! You remember her? She died three years ago. Poor child; What a hideous nightmare her love-dream was! When I went to the devil she stayed by me, but the nuns, God bless them, had her for a year before she died—

"As I am a man, Dave, I meant only an innocent flirtation, and I thought she knew it, but—well I went home with her after that football match, her brother Henry, called me aside and told me that he had discovered that his sister loved me, that if I was an honorable man I should marry her, if not, I must answer to him.

"I wasn't afraid of him, Dave, but I knew I had done wrong and I determined to make the only amend possible, though it should lose me my soul, as I believed it would, and it has. I asked Maggie to marry me and was accepted. I left the house, went straight to the hotel where the Colston Hall fellows were staying, and drank myself into the state of intoxication in which you saw me."

He arose, and paced the little room with his hands pressed against his brow.

"I got drunk then for the first time. And now," he cried, "I have not been sober ten nights in ten years!"

“ You know what a change came over me after that night—”

“ But,” I interrupted, “ the last month”—

He waved his hand—

“ One night I would not take her to the theatre because you told me the play was not a fit one for her to see. We quarrelled and she released me from my engagement. I was free! Heavens how happy I was!—till the last night—

“ The poor girl was really fond of me, and almost broke her heart over the way she had treated me. Would that she had, rather than the task should have been left for me! Our last night in college she sent me a note asking me to come to see her. I went—my pity overcame me and the engagement was renewed. Just as I had done before, I attempted to drown with liquor the remorse I felt for the broken promise to God and my dying mother. While drunk I met Harry Meriyale and attacked him. He defended himself well, as my face could show at the time, and at last I was carried away by some one or other and brought to my room in the College. When I awoke next morning you were still asleep and not daring to face you I stole away.

“ Six months afterwards, Maggie and I were married. I had no profession, no inclination to prepare for one. I started to keep a hotel in Bristol, but soon drank away all my own and my wife’s money. I became a bankrupt—then I began to live by my wits. I was a gambler and worse—a card sharper. It was not safe for me to remain long in one place. England got too hot for me, so I crossed the ocean and drifted about till I found myself here where I am known as “ Bunco Charley.”

“ My wife’s loving heart bore up bravely for a time, but it broke at last—her affection was gone and during the last year of her life she lived with the Grey Nuns. As I told you she died three years ago.”

“ After her death I fell even lower if that were possible. This den,” he cried with a fierce look of disgust, “ is one of the worst in the city, and the bears out there are almost as human as the men who frequent the house—as myself!” and he fell into his chair with a groan.

It was some moments before I could steady my voice sufficiently to speak. Surely this man could not be all bad; if he were thoroughly hardened he would not speak as he had just done.

“ Your life has indeed been wrecked,” I said sadly, “ but my dear Charley, all is not lost. The spirit of faith cannot be

altogether dead within you, you are full of remorse, of contrition, and you know that is all God requires for pardon."

"Dave it's impossible," he cried in a despairing tone, which smote my ears more heavily than anything I had yet heard, "I have made my bed and I must lie in it. But, my God, the thought of dying in this way—!" He shuddered as he spoke.

"A hundred times," he went on, "have I been tempted to plunge this into my heart," and he drew from his breast a beautiful Spanish stiletto, "but there's something here that I believe would turn the point of the blade." He threw open his shirt and disclosed a brown scapular hanging on his breast. "I can't kill myself while I have this on me, and I can't bring myself to take it off."

I saw that there was still hope for him, and continued to urge him to make an effort to give up the life he was leading.

"For the sake of your mother's memory, and for the sake of him whose image is here," drawing from a leather case a small but exquisitely carved crucifix, which I always carry with me, "Give up this life. You can't despair while you look on this."

He gazed at it steadfastly a moment, took it in his hand, reverently touched it with his lips, and then exclaimed, "Pardon, Lord, pardon," and dropping on his knees repeated the Act of Contrition.

Rising, he clasped my hand "Dear old friend you have been my good angel—and with the help of God I *will* change my life. I will go to confession to-night, and to-morrow——"

"To-morrow, old man, you'll come to Ottawa with me, and I'll find you something to do. Good-bye, for a few hours. I know I can trust you to yourself until to-morrow."

He followed me to the street, still holding my hand, for his fingers seemed loth to leave mine, when we reached the door he said: "Good-bye until to-morrow, Dave! God bless you, dear old friend! To-morrow Montreal shall see the last of Bunco Charley!"

At seven o'clock the next morning I was breakfasting leisurely at the St. Lawrence Hall. I had just received a despatch from the Superintendent telling me that "the boss" coiner had been arrested as he stepped from the boat, so that I was in the best of humor.

Glancing over the *Gazette* which lay beside my plate, my eye suddenly met a paragraph that almost petrified me.

“SUICIDE.—Charles Carbery, better known as Bunco Charley, the keeper of a low saloon on ‘Commissioners’ street, committed suicide at an early hour this morning. He was found by his assistant-bar-keeper sitting at a table in a back room, his hand resting on the handle of a handsome dagger, the blade of which had entered his heart. The coroner’s inquest will be held at ten o’clock.”

Though naturally strong-nerved, I had to grasp the table firmly to keep my seat. Charley Carbery commit suicide after his promise to me last night! What were those last words he spoke? I thought they sounded strangely at the time. “Tomorrow shall see the last of Bunco Charley!” Did all our conversation only nerve him to the deed he had not courage for before? No! it was the half-dead embers of his faith that kept him from it then, and that faith was burring brightly when we parted. But perhaps despair came back to him. No! Despair and perfect contrition cannot live together—and if Charley Carbery did not make an act of perfect contrition yesterday afternoon, then I don’t know what contrition means. That act of contrition was never shamed. And after that—No! he never killed himself. There must be murder here.

By a great effort I had forced myself to think the matter over calmly. Of course he was murdered, but by whom? The rowdies who frequent such places very seldom use a knife, even in a fight, and it was evident that this murder had been premeditated.

I have it! That ill-looking foreigner he threw into the street yesterday afternoon. Those fellows are hot-blooded and use the knife as readily as an Englishman uses his fists.

I proceeded in haste to the place, which I found already in charge of the police. A whisper to the sergeant at once gained me admission and I looked on the face of Charley Carbery for the last time. Strangely enough it was more like the old Charley than the face I had seen yesterday afternoon. But I hope never to feel again the heart-wrench I felt when taking that last look.

As this is not a detective story I shall not tell in detail how I investigated the cause of Charley’s death—how I hunted the villain down, arrested him for petty theft and then brought him to confess the murder.

My dear old friend's name was cleared of the charge of suicide and I had reason to hope that his soul was saved, for a good priest of Notre Dame wrote me a note to say that the poor fellow had made his confession with the best dispositions, a few hours before his death.

## THE CONSOLATIONS OF A TEACHER.

“Light lie the turf above our father's head,  
Who even to the Teacher paid all honour due.—Juvenal.

Delightful task to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

*Thompson's Seasons.*

Much has been said of the disadvantages of the teacher's life. We hear little of the advantages to be gained from following this noble, if self-sacrificing profession. Let us then, fellow-teachers, briefly enquire as to these advantages.

I preface my remarks by stating that if you have the poor ambition which makes you sigh for ephemeral distinction, or for filthy lucre, go; there is no place for you within the schoolhouse walls. But if you have something of that lofty spirit of devotion to duty, which led the poet Wolfe, with talents which could excite the envy of Byron, to bury himself in a remote and unknown parish, then dare to live for others and for your own best good. Be ambitious of the power of being useful. Where will you have so much, or of so high a kind, as here? Where else can you do so much? The school is a great reforming—a great regenerating instrument.

How many of the hopes of the improvement of the race cluster about it! You are surrounded by innocent childhood and generous youth—the hope of your native country—full of gentleness, docility, (perhaps) intelligence, uncorrupted by the world, open to all good thoughts and noble sentiments, full of warm affections, eager for improvement, burning with desires for excellence. To-day they are children, to-morrow they will be men and women, the fathers and mothers of the land. They crowd around you, waiting to receive the impress which your character shall give them.

The fair-haired girl before you may be the mother of a Howe. By inspiring her heart with the highest principles, you will do something to advance humanity by forming a noble specimen of a patriot. There is an old Gaelic proverb which says with truth—

“As the mother is, so will the son be.”

The boys are soon to fill the pulpit, the halls of legislation, the ranks of literature, the workshops, the fields, the marts of trade, the desk of the editor—mayhap the chair of the teacher. What an opportunity is yours to imbue them with a deep reverence for goodness, for the moral laws! If you seize the opportunity, you raise the tone of society, and do something to purify the fountains of instruction. Give them a knowledge of the laws of physical nature, and you do much to improve agriculture (that subject almost totally ignored in our schools of to-day) and the useful arts. There is not a calling, fellow-teachers, however high and glorious, which some one of your pupils may not fill. If you have genius enough to enkindle his; if you have knowledge enough to give a right direction to his thoughts; if you have nobility enough to give a higher aim to his young aspirations for excellence, you will have no mean agency in elevating the character of your country and of mankind. Is not this ambition a praiseworthy one?

The career of the teacher—at least in Nova Scotia—does not, it is true, lead to distinction or to wealth. It is not brilliant; but it leads to something better than distinction—to the heartfelt honour and affectionate respect of those who feel that they have been made wiser and better by its influence. Few men in their old age are looked upon with such reverential regard as the faithful teacher.

The life of the teacher has the advantage of perfect regularity. He has what most men in other occupations often sigh for—the entire disposal of his leisure hours. These leisure hours put many pleasures within his reach. If he be in the country he may enjoy his recreation by tilling the soil, in a small way—by acquiring information for lessons on Horticulture and Agriculture. If his tastes run to Botany he may transplant from the neighbouring fields and woods the plants in which he feels an interest, and enjoy the great satisfaction of studying their habits while he trains them with his own hand. In his rambles, too, he may combine with the exercise he needs, interesting inquiries in

Geology and Mineralogy ; or form an acquaintance with the insects, the shells, the fishes or the birds: charming pursuits enough, to make the path of life pleasant and smooth, even if it were roughened by many more asperities than are found on the road of the generous and faithful teacher.

If he has no taste for any of these pursuits, he may still, if he has a love for reading, command resources which leave him little to desire, nothing certainly to envy, in the lot of any other man. Books are to-day so cheap that he must be very poor indeed who is not able to surround himself with enough to occupy his leisure. And in so doing, he exercises a power to which the fabled virtue of Aladdin's lamp makes but a faint and distant approach. At his will, he summons about him the spirits of the wise and of the eloquent among the living and the dead. Burns, Byron, Scott, Goldsmith and Moore will be with him at the fire-side ; so too will all the great historians, naturalists and philosophers. Across the dark and wide ocean of Time will come the sage, the gifted seer, the inspired prophet, to unfold the picture of times and men long past, and thoughts that can never pass away ; the poet of the human heart, from the banks of the Avon ; the poet of Paradise, from his small garden in Westminster ; Burns from his cottage on the Ayr ; and the blind old man of Scio—blind but eloquent—will sit down with him, and as he sang almost thirty centuries ago among the isles of Hellas, sing the war of Troy or the wanderings of Ulysses.

May not a man be contented with his lot, to whom it is given after a few busy hours of useful labour to spend his evenings in company and occupations such as these ?

Still another favorable circumstance in the life of a teacher is that he is not subject to anxieties about the fluctuations of trade, like the merchant ; the variations of the foreign market, like the manufacturer ; the home market, like the mechanic ; the vicissitudes of storms, like the mariner ; or the weather and the seasons, like the farmer. He will sympathize with his neighbours in the sufferings produced by these causes, but will not feel that personal solicitude which he has, who realizes that events are likely to happen which his sagacity ought to have foreseen, and his foresight provided for, and which, if not foreseen and provided for, may bring upon him inevitable ruin.

Such are some of the advantages which belong to the position of a teacher. What though yours be an humble lot :

"The smoke ascends  
To Heaven as lightly from the Cottage hearth:  
As from the haughtiest palace. He, whose soul  
Ponders this true equality, may walk  
The fields of earth with gratitude and hop."

What though the pecuniary reward be far from commensurate with your labours! That teaching is not rewarded in this life is a humble encouragement to hope that it will be rewarded in the next. Your consolation must be within yourselves. There is no fortune to be made, there is no bright honour to be plucked in the painful obligations which you fulfil. Too frequently you will experience the ingratitude which springs from ignorance. But you will ever be buoyed up by the consciousness of having served your fellow-creatures faithfully and well—the consciousness that through your agency the character of some portion at least, of mankind has been elevated.

DAN McEWAN

### THE CLASS OF 1902—(Continued.)

**G**REAT difference of opinion exists, and always has existed, as to the proper method of treating such subjects as constitute this important department of EXCELSIOR. While the most generous treatment is accorded our graduates in the majority of cases, yet, it occasionally happens, that some less fortunate individual, handed over to the "tender mercies" of a rival, is criticized with undue severity. "Paint me as I am," Cromwell gruffly commanded, when the obsequious artist attempted to improve on the natural ruggedness of his countenance; and we doubt not but similar circumstances would elicit a similar reply from the frank, impetuous character who forms the subject of this theme. Yet, it is with considerable diffidence, indeed, that I approach my present task, for the character here depicted is none other than the old familiar D. C. B-t-n. Dan was, in many respects, an extraordinary personage. He presented so many different moods, and the transition from one phase to another took place with such kaleidoscopic rapidity, that the casual observer would seldom or never penetrate to the real nature beneath.

His entrance to the halls of St. F. X. was quiet and uneventful. Although in point of physical prowess he could boast of a

degree of development scarcely surpassed by any of his fellow-students, yet he invariably abstained from participating in the various lines of sports which are to-day acknowledged as practically essential in the life of every student. This lack of enthusiasm on the College "campus" must not be ascribed to any natural timidity or want of self-confidence in our hero; for whenever occasion demanded it—and the students of St. F. X. still recall many of those stirring scenes—when the kindling eye and swarthy cheek bespoke the presence of awakened passion, the veritable D— never failed to display the courage ascribed to his race. The true explanation lies in the fact that Dan's ambition was always held subservient to a wise and cautious judgment. He entered college with a firm determination to add his name to the illustrious list of graduates; and throughout his whole career he pursued his studies with an inflexible tenacity that laughed defeat to scorn.

Perhaps in no other capacity did he exhibit the full bent of his mind to greater advantage than in our college debates. He could speak with ease and fluency on all live questions of the day, and his singularly subtle solutions of complicated problems, both of national and inter-national interest, often called forth repeated rounds of long-continued applause. And yet, when all is diligently weighed—and we are considering the facts of this case with the most scrupulous punctiliousness (?)—it must be admitted that D's real strength lay along the shady paths of philosophy. When all that was odd, whimsical and perverse in the class of '02 joined in one mighty labour to originate a system which would surpass all others in sublime absurdities, he was chosen by common consent, to act as chief spokesman to the society. That he performed the duties of this office faithfully and well, the testimony of those fortunate enough to secure enrollment within the honored pale, bears ample proof.

During the last year of his course he proved himself a tireless student, and spared no pains in equipping himself with the knowledge necessary for a successful assault on the grim batteries of the terminal exams. Yet his peculiar humour, the sly wrinkle of the eye, the fits of hearty laughter—all remained with him to the end. He is now preparing himself for the noble profession of the priesthood, and that his efforts may be crowned with wonted success is the ardent wish of EXCELSIOR.

The subject of this short sketch entered college in September, '96. He was then but a mere boy, and being of a somewhat modest and gentle disposition, did not attract any special notice.

During the first two years of his course he won little distinction in any particular line, but Jack was destined to become ere long one of the most popular students of the college. Before proceeding any further, I may note that in common with other biographers, I believe that students would wish to be pictured in their true colors, and hence I shall relate with perfect accuracy what is to be said of our genial friend Jack.

J. McN. was generally known to be a good student, though he never won the reputation of being a plugger. He was always fond of outdoor amusements, but was always careful never to indulge in them to excess. He was a splendid athlete, and held a foremost place in all the college games, especially hockey, football, handball and baseball. In all he was an expert player, and his strong physique and great power of endurance, coupled with his wonderful skill, often won for him merited applause. In football he was noted no less for his great strength than for the manner in which he tricked his opponents. In hockey he was a skillful stick handler and a swift skater, and the tactics of the game were as well known to him as the weaknesses of his opponents. During the last two years of his college career he was captain of the football teams, whose splendid success, both at home and abroad, testifies in most eloquent terms to his ability as a leader. He possessed no small amount of that personal magnetism so necessary in a captain, and the excellent manner in which he disciplined his men while undergoing a course of training is no mean tribute to his genius as a leader. He always evinced a lively interest in all college matters in which students participate, yet he never stood out boldly save in matters relating to the athletic association. He took but little interest in the debating club. Last year he was Business Manager of our college journal, a position which he filled with great credit. He has not yet entered any profession, but in whatever sphere of life he may choose to settle, EXCELSIOR wishes him unbounded success.

## THE RIEL REBELLION OF 1870.

THE territory now forming the Province of Manitoba was the scene of two rebellions, one in 1870, the other in 1885. Both were so serious as to demand the closest attention of the government, and to necessitate the sending of troops to the scene. The former, though not so serious as the latter, nevertheless saw some bloodshed and thrilled the Canadian people with feelings of strongest indignation.

In this article I shall endeavor to briefly review the causes, events and settlement of this deplorable affair, which is known as "The Riel Rebellion of 1870."

The causes that led up to this insurrection may be briefly summed up. In 1867 the Dominion of Canada was formed by the union of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the government at once proceeded to extend its bounds westward. Negotiations were entered into with the Hudson Bay Company and an agreement was reached whereby the company was to give over its rights to all land held by them for the sum of £300,000, reserving certain rights of trade. This transfer was to take place on Dec. 1, 1869. The government at once sent surveyors to lay out townships, lots and roads, which work was begun before the actual transfer had taken place. The inhabitants of this territory at that time were chiefly half-breeds who were very suspicious of the new-comers. Their lands were not held by any legal title and consequently they feared expulsion. Such was the state of mind when there appeared on the scene a man destined to fan the spark of discontent into a flame. This man was Louis Riel.

Louis Riel was the son of a white father and a half-breed mother. He had received a fair education at Montreal, and from his Indian and French blood he derived a curious mixture of qualities. Conceiving the idea of forming a new republic in America, he was encouraged in his design by some American residents at Fort Garry. Thus when dissatisfaction arose among the half-breeds over the arrival of the surveyors, Riel saw an opportunity of carrying into execution his cherished scheme. He was successful in obtaining a following and there began the rebellion.

So matters went on from bad to worse while William McDougall, appointed Provincial governor, was making his way to the territory. Arriving at Pembina in the State of Dakota, he

was waited on by a half-breed who ordered him not to proceed. He attempted to do so but was forced to return. He then issued a proclamation purporting to be from the government setting forth the rights of Canada to the territory. As the transfer had not actually taken place, this unfortunate act made Mr. McDougall's position untenable and he was obliged to return home.

Meanwhile Riel had taken possession of the Company's stores and called a council which assumed the duties of a provisional government with Riel as president, W. B. O'Donahue as secretary-treasurer, and Ambrose Lepine as adjutant-general. It was proposed to call another convention to arrange the matter. About this time, there arrived Mr. Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal) with several other gentlemen whose mission was to secure a peaceful settlement of the difficulties. He persuaded Riel to call the convention and a "bill of rights" was formulated. Delegates were appointed to accompany Mr. Smith to Ottawa to lay the "bill of rights" before the Canadian government. Matters were thus nearing a settlement when the Scott case arose, which rendered the mission of the peace-delegates fruitless.

Thomas Scott was one of the most prominent men who opposed Riel's course. He was returning home from a loyalist demonstration when he was arrested and placed in close confinement. He was tried, condemned to death and ruthlessly executed. This high-handed act tended to increase the ill-feeling between the two parties and completely broke up the peace negotiations.

When the rebellion broke out, Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface was in Rome attending the Vatican council. He was requested to hasten home, that he might use his great influence with the half-breeds in bringing about a settlement. He arrived at Ottawa before the Scott case occurred. The government assured him that the delegates presenting the "bill of rights" would be favourably received and that a general amnesty would be granted to Riel and his followers. Notwithstanding the death of Scott, Archbishop Tache proclaimed this assurance on his arrival and the rebellion was brought to an end. The prisoners that Riel held were released, and the delegates started for Ottawa to lay their grievances before the government.

Although peace was restored at Fort Garry, troops arrived

in the fall of 1870 under Colonel Wolseley. No amnesty had been proclaimed and it was feared Riel would attack again. The troops, however, must have appeared too formidable; for on their arrival Riel, Lepine and O'Donohue crossed the border and the newly-formed Province of Manitoba was left undisturbed for at least a short period.

A. McK, '04.

## SOCIAL ASPECTS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

### II.

HERE are many good people in the world who unfortunately have one point in common with Iago—they are nothing if not critical. Here, be it understood, reference is not made to the necessary act of inquiring into the merits and demerits of a case in order to arrive at a just estimate, but rather to that over-indulgence of the captious spirit to which human nature is so prone.

It has been said that the right to grumble and find fault belongs to a British subject. We were inclined to think it one of those touches that make the whole world kin. Better, perhaps, for our own peace of mind and for the general good would it be were we to follow the rule laid down in Bishop Spalding's *Opportunity*: "Busy not thyself with what should be corrected or abolished, but give thyself wholly to learning, loving and diffusing what is good and true. The spirit of the creator is far more joyful and potent than that of the critic or reformer."

From the self-constituted critic, one has at least the right to expect a statement of fact and opinion free from misrepresentation or prejudice. And yet, although we have a right to expect it, this impartial spirit does not always inform the apprehension of those who are ever the readiest to pass judgment. Take for instance that much talked of matter—college athletics. How small the number that follow a *via media* both in theory and in practice. Still as applied to this and to other disputed points, there is more than a modicum of wisdom in Sir Roger de Coverley's cautious verdict, "Much can be said on either side." Balmes in his admirable treatise, *Catholic and Protestant Civilization Compared*, expresses in this way a truism: "There is nothing in the world which cannot be undervalued by showing only one side of it; for thus considered, all things are false, or

rather are not themselves. All bodies have three dimensions ; only to look at one is not to form an idea of the body itself, but of a quantity very different from it. Take any institution, the most just and useful that can be imagined, then all the inconveniences and evils which it has caused, taking care to bring together into a few pages what in reality was spread over a great many ages, then your history will be disgusting, hideous and worthy of execration. Let a partisan of democracy describe to you in a narrow compass and by means of historical facts, all the inconveniences and evils of monarchy, the vices and the crimes of kings; how will monarchy then appear to you? But let a partisan of monarchy paint to you in his turn, by the same method of historical facts, democracy and demagogues; and what will you then think of democracy?"

From a correct point of view, let us now try to read the "plain unvarnished tale" of Athletics, as practiced in our Catholic colleges. May we not reasonably suppose that here at least can be found the ability to dissociate use from abuse? When students are in residence and subject to rules that determine how long they shall sleep, how long they shall play, how long they shall study, how long they shall pray; in a word, where the various exertitions follow each other with clock-like regularity, is it not at least highly probable that any one half of the phrase "*Mens sana in corpore san*" should receive as much attention as the other?

Recreation is re-creation and no mental effort can be carried on efficiently and permanently without its recuperative agency. Sports, as a rule, have the great advantage of being carried on in the open air and we all know that health-giving oxygen not only develops the body but invigorates the mind. The chief recommendation, however, of competitive games, lies in the fact that they are less mechanical than other means of exercise. Being voluntarily taken up by the student, they are sustained by the influence of the excitement which is implied in striving with a purpose. Carried to the point of exhaustion, physical exercises may, and unquestionably do, lead to lassitude or physical weariness. But kept within proper bounds, there is no better way of resting the tired brain, excepting, of course that provided by "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

But athletic games are not less valuable in promoting a good state of feeling throughout the College. Active, manly sport puts

a boy in good humor with himself and everybody else. Left to their own devices during the hours of recreation, and he'd together by no common bond of interest which leve's petty social distinctions and ends all chance of snobbery, college students are apt to split up into parties having no good will towards each other and with no better pastime than that of carping at rules and discipline. We shall not attempt to score a point in favor of athletics by emphasizing their ethical value in affording constant opportunity for acting out the virtues of truthfulness, self-control, justice, honesty and the like. Such may have been called into play by the pagan Greeks in their Olympics ; we Catholics know that unless inspired by christian principles of morality, their possession does not necessarily imply real ethical strength.

The most serious charge against athletics is that absorption in sport swallows up higher interests. We all remember how London newspapers, in view of the incompetency of British Generals during the late Boer War, declared that the army was going to ruin because its officers were spoiled by the "playing field fallacy," and that nothing could be improved so long as the English parent put skill in games far above general intelligence and culture as a qualification for a commission. On this side of the water, in modern Athens, a conference was recently held by the leading teachers to discuss the rapidly growing lack of the power of concentration and of intellectual vigor. As a result they formulated their belief that the difficulty was, in a large measure, owing to athletics. The strongest article we have seen in support of this contention, was written for *The Forum* by Prof. Arlo Bates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. To quote his words— "How general is the sentiment, I do not know, but I do know that it is the general experience at the Institute of Technology with which I have the honor to be connected, that a boy's work suffers if he goes deeply into athletics. The practical, technical work of such an institution demands the first place in the interest of the student, and is not to be glossed over by cramming or forced effort. Such work is in a manner a fair, if a severe, test of the possibility of combining really serious mental discipline with any unusual degree of special physical training. Whatever may be true of an academic education—although I am not able to see why there should be any difference in the principle—a student in a technical school of high grade, in order to attain to success, must not only attend to his studies, but give to them the very first place

in his interest. It is my belief, and my experience as far as this goes, that the work done by students deep in athletics, while it may be conscientious, is seldom of the best or the most lasting quality." Further on, he tells us, "The natural tendency of the young towards physical enjoyment needs no spur, it should rather be tempered by the broader and deeper perception of those old enough to realize that *while sport must have a part in every well balanced education*, it very easily slips into excess and consequently into evil. The attention given to-day by adults to sports has thrown things out of proportion. . . . The true benefactor of the universities to-day, and through them of the community at large, must be he who would use his influence to arouse and to foster intellectual ideas, who would set himself deliberately and effectively against the over-valuation of the physical, and do his part to recall the universities to their great office of correcting the materialistic tendencies of the age."

The question now presents itself, does distortion of values obtain in our Catholic colleges? Is there a menace to the inner life, to intellectual and spiritual ideals, in their attitude towards athletics? We have already stated a negative answer to this query, but let us substantiate our opinion by citing that of a reputable authority. In a number of Donahoe's Magazine there appeared some years ago an article over the signature M. F. Fallon, Ottawa University. Referring to athletic sports the writer tells us, "The good influence of those games on student-life and student-success can scarcely be over-estimated, and it has often been remarked that the leaders in athletics were also the finest examples of everything that was gentlemanly, noble and high-minded in the college. But what has been the effect on their studies? It is a question of some moment, and will afford an answer to the very common objection that athletics interfere with study, and mar the prospects of a student both in college and in after life. Whatever is the result elsewhere, there is nothing more certain than that those who gave generously of their time and talents to the furtherance of athletics in Ottawa have been most remarkably successful both in their college work and in their professional studies. Of the six presidents that have ruled the Athletic Association since its inception, and have passed from the college halls, four are now either priests or ecclesiastics, and two are successful lawyers; of the football captains and managers, five are priests and four laymen. The rank and file of the players in foot-

ball, baseball and lacrosse, has contributed largely to the ecclesiastical, legal and medical professions, while many are to be found among the successful business men of Canada and the United States. . . . They (athletic contests) contribute more than anyone, save him who has had experience in the matter can well imagine, to the health, welfare, and contentment of college students."

MS.

## EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.

THE ability to govern, or to direct, is no ordinary qualification. It is, in my estimation, the greatest, or, at least, one of the greatest of all endowments. It is, indeed, deplorable to see incompetent men in responsible positions, and such instances are, unfortunately, not uncommon. But, while these instances are forever occurring, examples there are where caviling and carping criticisms are unjustly directed against those in authority, who, too, possess to an eminent degree, the aptitude to govern.

In all pursuits of life success depends largely upon the tact of the ruling power, and the confidence and respect this power can recommend. In what measure of respect, then, is an employer held, who, at the least provocation, uses his *railing lash* upon his employees? It is certain he has no admirers among respectable workmen. Least of all is there any respect for the employer who descends to profanity and obscenity to urge his workmen to renewed and greater efforts. The honest and upright labourer will seek employment elsewhere rather than be the object of such barbarous invective. The more callous in this respect--worshipping the Almighty dollar will remain; but even they cannot, or will not, under the circumstances, perform the work with the same hearty good-will and efficiency which would characterize them under different conditions.

Take the case of the commercial man who begins the day with a cheerful "Good Morning" and ends it with a kindly "Good Night" to his employees. Not only will he secure a much better return for his money than the man who never has a smile or a kind word for any of his subordinates, but he will command their respect as well. The "boss" who never exhibits any kindness--never dreams of uttering a word of praise or

commendation to his clerks is positively detested. The clerk, too, of such an employer will not display the same carefulness and interest in the business as would one who is treated with respect and kindness. It will be found that he makes glaring blunders and commits errors which frequently entail severe losses. Confidence begets confidence—a truism well expressed by the poet :

“Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.”

A serious mistake that some employers make is the grasping penurious spirit they exhibit with regard to the hours of labour. Not satisfied with the usual day's work, they seek to out-Shylock Shylock in their insatiable greed for gain, forgetting that the poor boy employee (to take a solitary instance) has to be home at some fixed hour so that his youthful brothers and sisters, who are attending school, may not be forced to eat a cold meal. It frequently happens that numerous things, which could easily have been attended to during the day, are crowded into the last half hour ; and, consequently, the clerk seldom, if ever, reaches home on time. He is late for his meals ; has no energy left and loses his much-needed recreation.

One could easily cite many other instances which, perhaps, may appear trivial to the employer but which are otherwise regarded by the over-worked clerk. A little thought given to these things by business men would tend to make the life of the “menial” a good deal happier than it often is.

M. H. Mc. C. '03.

## SOMETHING MORE ABOUT NICK CARTER.

### CHAPTER II.

It must have been noticed by the observant reader that the case in which Mr. Nicholas Carter was about to engage at the opening of this exciting story was rudely disturbed—dashed as 'twere from the very hands of the detective—by the abrupt entrance of Patsie and his startling announcement that the Countess was dead. Due heed must likewise have been given the intimation which we strove to be convey, that the case was very, very perplexing. Did not the detective, in sooth, solemnly

declare that his previous work was mere "child's play" by comparison. Let the reader, then, pause for a moment while he has yet time to think, and before he has yet plunged into the vortex of excitement which a pursuit of the detective's doings will require of him, let him pause and endeavor to form some notion, an imperfect notion, indeed, as it is doomed to be, of the magnitude of the enterprise now afoot, nor must he be misled by the detective's modest way of designating his former work, but remember that what is easy to one may be difficult to another; "child's play" may be that to thee and this to Nick Carter. For, (and may not the question be boldly put?) who, in history or fiction beside our hero himself can point with the finger of just pride to so many and such thrillingly varied experiences? Can villainy show a more hated enemy? Can virtue and innocence and justice extol a doughtier champion and defender? Can Horror, grim and gory-locked, and swelling with the insolence of dominion, exult in *his* tribute of homage? Or, to view the obverse side of picture, who, save he alone can show an unbroken scone after batterings compared to which the Punch and Judy encounters appear mean and ridiculous?

Of course there are some supposed detectives who, in their envious endeavours to rival our hero, have become so infatuated as to allow themselves to fall into the hands of their enemies with a foolhardiness quite incredible. Will you believe, for instance, that the celebrated Joe Brown, detective, could pursue his arduous vocation after being villainously beaten over the pate into insensibility and in that helpless condition hurled headlong into a disused well some twenty feet deep, after which undeniably harsh treatment, attentions are heaped upon till the well is filled with boulders? We should surely here imagine villainy triumphant. The participants in the affair indulge in the like fond belief. Yet, within a month, a little month, and Joe Brown, detective, sits, forsooth, in his private office placidly smoking a cigarette with never a scratch to indicate the desperate crisis through which he had so lately passed. Truth, in the bottom of a well, indeed! Let others believe and read. This, I confess, is "coming it" too strong for me. But let us return to our detective.

With two cases, (let there be no misunderstanding about the term) with two cases, then, on his hands, what was he to do? Nick Carter was not, as we have seen, a man to hesitate. Com-

mitting the first which he accompanied with an elaborate system of procedure to the discretion of his able lieutenant, he now bowed Chick forth upon his mission and ringing for his servant fell calmly to paring his finger-nails while awaiting the appearance of that functionary.

He had not long to wait. In a very few minutes, Patsie, much improved in appearance through a hurried application of soap and water, evidences of which still clung to his elfish locks, flung spiritedly into the room.

"Well, Patsie," said the detective, assuming the free-and-easy air, "how goes it?"

The boy grinned. "Muchly," he answered, in his usual terse off-hand way.

"Well, give us an account of the late tragic event which has so untimely bereft society of one of its brightest ornaments."

Patsie looked puzzled. "The Countess," he guessed. The detective nodded.

"I give your note to Lord Ketchem in the parlor. He read it, turned pale and looked mighty cut up. He seemed to want more room, and stepping backward fell heavily over a chair, and in between some furniture and the wall. Then he began to kick out with all his might, and cuss his luck and make a terrible fuss. We offered to help him to rise but he made a swipe at me and swore he'd be the death of me, he would. So I thought it time to git. The last words I heard him say as he tussled with a cushion were 'Nick Carter, ouch! the in interime is mine.'"

Thus, or very nearly thus, Patsie, and to him Nick :

"Did you see the corpse?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Anything remarkable about it?"

"No Sir. She lay in the bed with a calm sweet smile on her face, such, her friends said, as they had never seen there before. Her hands——"

Here the detective interrupted sternly: "I don't want poetry," he said. Then in a sudden access of wrath, "You young rascal, you have been reading *The Death of Little Nell* and are now trying to palm it off as your own. Attend strictly to facts, and let me remind you that this is neither the time nor the place for silly gush!"

"Were there any others in the room?" he continued.

"Yes, sir, there was a couple of women."

"What were they doing there?"

"I think they was weepin' sir."

"Did you see their faces?"

"No sir."

"Then I fancy you could not tell their ages with any degree of accuracy?"

"No sir," sulked Patsie. A well-timed bit of pleasantry like this was wont to set him in a roar. But he was now thinking of the "poetry." The poor boy's feelings were hurt, his tender sensibilities outraged.

"How long did you remain in the room?"

"'Bout five minutes."

"Was there any sign of blood about?"

"No, sir."

"She is supposed to have come by her death through suffocation, you say?"

"Yes sir, she died for want of breath, sir."

The detective glowered. He, very properly, despised time-dishonored forms of speech.

"You say there were no others in the room?"

"Yes sir."

[We have here purposely omitted twelve pages of uninterrupted interrogations, which do not appear to be of sufficient interest to the reader to warrant insertion. Moreover, space is valuable and as the continuity of this story is not broken or its integrity seriously impaired by such omission, we have had absolutely no scruples in exercising an undoubted editorial right.—Ed.]

"That is all you know about the matter, Patsie? Very well, your information is very valuable, although I must say it does not affect in the least the course I was about to adopt. Here's a "fiver", you may need it and -- please to bring in my coat, I must be off immediately."

The boy hurried away on his errand and not finding the object of his search where he had supposed it to be, it was a minute or two before he found himself returning. As he passed through the hall-way he chanced to look toward the front door where some object did certainly present itself, and at the same instant a whining voice broke on his ear. The boy stopped short and gazed at the intruder.

A wretched, ragged man he was, knock-kneed and blear-eyed and bent with the burden of years. His unkempt hair straggled in lawless disarray about his ears and down over his coat-collar. A thin sickly beard of a soiled saffron hue hung from his wizened

throat half concealing, half revealing a battered and much begrimed shirt-front. A coat long since reduced in fortunes, and, like its wearer, showing only too plainly the stress of time and the seasons, fell loosely down to his knees. He held one hand behind his back while the other, gnarled and long and brown, grasped a stout stick. Patsie, quick-witted and impatient as he was at the interruption, noted these peculiarities in well—in much less time than it takes to write this.

“What d’yer want?” the boy demanded.

The odd-looking stranger ignored the question. He was looking steadily at the floor and mouthing moodily.

“I want to see Nick Carter,” he finally said.

The tones were unmistakeably querulous and sepulchral.

“You can’t see him,” returned Patsie, half-frightened, spite of him.

“I must,” said the other brandishing his stick true and gently.

Here was a fine pass. A stranger with not even the excuse of a decent appearance forces his way into a private residence in broad noon and demands at the point of a cudgel to see the master of the house. This was certainly something novel, at least in the boy’s experience.

What would the boss do in a case like this, he thought.

The reflection comforted him. What would *Nick Carter* do? What would he not? . . . “See here, old Swipes,” he said, “I give yer five seconds to make up yer mind, and en make yer will. Oh, yer needn’t pretend to be deaf,” raising his voice. “you’re not half as deaf and dumb and blind as you’ll be in less than no time, if you don’t git out, quick.”

The old man sighed and shuffled forward a few steps. Was he crazy or was this a challenge?

The intrepid youth moved towards a chair, threw down the coat and valorously determined to eject the enemy or die prematurely. Having gone so far he would never, never retreat.

He was now rolling up his sleeves and measuring his man. Must the awful combat ensue? This is the question the boy anxiously asked himself. After all he disliked blood-shed on a large scale.

Spitting on his hands as a sort of final note of warning and lowering his head the better to direct it against the most vulnerable part of the enemy, he was about charging when on his fevered senses a welcome sound broke. It was the voice of the detective.

It came from the parlor. It said "Come here Patsie, quick, and leave the old man alone."

In the excitement of the moment the boy forgot the old man and the coat. He hurried in with apologies for delay ready on his lips, but Nick Carter was not in the room. Patsie looked around in dismay. "Help, help," came the detective's voice from the adjoining room.

Half distracted he rushed thither, but saw no one. He searched behind tables, chairs and picture-frames; the search was fruitless. The sweat now stood in large beads on his face.

He waited and listened.

Heavens! what sounds were these? His strained ear could just catch them. Groans and sobbing was it? Again he listened. He could now hear the sounds more distinctly. They come from above. Was his dear master being murdered? Upstairs he rushed, madly overturning the old man in his frantic haste "The old fool," was all he thought, "I'll get square with him."

From one room to another raced the now tired youth, everywhere it was the same. The sobs and groans had died away. The rooms were all silent and empty. Perhaps, after all, the noise had come from below.

He hurried down and on his way past the parlor door glanced hopelessly in.

The sight that met his eyes overwhelmed him. The mutilated corpse of the detective lying across a chair with three or four *villains* glaring at him from different points in the room and covering him with as many guns? No, no. Such things, it must be granted happen very often in fiction, but this is not what Patsie saw, although he would not be a bit surprised if he did see it.

Before him, reclining easily in an arm-chair was *Nick Carter the detective, reading the morning paper*. He appeared as if he had been in just that position for ever so long—for the last five hundred years at least, one would say, were that not impossible—so composed and collected was he.

Hearing Patsie's smothered exclamation of astonishment, he turned his head and smilingly bade him enter, enquiring at the same time the cause of his only too manifest bewilderment.

Patsie was slowly recovering his speech.

"Well, what do you think of me as an old man? Sharp as you are I can fool you yet."

“But didn't you call me from the parlor?” queries the incredulous youth.

Patsie and the no less puzzled reader must be enlightened. It was all very simple—to the detective: *Nick Carter was an accomplished ventriloquist*

But, you will ask, why all this foolish masquerading and so much urgent work to do? Now, even if the question does implicitly impugn the detective's method, it shall be answered. Nick Carter practised assiduously the art of disguise, as it may very properly be called, and the personating of as many types of humanity as possible, which to him, of course, meant all possible types. To derive the largest possible advantage from this really marvellous undertaking it was necessary to employ the greatest expedient in details. The readers of Nick Carter's achievements need scarcely be reminded how on one occasion while in hot pursuit of his man around a block he had completely changed his outward appearance no less than thirteen distinct times. Such prodigious despatch could only be acquired through practice. The detective had just practised a new role and as was usual on such occasions, Patsie, the outwitted, Patsie, the eagle-eyed, has been the unconscious judge of its complete success.

And now while the detective breakfasts,—or dines, is it?—let us have a glance at the other EXCELSIOR articles.

(*To be continued*)

NOTE.—There will be plenty of action, yea *blood* too, before page 999, Vol. II is reached.

### MILTON.—(Continued.)

**B**UT perhaps it was a righteous hatred of the foul fiend that forced Milton to tumble him down “vast vacuities,” blow him up again with explosives, and sink his gigantic and uncouth form in a quagmire. No! for even the unfallen angels fare just as badly at his hands. In Book IV. we are told that, as the first shades of evening begin to fall on Paradise, Gabriel is sitting at the gates, looking on at the other angels who are playing “heroic games,” like earthly college students on their campus. These “heroic games” would no doubt include racing, wrestling, and—the poet does not mention it, or any other dis-

tinctly—boxing. The fiends in Book II. amused themselves, as we have seen, after they became accustomed to the "fiery wave," much in the same manner. We can wonder at nothing they can do, or try to do, to escape their misery, though foot or chariot races of any sort do seem to me a little contrary to the Christian notions of hell. But that heavenly spirits, while not appearing to men, should put on needless bodies, and have at hand still more needless armour, "shields, helmets and spears," that these agile spirits, whose speed is but faintly imaged by the lightning's flash, should in those bodies be vying with each other in the slowness of an earthly footrace; and that spirits of power and knowledge beyond thought, should be spending their time in improving their muscles or studying the art of self defence, is not a picture worthy of the high and noble fancy of a first-class Christian poet. However, such is the sublime picture given us by Milton—a picture in which he paints one of Heaven's highest archangels standing umpire at athletic sports.

In the midst of the "fun" arrives Uriel, another of

"Those seven spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright."

Uriel held his station, an Angel hermit, in the sun, and he, too, even there, has clothed himself in human form, with this difference that he had "a golden tiar around his head of beaming sunny rays." Having put on human form, he must bear its weakness, and so does not hear the approach of Satan who on his way earthward, has been hurled up to the sun. As Satan approached, it chanced that Uriel had his back turned, and was caught napping, or to use the poet's loftier language, "fixed in cogitation deep." So Satan has time before the angel turns to

"Change his proper shape  
Which else might work him larger or delay."

What the "proper shape" of a spirit is we are not told; seemingly those many roods of matter in which the poet first presents Satan—a cumbersome, travelling dress which has already caused "danger and delay," as his tumble down vacuities has proved. Satan now shows himself as a stripling cherub—"not of the prime." Now that angels appearing to men should show themselves as of any age that is proper to human nature, from babyhood onwards, is, indeed, conceivable, for only thus can they fit themselves for the companionship of men; but that a spirit should show himself to spirit—and that before yet a human

child was born, and when as yet one of the two did not know what manner of being man was—as a mere boy, with the down scarce yet upon his cheek, is another picture which we cannot honour as the creation of a first-class fancy. It is simply a low conception of one who cannot grasp, with anything like the power with which it has been grasped by others, the idea of ange!.

The simple minded Uriel, caught napping at first, is now once more deceived. Certainly Satan made himself attractive.

“ Such as in his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feign'd;  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
In curls on either cheek played, wings he wore  
Of many a colored plume sprinkled with gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.”

And poor Uriel, no ways surprised at the cherub's incomplete growth, and quite content with his account that he had come out from Heaven on an excursion, without any leave given or mission entrusted, but simply out of pious curiosity, or “unspeakable desire” to see the “new creation,” is positively tricked into becoming, in union with that bit of wretched dynamite, the bringer of “death into the world, and all our woe.” So off springs Satan, laughing in his sleeve, and showing his triumphant joy in “many an airy wheel.”

Strip off the stately language, the many-rooded language, if I may so call it, and surely the whole conception is grotesque and absurd, unworthy even of the nature of a fallen angel, much less of unfallen nature full of grace, of angels face to face with God.

But Uriel is not so very blunt: he finds Satan out. The latter's union with the stripling form which he has taken is so real that when alone on earth, and, as he thinks with a touch of Uriel's simplicity, “all unobserved, unseen,” he shows upon his beardless face the evil passions roused within him at sight of the new world's glory. Finding himself tricked, Uriel desires to warn Gabriel. But how to get down all the way from sun to earth? True, indeed, he had, as we have been told, “shoulders fledge with wings,” like Satan, and one does not exactly see why he could not have at once taken to “airy-wheels,” and flown to Paradise. For some unknown reason he prefers to ride, and waiting till the slowly descending sun is slanting his rays towards the gates of Paradise, and then going astraddle of a

sunbeam, he slides down like a boy on a bannister. Having delivered his message, he is compelled to hurry back, for the sun is sinking below the horizon. So taking the "sunbeam express" once more, he returns as he had come:

"Uriel to his charge  
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised,  
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen  
Beneath the Azores."

Never before in the history of locomotion have we heard of a journey so terrible; twice ninety-five millions of miles on a sunbeam! Surely sitting so long on so very sharp-backed a steed and travelling "swift as a shooting star," or as one of Marconi's wireless messages from Table Head to Cornwall, Uriel, even if he had been clothed with so many rods as Satan, would have arrived on earth a perfectly bisected angel.

I am afraid that I am driving Milton's sublime over the verge of the ridiculous. But Milton has put the angels before us in forms of matter, like the forms of men. In these forms he has made them subject to the limits of earthly flesh. It is impossible that he can make them sometimes subject and sometimes not. If an angel must in earthly form ride upon a sunbeam, we cannot free him, in the name of all that is consistent, from the inconveniences that would inevitably result to flesh, bone and muscle, from one hundred and ninety-five million miles of such awful speed, and perilous journey.

How thoroughly earthy is Milton's idea of spirit becomes clear by his picture of the war in Heaven. Why Heaven itself is but another earth still incomplete and full of earthly powers of evil. All the angels are gathered for battle, and all in human form, and all in human battle array, and guarded with human armour. Their battle is to be waged as among men, by injury done by human means to human forms. It is true that to make them somewhat angelic they need not to tread upon the ground:

"High above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread."

But this only makes us wonder the more why they should burden themselves with matter at all. The two hosts meet, and the leaders on each side speechify with boasting words, strangely after the fashion of earthly braggarts. Early in the fight trouble comes to Satan, for he receives a "a noble stroke" on his "impious crest" from Abdiel, and

“ Ten paces huge  
He backed recoiled; the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear unstayed ”

After Satan's tumble comes a horrid shock,—

“ Arms and armour clashing brayed  
Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels  
Of brazen chariots raged.”

All this in Heaven, in the precincts of the stronghold of the Omnipotent!

But Satan, recovering once again, meets Michael, the leader of the Angelic host, and after the boasting on each side,

“ They ended parle, and both prepared for fight  
Unspeakable.”

with the result that Michael's sword, being from the armoury of God, cuts Satan's sword in two,—

“ Nor stayed  
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering bared  
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain.”

The wound makes him writhe terribly. 1

“ But the ethereal substance closed  
Not long divisible, and from the gash  
A stream of nectarous humour flowed  
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits (?) may bleed,  
And all his armour stained erewhile so bright.”

Satan is carried to the rear, and the battle rages on exactly as battles on earth, till it is stopped, for

“ Night her course began, and over Heaven  
Inducing darkness graceful Time imposed,  
And silence o'er the odious din of war.”

Spirits seem then to need, in Milton's idea, both earthly light to see with, and earthly sleep to refresh them. But lest the reader think my paper is to be as many-rooded as Satan, let him and me rest awhile upon the “foughten-field,” amid the reposing angels, wondering only how it comes that high poetic fancy can give us a grander conception of war in heaven than the din and clash of arms upon earth.

## A ST. F. X. STUDENT'S DESCRIPTION OF A TRIP TO ROME.

IT is a task beyond my power of doing justice to that I attempt at present. Yet to give some idea of the manifold and interesting things to be encountered by those who have not had the great pleasure of taking this journey, I shall give this short but imperfect description.

On my journey from Antigonish to New York I need not dwell. We had a fine passage from New York. It blew quite strongly for four days and the ship rolled considerably, but there was nothing like a storm. The ship was large and well furnished, everything in first class style. We passed the Azores on the way and went between two of the principal islands. There are six in all and they are very high and rocky. They are well cultivated however, and I was told the people make a large amount of wine.

On the eighth day from New York we came to the port of Gibraltar. The day was very fine and everything showed the best advantage. We had a good look at the famous rock and I could not help thinking that it may well be called "the key to the Mediterranean." The rock rises out of the water quite abruptly and towers to a height of some six hundred feet. It is about a mile in length and has a breadth of nearly the same. It is fortified on all sides and from base to summit terraces are hewn in the solid rock where are placed those batteries that have given the place historic fame. Wherever you cast your eye the grim mouth of a cannon is pointing towards you. On one side and facing the harbor is a neat little town. Some parts of it are very old but the British Government is making great improvements there. The park and gardens are really magnificent. There is a very fine harbor here and it is always filled with crafts of all kinds. The visitor to Europe should certainly not fail to see Gibraltar. I am not surprised that Spain should have been so anxious to recover it after its capture by the English.

On the following day after leaving Gibraltar, we arrived at Algiers, on the African coast. Here the boat stopped for some three hours. Many of the passengers went ashore and I had an opportunity of seeing the town. The town has a fine situation, being built on the side of a hill, overlooking a very pretty harbor. The fact that they have tram cars here will serve to show that the place is not behind time. The streets are all paved, but are generally narrow, and, moreover, the traveller does not relish

the idea of having to do so much climbing to see the place. What struck me strongly was the odd manner in which the people dress. Arabs and Turks comprise the greater portion of the population and one may see them going about wrapped up in blankets and all wearing turbans. The Arabian women dress in white and have the face covered below the eyes. There are many beggars, and on the whole, the people are very uncouth and wretched.

Naples our next and last port of call is a large and beautiful city. There are many interesting things to be seen here—splendid churches, hotels, parks, statues, etc. The buried city of Pompeii is about a mile distant, and as I only spent a day in the place I had no opportunity of visiting the historic ruins.

The day following my arrival at Naples I took a fast train for the Eternal City, and arrived there about 12.30 on the same day. The visitor will find all his expectations realized here in the shape of painting, sculpture, and architecture. "Rome, indeed, was not built in a day," nor is it possible to realize the immense wealth and labor it has taken to build it. Here, you will find some two hundred and fifty churches, all vying with one another in magnificence and richness. On all sides there is nothing to be seen but marble and stone of various kinds wrought into every form that human ingenuity could design. I have visited many churches and they exhibit such richness and grandeur as would be unbecoming only in the house of God. The gilded walls, exquisite mosaic paintings, the statues and altars are beyond my powers of description; and for that reason I shall not try to draw a picture of St. Peter's which I had the pleasure of visiting the day I arrived in Rome.

The Coliseum is also a very interesting thing to see. It is now in a state of ruin but efforts are being made to preserve it. There are still to be seen those cells, walled off by heavy stone, where the wild beasts and early Christians were detained before being brought forth into the arena. The terraces where the Romans used to sit and enjoy those barbarous and cruel exhibitions are still to be seen as well as the particular place where Nero sat exulting while those early martyrs of the church poured forth their blood for their faith—torn by wild beasts and "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

A visit to the Catacombs next took up my attention. There are many of these in Rome and I have heard it said that if all

these underground chambers were set in line they would extend over three hundred miles. Those I had the pleasure of visiting are reckoned to be the oldest known burying grounds. It is only a couple of years since these were discovered, a somewhat strange fact. The work of excavation is carried on still and new chambers (or better, old ones) are being continually laid open. The tombs of hundreds of early Christians are to be seen, hewn in the solid rock and sealed with brick and mortar. Many of these have been opened and the human remains exposed. Some of the bones are wonderfully well preserved. Altars have also been found, where religious services were wont to be celebrated.

Although St. Peter's is the central attraction among the churches of Rome, yet there are many others which will amply repay one's visit to them. One of these, St. Stephen's, is a most interesting building, as its walls are completely covered with paintings representing the sufferings of the early Christians. These scenes are indeed enough to make one's blood run cold. In one, you behold a large crowd of these martyrs, standing together, their hands clasped in prayer, while fire is blazing around and among them. Another scene is that of a "Roman holiday," when thousands of Christians are exposed in the amphitheatre to the fury of all kinds of wild animals. All the principal victims are reserved for special and if possible more cruel tortures. Of these, some are represented as being plunged into caldrons of boiling water, some thrown from the tops of high towers, others torn with racks or laid on iron stretchers and left to perish from fire kindled underneath. The various scenes picture so vividly the inexpressible sufferings of those early martyrs, that they cannot fail to affect the hardest heart. This church is open but once a year and that on the feast of St. Stephen.

Another place of note I visited is the Sistine chapel in the Vatican. The walls and ceilings of this church are also decorated with fine paintings. Among these, the judgment scene by Michael Angelo is most magnificent. This famous artist has left another memorial of his genius in a beautiful statue of Moses, which I saw in the church of "St. Peter in Chains." This work is one of the wonders of Rome. The old patriarch is represented in a sitting posture, holding under his right arm the tablets of the Law. This statue is somewhat larger than life-size. The muscles of the arms and legs are represented perfectly and not even a bloodvessel that would be visible in life is absent.

Here I should conclude, not owing to scarcity of matter, but because it would be a useless task for me to attempt a description in detail of the many beauties of Rome. "Seeing is believing," they say, and it is only through that faculty we can obtain a just idea of the grandeur of the Eternal City. The most vivid descriptions fall short of the reality.

J. F. McN.

### AGE AND INTELLECT.

IT is generally believed that there comes a time in the life of a man when he should throw off his yoke of mental toil, and place it upon younger and firmer shoulders. That this idea is universal is evidenced by the fact that in all countries men in some branches of the public service are allowed, when they attain to a certain age, to retire upon pension.

Why this attitude of states towards their public men? Is it through regard for their good work done, or from the belief that they have arrived at that age which marks the end of their useful activity? Most people, without reflection, impute the latter as the cause. It is not unusual to hear people, on the death of an aged statesman, or writer, marvel at the persistence of his intellectual powers at such an age. They appear to think that nature has placed an age limit upon great intellectual power.

We have but to view the lives of some of our Canadian statesmen, that is, the lives of those who have attained to ripe old age, to note the fallacy of this conclusion. Instead of becoming less proficient in intellectual matters, they show themselves to grow with their years. If we look to England we shall find the principal political leaders which this generation has known are Earl Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, and each one was at seventy in full vigor, while Mr. Gladstone was at eighty-three coercing an unwilling party into the adoption of a policy which England resolutely opposed. The great statesman of the continent, Bismarck, was at seventy-eight a force which was a very bulwark to his government. Our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. may also be cited as another example of one whose intellect keeps pace with his years. Although upwards of ninety he still directs his millions of subjects with that steadfast and unswerving hand which has marked the whole course of his pontificate.

In all the higher and greater lines of intellectual effort, these results which hold the most prominent positions are productions, to a great extent, of men who had passed the mark designated by many to be the limit of human activity. Milton, whose "Paradise Lost" is a production unequalled in its way, did not begin writing it until he had reached the imaginary stage of mental impotency. Michael Angelo was made painter and architect of St. Peter's at the age of seventy-one, and held that position until his death, nineteen years later. History records the names of numerous others who, although upwards of fourscore years, retained unimpaired their wonderful mental gifts.

It may be urged that these are only exceptions, and that they do not represent the average of mankind. True enough; but the possibilities of intellectual power are not reckoned by the average, but by the most advanced specimens.

R. K. McL. '04.

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## DAUNTLESS DAVE.

*A Short Story for Boys by a Freshman.*

AT the school which I attended before coming to College was a number of small boys who, as the saying goes, thought they were smart. They were in the habit of spending a part of the day in idleness, lounging on the banks of a river not far from the school. Between the river and the school house stood a grove of pine trees, which screened the boys' hiding place from the view of our teacher, Mr. Ready. The young boys of whom I write called their rendezvous, "Lazy Knoll." There they passed the greater part of the day, smoking cigarettes, reading novels, spinning yarns, talking light and other nonsense. Mr. Ready often complained to the parents of their boys' absence from school, but very little satisfaction he got from those sage sires, who like many parents, thought *their* children were all right anyhow.

One fine October afternoon, as the truants, as usual, were in the "Knoll," Fred Elden said, "Say, boys; this is too slow for anything; come Dave spin us a yarn."

Now "Dave" Batson was an omnivorous reader. For a lad of twelve he had read a great deal. It was not deep, and certainly not various; he for one did not drink of all the streams that

flow from Parnassus. History he left to others, except as he might find it written in scenes where some stalwart warrior, clad in coal-black armour, cleaves his way through countless thousands, leaving a clear path marked on each side by corpses thickly strewn. Neither did Dave care for the lives of great men, unless it was of a few chosen heroes that had done wonders in the "wild and woolly West."

No; the simple tastes of Dave were for the Blood and Thunder novel. It took him out of the common world; it bore him away from the tame everyday school life; it flung him on the snowy mountains, amidst wild Indians, in the lairs of savage beasts, with cruel and relentless foes around him, conquering with his own unaided twelve-year old arm enemies cruel and cunning beyond all thought. That was the style of book he liked; and these books he simply devoured. He poured them forth to his admiring parents at home, and to his eager chums of the "Knoll," who preferred them to their lessons.

His poor parents seemed to be proud of him, and even helped him to purchase quite a library of such nefarious trash.

"Well, what will you have, boys?" said Dave, as he lit a fresh cigarette, "There's a fine one called 'Deadshot Dick, the Terror of Texas,' and again, there is 'Thunderbolt Bob, the Horror of Kansas.' This last one is a corker."

'Thunderbolt Bob' sounds fine; but we are rather sick of them Western ones," said Tommy Watson, his best chum.

"Well, lads, I don't know as I can manage to remember them two as well as one I read last night. It is a Jimmy Dandy! it is called 'Wild Pete of Creekville School.'"

Grand! let's have it," and Dave went on to tell the tragedy of which he had been reading, 'Wild Pete,' you see, was a lad of spirit. He was born to command, not to obey; and school was a life he did not mean to live. It was nothing but 'do as you're told' all day long. Of course while he was a youngster he had to go to school because his mother took him; but when he grew up, about twelve, you know, he resolved like a brave boy, that he was, to have his own fling. So when school time came he would sneak round the corner out of his mother's sight, and be off. He had a grand time all day with a number of boys as brave and as manly as himself. With money earned by driving horses, and running errands, he managed to keep himself and his brave little band, of which he was leader, in cigarettes and reading matter.

So you see he was by nature formed to be a hero. Of course he sometimes got found out, and his old man, a hard and cruel customer, gave it to him then ; but Pete could stand it all. He was a kind-hearted boy, and after being found out, he would ease the 'old people's' minds by going regular to school for a day or two."

"Well, there was one of the teachers in Creekville school, who was awful strict."

"Worse than old Ready here?" asked Joe Rice, a blue-eyed little fellow of ten.

"Ready! he's nothing. I should say he was. He was new at it, you know, and new hands are awful strict for the first month or two, 'till the boys teach them it's no good. This new teacher was mad to catch Wild Pete, and cure him. So he watches him one day, and just as-----"

"Look out! *Cheese* it!" whispered Elden, "there's old Ready behind that tree listening."

"Let him listen!—just as Wild Pete was looking in the window of a bookstore, wondering which *one* he should buy with a quarter his mother gave him on the promise he'd go straight to school, up comes the new teacher quietly, and takes him by the ear, "Why, Peter, said he-----"

"You called him Pete just now," said Billy Hamilton, "you bloke, don't you know Pete's short for Peter—a short way of abbreviating the word, you know," said Dave, with the air of a man of superior knowledge. 'Peter, said he, you should be in school, my boy, giving his ear a twist at the same time. Then Wild Pete turned upon him, and soon showed all concerned what he was made of, 'Unhand me, villian! he cried; 'lay a finger on me, if you dare!' "Oh! I've got you now, my brave lad, and you'll just come along with me to the school, where we shall settle matters," said the enraged teacher, 'Never! tyrant, never! burst from the brave lad's lips. Limb and life you may take but liberty—never! Then seizing a base-ball from the hands of a little urchin who ran up to witness the fun, the brave Pete hurled it with unerring aim at the forehead of his foe. With a cry of despair, the tyrant fell. Wild Pete, slipping down an alley way close by, ran across the next street, and was soon lost to view."

"David Batson," broke in at this moment Mr. Ready, "you are a bad weed! I have caught you at last; come here." As he spoke, he approached the spot where the boys sat.

The thought, flashed through the mind of David Batson that his chums would expect him to behave like Wild Pete, that is, like a lad of spirit. So with a somewhat tremulous voice, but with uplifted face and defiant air, he exclaimed, "Never! tyrant, never!"

Mr. Ready laughed.

"Laugh, you monster?" shouted Dave, "this is no laughing matter," and seizing a stone from the ground he hurled it, as he thought, with unerring aim at the forehead of his foe. But things do not happen in real life as they do in novels. The erring missile passed Mr. Ready, and struck little Jimmie McCarthy, who set up at once a cry of anguish.

As it was recess time when Mr. Ready went on his scouting expedition, all the school children were out on the play ground. Hearing the shrieks of poor Jimmie, who by the way was a good little boy and did not belong to the gang, they all hastened towards the spot. Gerald McCarthy, Jimmie's eldest brother, learning what the matter was, though somewhat smaller than "Dauntless Dave," sprang upon the defiant warrior, and in a moment had him on the ground, and was bestriding and belabouring him.

Dave set up an awful howl. He writhed with pain and shame. Despite the bold front he put on a moment ago, he now showed that he was only a cringing coward.

Freeing himself from his new foe, he made a bold dash to escape, but in his eagerness and excitement, going to near the brink, he fell into the river. His chums stood by looking on in fear and trembling and made no attempt to save him. Poor Dave would have been carried away by the swift current and probably drowned, had not Gerald McCarthy bravely jumped in and helped him to regain the shore. Poor Dave was a sorry sight, as he was led back to the school by Mr. Ready, followed by the suppressed laughter of the rest of the school children, in which even Tommy Watson joined.

On a green spot beside the school house, Mr. Ready called all the school children around him. He did not intend by any means to let the opportunity pass without teaching them a salutary lesson on the evil effects of reading pernicious books. He gave them a good, sound talking on the vast amount of evil done to young boys, and to young girls also, by reading foolish novels. Besides losing valuable time, the time that should be given to

study, there was a danger of filling their minds with crazy and useless ideas. His task was beneficial of good results. The truants promised to desert "lazy knoll." They, moreover, promised that they would not read any more foolish stories, but learn their lessons instead. This promise they kept, even in Dave Barton there was a great change. He plainly saw that what was written in the stories he read was all lies and the feats performed by persons pictured in these stories were impossible in real life. He had learned a lesson that day he would not soon forget. He studied hard all winter and at the end of the year he was the winner of a handsome prize given by Mr. Ready for application in studies. That prize was "Father Finn's Stories for Boys" and Dave told me last September before I came here, what a great difference he found in Father Finn's stories, and the "terrible ones" he used to read. He told me, moreover, that when he began to go to school again he would lay aside all story books and pay strict attention to his studies, "for you see," he said "one thing at a time."

If all young people who are addicted to novel-reading were taught the lesson Dave was taught, there would be better young boys and girls in our schools and more serious and more educated men and women in the world.

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## THE BOOKMAN.

This critic knew what's what when he wrote

"O Poetry! Thy name is often indigestible."

This is the way *The Tatler* of London puts it: "The American press and the American people have an insatiable hankering after sensation. They suffer from a kind of national hysteria, similar in character to that which afflicts so many plain-looking old maids, who fancy all the men are desperately in love with them." Very strong language, to our mind sufficiently strong for a *casus belli*, not on the part of the American press or people, who can console themselves that even if the charge be true "there are others," of whom it is equally true, but on the part of the maiden ladies, erroneously designated by *The Tatler* "old maids." There is no such class, Mr. Tatler, and if you doubt our words just ask one of the amiable creatures so designated—but look out for your eyes.

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So Oom Paul has written a book—or has had one written for him, which amounts to the same thing. Failing to exterminate the hated English with his mouth, he has resorted to the pen, firmly convinced of the truth of Balzer Lytton's lines:

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword."

The book is described by its publishers as "*his apologia pro vita sua*"—his defence of his reputation. (Do they mean this as irony?)

Poor old Oom, we had thought better of him. We cherished the fond hope that, in his devotion to the people over whom he at one time ruled, he could not find time to think of himself—at least to the extent of five-hundred pages. Vain hope! We thought him too modest to seek notoriety; too disinterested to think of money. Alas, for the times and the manners!

A number of worthy and industrious people, with the critical instinct, have set themselves to destroy the belief that William Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him. This alarming campaign grows more virulent with time. It is aarming because so few of those who shine in literature can hope to leave much behind them but their immortal works. Deprive them of the hoped-for favor of posterity, and what becomes of the zest of present existence?

We are told by these critics that it is doubtful if Shakespeare could write. This test alone, one feels, raises doubts. Accepting the supposed signatures as genuine, how could a man who appears to have penned his name with the blunt end of a mate have composed these magnificent plays? Every printer knows the faultless orthography of literary men. Shakespearian scholars should meet this objection. It is indeed a forcible one.

Few, if any, trained and well-balanced critics doubt that the plays of Shakespeare were the products of just such a man as we have reason to believe Shakespeare was—a man of infinite fancy, of capacious intellect, of remarkable energy, with the limitations of a defective education, but inspired by the most wonderful age in English development who illumined for all time the literature of the world by the splendour of his genius.

The *Public Ledger* tell this story of the late Frank R. Stockton, the author. When he was a newspaper man he tried his hand at a bit of fiction and submitted it to the editor. The editor revised it and after reading it aloud as corrected he said to Stockton:—

"It's not bad, Stockton, but you are given too much to cant-terms. Here, for instance, you speak of a woman waiting with 'bated breath'! Now what is 'bated breath' anyway?"

Stockton was prompt in replying to the effect that there was such a thing, surely—that not long before he was walking out in the Darby district, and, wishing to locate a certain farmhouse, asked a boy who was fishing, for directions. The boy mumbled a reply that Stockton could not understand. He asked again, and again received a mumbled answer.

"Why don't you speak plainly?" he demanded to know. "What have you in your mouth?"

"Wu'ms!—wu'ms for fish!" replied the boy.

"And that," said Stockton to his Editor, "is what I call warrant for the expression 'bated breath.'"

One, J. S. Parsons has an article in *The Outlook* in which he eulogizes the daily press, "the friend of humanity," as he calls it. We greatly fear, however, that Mr. Parsons has allowed his enthusiasm for the press to play football with its common sense. The phrase "liberty of the press" has a pleasing sound 'tis true, but 'tis equally true that his liberty is fast degenerating into license, if not indeed, into licentiousness. Here and there we may still bow with respect before a newspaper over which the responsible editor has kept his sovereignty. But in most instances he has been deposed, and the irresponsible reporter reigns in his place—master of the mighty power of the press—chief educator of his generation—pervading genius of the civilization of his time. Trained to look at all in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, with an eye single to the glory

of big type, he sees them in one common aspect. The great and the little, the good and the bad, the sweet and the foul, the momentous and the trivial, the tragic and the comic, the public and the sacredly private, are of one stuff in his eyes—mere colorings of a coarse fabric in the loom of life which time weaves for him to slit and to slash with his merciless shears.

It is this power behind the editorial chair that makes the literature on which the masses feed. And such literature! It's one note is flippancy; the flippant headline, the flippant paragraph, the flippant narrative, the flippant comment. It jests at public calamity, and is impertinent and unkind with private misfortune.

"The press is the protection of the people" may have been true in the days of O'Connell, but unfortunately it is not so to-day. And to what causes are to be attributed this perversion of the press? We answer—greed for gain, and Godless education.

Three books that should be read by all Catholic students are Dr. Parson's "Some Lies and Errors of History"; Zahn's "What Catholics have done for Science"; and Fr. Young's "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared." The first mentioned two have been extensively reviewed, but the latter may not be so familiarly known.

Fr. Young takes his readers to Catholic Spain, France, Italy, Mexico and other Catholic Countries, and compares the civilization there obtaining with that of Protestant Countries. From the standpoints of Liberty, Equality, Illiteracy, Ignorance, Popular Happiness, Education, Poverty and Pauperism, Crime and Morality he institutes comparisons and solely on the evidence of non-Catholic testimony, shatters the boastful claims so persistently put forward re the alleged superiority of Protestant institutions. In his introductory chapter the author says—

"In order to make some show of justification for this wholesale aggressive warfare, (against Catholicism) our enemies have felt urged to represent the Catholic Church as unworthy to stand on an equally free footing with other religions, or, even with societies professing no religion. They have laboured to represent her as a religious teacher hostile to those very American free institutions of which she has really been the most ardent supporter and defender, and to otherwise disparage her as being essentially opposed to the true interests of humanity and enlightened progress.

We have been challenged in public and private to answer the charges made. This I have attempted to do."

That Fr. Young has well performed his task will, we fancy, be admitted by all fairminded unprejudiced readers, we care not what be their religious convictions. With a diligence worthy of emulation he has collected official testimonies, from sources non-Catholic, which prove conclusively that Catholicism and Retrogression are terms irreconcilable.

Quite recently we had the pleasure of perusing a work on "Successful Advertising" by J. Angus McDonald. It is a book of about 400 pages, well printed and bound, and literally crammed with wealth of ideas for the advertiser. The author like so many other young men who have trod the path of prosperity in the United States, is a Nova Scotian, having been born in the town of Antigonish some thirty-three or four years ago. Despite his youth, Mr. McDonald has had considerable experience in the advertising field, having filled the responsible position of advertising manager for some of the leading firms of Boston and New York. That he has put the experience so gained to practical benefit can be seen by even a cursory review of the volume in question.

The book has been very favorably reviewed. F. James Gibson, business manager of the "New York Daily News" and founder and secretary of the leading advertisers club in the United States says the following of Mr. McDonald's qualifications as a writer on such a subject: -

"Mr. MacDonald entered the advertising field a number of years ago, and at an early age received an insight into advertising that few veterans of to day can equal. His insight into the advertising business is practical, therefore the statements in his book have the added charm and great element of experience behind them."

We have not space to give an exhaustive review of this admirable work—a work that betrays great originality of thought, and is replete with practical suggestions to the business man. While we congratulate the author (and in doing so The Bookman performs the pleasing task of congratulating a former student of St. F. X.) we would earnestly draw the attention of business men to this sterling work. It is published by the Lane Publishing Co. of Philadelphia.

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Bishop Spalding of Peoria has written a book "Religion, Agnosticism and Education"—which has been very favourably received. The learned prelate is a most prolific writer, but of his many books there is none more interesting than the present one.

Much the most interesting of the chapters are devoted to Agnosticism. Here the work is valuable both for its own great reasoning and for its characterization of the reasoning of other great philosophers. Bishop Spalding fires hot shot into Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Unknowable", and with disastrous consequences. Mr. Spencer, it will be remembered, undertakes to prove that the old theory of a Personal God, such as Christianity believes in, is plainly unscientific. He specifically asserts that we have no capability of acquiring any knowledge as to the ultimate cause of existence. He dismisses the Christian God, and sets up for worship a Trinity composed of Infinity, Eternity and Energy, which he calls the "Unknowable," with a capital U. "It is absolutely certain," he says, "that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

Commenting on Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable" the rev. Bishop Spalding says: "Whatever our solution of the enigma of being and of life, we accept it on Faith. No man can know that the unconscious can create consciousness. The atheist believes in his dogma, as the theist believes in God. The one holds that the Infinite Power which all dimly discern is mere matter; the other is certain that it is life and truth and love and beauty. If the atheist ask: How could God create such a world? the theist replies with the question: How could matter create a soul which thinks and loves, which is nourished by deathless hope and uplifted by infinite aspirations."

On the subject "Education" the Bishop shows truly that the Church is the true teacher, as this teacher seeks to give the pupil that which is the best education; that which "creates within the soul a queen-bless thirst for knowledge and righteousness." Catholics are convinced that "as ever and always the child's soul and his duties to God are the highest and the greatest, so there is no place, time or method from which the teaching of morals and religion may be eliminated."

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In our day, when such strenuous efforts are made to force a Godless education on the people, it is a comfort to look back upon the noble figure of one who, under the aspiration of Faith, founded a great work of popular instruction. There has recently been published a little volume containing the life of John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. From it we learn that John Baptist de la Salle, the eldest son of an illustrious and pious family, was born at Reims, France, April 30, 1651. "Gifted with the most happy disposition of mind and heart," says his biographer, "the child of benediction produced early fruits of virtue. Simple in his tastes, charitable with the poor, affectionate towards his brothers, submissive, respectful and considerate toward those whom he looked upon as superiors, he was the ornament and joy of this noble family."

He was educated at the University of Reims, where he received the degree of Master of Arts. In his twentieth year he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, there to take his theological studies. In the early part of the following year he was called home by the death of his parents, who died within a few months of each other, and at once assumed his position as head of the family. But he did not lose sight of his vocation, and in 1672, he received sub-deacon's orders, and six years later had the happiness of being raised to the priesthood.

In 1679 he began to establish free schools, and to bring their teachers under one rule. But progress at first was slow, so he resolved to resign his lucrative position as Canon of the Cathedral of Reims and devote himself wholly to his schools. Being desirous of founding his institute on Evangelical poverty, he distributed his entire fortune, amounting to nearly fifty thousand francs, among the poor, during the famine of 1684, leaving himself absolutely destitute. That same year he assembled twelve of his chief disciples, and together they agreed upon the vows they should take, the habit they should wear, and adopted certain general measures of order and discipline. Thus was laid the foundation of that Congregation which has since spread over the whole world. When on Good Friday, April 7 1417, La Salle died at the College of St. Yon, the society extended over all the principal cities of France.

In 1735, the institute was raised to the dignity of a religious order by Pope Benedict XIII. Gregory XVI., later on, declared its founder Venerable; whilst our present Pontiff, the illustrious Leo XIII, has realized the wish of the faithful the wide-world over, and placed him still higher among the Blessed ones. To show the estimation in which the name of De La Salle is held, even in America, we may mention even that the anniversary of his birth a few months ago was celebrated by the school children of Chicago as a public holiday. These are the kind of men who shed lustre on the Catholic church—men who lead others to the knowledge of saving truth. Of them Holy Writ says—"They who instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."

The Rev. Dr. C. A. Campbell of the diocese of Halifax, has written a biography of Mary Queen of Scots which should have a wide circulation. It is an unpretentious volume of 175 pages, but its brevity does not at all detract from its comprehensiveness. In his modest preface the author says—

"It would be difficult to find in our language a biography of Mary Queen of Scots that recommends itself to busy readers by its brevity, whilst furnishing data and arguments with respect to controverted points in her history, intended to give satisfaction to enquiring minds."

This Dr. Campbell has attempted to do, and we think that anyone who gives a careful reading to the book will admit that his aim has been to state the truth and be impartial.

Dr. Campbell, it is true, does not lay claim to the title of historian. He is much too modest and too sensible for that. An historian must take much from his predecessors, but he must take much more from the original documents. There are a number of so-called biographers and historians in Canada who are merely clever purloiners of facts which have been worked up by other and more conscientious men.

Dr. Campbell quotes Throckmorton's letter to Queen Elizabeth relative to the behavior of the Queen of Scots after she became a widow for the first time. As affording an insight into the character of Mary, and as the testimony of an enemy, it is indeed valuable.

"Since her husband's death, she hath shewed that she is of great wisdom for her years, and of equal modesty. . . . Assuredly she carries herself so honourably and discreetly that one cannot but fear her progress."

No doubt to the "Virgin Queen," to her "dear Leicester," and to the rest

of her free and easy court Mary's decorous conduct, her "modesty and honour," seemed quite inexplicable.

In treating of the charge laid against the Queen of Scots with respect to her alleged complicity in the murder of Darnley the author points out that her accessories were men who profited by her overthrow—men like the notorious Geo. Buchanan who, on one occasion owed his miserable life to the Stuart Queen's clemency, only to spend the remainder of that life in seeking to asperse the character of his benefactress.

"Ungratitude more base than traitorous arms."

"Until the death of Darnley" writes Dr. Campbell, "no word had been uttered against Mary's character as a woman. On the contrary her praises were sounded on all sides, and even those who were leagued with her foes sometimes bore testimony to her virtues. The Privy Council itself, shortly before Darnley fell ill, spoke of him as one 'honoured and blessed with a good and virtuous wife.' But when lying served the purpose, especially in a struggle against a Popish 'idolatrix,' who would scruple at it? Men who could unctiously quote Scripture, while engaged in the most disgraceful and unlawful work, and could, as Skelton thinks, perjure themselves with a good conscience, could hardly be expected to lose an opportunity of blackening the character of an unsanctified woman for the glory of God and the advancement of Calvinism."

One would think that the Countess of Lennox, the murdered Darnley's mother, would, if she thought Mary guilty of the blood of her son hate her with that bitter hate known only to a mother, suddenly, and through violent means, deprived of a favourite child. Not so, however, for in 1575 she addressed to the unhappy prisoner a letter overlaid with motherly sympathy, in which among other things she says:

"I beseech Your Majesty, fear not, but trust in God that all shall be well; *the treachery of your traitors is known better than before.*" (Italics ours.)

In treating of the "Casket Letters"—letters of which Dr. Johnson remarks "that they were forged is now made so palpable that perhaps they will never more be cited as testimonies"—Dr. Campbell maintains that "they cannot be adduced as conclusive evidence of Mary's guilt, because, at best, their genuineness is doubtful? That the incriminating portions were forged can hardly be doubted, he maintains, and for reasons which we can briefly summarise.

Those interested in producing the Casket Letters were Mary's bitter foes and uncompromising enemies, consequently their accusations, unless well authenticated can carry no weight.

The Casket Letters are clothed in language so very indelicate as to be utterly foreign to the sentiments and style of the Queen of Scots. A score or more of Scottish poets in writing to Mary's commissioners in England in 1568 declare that the incriminating portions, at least, of the Casket Letters, are clumsy forgeries.

The letters were never shown to the accused Queen although she repeatedly demanded to see them.

The history of these letters makes it tolerably clear that it was many months after they were said to have been discovered by Morton, before they took definite form. And who was this Morton who brought forward this evidence against Mary Stuart? He it was who Judas-like, for a consideration, basely betrayed the Earl of Northumberland to Elizabeth—an Earl who on one occasion had protected the ignoble Regent whilst fleeing from the pursuit of his enemies. Can anyone conceive of an action more despicable, more degrading? And are we to be asked to believe on the testimony of such a man that Mary Stuart, whose reputation for virtue and whose honour even her enemies have been forced to admit, was guilty of the crime of seeking the blood of her cousin?

Dr. Campbell does not pretend to decide how far Mary's consent to her marriage with Bothwell was obtained by persuasion or how far by force. Both

were used. But he says that "it should not be forgotten, that for more than six months after the event, the public records of Scotland refer to the intercepting of the Queen by Bothwell as a forcible and treasonable act, and speak of her as having been compelled, through fear and other unlawful means to give her promise of marriage; and it was only when changed circumstances demanded a change of tactics that the worthies who had hurled her from the throne began to assert that what had been done by Bothwell had been done with her consent."

We commend Dr. Campbell's work to our readers. It will serve to dissipate the haze of doubt which may have found its way even into the breasts of sympathizers of this beautiful, if unfortunate, Queen, through reading history impregnated with anti-Catholic virus.

The publishers D. & J. Sadlier will forward the book on payment of one dollar, together with nine cents additional for postage.

THE BOOKMAN

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VOL. VII.

**MARCH, 1903.**

No. 4.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

We hope it is not too late to extend congratulations to a member of the college staff—lecturer on constitutional history—Judge McGillivray, on his recent appointment as County Court Judge for District No. 6. The appointment is a good one—one on which the Government is to be congratulated—for Judge McGillivray possesses the ability and tact necessary as well as a whole-souled geniality well calculated to make the machinery of bench and bar run smoothly.

We also beg to extend our congratulations to Hon. C. P. Chisholm, an alumnus of St. F. X., on his recent appointment to the Executive Council of this Province. Hon. Mr. Chisholm, we

feel sure, will fill the position in a manner acceptable to all. He is known as a fearless exponent of the people's rights as a man who has the courage of his convictions, and is not afraid to say "nay," even in opposition to his party friends when he feels that justice and right demand such action on his part. We most heartily say hear! hear! to the *Casket's* wish that "the honour thus fittingly bestowed is but a prelude to a portfolio."

### "PAY WHAT THOU OWEST."

We would kindly ask those who have not as yet paid for this year's EXCELSIOR, to do so as soon as possible. We are sorely in need of funds, so please *ante up*. What is really surprising to us is that our fellow-students, who kick and growl if they do not get their paper, just when they expect it, have not as yet "shelled out." Only a very few of you boys have the honourable little word "paid" opposite your names. Come, now, this will never do; pay your dollar, and pay it soon.

Mosher's Magazine for January contains, among much interesting and instructive matter, an appreciative review of Tennyson's "Princess," by Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D. This "brief study" is in Dr. O'Hagan's best manner. He is a close student, a warm admirer and, as far as we may judge, an excellent interpreter of the great English poet's mind and art. His criticisms are never mystifying; they are never calculated to make the reader ask himself whether the interpreter is not infinitely more difficult to understand than the text: in short, they are never obscured by the madness of much learning; but natural enquiries, honest, adapted to their scope, and pleasantly clear and broad in view.

Dr. O'Hagan surveys the unity and purpose of the poem and makes the following valuable suggestion:

"In studying any poem, dramatic, epic, idyllic or lyrical, study it as a unit. Find the central idea of the poem. Notice how this dominates the whole art composition as the pointed arch does the Gothic cathedral. Do not spend time so much in finding flaws in the poem as in searching out its beauties. Above all, and beyond all, study the poem and not its commentators. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the student that talking

about poetry is not studying it—interpreting it. You must feel the life current of a poem before you can assimilate it.

After you have knelt long in the temple of the poem, and served at its altar, you may then join in converse with the votaries of the shrine. Read only the best and sanest commentators. Do not follow erratic side tracks."

## EXCHANGES.

THE S. V. C. Student from the "Land of the Golden Sunset" makes us feel a wee a bit jealous when it talks of the charms of a Californian winter. Nature, it appears, is very bounteous in her gifts to that part of America. Fancy anyone in Nova Scotia about the middle of last month "sitting on the veranda gazing at the flowers in full bloom or listening to the birds as they chirp merrily in the green trees around him." It would, indeed, be a strain on the liveliest imagination to fancy anything of the sort on one of those memorable days when the snow is piled up and the frost biting so as to convince even the most sceptical that they are anything but imaginary. We of these colder climes are not, however, without pleasures, less poetic though they may be, during the winter season. Skating, (and there are those who say that it is not without its poetry,) is an example of a pastime well suited to make us cope smilingly with any incidental inconvenience that this season may bring. Other charms winter possesses for the vigorous lusty youth of this country. And none is sought more zestfully than tripping over the snow to the merry tune of the sleigh-bells.

\* \* \*

Among the very best of our exchanges is *The Laurel*. Although not the largest it is yet large enough to embody sufficient thought each month to do ample credit to the Institution which it represents. A monthly review of *The Laurel* is always a keen pleasure to us.

It would be difficult to pick out any individual article of its February number for particular comment or special praise. And if we do so it is not because we under-rate the others but because of that great and ever-pressing reason that confronts all ex. men, namely, lack of space.

The article "Patriotism Undismayed" is well written and abounds with more or less sententious and dogmatic statements relative to "England's" unvarying baseness and fiendish cruelty. The writer's notions like those of a large portion of his countrymen are bred in the bone and it would be, therefore, quite useless to remonstrate.—he knows better. Nor is it any use to retort with a Roland for an Oliver; he is just as certain to waive you deprecatingly off. Nonsense! 'Tis only England is cruel and unjust, has always been and always will be. Do we need proof? List but to the mournful wail of the widow in every country England ever set foot upon. And as our knowledge of History and Geography is extremely limited we bethink us for a moment and ask blandly: Please sir, have you particularly in mind Cuba, or the Philippines, or Canada (1812!) or Mexico? Or the Western Plains—home of the noble Redskin. The wail of the widow comes to our strained ears adown the stream of time from all these countries as well as from the Transvaal and elsewhere. This weeping and wailing is all very tragic (we continued) but tis only a part, albeit a sad part, of history. It should not be paraded as a sure test of national depravity.

Then we close our ears and walk backward, smiling, and bowing. The Laurel-man is seen to talk but we won't argue with him. He knows all about it and we don't. That's the difference, and so we take our leave of him

\* \* \*

*The Columbiad* comes to us for the first time from distant Oregon. It is quite a baby in age as "Vol. 1 No. 4" on the first page evidences. Nevertheless it has as old-fashioned a strut and talks quite as much and just as well as many a more pretentious College Magazine. We are glad to have the *Columbiad* on the list of our Exchanges.

\* \* \*

The current number of *Queens University Journal* has a very pithy and suggestive article on Short Story telling. Much knowledge is displayed by the writer in the matter. The article shows also that the author himself knows not a little of the trick of putting words together. He draws attention to the possibilities of the Short Story to make the Journal more interesting to the general public, and to call into exercise the latent powers of artistic narration unsuspected perhaps by their owners. If acted upon this suggestion will make the journal an ideal College magazine. For already it stands without a peer as an ideal students paper.

\* \* \*

*St. Peter's Net* contains a continued article, very lengthy and practical, on Child Emigration to Canada. It touches and gives useful hints on all points relative to this subject. The Institution which this paper represents is the home of a vast number of helpless children. It rears and educates these and when of age sends as many as its pecuniary means allows to Canada. To emigrate a child costs £12. "But," the Net says "it is a difficult and a very difficult matter to find the necessary money. We can emigrate as many as we can pay for. Will any good reader help by emigrating a child. How consoling to think that you had given a boy or girl such a grand start in life, and how interesting to follow the future career of that child!"

\* \* \*

*Georgetown College Journal* is up to its old standard. The story "My Lady of the White Fan" is deserving of high praise. It is cheerfully told, scenes boldly painted and altogether is a splendid specimen of the good short story.

\* \* \*

*The Institution News* published by the pupils of the School for the Deaf at Halifax is an interesting little monthly which reflects very great credit on the pupils of that school, who not only edit it but do the mechanical work as well. Whilst congratulating the pupils on the bright and newsy "make-up" of the February issue we must not forget to speak a word of praise for the work of their teachers, many of whom we know devote themselves to this special and difficult branch of teaching, in a measure, through motives of philanthropy. The success of the Halifax School for the Deaf is largely due to the unselfish efforts of these painstaking, plodding teachers, of whom the public hear but little, but who exhibit a zeal in their chosen profession worthy of emulation by many teachers in hearing schools.

A. A. M'N. '03.

## ATHLETICS.

## HOCKEY.

NEW GLASGOW 5 ST. F. X. 5.

The first game of the season with an outside team was played in the College rink on Jan. 22nd against the New Glasgow team. The game was fast and furious from the start, and our boys showed up well, though their combination was not of the best. Our opponents had very little combination, but they had some individual stars. Those deserving of special mention are Grant and McArthur; on the College team, McSweeney and Nulty did good work.

The game started with a rush that was really fast hockey. Jim McNeil from a mix-up in front of the New Glasgow goal, shot a hot one. After the face off the puck was kept in New Glasgow territory, but their goal-keeper stopped a number of hard ones. Nulty soon found the net, but shortly afterwards McArthur evened matters from centre ice.

In the second half our boys began forcing matters. Jim McNeil shot our third goal, and McGregor soon followed with one from the side. Then Nulty shot two in succession, Grant and McGregor during the last five minutes of play evened up, and at the end the score stood five all. The captains decided not to play off so the score remained 5-5; Mr. H. Hearn of the college refereed to the satisfaction of all.

The line-up was :

## NEW GLASGOW.

Ross	Goal
Fraser	Point
McArthur	C. point
McDougall	Rover
McKay	Rt. wing
Grant	Centre
McGregor	L. wing

## COLLEGE.

D. McNeil
G. McSweeney (Capt.)
J. Fraser
J. McNeil
C. Connolly
Delaney
Nulty

VICTORIAS 6. ST. F. X. 2.

Jan. 26th. the team left for Sydney and North Sydney to play two games, the first at North Sydney with the Victoria A. A. and the second with the Sydney A. A. the Champions of Cape Breton. Both of these teams played here in our own rink last winter, and our boys had a fairly good idea what kind of teams they were to play. On the evening of the 27th. St. F. X. and the Victorias crossed sticks in the new Strathcona rink, one of the largest in the province. Our boys were rather handicapped by the size of the rink, being used to a smaller area of ice and also by the light which was poor. The game was very fast throughout, but was marred by a little unnecessary tripping and checking. The Victorias played well together as a team and were handled in good shape by the old reliable Jack D.—McNeil and Connolly played the best game for the College but all played their positions well and did all that was expected of them. The game started off with a rush; the play varying from one end of the rink to the other, both goals making good stops. After nearly ten minutes of play Cann put one in from a face off at the side of the goal.

Jack D. tallied soon after, making a nice run from centre ice. The score remained the same until the end of the half, though quite a few hard shots rained in, but both goals were equal to the occasion. Two minutes after the whistle sounded for the second half Clark scored from the wing and was soon followed by Cann. Connolly then scored the first goal for the College after making a nice run up the side. Fraser scored the fifth for the "Vics." shortly after. Nulty who had been giving a nice exhibition of stick-handling all this half, rushed through the entire opposing team and shot from within a few feet of the goal. Jack D. scored the sixth and the last for the "Vics." thus making the score 6-2. Mr. Purvis of the Discos refereed to the satisfaction of all. Line-up was as follows:

VICTORIAS		ST. F. X.
Smith	Goal	D. McNeil
McLean	Point	McSweeney
McDonald (Capt.)	C. point	Fraser
Cann }	Forwards	{ J. M. McNeil
McKay }		{ Nulty
Fraser }		{ Delaney
Clarke }		{ Connolly

SYDNEY A. A. 13. ST. F. X. 1.

The following evening our boys played the S. A. A. A.—champions of the C. B. League, in the Rosslyn Rink, at Sydney, and suffered defeat by the score of 13 to 1. The game was *not fast, but it was clean hockey, and such a large score was obtained by the S. A. A. A. playing rings around our boys, who were utterly unable to stop the swift rushes of their forwards, or break up their combination.* Hearn and Phalen were the stars of the S. A. A. A. Dar McNeil played a good game in goal for St. F. X., stopping some hard ones. Connolly was cut in the face during the first half, and had to retire for the rest of the game. Harvey Hearn, "who was destined to shoot the only goal," replaced him.

The game started rather tamely, with the S. A. A. A. having things all their own way. Three goals were shot by them during the first half. The second half began with a little faster exhibition of hockey, but it was soon evident to all that the size of the score was the only question. The game was over, S. A. A. A. 13. St. F. X. 1. Mr. Hoult of the Socials referred very satisfactorily. The line-up was as follows:

S. A. A. A.	COLLEGE.	
Connors	Goal	
McLean	Point	
McDonald	C. point	
Hearn (Capt.) }	Forwards	
Pickard }		{ Connolly (Hearn)
Phalen }		{ Delaney
Richardson }		{ Nulty
		{ J. McNeil

CANNING 4. ST. F. X. 1.

On the evening of Feb. 11th. the strong Canning team and our boys crossed sticks in the College rink. This is Canning's first visit to Antigonish, and let us hope it is not the last. The game started out fast and furious,

and it seemed a question of who could check the harder. No combination was attempted by either side. Baxter shot the first goal five minutes after play began, and Parker soon followed by another. The score remained 2-0 during the first half—although the rubber was nearly all the time in Canning territory. It seemed impossible to get it past Fellows, who by the way is the best goal we have seen. In the second half Kinsman and Eaton each scored, just before the whistle blew. Nulty scored the only goal for St. F. X. At the end of time the score stood Canning 4, St. F. X. 1.

Harvey Hearn gave satisfaction as referee. Line-up:

CANNING.		COLLEGE.
Fellows	Goal	D. McNeil
Cox	Point	McSweeney
Biglow	C. point	Hamilton
Parker }	Forwards	{ J. McNeil
Kinsman }		{ Nulty
Baxter }		{ Delaney
Eaton }		{ Connolly

ST. F. X. 7. PICTOU A. A. 1.

On Friday Feb. 20th. Pictou A. A. played here on their return from Sydney and were defeated by the score of 7-1

It was a nice clean game, not fast, but nevertheless a good exhibition of hockey.

Wisener played the best game in the forward line while Carrol at cover point did some very nice lifting. The forward line of the College played the best game of the season having a fine combination, and just a trifle fast for their opponents. McSweeney was the star. He played his first game in the forward line and his fine stick handling and hard shooting came into full play, and his presence seemed to put new life in the others. Our defence was practically invincible, for whenever the puck did come into St. F. X. territory it was quickly returned by McNeil or Hamilton. D. McNeil in goal made some very nice stops.

The game started off with a rush, the play entirely around Pictou's goal. Nulty after ten minutes of play scored the first, McSweeney scored two more in quick succession, which was all the scoring done in this half.

The second half opened with a rush, Wisener taking the puck to Hamilton who checked and lifted back to Pictou point. Connolly followed swiftly, secured the puck and scored. McSweeney followed soon with another, shortly after McSweeney again shot, the goal stopped but in clearing he put the puck in the net.

Then Hamilton by one of the prettiest plays seen here this season took the puck from behind his own goal, broke through the opposing forwards dodged past the defence and sent a hot one in behind Fullerton.

Just as the bell was ringing Wisener shot the only goal for Pictou. Mr. Fraser of the College refereed satisfactorily. Line up:

PICTOU A. A.		ST. F. X. C.
Fullerton	Goal	D. McNeil
DeCoste	Point	Hamilton
Carroll (Capt.)	Cover	J. McNeil
Wisener	Rover	McSweeney
Cann	Centre	Delaney
Maclaren	L. W.	Nulty
McLellan	R. W.	Connolly

The College second team played their first game of the season on Feb. 14th with the Bankers of Antigonish. The game was rather one-sided, the score being College 22. Bankers 2. Our second team play excellent combination. The score at the end of first half was 7 to 1, to which the College boys added 15 and the Bankers 1 in the second half. H. Hearn shot 9 goals; Fraser 6; McKenna 4; McArthur 3, and Turnbull for the Bankers 2. Jim McNeil of the College refereed. Line up:

BANKERS		COLLEGE.
McGillivray	Goal	Allen
Harris	Point	C. Hearn
Curry	C. point	W. Delaney
McDonald }	Forwards.	{ A. Fraser
Stofford }		{ McKenna
Turnbull }		{ H Hearn
Bullock }		{ McArthur

On Feb. 21st. the "Invincibles" of the College played the Bankers, and defeated them 10 to 2. The "Invincibles" are the coming team of the college; their combination is perfect. They have an unbroken record so far. In the four games they have played, they scored 31 points to their opponents 9.

The line-up in the game with the Bankers was as follows:

BANKERS		INVINCIBLES,
McGillivray	Goal	G. Murdock
Harris	Point	John Tobin
Curry	C. point	R. L. McDonald
McDonald }	Forwards.	{ A. McDonald
Turnbull }		{ McKenna
Stofford }		{ J. Joyce
Bulleck }		{ McClafferty

The Seniors and Juniors played two games with the professors, and gave the spectators an idea how the game was played in "ye goode olden days." Each team has one victory to its credit, and we are looking forward with anxiety for the "rubber."

On the evening of Feb. 26th. our second team defeated the Independants of Antigonish by a score of 11 to 4. It was the most exciting game played this year in our rink.

## THE MINIMS' DEPARTMENT.

We have been considering for some time the advisability of giving space in our columns to the boys of St. John the Baptist's School. A few specimens of their composition which we have recently read made us feel that we would be doing them a great wrong were we to deny them space in our columns. The Minims of to-day will in a few years be the very persons upon whose shoulders will rest the responsibility of navigating *Excelsior* upon the "troubled waters of journalism." (This quotation we borrow from an essay recently written by one of the Minims. We wonder where he got it.) Hence it is only right that our little friends should be given an opportunity while young of writing compositions. It will develop their literary tastes, besides giving them an opportunity of improving in penmanship, for we intend to reject everything that is not written in a nice, legible hand.

Judging from the cleverly written description of a trip to lofty *Sugar Loaf*, which we publish in this issue, we feel sure that there is literary talent among the Minims, and we intend to give it a chance to develop.

We also intend to open a puzzle department for our little friends. Prizes will be given to those who send us the correct solutions, and their names will be published in the columns of *Excelsior*. These puzzles will be more or less of a literary character.

The following is the puzzle for this month:

### A LITTLE CHANGES. }

ONE LETTER DOES IT.

*The process is called Syncopation.*

Now to those who do not understand what that big loud word means, we may add that it is shortening a word by taking from it the middle letter, so as leave the word with a different meaning. Thus, when you syncopate the word "house," it becomes "hose."

Here is the puzzle, and mind you it is written in poetry, but not by "Alex.,"

"Syncopate a morning song  
And leave the ocean grand;  
And likewise change a moving power  
Into a stretch of land.

'Tis thus you make of filmy cloth  
And earnest, steady look;  
And from an urchin of the street  
Improvement you will book.

Now syncopate a string of links  
'Twill help to form your face;  
If you destroy a heritage,  
A worker takes its place.

Now syncopate an evil one,  
And you will gain a prize;  
Then dare transform a cooking stove  
And anger flames the eyes.

And now we'll change a country far  
And see what grandma did;  
If thus you spoil a filament  
The flame cannot be hid.

We'll stop a racket now and see  
 What always is ahead;  
 Now we'll transform a child to find  
 A build ng in its s ead.

The man who gives will disappear,  
 You'll find the passage way;  
 And what was once a bunch of yarn  
 Is on your hand to-day.

#### A TRIP TO SUGAR LOAF.

To the tourist intent on viewing the beauties of Nature there is no better vantage-ground than far famed "Sugar Loaf." Thither, therefore, together, with two boon companions, the writer of this sketch bent his steps on a glorious Autumn morning. We started at eight o'clock sharp, laden with lunch-baskets, guns, cameras, and all the other paraphernalia suitable for a trip of this kind. It was an ideal day for an excursion. The air was invigorating, the scenery all that could be desired even by the most enthusiastic lover of Nature. In the space of an hour we arrived at the base of the mountain. Here a sight met our eyes that was truly inspiring, so inspiring, indeed, that one of my companions, who is known to the boys under the heavenly cognomen "Paradise," perched himself on a stump near by, and with wistful eyes and mou'h agape, refreshed his poetic soul with the autumnal scenery. We were somewhat afraid that he meant to put his o'erwrought feelings on paper, as we noticed him toying with his pencil, and consequently we feared much for the laurels of our collegiate poet-laureate "Alex." Evidently on reflection he thought better of it, for, in response to the invitation of "Gutsie," couched in language more expressive than poetic, "to get a hustle on, and not sit there like a moon-struck old maid," with his usual unruffled dignity, he descended from his perch and we began the ascent.

Our path was somewhat impeded by windfalls, notwithstanding which, at the end of an hour, we gained the highest pinnacle of Sugar Loaf. Perched in the branches of a lofty maple we feasted our eyes on the magnificent scenery which lay before us. To the east lay the placid waters of Antigonish Harbour, dotted here and there with pretty islets, a scene which drew from "Gutsie" the remark that it much resembled *Shakespeare's* description of Loch Katrine in *The Lady of the Lake*. To the south a splendid view of the town of Antigonish was to be had, with its clusters of pretty white cottages; its massive Cathedral—a monument to religious zeal; its magnificent institution of learning, wherein the young idea is taught how to shoot, and well taught, too; the whole surrounded by fields of verdant green. At our feet thousands upon thousands of noble trees dressed in Autumn's gay and gorgeous livery swayed in the gentle breeze. Overcome by the enthusiasm of the moment, I turned me to "Paradise" and in tones of gladness not unmixed with awe exclaimed—"Behold, O Paradise," has not your heart yearned, and your eyes hungered for a vision such as this! Is not your poetic brain fired at this sight of prodigal, bounteous Nature?—"Ah, come off, w'atcher giv'n us"—was the truly non-poetical reply, uttered in a voice resonant of beech nuts, and disgust. I looked, and beheld my companion seated on the limb of a huge beech-tree, most faithfully attending to the wants of the inner man.

At noon we proceeded to investigate the contents of our lunch baskets. Here is where "Gutsie" shone. From the remarkable aptitude he displayed in setting tastefully before us an excellent spread, one would think he had just graduated with honors from Delmonico's, New York. But it was at eating that he was particularly strong, for the way in which he laid away huge slices of cold-roast beef would have made the heartiest Englishman turn green with

enry. "Gutsie" does not look robust, but I can safely say that whatever organ is affected it is not the stomach. After dinner "Gutsie" and myself took a short nap probably lulled to rest by the dulcet tones of "Paradise," who in a voice, a happy combination of mezzo-alto-contralto, of peculiar richness, and great volume, was striving desperately to re-murder poor "Annie Laurie." Despite some desperate "pom-poming" we were unable to procure any game—save a miserable looking porcupine which "Paradise" shot, and which he insisted on bringing along with him. At four o'clock we started on our homeward journey. It was now quite foggy, and it was with extreme difficulty that we could discern our way. After a toilsome tramp we finally reached the main road, and soon were cozily ensconced within the classic walls of St. F. X. Here we met with a warm reception by class-mates, who listened with breathless interest to our tale of adventure, and the number of bears, wild cats, etc., we did *not* shoot.

St. John the Baptist School (Grade IX).

A. F. McD.

## ON THE HOP.

"Cum in."

"Georgie, have a cracker."

"The Ring," hu! hu!

"Who's the Heditor of the 'op?"

Nulty severely critized his friend Gorilla.

Reddy has accepted a position at Vooght's for the coming vacation.

"What's the most important thing to save at a fire?"

"Life," I suppose.

"No, dress suit case."

"Who said Judique wanted to "scrap" with the referee?"

"I heard that the Pictonians were defeated in Sydney last night."

Jack: No, sir, the Pictou boys.

Unlike the curling tongues the Valentine came back.

DeCoste is making some attempts at wrestling. They say he wasn't Beaton.

Jerry from Kerry struck town

We laughed at the jokes of the clown

But the funniest sight

That happened thit night

Was the "Crook'd man" setting way down.

O'er a path that was Beaton and Crooked,

The old moon so silently looked

And she smiled a bland smile

And said, "Be me sole

Those who lads will surely get hooked."