

# THE OWL.

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## *OUR DEAD.*

Our life is like the summer. Ere we know  
That yet we live,  
Our time is past ; our souls to God we owe,  
To God we give.

But as each winter promises a spring,  
Each night a day,  
As trees and flowers next year will beauty bring  
Forth from decay,

So we, relinquishing this mortal strife,  
Like all that dies,  
May hope, by dying, to a higher life  
From this to rise.

But our new summer life will have no end,  
No death, no night ;  
Its joy, its brightness ever will extend  
In God's own light.

Then, like the seed, which, by it's seeming death,  
More fruitful grows,  
Let us in resignation yield our breath,  
Our eyelids close,

Knowing this is the entrance to the life to come,  
The blest abode,  
Where we shall see, in our eternal Home,  
The Face of God.

During the past few weeks the hand of Death has rested heavily upon us and both professors and students have been made to realize that all things lead but to the grave. The deaths within a month of Professor Henry Glasmacher, of Messrs W. F. Kehoe and G. E. Baskerville, of Master James Quian and Mr. John Lynch feelingly tell us "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." In the name and on behalf of the Faculty and students of past years as well as present, THE OWL offers this humble tribute of sincere affection in loving memory of those who have been so untimely called away and in the sympathetic hope of soothing, even a little, the heart-wounds of those who are left behind.

**PROFESSOR HENRY HERBERT GLASMACHER, M. A., LL. D.**

The coming of Mr. Henry H. Glasmacher to Ottawa University almost nine years ago, in the capacity of professor of English Literature, was looked upon as the opening of a new epoch in literary studies and raised the most sanguine expectations in the student body. Nor did the reality disappoint those high hopes. The learning of the new professor was extraordinary, and his enthusiasm contagious, and in a very few months the beneficial influence of his labors was abundantly apparent. Little did the delighted class of twenty odd students that sat before him on the occasion of his introductory lecture dream that Mr. Glasmacher's term of service should be so short, or that he should be taken from this world in the very prime of his manhood. But so it was to be, and even before his arrival amongst us, the fatal disease had taken a first hold upon him.

Henry Herbert Glasmacher was born in Cologne, Germany, on the 12th of Nov., 1846. From his father, a distinguished lawyer, and his mother, a lady of high literary attainments, he early acquired that correct taste and love of study which were so marked a trait in his character. His classical education was acquired in the Gymnasium of Cologne. On its completion he began the study of medicine in the University of Bonn, but the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian War called him into active military service, just as he was to receive his degrees in medicine. The severity of the campaign proved disastrous to his health and he was laid low with rheumatism and heart disease. Consequent physical weakness prevented the resumption of his medical studies, and he travelled through Europe for a year. In 1868 he came to America and began again the study of medicine, but ill-health once more forced him to seek rest. He then determined to adopt teaching as a profession and began this career in St. Louis College, New York. His qualifications admirably fitted him for the work and his success was immediate. From here Mr. Glasmacher was called to Cambridge, Mass., to organize St. Thomas Aquinas' College. He established the course of studies on a modern basis and, was for seven years Principal of the institution and its most successful professor. In 1887 he came to Ottawa University to fill the chair of English Literature. Since then his life is well known to all of us. The brilliant success of his endeavors, his sympathetic nature, the extent of his knowledge and his devotion to duty were in turn the objects of unstinted admiration. But too soon the old trouble reappeared and it was with deep regret that his friend noticed his waning powers. In September 1895 he was forced to give up his classes, and those who knew him best felt that the separation had broken his already

weakened heart. In July last his illness grew so serious that he was confined to his room, and for seven long months he waited for the end—calmly, without a murmur, suffering in body but clear in mind to the last, and with his big heart filled with affection and gratitude towards those who manifested even the ordinary feelings of Christian kindness in his regard. God at length gave him the longed-for relief on the 12th of January. He was 51 years and two months old.

For those who knew Professor Giasmacher no words of praise can seem exaggerated—and we are writing for those who knew him. His intellectual ability and acquirements were simply marvellous. He was well-versed in theology and philosophy and had a fair knowledge of Hebrew and Sanscrit. He had a thorough acquaintance with Spanish, Italian, French, German and English, and he spoke and wrote the last three with the fluency and elegance of the native-born. Students of the senior class of criticism will not soon forget his mastery of the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* and of the languages in which they are written. Strange as it may appear, not literature but science was his favorite study, and he was abreast with the most recent discoveries and advances in Geology, Biology and Physiology.

Yet not for this vast mental wealth was Professor Glasmacher most admired, but rather for his noble character. He was a perfect example of the highest type of Christian gentleman. If to be a gentleman means, as Thackeray says, to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens and the love of your fireside, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always—then was Henry H. Glasmacher a perfect gentleman. It is said that the evil men do lives after them. Professor Glasmacher has nothing to fear in that regard. He did no evil. He was charitable in word and deed; he loved God and his fellow-men; from first to last he bore unspotted the white lily of a blameless life. And now that life's fitful fever is past and gone, may he sleep in peace.

W. F. KEHOE, B.A., '89.

It is hard to think of W. F. Kehoe as no longer among the living; hard to write down the cold, cruel words that will announce to so many an old student of Ottawa University the sad reality, that he, whom so many of them knew—and knew to admire and to love—has passed from earth, has bade an eternal farewell to family, friends and schoolmates, and will never more be seen, until they too shall close their eyes and sleep the sleep of death. And yet it is but too true. We looked upon him in his coffin; we heard the mournful strains of the *Dies Irae* at his funeral mass; we followed him to his last resting-place and saw him lowered into the tomb; he is dead—dead in the morning of life, dead on the threshold of a brilliant career, dead despite all his splendid qualities of head and heart that gave such promise of a future filled with great achievements. As we stand around his new-made grave, well may we moralize on the uncertainty of life and the vanity of human hopes.

William F. Kehoe was born in Ottawa, thirty years ago. His staunch Irish Catholic parents gave him from the beginning every opportunity offered by the best Catholic schools of the city. After completing his commercial studies with the Christian Brothers, he entered

the classical course of the College of Ottawa. His amiable disposition made him a general favorite with students and professors, while his unusual ability smoothed the rough places of the road to knowledge. As he grew up he naturally took a prominent place in every department of student life. The literary, dramatic and scientific societies profited of his talents and generosity; he was the first secretary of our Athletic Association, to the founding and success of which he contributed very much, and he was the best all-round athlete in the College during his time. In fact, every College interest found in him a friend, and when *The Owl* was established it had no more ardent supporter or valued contributor than W. F. Kehoe.

All this he found time to do while attending to his studies. Each University examination was successfully passed as it presented itself, and when the date of his graduation arrived, his classmates gave him the highest tribute of their esteem and affection, by naming him valedictorian of his year. Nor was their confidence misplaced, for a more eloquent and touching valedictory has not been heard in our midst. The class of '89 was deeply and justly proud of its representative, who had spoken with such appropriateness, pathos and eloquence.

September, 1889, saw W. F. Kehoe in the Ottawa theological seminary, where he remained for two years. Mature deliberation, however, led him to believe that his vocation lay elsewhere, and he entered upon the career of journalism. His wide knowledge and remarkable literary ability stood him in good stead in his chosen work, and he certainly would have eventually ranked high among Canadian journalists. On the formation of the present Liberal Government, however, he was offered and accepted the position of Private Secretary to the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State. He had been scarcely three months in his new position when he was stricken down by a lingering form of typhoid fever. For twelve long weeks he bore his trying illness with admirable cheerfulness and patience. Then the over-taxed heart gave way and the end soon came. But there was nothing terrible about his death. It was just as he himself had wished. Strengthened by the consolations of that religion which he had loved so well in life, he breathed forth his soul in resignation and in peace. His last words, spoken just a moment before his death, were, "I am safe now."

Safe, indeed, he was for evermore; safe from all the troubles and disappointments and temptations of this world; safe, to use his own phrase, in "realms beyond." Friends might yearn for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that was still; parents might grieve with a sorrow no human pen can describe—for there are wounds of the heart whose depth is known only to God. But all in vain; he had crossed the bar; had entered the harbor; had met his Pilot face to face. And who would wish him back? Not all his intellectual ability; not the bright future that lay before him; not the thought of that precious, loyal, chivalric friendship which he lavished on those who entered into his life; not the grief, deep but Christian, of his heart-broken relatives, can outweigh the profound conviction that it is now better far with him. We gave back his body to mother earth, there to await the resurrection; but his soul rests in peace with God. Then, in the words of one of his favorite poets:

Why should I wail? Why ought I weep?  
 The grave—it is not dark and deep;  
 Why should I sigh? Why ought I moan?  
 The grave—it is not still and lone;  
 Our God is sweet, our grave is sweet,  
 We lie there sleeping at his feet,  
 Where the wicked shall from troubling cease,  
 And weary hearts shall rest in peace.

**G. E. BASKERVILLE, B.A., '95.**

The death of Eddie Baskerville, though not altogether unexpected, came, nevertheless, with a shocking suddenness in the end. There were very sad circumstances in connection with his early demise. Only a few months ago he left Ottawa for Denver, Colorado, accompanied by his devoted father. Some time later the father returned, but brought with him the germs of a fatal illness. He died about the middle of last October. Eddie heard the news alone, sick and in a strange land. Soon afterwards he was joined by his brother, sister and uncle, but only the last two of these were with him at his death.

George Edward Baskerville made his complete commercial, collegiate and arts course in Ottawa University. He was for ten years a student in our midst. By his gentle and amiable character he had made himself beloved by all, while his mental qualities allowed him to rank with the best in his class. It was his intention, we are told, to join the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, after his graduation. But that event found his health threatened, and he was advised to postpone his entrance to the novitiate. A year's rest did not avert the danger. Consumption declared itself and he was sent to Colorado, in the hope of rebuilding his shattered constitution. Some slight improvement was at first noticed, but it was only momentary, and he gradually failed until he passed away in the week preceding the blessed Christmas-time. His remains were brought to Ottawa for interment. The absence of the students on their holidays prevented them from paying a last tribute of respect to his memory, but the sorrow at his early death was sincere and universal. Eddie Baskerville left no enemies behind him, for he had made none during life. All those who knew him were his friends, and they will not now neglect him in their prayers, nor fail to extend to the afflicted relatives, the consolation of their sincere sympathy.

Out in Our Lady's cemetery Eddie Baskerville and his father sleep side by side. May their souls rest in peace.

**JAMES QUINN.**

In the death of James Quinn, so well known to junior students of two years ago as "Jimmie" Quinn, there has been removed from his family circle an only and beloved son. This circumstance adds additional sorrow to the lot of the bereaved parents. Jimmie Quinn was but two years a student with us—in the second and third grades of the commercial course. Even then he was not strong, and ill-health, eventually obliged him to leave school. For a while he struggled against the inroads of consumption, but at length he was forced to succumb to that insidious disease. He died at the early age of seventeen years. May he rest in peace.

**JOHN LYNCH**

From far-off Rossland, B.C., comes the sad news of the death of

John Lynch, formerly a resident of Ottawa. He was a student of our commercial course in 1874, 75 and 76. Later on he engaged in business in Ottawa and some few years ago left for the West. No details of his illness have reached us. To his sorrowing mother and two brothers, William and Joseph, both alumni of Ottawa University, THE OWL offers sincerest sympathy. May he rest in peace.



Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath elsewhere had its setting,  
 And cometh from afar.  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come,  
 From God, who is our home.



*THE VALEDICTORY OF '89.*

BY W. F. KEHOE, B. A., '89.

The accompanying valedictory was found among the papers of the late W. F. Kehoe, '89. We are glad to be able to preserve it as a souvenir of the lamented graduate and an interesting and valuable piece of college history.---

[EDITORS.]

YOUR GRACE, REVEREND FATHERS, FELLOW STUDENTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

What a checker work of Providence is the life of man; what strange vicissitudes are met with; how hope and fear, joy and sorrow are ever struggling for mastery in his breast, and truthfully indeed has the novelist exclaimed "by what secret springs are the affections moved about, as different circumstances permit! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay ever tremble at the apprehension of." Such is our position to-night, that we have reason to mourn at the apprehension of it.

Fate ordained that we should meet in mutual friendship; it has now ordained that we should part to severally pursue what I hope shall ever be the even tenor of our way. We go forth strongly conscious of the responsibilities with which we are burdened. The course of studies pursued by us has brought its reward, accompanied nevertheless with grave and serious obligations. We must be, and I am safe in saying we are, prepared to espouse the cause of truth and right against contending foes; and in this age above all others, perhaps, there are needed those who are willing and anxious to do their share in safely guiding society out of the dangers that menace her. Infidelity and numerous other systems of unbelief have raised their voices in persistent but vain endeavors to hurl from his eternal throne the omnipotent God himself, thereby striving to undermine the very prop and basis of human society, for society without religion is but a cesspool of lawlessness and crime. In this supreme crisis, who shall be found ready to valiantly struggle for

the supremacy of truth and justice; who shall enlist under the banner of Christianity; who in a word shall march in the vanguard of that noble band that has sworn vengeance upon the arch-enemies of social and political order, upon the bitter foes of true progress and civilization? Who, I say, unless the Catholic student educated under the tutorship of devout Catholic teachers? Into such a conflict shall we be called and be assured that when the summons comes, we shall not be found wanting.

In the present day, also, when the social problem has become such a bone of contention amongst political economists, it is gratifying to think that we have been provided with the means of judging calmly and sensibly upon questions of this nature. Capital and Labor are pitted one against the other, are watching with jealous eye the actions of each other, are each crouching for the intended leap at the other's throat. Should it be our lot to assist in amicably adjusting these difficulties, we will be prepared to do so, for the reason that in the lectures on this subject received herein, we have been schooled to express ourselves in a just open and fearless manner when a question of division of labor, right of taxation and duties and privileges of the workingman is involved. From our history of Philosophy we are brought into contact with the great minds that have been the moulders of thought during the last 2000 years and noting carefully the "signs of the times" we are placed in a position to see the clouds of error that are likely to appear on the horizon of the philosophical world. History repeats itself; the same to a great extent may

be said of Philosophy ; and, therefore, having been provided with the means of combatting old and dangerous errors we are able to make provision against impending storms. Were I to turn to my class-mates and ask them if they were ready to bear me out in what I have said, were ready to live up to the promises I have made, their answer would be a ringing "Yes." I do not any longer desire to weary you with this tedious recital. I hope the future shall give us occasion to show that we are more than idle boasters.

The members of the graduating class of '89 feel that they would be wanting in their duty were they to allow this opportunity to pass without extending their warmest congratulations to the Faculty and without expressing the joy they feel at the kindness of the Holy Father in seeing fit to confer upon the College of Ottawa the powers and privileges of a Catholic University. The seed sown by its sainted founder has grown into a stupendous tree, under the shade of whose branches the youth of this continent may find rest, healthful and invigorating. We desire at the same time to express to your Grace our high appreciation of your endeavours towards making Ottawa College hold such a conspicuous place amongst the educational establishments of this country. We desire, moreover, to say that we feel deeply grateful to you for having given us the opportunity of being the first to graduate from this university. It shall ever be our care to labor for the furtherance of the interests of our "Alma Mater," and, in this respect, we shall always regard you as our ideal towards the imitation of which it shall ever be our care to proceed. Far indeed will it be from our power to reach that ideal, but we feel and know that efforts unselfishly made, however insignificant, are honorable and praiseworthy.

Accept, then, my Lord Archbishop, our most sincere thanks, and believe us when we say that we shall ever look back with pride to our connection with an institution which can count amongst its friends and patrons such a distinguished prelate of the Catholic Church.

Rev. Fathers, kind professors and teachers, the class of '89, in the name of that education which you have advanced ; of those sciences which you have encouraged ; of that religion which you have adorned, thank

you for sacrifices undergone and for the endeavors made for our advancement. We pray that the smiles of a beneficent Providence will be ever with you. Permit us now to convey to you the sincere assurance that we appreciate your efforts, and no matter how cruelly or kindly fortune may deal with us, we shall ever look back with joy to the time when we were under your care. If it be our lot to occupy positions of importance in the religious, literary, legal, medical or mercantile world, be assured that we shall always be anxious to refer our success in a great measure to your kind and salutary advice and instruction. The parchment we last night received shall serve as a link to bind us closely, nay, irrevocably, to the memory of our "Alma Mater." We will ever hail with delight the occasion which will enable us to revisit our former college home, within whose cherished precincts we have together—you to teach and we to learn—conned some classic author, delved into the hidden mysteries of philosophic lore, taxed our brain over some intricate mathematical formula, or studied with delight some wondrous physical phenomena. All this is at an end, but we go forth strong in the consciousness, that by following the lessons received herein, we will be marching steadily in the path of Truth.

To our kind parents, whether absent or present, we turn with feelings of loyal filial affection and love, and say with all our hearts "May God bless and reward you." You have seen our infancy cradled, you have watched with eager eyes our progress from day to day. For the anxiety we have severally caused you, you will forgive us. The waywardness of which we have been guilty, you will generously forget. Let anticipation usurp the place of retrospection, and we shall ever strive to show that we are worthy descendants of a worthy sire. Permit us, then, to publicly give expression to our sentiments of deeply rooted affection and gratitude to you, and if it be not presuming too far, let us hope that you, to-night, share in our triumph.

Ladies and gentlemen, you and we have been often brought into contact, and, therefore, we desire, before we leave, to thank you for many favors received : rest assured that, long after we leave those College



walls, we shall continue to harbor thoughts of the kindest feeling towards our friends in Ottawa City. People of Ottawa, there is a duty you must meet, and meet manfully. You can now glory in the knowledge that your city possesses a Catholic University; do not sit idly down, and allow the delusive hope to seize you, that it is an altogether self-supporting institution. No! be up and doing; you owe it to yourselves, to your children and to your fellow-citizens. You owe it to the cause of Catholic education in this country to lend your aid, not only moral, but material, to advance the interests of this, the only University for English-speaking Catholics in this Canada of ours. Do not allow yourself to be led into the belief that you are doing enormous benefit by pointing to this splendid building and saying: "Behold that noble seat of learning! What a joy it is to think that our fair city is the possessor of such an institution. Lo! Here, and here alone, perfection has taken up her abode." Not at all. If it were asked "who is the friend, the firm, true-hearted, ever-to-be-trusted friend of this, our "Alma Mater" we would answer, "Not he who is perched upon the house-tops, shouting hosannas to the four corners of the earth, proclaiming the glories of Ottawa University; but rather he who has placed himself at the bottom, in the most honorable of all attitudes, that of strenuous, yet unassuming effort. Not he who talks, but he who does." Citizens of Ottawa, may we hope that you will heed these words of counsel. Professors, Teachers, Ladies and Gentlemen, permit us now to say Farewell.

Comrades, you and we are about to separate. The parting is a sad but inevitable one. Let differences be forgotten. Let that generous feeling prevail which would urge you to say of each one of us "With all his faults, we loved him well." Truly indeed are school-days the happiest of our lives; not is this realized until we are brought face to face with the truth, that we must now advance to meet a cold unsympathetic world, caring little for friendship or affection; human beings cruelly jostling one another about in their desire to reach the long-looked-for, ever-sought-after goal of comfort. Yes, school-mates, do we sincerely regret this parting, but we shall bear with us reminiscences which shall help to cheer us in

our moments of sorrow, and, when we are in a pensive mood, we shall form an imaginary picture of the inauguration of lay professors and the accompanying demonstration; of the stolen re-unions in the rooms of the corridor; of the undergraduates banquet; of the glorification consequent upon the triumph of our Foot-Ball Team over some doughty opponent. In spirit shall we live through these scenes again. To the Foot-Ball Team we would say "Long may the laurel crown of victory perch upon your banner; may the day be far distant when an opponent is found capable of forcing you to say, "we are at length defeated." May the the Rugby Foot Ball teams of Canada long refer to you as "That invincible team from Ottawa College."

As the question has so often been discussed as to whether or not the encouragement of Sports in such a university as this is favorable or unfavorable to mental development, it may not be inopportune to advert to a circumstance which we think to be a striking and unanswerable argument against those who have ventured to raise the cry that athletic exercises are injurious to the best interests of the student. Of eight members who composed the graduating class of this year, eight (a very good percentage) have been successful in procuring the number of notes required to give them their degree. Of the same eight there are some who have been actively identified with the progress either of our Foot Ball, Lacrosse or Base Ball teams for several years past, and the remaining members have given enthusiastic support or encouragement, have ever lent their aid to cultivate a desire for healthy, vigorous and manly exercise. If, therefore, this physical exercise has been characterized as the bane and bugbear of true university training, does it not seem strange that we all have ever taken an active interest in Athletics, and have at the same time passed a sufficiently creditable examination to warrant the Faculty in conferring the degree? Surely it does. We would therefore say to you "Continue to be enthusiasts in sports; continue to give your recreation hours to vigorous exercise; continue to develop a healthy bodily constitution and you will, at the same time, fortify and animate your mental faculties."

Fellow students, we are leaving you; yours is now the duty of upholding the honor of this institution; guard it jealously for it is a sacred trust. To you we would say "Persevere," and the satisfaction which we now feel shall soon be your portion. You owe the duty of zeal in educating yourself to your country, and it is to the young men that the call of country is the loudest. Be it our and your duty to cultivate and diffuse a spirit of national probity. Let honor, patriotism, charity and constancy be your distinguishing virtues, and then, if no trumpet-tongued orator shall raise up to proclaim your praises, if eloquence be dumb, the voice of man silent, yours is a heaven-born eloquence sweeter than music yet louder than thunder—

the eloquence of truth and right. You have the argument of a good cause on a sound bottom. Let the virtues I have mentioned, but, above all, let the spirit of Catholicity be your guard, and then against Catholicity, the powers of evil may strive against you, but you will stand for you are founded upon a rock. Man cannot overthrow you and the Almighty will not. Take these words of advice in the spirit in which they are given; live up to them, and then, indeed, you may dare and do. Boys! We will not say farewell for that were too cruel a word and our friendships have been of too sacred a nature to be shattered by the utterance of it. Permit us then to say "Au revoir," if not in this world, at least in "realms beyond."



*MARY TO THE INFANT JESUS,*

Wide heaven smiles o'er Thee ;  
 The zephyrs adore Thee,  
 As, quivering deep to heart, they fan Thy brow ;  
 All nature before Thee  
 Trembles for love and joy, as I do now.

The glory of morning  
 Takes brighter adorning  
 From Thee, bright Archetype of yon glad sun,  
 Whose beams are turning  
 Darkness to light, like Thee, O Luminous One !

The white clouds hover  
 Like angels over  
 Their infant Lord, Who was ere earth began,  
 Or heavens did cover  
 The waste new-marshalled with their mighty span.

The birds are singing  
 Full throated, winging  
 Their hearts on love-notes to a Love new-seen.  
 The trees are flinging  
 Glad murmurs from their leafy shadows green.

Sweet perturbations,  
 New revelations  
 From Thine own sphere, thrill Nature's utmost heart  
 To glad pulsations,  
 Now Thou art born, Who ever wert and art.

FRANK WATERS.

## POINTS OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

## THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE.

WE once heard a highly educated gentleman, a graduate of several of the leading universities of Europe, solemnly declare that Cooper's delightful tales supplied the greater part of the magnetism in the loadestone that attracted him to America. He fully expected to hunt buffalo and rein-deer in the back streets of New York.

An enthusiastic admirer of the Canadian ensign exclaimed, "What about Canada?" Canada was a barren, bleak wilderness situated somewhere in the neighborhood of the North Pole. Its great rivers and lakes were ever locked in the cold embrace of their icy shrouds; its immense territory eternally covered with its silver sheen of chaste, virgin snow, unspotted, save by the trail of the polar bear, the moccasined feet of the Esquimaux and a few adventurous whites who bartered glittering baubles for furs which commanded fabulous prices in the marts of civilized Europe.

Canadians who entertain a pardonable pride in their flourishing cities, their fertile, undulating plains echoing with the hum of happy, contented settlers, the majestic St. Lawrence ploughed by the great ocean liners may smile a smile of pity for the Europeans, whose ignorance of geographical science led Wm. Young, of London, honorable secretary of the *association for the abolition of obligatory vaccination*, to address pamphlets to "New Brunswick, Province of St. John, United States of America." Another learned gentleman, "former Consul-General and Secretary of Legation, etc., gold medalist for merit in sciences of S. M. Emperor of Germany, corresponding member of

geographical societies of Paris, Vienna, etc., etc., *ad libitum*," made a sad muddle of *Mr. Flemming Sangfort and the Institut-Canadien de l'Ottawa, United States*. The most uncouth Esquimaux could inform this celebrated *savant*, that he meant Mr. Sandford Flemming and our Canadian Ottawa, "the Washington of the North." Such an exhibition of virtuous ignorance is excusable in Europeans, who are decidedly insular in geographical lore, whose opening chapter is located at the Ural Mountains and final scene laid at Land's end. "'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

We leave Europeans to rest in a peace undisturbed, except by the vain endeavor to solve a puzzle which, for them is writ in Chinese characters, whether historic Quebec is or is not the chief suburb of Greater New York the second largest of the world's cities. Canadians may decide to condone the infantile antics of the grave continental on the charitable plea that, "where ignorance is bliss it's folly to be wise;" yet, if they examine their own conscience, the list of their peccadillos in hand, they may find that they have committed grave sins through vincible ignorance of many of the most important chapters of their own history and the glorious deeds of their most illustrious statesmen. Every effect hath its cause, at least, so saith philosophy, which is, after all, common sense in Sunday attire. We do not wish to tire the reader by leading him through all the ways and by-ways that conduct him from the effect to the fountain-head or source, and shall immediately introduce him into the course of historical studies mapped out for our provincial public

and high schools. The writer, before entering upon his university course was a graduate, child and admirer of our provincial curriculum, which its sponsors hold to be immaculate. Our veneration for the system has not become a thing of the past, it has only been cleared of its superficial gloss. When we stepped forth from the high school on commencement day, sighing like Alexander, for other worlds to conquer, we could point out upon our left hand all the facts and dates of Roman history, and on the right were registered the landmarks of Grecian progression and retrogression, whilst both hands were literally blazing with the golden deeds of the sons of Merrie England. The powerful Lick telescope could scarcely disclose on either hand the a, b, c's in the history of the most important country of all Canada our home.

This is surely a most unfortunate mistake far-reaching in consequences disastrous to the blending of the various races inhabiting Canada, into one harmonious whole. History throws a lime-light upon the pitfalls that threaten a people with destruction both in their present and future march towards national greatness. The people of a country become exalted in their feelings and ennobled in character, by serious meditation upon the glorious deeds and patriotic devotedness of their ancestors. Had the liberal, self-sacrificing spirit of mutual forbearance and religious toleration of the "Fathers of Confederation" supplied the light to the guiding lamps that line the national track, the government car, as it rushed along joining the Atlantic to the Pacific, would never have mangled the rights of a defenceless minority in the Prairie Province. Unfortunately the lamps were supplied with oil, ninety-nine per cent of which was purchased in the day of *tolerant, bloodless* Elizabeth and the remaining one per cent from the men of '67; this unholy mixture threw a conjuring glare upon the track and *Banquo's* ghost of "Confederation smashed" did the rest.

To come to our more immediate subject. Last summer we were indulging in a quiet, political chat with a graduate of a certain university situated within the borders of this Province, and happened to ask him what was his opinion of the "Double Shuffle". His reply, "I am not well posted in the fine points of card-playing," came like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky. Though we feel assured that no reader of the "Bird of Wisdom" would be caught in such a sorry plight, we think it would not be amiss to sweep the cobwebs of forgetfulness from off our memory, and jot down a few remarks about this celebrated and *notorious* political card dealing which nipped in the bud the unbounded ambition of one party leader, left a stain either real or supposed, upon the career of our greatest statesman, and even besmirched in the eyes of many the fair name of the Queen's representative in Canada.

In the early part of December, 1857, the newly-formed Macdonald-Cartier government appealed to the country and was sustained by a large majority. This contest proves that there are but few new-fangled theories in this old world of ours, for George Brown and his so-called Liberal satellites, went to the country on "Rep. by Pop" and the bugbear of the present day "non-sectarian Schools." A few months after, Parliament met. In the meantime, the ministry had referred the mooted question about the location of a national capital to the Queen as arbitrator. All are acquainted with the novel manner in which Her Majesty settled the vexed dispute. Indicating a central town on the map, she asked what was the name of the city. One of the attendants informed her that it was old By-town or new Ottawa, which she designated as the seat of Government.

An unbounded ambition to occupy an easy chair on the treasury benches seemed to guide all Brown's actions, poison all his good intentions, and convert the milk of his honest convictions into curds. "Rep. by Pop" was a

silent partner in his might; brain, so long as oft defeated hope, held out the remotest possibility of his becoming a member of a former government. His expectations went up in smoke. He immediately be thought himself of the long-forgotten goods in his intellectual garret and declared his willingness to risk his political life in defence of this catch, popular cry. Again his vaulting ambition and political acrimony tricked him into opposing, by every means in his power, a government endeavoring to convert a political watchword into a statute of Canadian law. The Conservative party was split up into divers factions on the location of the national capital. The Macdonald-Cartier ministry stood loyally by the decision of their sovereign and moved that the house grant money to construct departmental buildings, in accordance with the Queen's decree. The opposition at once opened up fire upon the ministerial mandate. Mr. Dorion moved an amendment to this motion to go into supply, expressing the "deep regret" with which the House viewed the selection of Ottawa, as the Capital of the Dominion. This clear want of confidence motion was defeated. The opposition changed tactics. Mr. Piché's amendment that "in the opinion of this House the city of Ottawa, ought not to be the permanent seat of Government of this province" was carried. Brown could not contain himself, he jumped up and in a theatrical manner claimed that the House repudiated the whole policy of the Government. To test the opinion of the house he moved the adjournment. Macdonald accepted the crucial test and declared that if the motion were carried, the ministry would admit that the control of affairs was conceded to their opponents. Brown carried off the honors of the day. The government resigned and the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head laid upon George Brown the task of forming a new administration, which he joyfully accepted as a labor of love.

The pigmy Cæsar had crossed the

Rubicon, some of his over-zealous partisans bewail the fact that he could neither reach Rome nor recross the fatal river. "Those whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad:" impetuous Brown had already burnt his boats. His conduct in the present instance has been fittingly compared to that of the young soldier who in the dying hours of the evening said: "Buy me the captain's commission, mother." "The soldiers will be over the wall to-morrow my son, and your glory will be short lived." "I don't care mother, I want to be a captain." A captain he was and came to grief. All have read the tale of the frog that desired to become as large as an ox; its vain ambition burst a heart too noble for its casement. Macdonald who knew that he had a clear majority in both houses played the mother's part towards Brown at that time. Those who have listened to the keen humour of Sir John, can easily imagine his saying to Brown with a lurking, suspicious smile "You want the premiership. Here it is. Beware the enemy will be over the wall to-morrow, my son," or with Collins we see him lean back in his chair, a twinkle in his eye, softly quoting "Now let it work; mischief thou art a foot, Take thou what course thou wilt." But right here we must notice a most important fact which flatly contradicts the puerile statements of Brown's biographers. The Governor-General, in a memorandum warned Brown that his excellency gave "no pledge or promise, express or implied, with reference to the dissolving of parliament." Brown replied in a curt note that the members of his cabinet would not discuss any measure of public policy until they had "assumed the functions of constitutional advisers of the crown."

Cabinet-making went on apace and brought forth a many-headed monster. Brown was the champion of "Rep. by Pop.;" strange to relate the majority of his ministry were avowed opponents of that measure. Brown, in season and out of season, declared

upon the hustings and in the columns of the *Globe*, that "John A" was a slave to the priesthood of poor, benighted, priest-ridden Quebec because he had four Catholics in his cabinet; yet in his own ministry were found six Catholics or one half of the government. We admit that it is a true sign of greatness for a statesman such as Gladstone to change his opinions. Gladstone is a convert to Home Rule but this conviction did not grow up like a mushroom in a single night. Brown went to bed in the evening the sworn knight of "Rep by Pop," the emancipator from priestly coercion; he sprang up to greet the first rays of the rising sun, an unknown quantity with regard to popular government and the defender of Catholic rights. Mr. Drummond put the case in a nutshell when he admitted that he joined the cabinet, because Mr. Brown "swallowed his platform and gave everything up to Lower Canada." It was a most indigestible dish as the sequel will prove. When the house met, Mr. Patrick arose, announcing the names of the new ministers, and hoping that he would be able to state the government policy on the morrow. Mr. H. L. Langevin, an old Conservative war-horse, who needs no introduction to our readers, moved the following amendment: "That this house... must state that the administration... does not possess the confidence of this house and of the country." The motion was carried in both houses by a two-thirds majority and the government of a few hours was defeated. It has been claimed and perhaps rightly too that such a course violated parliamentary procedure. In the light of Brown's relentless thwarting of the late Macdonald-Cartier government we are led to conclude with the small boy "that tit for tat is fair play."

Mr. Mackenzie claims "It reveals a trick, the trap was set for Mr. Brown." It is our humble opinion that Messrs. Brown and Macdonald were both tricksters. If Macdonald proved the better trickster, so much

the worse for Brown. The now Hon. Mr. Brown visited the Governor-General and demanded a dissolution. The Governor-General adhered to his former memorandum and would not grant his request. Brown insisted. Those who have visited the national gallery of art in Ottawa, must have smiled at the picture representing the sad defeat of the three country trustees who intended to dismiss the pretty school mistress, but fell victims to the wiles of the fair orator. The Governor-General, not possessing the magnetism of this enchantress, could not win Brown over to his way of thinking; he came out victorious just the same. Brown's list of arguments are too unique to be overlooked. "Corruption" during the late elections was the first. The Governor wisely replied that if this were true, new laws should be enacted before a dissolution, to avoid such a sad state of affairs in the future. "Strong sectional and religious feelings" was the second. The Governor rejoined that if Mr. Brown could prove that, he, and he alone was able to quiet this animosity, the House would be immediately dissolved. This ultimatum seems to be somewhat sarcastic, for Mr. Brown had supplied the greater number of the faggots for this religious blaze. "The unprecedented and unparliamentary course of the House" was the third. The Governor retorted that the conclusions, not the actions of the House concerned his excellency. If the Queen's representative had desired to be humorous he might have remarked that this was a pit-fall, into which Mr. Brown went "eyes and mouth wide open."

The last word was spoken and the Brown Cabinet resigned. Ultimately, Mr. Cartier undertook the formation of a Ministry, known in history as the Cartier-Macdonald Government. "John A" had changed places with Cartier, or as one writer has remarked, "the cart has been put before the horse."

Now the real "Double Shuffle" appears upon the scene. In 1857, an

act had been passed providing that if any person holding a Cabinet position resign "and within one month after his resignation accept any other of the said offices, he shall not thereby vacate his seat in the said Assembly or Council." The Cartier-Macdonald Cabinet decided that under this law, the incoming Ministers need not go back to their constituencies for re-election, but could take their seats in the house. The members of the Brown Cabinet, upon accepting office, were forced to resign their seats and were out of the house; the re-appointed members of the new Cabinet changed places or "shuffled" their offices and remained in the house.

This was the expedient known as the "Double Shuffle." There was a legal barrier against such a course and it was circumvented by adhering to the letter of the law. A man can obtain an indisputable title deed to land by the right of prescription; the individual has yet to be found, who, fired with the spirit of self-sacrificing generosity would say: "This land is mine by the letter of the law, but you may take it because it is yours by the spirit of the statute." Why, then, set up one standard whereby to judge private men, and lay down a different line of action for Cabinet Ministers? Two cases similar to this may be cited in England. Lord Melbourne, in 1839, and Mr. Gladstone, in 1873, resigned, and a few days afterwards resumed office without any re-election or "shuffling" of Cabinet positions. The late Bowell Ministry offers a case in point; "bolters" on two different occasions resumed office, without the formality of going to their con-

stituencies. John A. Macdonald was charged with perjury because he accepted the position of Postmaster-General, fully intending to resign it the next day. Perjury consists in "stating as a fact what is not a fact, and swearing to it." To our mind, it is clear that when Mr. Macdonald was sworn in as Postmaster-General, the gist of his oath was, that so long as he held the office he would perform the duties appertaining thereto.

Mr. Brown should have been the last man to make such a reckless charge, for on the hustings in 1861 he spoke as follows:—

"When the Brown-Dorion Administration consented to be sworn in, it was with the full knowledge that they might not hold office for twenty-four hours." A moment's reflection on the old adage "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones" would have saved him from such a humiliating admission.

When the doors of the Privy Council closed upon Mr. Brown, he suffered a relapse into his old disease of narrow-minded, religious fanaticism and once more poured forth the vials of his wrath upon the devoted heads of the Catholics whom he professed to love with such a pure affection during the short hours of his occupation of government headquarters.

Our American cousins and English brothers may fondly imagine that Canadians are behind the times. Alas! The wire-pulling, double shuffling and scanda's recorded upon the pages of our political history will teach them that they have committed a grievous blunder.

ALBERT NEWMAN '93.



*SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.*

**W**EN of different classes and even individuals of the same class are often widely at variance with regard to their peculiar likes or dislikes, but one object for which there is a craving within the heart of every mortal, is the admiration of his fellowmen. It seems to be part of our very nature; and though a deplorable weakness when too prominently characteristic of any individual, has ever had an important bearing on the advancement and enlightenment of the world. This remark is applicable alike to all arts and sciences, but is true in an especial manner when referred to letters. For the history of the world bears witness to the fact that for every great poet, historian, or novelist that has labored at his profession with anything else as his primary motive, there are at least five or six whose sole object in writing was the fame and glory they expected thereby to gain.

Whether or not Shakespeare belonged to the latter class, his name is certainly linked with an enviable share of the admiration and applause of centuries. "The greatest dramatist the world has ever produced" is a title that reflects no small amount of credit on the land that gave him birth, but what a halo does it not shed around the brow of the fortunate individual, who, by his massive intellect and energetic perseverance has won it for himself! Such is the appellation by which Shakespeare is known, and richly has he deserved it. That his works have so long retained their wide-spread popularity is due no doubt to the fact that they contain many eminent beauties; but if they possess any one excellence which more than all others tends to display the wonderful genius of their gifted author, it is the distinct deliniation of the charac-

ters to which we are introduced. Well has it been said of Shakespeare that "he lived in each and every one of his characters." The astute villain Iago, the grasping, sanguinary Shylock, the morose and revengeful Hamlet, the hypocritical but well-meaning Brutus, the overly ambitious Lady Macbeth, the loving and true-hearted Cordelia, all alike form suitable subjects for the poet's versatile fancy, and all alike are vividly depicted by the poet's never-failing pen.

Nor did the bard of Avon confine his attention to serious personages only. The humorous side of life has also proved attractive for him; and one of the very best characters in any of the forty-three dramas assigned to him is to be found in "King Henry IV," in the person of the laugh-creating Jack Falstaff. On his very first appearance we are amused; and his ungainly corpulency recalls the words of the old song "He was three feet one way and five feet t'other, and he weighed five hundred pounds." He is not, however, the dull, idle, "happy go lucky" individual that his appearance would indicate. To know him we must study him. His every move gives us insight into some new phase of his character.

First we see him as a sensualist, "fat-witted with drinking old sack and sleeping upon benches after noon." Sack, a certain kind of wine, is his favorite drink. He proclaims it to be a generator of good wit, and thus leaves us to infer that it is because he likes to be witty, rather than because he likes the sack itself, that he consumes it with such eager gusto. Whether or not his frequent potions have any real bearing on the matter, he is certainly both very humorous and very witty; and though the detection of the enormous lies for which he is

famous, often places him in a rather uncomfortable position, his brilliant repartée invariably enables him to extricate himself without detracting in the least from his previous assertions. Many incidents throughout the play serve to bear out this statement, but perhaps the best example we can find, is where Falstaff appears as a man of action, to labor, as he says "in his vocation" the art of taking purses-- and with the aid of his companions, arranges to relieve some unfortunate travellers of the cumbersome bags of gold which they bear. For some time the prince will not consent to become a member of the plundering party, but he is finally prevailed upon by Poins, who discloses to him a jest he has to execute. Accordingly, when Falstaff and three of his companions have accomplished the robbery and are dividing the spoils, the prince and Poins, thoroughly disguised, set upon them. "Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest run away, leaving the booty behind them." The successful pair of plotters then hasten to the appointed place of meeting, to await the coming of their baffled comrades. Soon Falstaff is ushered in, and in his animated description of the affair, tells how they had bound the travellers and taken their gold when another more numerous party came to the rescue. The odds then stood "a hundred upon poor four." Jack had been "at half sword with a dozen of them for two hours together." When Poins, till then an attentive listener, exclaims "Pray God, you have not murdered some of them," Falstaff answers him "that is past praying for." He goes on with his glowing recital, contradicting his every statement with the next, until he has "paid" seven of his assailants. "But," he continues, "as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me, for it was so dark, Hal, thou could'st not see thy hand." The prince has listened to him long enough. He can stand it no longer, and breaks forth

with the following:-- "Thy lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?" Jack is caught. There is surely no escape for him. His ready wit must prove but useless now. But, no. After a moment's hesitation he has devised a plan. Drawing up his obese figure to its most imposing height, he boldly faces the prince with, "What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world I would not tell you on compulsion." The parry has succeeded, but the prince immediately assails him with a more determined thrust. He confronts him with the true story of the robbery, saying,—"We two saw you four set on four; you bound them and were masters of their wealth. --Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house." The tale of the prince is indeed plain, but how different from that which Falstaff has just been weaving! Again is the ingenuity of the latter taxed to its utmost capability, and this time even more severely than before. It is sorely tried, and proves equal to the occasion. Again he hesitates a moment, then with an amused chuckle, as if he had perpetrated an excellent joke, he addresses "Hal," with "By the Lord, I know ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct, the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct." The humorous presence of mind of the fat rogue is again in evidence; and we cannot but laugh at his monstrous falsehoods, however much we disapprove of them.

The question here naturally presents itself, — Did Shakespeare intend the robbery scene to prove Falstaff a coward? At first glance we answer in the affirmative: but after a little study, serious doubts are aroused in our minds. The fact that Jack dealt "a blow or two" after his companions had fled, seems to indicate that he was not altogether destitute of courage. Many learned dissertations have been written on the matter; but what is, to our mind at least, the most acceptable view is thus briefly summed up by Mackenzie, "Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomfiture of fear." No, he is certainly not valiant, nor chivalrous either. He likes to satisfy his abnormal appetite, but he refuses to pay his lawful debts. When his hostess at Eastcheap presents him with his bill he insults her. When the prince interferes and rebukes him for his conduct towards her, instead of offering an apology to the good-natured Mrs. Quickly, he turns to her with, — "Hostess, I forgive thee."

In the meantime, the affairs of state have assumed a serious aspect. Rebellion has broken out in the North, and Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, Douglas and Glendower, all formidable enemies, are in league against the king. Prince Henry is called to a command in the army of his father, and secures for Jack "a charge of foot." We have now a chance to see Falstaff as a soldier. His first move is to turn his authority so his own personal advantage. He presses wealthy citizens, then sells them their freedom, and appropriates the proceeds to his own use. As he says himself, — "I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers,

three hundred and odd pounds." Of course the final outcome of this manner of proceeding is that his company is composed altogether of the poorest class; of men who had not enough wealth to buy their liberty; men, whose hungry faces testified to their scanty fare, and who were barely saved from nakedness by a scanty supply of rags. When Prince Henry derides: "Sir John" about the appearance of his "pitiful rascals," Falstaff says they serve his purpose as well as if gorgeously clad, — they make "food for powder" and they'll fill a pit as well as better.

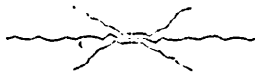
As our object in this essay is to trace the character of our fat friend, perhaps the most interesting incident in his career as a soldier, is where in the heat of battle he finds himself hand to hand with Douglas. The combat is of short duration and is ended by Falstaff's "falling down as if he were dead." As soon as Douglas has departed, however, Jack returns to life, and, slowly rising, soliloquizes, — "The better part of valour is — discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life." Here again it dawns upon us that Jack is nothing more than an arrant coward. But on closer investigation we see that in this case also he is cowardly on principle. He knew he had no chance of success over so clever an antagonist; and he believed that "to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liveth" was the proper policy to adopt. Moreover his ideas on honor were somewhat different from those of many great heroes of whom we read. Honor, according to him is all right in theory; but when it comes to practice, honor cannot "set a leg."

A perusal of the Merry Wives of Windsor would disclose to us Falstaff as a lover, but that aspect of the Jolly Knight is not necessary to our present purpose. We have seen sufficient of him, to enable us to form a fair idea of his character. His humor is of the highest order, and never flags from the beginning of the drama to its end.

But this is the only commendation we can pay him. He is essentially immoral, and his character has not a single redeeming trait. His immorality, however, is not such as our nature teaches us to hate. On the contrary; the reader invariably closes the book with

a feeling of sympathy towards the good-natured old soul who, through weakness rather than through malice, chose a path so widely separated from that of virtue.

J. T. HANLEY, '98.



*HOLD THOU ME UP.*

Hold thou me up, amidst the strife  
That mars and makes this restless life,  
Lest in the world's oppressive din,  
The still, small voice be drowned within.

Hold thou me up when death draws near—  
Death is but life if Thou be here ;  
And when I wake on yonder shore,  
Thy helping hand shall guide me more.



## THE GREAT STRIKE AT ERRICKDALE.

THE village of Errickdale, at the time of our story, consisted of the black buildings connected with the mines, the rows of tumble-down tenements where the miners lived, and one spacious, rambling, old-fashioned dwelling, built a century previous by the first owner and opener of the mines, and preserved intact ever since, in its antique and solid elegance, by each new owner of the place. Eight months of the year it was closed, with the exception of a few rooms occupied by the agent, the old housekeeper, and two servants.

But for four months, from June to October, the whole house was thrown open and filled with a brilliant company, who spent the summer days in merry idleness, and made Errickdale a scene of delight. The heaps of coal dust, the begrimed men, the care worn women and dirty children, the comfortless dwellings, marred very much the beauty of the place; but what would be the place without them? The guests who came there soon forgot such trifles as the days sped by in merry-making; and in the city of Malton, a summer at Errickdale was spoken of as a season of unrivalled pleasure.

It was in Malton that John Rossetti, the present owner of Errick mines, had his palace-like city home. There he had collected such treasures as few men could boast, even in that city, famed for its eager pursuit of the beautiful and the costly; and all of them he lavished upon the only being who made life dear to him—the daughter whom his idolized young wife had left to him when, at the child's birth, she died.

It is a marvel that Eleanora Rossetti grew up as amiable and gentle as she was; for she scarcely knew what it meant to have a wish thwarted or

the merest whim of her fancy ungratified. That she should yield her will to another's never entered her mind; that she was to do anything for others was an idea quite unknown to her. She saw the beggars in the streets of Malton, she saw the poorly-clad people in Errickdale, but they never weighed upon her heart in the least. They must be very lazy or very shiftless, she thought—if she ever thought of them at all.

With the approaching winter of her eighteenth birthday—the winter of that great strike at Errickdale which was to set the country ringing—there came many prophecies of want and famine, but Eleanora did not heed them. She had a little dinner-party one evening. "Papa," cried Eleanora from the head of the board, where she presided in girlish state, her clear voice ringing down to him like a flute and attracting every one's attention—"papa, I mean to keep my eighteenth birthday by a masque-ball at Errickdale." And then, glancing along each file of delighted and expectant guests with her brightest smile, "You are all invited at once," she said, "without further ceremony. The night of the 20th of January, remember."

Nobody waited to see if permission would be granted her. Eleanora Rossetti always had her way. At once a Babel of voices arose.

"We will make summer of winter," Eleanora said. "The whole conservatory shall be sent down. It shall be a ball of the old *regime*; and mind, all of you, no one shall be admitted who does not come dressed as a courtier of some sort to grace my palace halls. I shall never be eighteen again, and I mean to celebrate it royally.

In a cottage of three rooms, apart from the tenements, yet little better than they, another John is sitting.

John O'Rourke this, an Irishman, come eighteen years since from the old country; and with him sits his only daughter, who will be eighteen in February. Bridget O'Rourke has no need to fear the verdict if she is compared with the heiress of Errickdale; she is full as tall and stately, and her dark, severe beauty would be noticeable anywhere. But there is no sparkle in her eyes, that are heavy with unshed tears, and no smile is on her lips.

These people are not poor, as Errickdale counts poverty. John O'Rourke is a sort of factotum for the agent, and, next to him, has higher wages than any other man on the place; but, for all that, his brow is lowering to-night, and as he sits in moody silence his fingers work and his hands are clenched, as though he were longing for a fight with some one.

"You're not eating, Bridget, my girl," he said at last, draining the last drop of his cup of tea. "You're not as hungry as I."

She pushed her plate away, "I can't eat, father," she said. "Down in the hollow Smith's wife and babes are crying with hunger, and over at Rutherford's the girls haven't a shoe to their feet in this bitter weather."

"And so you must go hungry too, girl?" he asked.

"I can't eat," she said again. "It chokes me. Why should I have good things, and they go starving? I wish I was starving with them!"

"Tut, tut, girl! What help would that be? And what's Smith, anyhow, and Smith's boys, but orangemen, that hoot at ye Sundays, and laugh at your going ten miles, all, as they say, to worship images?"

Bridget smiled faintly.

"Orangemen or not," she answered, "they're flesh and blood like me. God made 'em. If I try to eat, I think I see them with nothing, and I long to give all I have to them."

"I tell ye," O'Rourke exclaimed, "times are bad enough now, but they'll be worse soon, if master don't take heed. There'll be a strike in Errickdale before the winter's out."

"O father! no. I hope not. Nothing like that would ever move the master. He's that set in his own way he would only hold out stronger against 'em—he would."

I think so myself, girl—I think so myself. I've known him well these eighteen years; he's firm as rock. But the men don't credit it. They are murmuring low now, but it will be loud shouting before we know it. Bridget, I'll to Malton and see the master myself, come morning."

"Yes, father," said Bridget; "and I'll go with you and speak with Miss Eleanora."

A few hours later, the city lady and the Irish girl stood face to face in Eleanora's boudoir. There was a startled look in Eleanora's eyes. What strange story is this which Bridget tells her? There must be some mistake about it.

"They are very poor in Errickdale," Bridget said slowly, keeping down the quiver from her voice and the tears from her eye. "House after house they have nothing but potatoes or mush to eat, and nothing but rags to wear. I don't think it's the master's fault may be. Sometimes I fear the agent is not all he should be, miss."

"But do you suffer, Bridget?" and Eleanora looked at her compassionately and then with deep admiration. She had let her talk, had let her stay, where carelessly she would have sent off any other, because it was such a delight to her to see that face in its grave and regular beauty, and to hear the rich voice with its sorrowful cadence like the minor note of an organ chant.

"Not that way," Bridget answered her. "I've food and clothes a plenty myself. But it's as if the hunger and want were tugging at my heart instead of my body, by day and by night. The lean faces and the wailing come between me and all else. Miss Eleanora, I wish you could once see them—only once."

"What's this! Bridget O'Rourke here too? A well-planned plot, truly." And John Rossetti strode into the

room as though on the point of turning the girl out from it, only his daughter, coming to meet him, stepped unwittingly between.

"Yes, papa," she said, "it's Bridget, come to the city, I suppose, for the first time in her life. And, papa, she tells such a sad story about Errickdale. Will you please send them some money at once?"

"Not a penny," her father answered. "Not one penny of mine or yours shall they have. These people think to force me to their will by a strike! They shall learn what manner of master they have. Let them strike when they please. That is the only message John O'Rourke has to carry home with him for his pains, and all that you shall have either, Bridget. Take it and be gone."

"Oh! no, Bridget, not yet," Eleanora cried. "I am not ready. Papa, what can you be thinking of sending her away when I am not ready to have her go? Let us consider for a minute, papa. She is so troubled;" and, indeed, Bridget's face was livid in its distress, and when she strove to speak, her voice died away in a moan. "How much do the people want, papa?"

He laughed grimly. "I shall grant them nothing," he said. "However, since you are curious, they do not want as much as your ball will cost me, my love. How would you like to give that up for them?"

"My ball! Of course not. What a ridiculous idea! All Malton knows of it by this time, and twenty people are invited already, and I have sent for my dressmaker. Of course I could not give that up for anything! But you were only jesting, papa dear. I know you could not mean it. Bridget, papa knows best, you may be sure. I never trouble my head about business. But I will tell you what you shall do. I am going to have a masque-ball at Errickdale, in January, and you shall come to it! You shall be where you can see the splendid court-dresses and the flowers and the feast, and hear the

music---the very best music that Malton can furnish. So don't worry any more, Bridget, and you shall surely be there."

Bridget looked slowly around the room, full of warmth and light and comfort and beauty. From the picture-frames haggard eyes seemed to stare at her; in the corners, and half hidden by the velvet hangings, figures wasted by want, seemed to stretch their bony fingers towards her. But it had become impossible for her to utter another word in their behalf. A plan, a hope, flashed through her mind.

"Yes, Miss Eleanora," she said, "I will come to your ball." And waiting for no more words, she went away.

"She is worrying her life out," Eleanora said pityingly. "I don't believe she eats properly." And taking more trouble for a poor person than she had ever done before, she wrote to the housekeeper at Errickdale to send Bridget O'Rourke every day substantial and tempting food enough for an entire meal. Then she dismissed the whole matter; or rather the dressmaker was announced, and the important question as to whether her ball-dress should be of velvet or satin, drove all minor subjects, such as hunger and cold and nakedness, from her mind.

Meanwhile, Bridget strove to calm her father's wrath, which he poured forth volubly, as the train carried them home; and when he was still, she thought out to its full scope the plan which had occurred to her. She would go to the ball, and, when the guests were assembled she would step forth from her hiding place, and stand before them all, and plead the people's cause. But the more she thought of it the more her heart misgave her. Would not the master only be the more incensed against his miners, because of the shame to which he would be exposed? Yes, she felt sure that this would be the result. She put that sudden hope and plan away.

Instead of it, she prayed again and again with smothered sobs: "O Christ! who for love of us died for us, save thy people now."

After that, each day brought her a full meal from the great house, but she never tasted of it; there were those who needed it more, she said.

Her father saw that she ate little, but never guessed how little it really was; he saw that she grew pinched and pale, but fancied that it was grief alone that caused it. He did not know, and no one knew, that, with what Errickdale counted "plenty" at her command, Bridget was living like the poorest. From her room one by one her possessions departed. Laying her weary limbs on the hard floor at night, she thought of the hard cross whereon her Lord had died. "Mine is an easier bed than his," she said, and smiled in the darkness. "May he make me worthier to share his blessed pains."

But the nights were few that she spent on even so poor a couch as this. There was sickness in Errickdale as well as want, and Bridget was nurse, and doctor, and servant, and watcher beside the dead. And in her princess life at Malton Eleanora Rossetti counted the same long hours blithely, eager for her festival to come.

The 20th of January! Stars overhead, and snow underfoot, and a biting frost to make Errickdale as merry as his heiress wished. Winter without and want and woe perhaps; but who needed to think of that? In the old mansion summer itself was reigning. Lamps burned some faintly-scented oil, that filled the warm air with a subtle, delicious odor, and lamps and tall wax tapers flooded the room with golden but undazzling light. And in doublet and hose and cap and plume, and all the gay festive gear of a king's court of mediæval times, hosts of servants waited upon Eleanora's word.

The winter twilight fell soon over Errickdale. In its gathering shadows John Rossetti was galloping home from Teal on his swiftest horse, when the creature shied suddenly, then

stopped, trembling all over. A woman stood in the path, ghostly and strange to see through the gloom. Fearless John Rossetti started at the unexpected sight. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

"Food," the woman answered, in a voice that thrilled him with inexplicable awe. "Your people die of want, and cold, and pain," it said. "In the name of God Almighty, and while you have time, hear me and help them."

Then this fearless John Rossetti sneered, "While I have time?" he said, "I have no time to-night I warrant you. Choose better seasons than this for your begging, Bridget O'Rourke."

He struck the spurs into his horse, but, though it quivered all over again, it would not move an inch. The woman lifted her hands to heaven. "God, my God! I have done all I can," she said, "I leave it now with Thee." And so she vanished.

In Errick Hall Eleanora was speaking to a servant. "Make haste," she said. "I had almost forgotten it. Make haste and bring Bridget O'Rourke to me. I promised she should see it all."

The servant hurried obediently to John O'Rourke's cottage. Its owner was crouching sullenly over the fire. "Where's my girl?" he said. "Miss Eleanora wants her to see the sights? See 'em she shall, then, it's little she gets of brightness now, poor thing. Bridget! Bridget!"

But though he called loudly, no one answered. He climbed the stairs to the dark attic, and still no reply.

"Give me the light, boy," he cried, with a dull foreboding at his heart, and he and the servant entered the room together.

She was not there. What was more, nothing was there -- literally nothing -- except the cross of Him who gave his all, his very life, for men.

"I fear, I fear," this John said, trembling; and he took the crucifix down, and carried it with him for defense against invisible foes whom he dreaded far more than anything he could see,

"We will go look for her,



O'Rourke," the servant said. "I must find her for Miss Eleanora, if not for her own sake."

Her loving father had been waiting long for her. Where was the child?

They asked the question at every tenement and every room. The people joined them in the search for her whom they all held dear. In the outskirts of the place, and where the road stretched out without another sign of habitation for five miles to Teal, was a lowly hovel.

"She's there," one woman said to another. "'Course she's there. Might 'a' known it. Jake Ireton's wife had twins yesterday, and its little else they have. She's there, caring for 'em."

Yet they paused at the door, as if loath to open it. The whole throng seemed to feel that vague foreboding which John O'Rourke had felt; those who were able to crowd into the narrow room entered it timidly. What was it that they dreaded!

In the grand saloon of Errick mansion, decked like a regal ball-room, John Rossetti's daughter, attired gorgeously like the French queen in the famous painting which is Malton's pride, received her courtiers; and the band played the gay dance-music, and the light feet of the dancers glided over the floors.

In the poorest hut of Errickdale John O'Rourke's daughter received her courtiers, too, in regal state.

It was dark and silent there before the torches were brought in. By their flaring light the people saw the poor mother on a bed of rags and straw.

"Be still as ye can," she said softly. "Is't thee, O'Rourke? Thy good girl's been wi' me this four hours."

"She heard a horse go trampling by, and went to see 't," the woman said. "When she come back, says she: 'Twas master. I've pleaded my last plea for my people. My heart's broke.'" Then baby cried, and she took 't to still it, and, she lay down wi' it, and ever since, they 've both been still, and I hope she's sleepit and forgot her woes a while, God bless her!"

Sleeping on the hard floor, but she does not feel it. In truth, this queen has forgotten her woes in a dreamless slumber, and truly God has blessed her; but with bitter wailing her courtiers kneel before her in the court of death, the king.

There is food on the table which her own hands had placed there; there is fire on the hearth, which her own hands kindled. She, who lies there dead has not died of cold or hunger; she has died of a broken heart.

And the violin and flute and harp ring sweetly, and the trumpet and drum have a stately sound in Errick Hall, and youths and maidens dance and make merry. The great doors were flung open, and in long procession the guests passed into the banquetting hall, where there was room for everyone to sit at the magnificent tables, and Eleanora was enthroned on a dais, queen of them all. Reproduced as in a living picture was a ball of *Le Grand Monarque*.

"*Rossetti of Errickdale!*"

From above their heads the strange voice came. Far up in the embrasure of a window a man with a lighted torch was standing. John O'Rourke's eyes met John Rossetti's, and commanded them, and held them fast.

"We mean no harm," he said. "We come peaceable, if you meet us peaceable; but if not, there's danger and death all round ye. I warn ye fairly. Miss Eleanora bade my Bridget come to see her feast, and we've come to bring her. Ye'd best sit quiet, all of ye, for we've fire to back us." And he held his torch dangerously near to the curtains. Errickdale Hall and Errickdale master were in his power.

Coming through the hall they heard it--the steady, onward tramp of an orderly and determined crowd; the notes of a wierd Irish dirge heralded their coming. Two and two the courtiers of Bridget O'Rourke marched in.

Men in rags, their lips close shut and grim, a rude and flaring torch borne in each man's hand; haggard

women with wolfish eyes and scantily clad, leading or carrying children who are wailing loudly or moaning in a way that chills the blood to hear, while the women shrilly sing that dirge for a departed soul--would the terrible procession never cease?

Rising in amazement at the first entrance of these new-comers, throughout their coming, Eleanora stood upright, one hand pressed upon her heart, as if to quell its rapid beating. Beautiful and queenly, despite her palid cheeks, she stood there, yet two and two the people passed slowly up the hall, and slowly passed before her dais, and made no sign of homage. It was another queen who held them in her sway.

Was it over at last?—for the procession that seemed to have no end, ceased to file through the lofty doors. The men stood back against the wall, and lowered their torches as banners are lowered to greet a funeral train. The women flung up their lean, uncovered arms and shrilled out one more wail of bitter lamentation, then stood silent too. The very babes were still. And all eyes were fixed upon the door---all except John O'Rourke's, that never stirred from John Rossetti's face.

Borne in state, though that state was but a board draped with a ragged sheet---her face uncovered to those stars and to that biting frost, her feet bare to those snows for which Eleanora wished; the face marked by a suffering which was far deeper than any that mere cold or hunger causes, yet sealed by it to an uplifted look which was beyond all earthly loveliness; the hands crossed on a heart that ached no longer over the crucifix which was this queen's only treasure---so Bridget O'Rourke had come to Eleanora's feast.

And so they bore her up the hall; and before the regal dais this more regal bier stood still.

Then at last, Eleanora moved, and started, and stretched out her hands. "What do you want of me?" she

said. "What is it that you want of me? Speak to me, Bridget O'Rourke. Speak to me."

They were face to face again in their youth and beauty, but the contrast between them now brought no delight. This Queen of Death made no answer to her royal sister, except the awful answer of that silence which no power on earth can break.

"*Rossetti of Erickdale!*"

Once again from far above their heads they heard him calling---the man whose earthly all lay dead before them.

"We threatened to strike for food, and we feared ye. We suffered sore like slaves, for we feared ye. It's ye that may fear us now, I tell ye, for to-night we strike for a life. Give us my good girl's life again---my good girl's life."

He was wild with grief, and the people were wild with want and grief. Echoing up to the arches, their shout rang loud and long. "We strike for a life," they cried. "Give us back that life, or we burn ye all together."

Owner of princely wealth was he upon whom they called. Seven hours ago that life was in his gift---an act of pity might have saved it, one doled-out pittance kept the heart from breaking. Let him lavish his millions upon her now; he cannot make her lift a finger or draw a breath.

"John O'Rourke!"

It was not the owner's voice that answered. For the first time John O'Rourke's eyes turned from the master and looked upon Eleanora.

"John O'Rourke," she said, gently and slowly, so that each word carried weight, "what is it that Bridget wants of me? What would she ask if she could speak to me to-night? I will give her whatever she would ask. *Does she want her life back again.*

The unexpected question, the gentle words, struck home. Suddenly O'Rourke's defiant eyes grew dim.

"Miss Eleanora," he cried, "I wouldn't have her back. Not for all the world I wouldnt call her back.

She's been through sore anguish. and I thank God it's over. Give us food and fair wages, miss--that's all she would ask of ye."

He paused, and in the pause none dreamed how wild a fight the man was fighting with his wrath and hatred. But still that worn and silent form pleaded with him and would not be gainsaid. At length he spoke, huskily:

"And she would ask of us, miss not to harm one of ye, but to let master and all go free for the love of God. Shall we do what Bridget would ask us, my men?"

"Yes! Yes!" the men and women answered him; and in the hall rich and poor laughed and wept together, for the great strike of Errickdale was over, and peace was made, and want supplied. But through the tumult of sorrow and rejoicing she alone lay utterly unmoved and silent who had won life at the price of life.

The story is often told in Malton of

a young girl, very beautiful and much beloved, who renounced the world on the night of her eighteenth birthday, in the very midst of a feast of unequalled splendour, and at the threshold of a future full of brilliant promise. They say she dwelt in lonely Errickdale, among the poor and ignorant, and lived like them and for them. And now and then they add that, when once some one ventured to ask her why she chose so strange a life, she answered that she had seen death at her feast in the midst of pomp and splendour, and had learned, once for all, their worth. But when she was further asked if she could not be willing, like many others present at that feast, to care for the poor and to give to them, and yet have joy and comfort too, the fire of a divine love kindled in her eyes, and she answered that she counted it comfort and joy to live for the people for whom she had seen another content and glad to die.



Time summons, and our nights and days,  
With all their hollow hopes and joys, their tears and mirth,  
Go home by dark and trackless ways,  
And join the years that rolled, ere Troy's renown'd had birth.



*IN SEARCH OF THE POLE.*

Since expeditions  
 Of dauntless legions  
     To the "frozen North"  
 Are quite *au fail*  
 In this latter day,  
 To those ghostly regions  
     Let us go forth.

Eclipsing Nansen,  
 And many a man, soon  
     We'll find the pole;  
 Tho' phantoms pale  
 Of the hosts who fail  
 In that drear expansion,  
     Afflict our soul.

Where cruel surges  
 Torment the verges  
     Of the Arctic coast,  
 We'll dare the blow  
 Of each savage floe,  
 While our good ship urges  
     'Gainst the might of frost.

With the Inuit, braving  
 The sharp wind's raving,  
     We'll mount his sleigh;  
 Bundled up in furs,  
 Drive his snarling curs,  
 'Twe oceans laving  
     Day after day.

When desolation  
 Of day's privation  
     Compass us 'round,  
 His hut we'll share,  
 And his scanty fare,  
 And his stolid patience,  
     And his rest profound.

We'll track the transient  
 Northlights, evan'scent

As spectres gray ;  
"Til the golden lyre  
Tunes its chords of fire  
To a march triumphant,  
Cheering our way.

But like, with swords flaming,  
Angels proclaiming :  
" No farther go !"  
The circumpolar  
Stars, in their choler,  
Are fiercely gleaming  
With crimson glow.

Where, in awful silence  
And eternal chillness,  
Nature hides her face,  
On that solitude  
We will dare intrude, --  
Enter by violence  
That fortress'd space.

The unutterable  
Hyperborean fable  
We'll explicate ;  
On the blazing car  
Of the polar star,  
Thro' skies of sable,  
Seek our final fate.

ETHAN HART MANNING.



## LILY-VALE.

**KNOW** a spot where from the earliest primrose to the last ripe grape, the beauties of earth and the balmy air keep a perpetual holiday. On undulating plain, or in mountain vale, its equal never was and never will be.

Not Thessalian, Tempe nor Parthenope's shore and sea, nor Killarney's lovely lakes, can shew such "glories," so beautiful, so fresh, as those that there cluster round each foot step, as you pass.

Ten times has the sun gone his annual round, ten times has May smiled, since the honors of this sequestered nook of earth began. Pius the Great then graced this lower world, many of us were but striplings then: I myself was present in the place on the inauguration day. I have paid it a yearly visit ever since, and now I come with pride, to give you its features, as I can, and tell you how it flourishes still.

By the winding banks of a deep-flowing stream sparkles this gem of Canadian scenery. From the water's edge the ground recedes with a gentle ascent, rising terrace above terrace, the highest of which is crowned with a stately summer mansion, standing in the centre of a garden, while the remaining space is filled up with orchards, groves and velvet lawns. The terraces are laid out with exquisite taste: here spacious green areas, with shade-trees at long intervals: there, long avenues of trees, with well gravelled walks, the shady larch, the stately pine, the rustling poplar, the sturdy oak, the ever-green balsam, and above all, our own sweet maple, seem to vie with one another in decorating the scene. Broad paths fringed with ever-greens, climbing from terrace to terrace, lead to the garden and introduce to the mansion

fitted in, all respects for a summer residence. Large and lofty halls, neat stair-cases, elegant rooms, and above all, the presence of a chapel and its sacred uses, must satisfy every lover of comfort and country retirement.

If open air is sought, verandahs and covered porticos outside invite to coolness and ease. And if the inmates of this retreat would vary their time with more active recreation, they need but step into the garden, where well-beaten walks, borders of box-flowers of every hue, ever-green hedges clipped into shape and trimmed with care, trees laden with fruits of every color and taste, afford relief and exercise for every sense. Rockeries, too, green with ivy, trees with creeping plants, that wind round their trunks climb to the top-mast branches and hang down in festoons and garlands. Florists and Botanists, exulting in such a store, revel in the midst of exotics of rarest beauty. Nor is the freshness of water, or the liveliness of streamlet wanting: here, a still, glossy surface reflects the trees in its imaginary depths: there it shoots up into the air in silver jets, and yonder, a grass-fringed reservoir gives out a brooklet, which runs purling down its pebbly bed, between banks of auriculas which present their golden chalices in clusters to the sun. As their little roots drink the moisture of the nursing stream, the sparkling thing runs its brief course down the gentle slope of the terrace, where it vanishes like a flash in the earth, and finds its underground way to the river. Here and there, summer-houses, green-houses and every ornament that invention can contribute and taste deck out to advantage meet the visitor, as he continues his walk. Time would fail me, were I to undertake a full description. Let me hurry from the

garden into the groves, with their chequered shade, their fresh verdure, their waving foliage, and into the deep bowers, that here and there present a pleasant gloom.

Peeping out through the openings in the groves, the eye catches glimpses of the green sward, where, on the rich and sweet pasture, kine, sheep and lambs promiscuous graze: or looking along the over-arched pathways, we see them paced, here by some holy priest, who, with his breviary in his hand, performs the task; there, by grave philosophers whose loud discussions re-echo from every tree; elsewhere, by some careful student, whose mind and soul are buried in profound soliloquy.

From the scenes that lie close around, the eye often wanders to gaze far away: where the laborers are busy in the fields and in the orchards, and where, in the distance, on the opposite side of the river, the roll of the approaching locomotive followed by its train, comes, and is away again, faster than it came, leaving no trace of its passage, save, the long, white, fleecy cloud that curls behind it for a space, and the echo that is wafted away on the murmuring wind, to be lost in the solitude of the neighboring forest.

A vast plain recedes in bashful haste from the foot of a cluster of tall ash trees, that rise by the river's banks, to roll away in the distance, and unite with the woods. Here too, the warbling in the trees is in keeping with the flowerets below, as it is poured forth from the throats of a thousand "songsters," floats over the stream, and is re-echoed by its banks. The crystal-clear water of the river reflects the sun and glitters through the foliage that overshadows its banks.

It is sweet to look upon the wavelets, as they move on together, countless and close, but in concord and brother-like, pursuing their course, without tumult and without effort: a fair image of that love and kindly feeling of that numerous family that

often crowds upon the banks to spend long hours in manly sports and boyish gambles.

I never saw so sweet a sight as presents itself there, when three hundred youths of various ages, but all in the bloomy flush of health advancing in order, headed by their venerable Superior, appear on the topmost terrace and pour in youthful eagerness, down the avenue that leads to the broad play-grounds at the river. The word is given, the ranks break, and away they rush, each as his fancy leads him: here, gathering in bodies, there, separating, while cheers and vociferations rend the air, for here is the very home "of liberty and innocent enjoyment."

Loud laughter and shouts redouble, the earth resounds with the tramp of feet going and coming in hot haste, and the hop, step and leap of those who are preparing for some animating game.

Such exercises, hardy, exhilarating, and prolonged, create an appetite; and the tables are spread, in the thickets on the lawn; but many, easily dispensing with such accommodations, betake themselves, with their precious baskets to the cool shade of some would-be Banyan-tree. Some brave the deep-waters, into which they plunge recklessly headlong, and on whose surface they glide, with the composure and pride of swans.

There too is seen the swift pleasure boat, full of jolly fishermen, "pulling hard against the stream;" she mounts higher and higher, the measured strokes of the paddles, keeping time, with the cadence of their song.

Radiating away in different directions some take their stand upon the river's banks, and make the pebbles skip over the watery surface, even to the further shore: others appear in the verandahs above, some climb trees, whilst others gather in groups, in which many a pleasant tale is told, succeeded by outbursts of mirth.

On the river, all over the grounds, below, and up the terraces, is heard,

the sound of mingled voices, loud and musical with joy.

Neither the long-necked flocks that fluttered on Coyster's banks or sailed its waters, nor the swarms that hummed and sipped, all over the flowery sides of Hymettus, could vie in pleasant sounds or innocent enjoyment with the youthful multitude that revels here.

But even amusement must have rest, and at last the bustle abates, and quiet and order begin to reign over the lively scene. Flashing through the grounds, here and there is seen the sacred sign on the breasts of young levites, whose presence rules the youthful storm, checks what is excessive, animates what is dull, and breathes the spirit of religion over all.

A signal is given; silence ensues; order is resumed; ranks are formed; and with tired but measured steps the three hundred move away to where an altar, with its niche, terminating an avenue, has a sweet attraction for young hearts. Within that niche stands an image of her whose maternal love burns at the sight of innocent souls that boast themselves her children. There her likeness stands. What love and mercy beam in that

countenance! While in her arms and on her Immaculate Heart rests the Child Divine, whom she presents to all, as at once a Saviour and a model and as a surer and greater pledge of love than Mother ever gave to Children.

The worshippers fall on their knees, the litany of her prerogatives is intoned: the "ora" rises with a mighty sound, unheard indeed by men, in the solitary place, but ringing clearly in the courts of heaven. The prayer is finished: Mary is pleased, and as they rise, make their parting reverence, and retire devoutly to other duties, her blessing follows them.

Such is the favored place and such are the scenes it often presents: and yet it is but a shadow of what we shall one day see, and the companion ship we shall one day enjoy in the better world, when we shall tread the azure fields on-high, with stars at our feet for flowerets, while no statue of the Immaculate One will be needed, for she will be there herself, nor will the Divine Child grace her arms, but all good children will be found in her heart.

A. L., 3rd Form, 1872.





*A GREAT ADMIRAL.*

**D**URING the present century, England has had at different times to defend her rights or the rights of her colonies against the various nations of the world. This has been especially noticeable during the last twenty-five years. We have seen her on the verge of hostilities with the United States, France and Spain; the old rivalry existing between herself and Russia has suffered no diminution, and it is as evident now as ever, that no nation awakens such dread and jealousy. It is still England against the world. Bearing this in mind it will readily be admitted that the day may not be far distant when brave and skillful men will again be required to defend the honor and uphold the titles of the Mistress of the Seas. In such a case, the memories of the heroes who fought, conquered and died face to face with allied Europe in the days of Napoleon Bonaparte will be held in increased reverence by every true Englishman; and youthful patriots, taking as their models those intrepid warriors will be spurred on to glorious and immortalizing achievements. For who could doubt the strength of England's prowess, remembering the great deeds of Horatio Nelson at Aboukir and Trafalgar? This excellent man is an infinite honor to the land that gave him birth, and should be, as he is, gratefully remembered and extolled by his countrymen, of whose interests and welfare he always proved himself a zealous protector; nor should he be forgotten by the other European nations, whom, by his genius, courage and perseverance he saved from the tyranny of the over-ambitious Napoleon.

To the little village of Burnhamthorpe was reserved the honor of being the birth-place of the child who

was to become England's greatest naval commander. Here Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th of September, 1758. Nine years afterwards Mr. Nelson died, leaving the family in extremely straightened circumstances. It was on this occasion that Captain Suckling of the royal navy, a brother to Mrs. Nelson, visited the family and promised to take care of one of the boys. Many little anecdotes are recounted of Horatio, which go to show that even during his boy-hood he often exhibited that resolute heart and nobleness of mind which, through his future career of labor and glory, made him so conspicuous.---There were some fine pears growing in the garden attached to the school that he attended. These, the boys regarded as legitimate booty and in the highest degree tempting, but the boldest among them was afraid to venture for the prize. Horatio volunteered upon the service: at dead of night he lowered himself down from his bedroom by some sheets, plundered the tree, and was drawn up, with the pears which he distributed among his school-mates, not reserving a single one for himself. "I took them because every other boy was afraid" said the future admiral, when he noticed the astonishment of his friends. In school he was distinguished above the others for his thoughtfulness and intelligence. But sickness greatly diminished his strength, and it is scarcely probable that he would have ever been chosen to endure the hardships of a sea-man's life, had he himself not been the first to express a desire for that career.

His uncle was not a little taken aback when he was informed that Horatio wished to accompany him to sea and he expressed his astonishment and at the same time his disapproval in

the following words. "What has poor Horatio done who is so weak that he above all the rest should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come and the first time we go into action a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once."

The ordinary boy would have been discouraged on hearing such bitter words from the only person to whom he might naturally look for kindness among the officers of the ship on which he was about to sail; but not so with Nelson. This extraordinary youth remained firm in his determination, while all the time he was animated by the sole desire of bettering his father's condition. When the summons came for him to join his uncle the only thing that darkened his happiness was the bitter thought of parting for the first time with his parents. His first experience at sea was anything but enjoyable. Captain Suckling was nearly always engaged and it was seldom he found an opportunity of speaking to the young adventurer entrusted to his care. Meanwhile the latter made the best of his desolate situation and spent much of his time pacing the deck of his ship.

Shortly after the first voyage Captain Suckling was removed to the *Triumph* then stationed as a guardian in the river Thames. He was accompanied to his new quarters by his nephew. But Nelson who was by this time pretty well over his homesickness and had acquired considerable experience in seamanship was not content with such an inactive existence and at his own request was sent to the West Indies with Captain Rathbone. During this voyage he became disgusted with the navy, and being warned by Captain Rathbone against a profession which had proved utterly hopeless it is doubtful whether he would ever have ventured to sea again were it not for the earnest solicitations of his uncle.

Captain Suckling undertook to overcome his dislike for the royal service and so well did he succeed that

within three months instead of thinking of abandoning sea life, Nelson sought permission to join the expedition then being fitted out for exploration in the northern seas. He was considered too young to be of any service in an undertaking so hazardous; nevertheless the request was granted chiefly through the influence of his uncle who did all in his power to foster the daring spirit of his favorite nephew. The valiant youth returned a practical sea-man and a skillful pilot for vessels of any description, and he had moreover the reputation of being the most courageous as well as the most self-sacrificing boy in the whole navy. Shortly after his return he found himself on a voyage to the East Indies in a large man of war called the *Sea-horse* in which he was placed by Captain Farmer as watch at the fore-top. His conduct however soon marked him out as worthy of promotion and he was appointed midshipman. This success gave new hope and courage to his breast, but his happiness was sadly shortlived. Within a year the trying climate of India began to affect his weak constitution and he was obliged to return to England. This was indeed a severe blow, and for a long time he entertained no hope of ever making headway in his chosen profession. But again his invincible courage came to his assistance, and filled with the conviction of the high destiny to which he was called, he expressed the feeling of his noble heart in the following words; worthy of being preserved as a motto for every high minded youth.--"I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence brave every danger."

During his absence Captain Suckling was made comptroller of the navy. Meanwhile the youthful Nelson having recovered his health was brought before a board of experienced seamen and examined for the lieutenantancy. The examination was highly creditable to the candidate and most satisfactory to his uncle who, though at the head of the board of examiners did not make

public his relation to the boy until assured of his success.

This was the real starting point of Nelson's career. Ever afterwards he felt confident of his future and advanced steadily on the uncertain and for him painful road to fame and glory. When at length he saw within measurable distance the goal of his earnest desire, he was a different man exteriorly—having lost an eye and an arm and being moreover disfigured by many ugly scars—but interiorly the same noble-hearted, strong-willed Nelson who some thirty years before had quitted the humble but happy home of his father to seek fortune on the perilous sea.

On the very day that followed his successful examination he was appointed lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate which was then being fitted out for Jamaica under the command of William Locker. During this voyage an incident occurred which is worthy of being recounted here, since it shows at once the noble courage and the sense of propriety with which the young lieutenant was animated. During one of their cruises they captured an American letter-of-marque. The officer who was ordered to board the prize went below to put out his hanger, but the latter happened to be mislaid and while he was seeking it Captain Locker came on deck. Perceiving the boat still along side and in danger every moment of being lost he exclaimed "Have I no man in the ship who can board this prize." Nelson was waiting the return of the officer instructed to act and had not volunteered his services. But immediately on hearing the Captain's words he jumped into the boat without a moments hesitation saying, "It is my turn now ; if I come back it is yours."

During the peace that followed, he made a visit to France, but after a two year's sojourn there, the longing for sea came again upon him. His wishes were immediately gratified and he sailed as commander of the *Boreas*, then bound for a cruise to the Leeward

Islands. All his officers became greatly attached to him, more especially those at the beginning of their career for whom he always had a word of kindness or encouragement. His conduct was such, on this occasion, as to excite the jealousy of Admiral Hughes, whose imprudence was the cause of a quarrel between these two eminent men. The jealousy of the admiral was, however, of short duration, for Nelson was well able to justify his actions. To Nelson's well directed zeal on this voyage, England owes the timely protection afforded to her West Indian commerce. Shortly afterwards, he encountered several American vessels that had incurred the displeasure of this zealous protector of British interests, by violating the Navigation Act. In all these arduous and important enterprises he received no assistance or encouragement from the commander-in-chief. It was on the latter, however, that were bestowed all the thanks and rewards. Nelson was rightly indignant at such treatment, and resented it keenly. His anger was somewhat appeased by the cordial reception tendered him on his return to England, by Lord Howe. Having given a satisfactory explanation of his conduct, to that excellent nobleman, he retired to the residence bequeathed him by his father. However, his indignation on on this subject does not seem to have ended with his retirement into private life, and it was finally removed only by the positive assurance of protection, from the government.

In the year 1793, when the war broke out between France and England, Nelson's services were again sought, and in January of the following year he took command of the *Agamemnon*, with orders to join Lord Hood, who then directed the fleet in the Mediterranean. Some months afterwards, while Nelson and Sir Charles Stuart were laying siege to Calvi, the former sustained a serious injury which finally resulted in the loss of the sight of one eye. In an

engagement between the French and English fleets off Toulon he greatly distinguished himself by the skillful manner in which he managed his ship, and had the honor of hoisting English colors on the only two of the enemy's ships that were taken during the battle. The next year, when Sir John Jervis arrived to take command of the Mediterranean fleet he was joined by the *Agamemnon* which had been receiving some needed repairs at Leghorn. During the succeeding four years, she and her gallant commander were of the greatest service to the British navy. In at least twenty different engagements, she had captured on each occasion one or more prizes, and contributed more than any other ship in the fleet to keep the enemy in subjection. For his daring actions during the battle of St. Vincent, Nelson earned the esteem and excited the enthusiasm of even his most prejudiced countrymen. His ability was acknowledged by all, and tokens of gratitude poured in upon him from all sides. England no longer feared the powerful fleets of France and Spain, for such was Nelson's wonderful activity that while he lived to command the English fleet, defeat was never dreamed of.

Though the fame of this greatest of admirals had been won in many battles he is best known throughout the world as the hero of Aboukir and Trafalgar. In 1798 Napoleon having gone on an ill-fated expedition to Egypt, Admiral Nelson followed the French fleet into the Mediterranean and at Aboukir Bay fought the famous battle of the Nile and almost totally destroyed the navy of France. Of the thirteen French ships, nine were taken and two burnt. For this brilliant victory Nelson was made Baron of the Nile and of Burnham Thrope, his native village. In 1802 the peace of Amiens was signed and a short cessation of hostilities ensued. Before long

however the perfidious Napoleon found a pretext for a quarrel in the outspoken comments of the English press on his ambitious designs. In 1804 war was declared by England, and the French fleet eluding Nelson's vigilance sailed from Toulon and in company with the Spanish navy set out for the West Indies and succeeded in drawing Nelson away from English waters. The French admiral then tried to steal back with his squadron but was attacked on the way by English vessels and had his ships so crippled that he was obliged to retire to Cadiz for repairs. Meanwhile Nelson had returned and after numerous attempts at length succeeded in bringing the French to battle. In October 1806 he encountered the combined fleets of France and Spain at Trafalgar. Hoisting his famous signal "England expects every man to do his duty" he immediately bore down upon the foe and before day closed had utterly vanquished his formidable opponents. In the engagement the great English admiral lost his life, but saved his country from impending ruin and made Britain again supreme on the sea. He expired at half past four in the evening, three hours after he had received the fatal wound. The last words of the dying hero were "Thank God I have done my duty."

Few men were ever as dearly beloved by their countrymen as was Lord Nelson. In the words of his biographer "all men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless: that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that with perfect and entire devotion he served his country with all his heart with all his soul and with all his strength." He died in the fullness of his glory with the gratifying assurance that he had not only defeated but destroyed the naval force of England's greatest enemy.

J. A. MEEHAN '00

## OUR FOOTBALL HISTORY.

## I.

**W**HENEVER any person obtains remarkable distinction in any of the numerous walks of life, it becomes a source of pleasure for those who are interested in him to observe what happened in childhood, in order to see if any incidents can be found that might portend a brilliant future. The tablets of memory are ransacked and each trifling occurrence, each "trivial, fond record," which under other circumstances would appear almost insignificant is now recalled to show the peculiarities of a remarkable character, and to impart additional pleasure and instruction to an admiring world.

If this is true of individuals separately it is probably true also of collections of them. It is accordingly for a somewhat similar reason that one who has been some years connected with the Ottawa College Football Team, now searches through its dusty archives to obtain some knowledge of its birth and wonderful development and to recall to mind some of its numerous struggles and victories. Under the impression that this article will be of interest to the students and other friends of the club, the writer presents this humble story of one of the most admired and most successful athletic organizations in the Dominion.

The College Club can not trace its origin to any wily Aeneas or wolf-tongued Romulus. In fact it owes its existence to a no more mythological personage than one Eddie O'Sullivan a student of the eighties, who afterwards represented his native city in the senate of the State of Massachusetts. Having witnessed a football practice of the Ottawa city team, Mr. O'Sullivan, himself a skilful athlete, was forcibly struck with the merits of the game, and conceived the idea of organizing a club in the College. Execution soon

followed the thought. Father Guillet was then prefect of discipline, and having been informed of the proposed movement, he immediately expressed his approval, and began to tender that help and encouragement which for years afterwards went so far in raising the team to an envied eminence in athletic circles. A meeting was soon held in the old recreation hall, since destroyed by fire. A large crowd of burly athletes were present, and after considerable discussion, in which Father Guillet's droll but persuasive voice played considerable part, a unanimous vote was given in favor of the organization of the Ottawa College Football Club.

This was in the year 1881. E. O'Sullivan was elected captain, and among those whom he found under his charge were J. J. Lyons, E. Walsh, J. Powers, A. Fitzpatrick, G. Riley, E. Moras, P. J. O'Malley, C. Evans and J. Sullivan. A picture of the team may still be seen on the walls of the College Reading room. The first step taken by the players was to procure the necessary playing outfits. It will be interesting to present day players to know that the firsts footballs used by the college team were home-made, both as regards raw material and workmanship. About a week or two after organization our doughty predecessors walked forth on the field for their first practice. They practised then, just as they have ever played since, "*on the square.*" (Cartier Square I think it was). Before our boys had learned more about the game that how to knock an opponent's wind out, or to "drop" a "touchdown," from the field, a challenge was handed in to the Ottawa city club.

"What brazen audacity"! thought the Ottawas, and they chuckled in anticipation of meeting an easy victim.

A challenge to the best club in Ottawa, and that too from a team that was yet in its infancy, might certainly be constructed as unwarranted presumption. But the event proved otherwise. The time and place of the match having been decided upon, our boys sallied forth and met the over-confident foe. In weight, speed and endurance the College representatives were perhaps superior to their opponents, but they lacked that deep knowledge of the game which comes only as a result of long practice and experience. The end of the second half found the game a tie and the Ottawas left the field sorer but wiser men than when they stepped upon it. In the College ranks the result was hailed as a victory by players, schoolmates and friends.

This game not having decided the question of superiority between the two teams, another match was arranged and the outcome of it was that the College had the pleasure of recording their first triumph.

As the season was by this time far advanced and the weather unpropitious for further practice, the suits were laid aside for the time being. But as soon as the grounds were in shape in the following year, those spring games were begun which have been in vogue in Ottawa College ever since. In the autumn of the same year Mr. J. J. Lyons, who had been the chief assistant of Mr. E. O'Sullivan in establishing the club, was unanimously elected Captain, and by the middle of September he had his men in active training. The Ottawas were again challenged and a game took place between the two teams. During its progress a dispute arose. The College captain, considering a certain decision given to be partial and unjust, withdrew his men from the field, thus allowing the game to go to the opponents by default. A heated discussion arose in the local newspapers but with no result further than the creating of that keen and bitter rivalry between the two teams, which in the course of time became more intense, and which

perhaps reached its climax in the game played on the College grounds this year.

Two weeks afterwards the second team of the Britannias visited the city to play an exhibition match with the College fifteen. The latter team was the heavier of the two, but lacked the all-important requirements of system and combination. The teams were evenly matched and the game was full of interest. College took the lead in the scoring, and would have retained it but for an error of one of the players, which turned the tide of victory. As the ball was kicked by an opponent the College player committed the common mistake of waiting for the bound when he had a chance to catch the ball on the fly. This gave the Britannias the chance they were looking for. A fast wing-man following up the kick obtained the ball and secured the touch-down which gave Britannia the game. The score stood 1 goal and 3 rouges to 7 rouges. This ended the season's play.

The next year was a more successful one for the team. George Riley, whose fame is still fresh in the memory of Ottawa College students, was made Captain of the following men: Valois, O'Malley, Moran, Dunn, Guillet, W. McCarthy, Lyons, Brogan, Welsh, O'Gara, Mullalley, Levy, Doran and J. McCarthy. Their first game was with the Britannia Seconds, whom they whitewashed. The College scored two rouges and a goal from the field, kicked by "Maud" Guillet.

A match with the Rifles, a local team, followed, and resulted in another victory, by one goal and two rouges to two rouges. The Rifles put the heavier team on the field, but Varsity had the advantage in speed and science. The features of the game were the running and kicking of Riley and McCarthy; as well as the skillful tackling of Moras and Brogan. Two weeks afterwards, Ottawa College had its first meeting with the Mont-realers, who have since been our most formidable, as well as most honorable

opponents. But it was not the first fifteen of the Montrealers we met; with characteristic modesty, Ottawa College began with the Montreal Seconds. The game was a defensive one for the Montrealers. One goal, one try and eleven rouges were scored against them. Riley secured the touch-down, while Moras, who seems to have been an expert at kicking, dropped a goal from the field. This ended the season, a very successful one for Varsity, they having four victories to their credit and no defeats.

The first match engaged in by the College in '84 was with Britannia, at that time one of the leading teams in in the Dominion. It took place on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds, and was the first game the College had ever played away from home. The knowing ones predicted a crushing defeat for Varsity, as they considered it absurd that a comparatively unknown team composed of mere striplings should have any chance of success against the old-time champions of Canada. But all such prophecies were knocked in the head when the visitors left the field a tie with the Britannias, the score standing, one rouge to one. For College, McCarthy and Brogan excelled in tackling, while the forwards played a brilliant game throughout, Charette, Guillet, O'Malley and Cunningham having won much praise by their brilliant and effective work.

Another meeting was then arranged with the Ottawas. This game was a relatively tame affair, neither side playing with their usual brilliancy and dash. However, our boys after being denied two touch-downs that they claimed, managed to come out of the struggle with three points to their credit, their opponents having none.

About this time, the Harvards, the crack American team, were contemplating a visit to Canada. Ottawa College invited them to play an exhibition game in Ottawa. The match was arranged and took place on the Rideau Hall Grounds, on November

8th, 1884. As this game may be of particular interest, I give here in part, an account of it, which appeared in the *Ottawa Citizen*. It must be remembered, however, that Varsity was then but a young team and had not obtained that proficiency or fame that they shortly afterwards acquired. After a short introduction, the *Citizen* says "After lunch, both teams repaired to the grounds, and punctually at three o'clock, lined up to receive His Excellency the Governor-General, who had kindly consented to place the ball. The College gave their mystifying cheer, and Harvard followed with their Rah, Rah, Raahs. As the teams stood face to face they presented a marked difference in age, weight and stature. The Harvards were on the average, taller and were all very much heavier than the College, and by reason of their mature years, perfectly developed men. The Varsities had a boyish appearance, but like their stalwart opponents, were in the pink of condition.

Guillet kicked off for the College, sending the ball well up field where it was secured by Kimball, who, instead of kicking or running, threw it still further back to Peabody, thus enticing the College rushers to follow up, leaving uncovered the Harvard rushers, who held their places. The ball was then returned to centre, but near the touch-line, over which it went. On being thrown in, it was caught by Gilman, who tried a run. Quick as lightning, Hughes was on him and had him down before he could advance three yards. A scrimmage ensued, the ball being snapped back by Harvard and thrown across the field by Bemis. The College Umpire claimed foul, but Kimball ran towards Varsity's goal. Bannon, hearing the call "foul," neglected to check him, and the Harvard captain carried the ball over the line. The claim was disallowed and a goal was kicked. Guillet again kicked off. Harvard played precisely as before, leading College on so that their own wings would remain un-

covered. Before the College boys could realize that they were getting badly sold, the ball was again kicked far over the heads, close to the goal. Moras ran to catch it, but had hardly touched it when Gilman, who with three others had remained near the College backs, swept upon him, securing another touch-down which was followed by another goal. Two goals in ten minutes made things look blue for Varsity. Their eyes, however, were now well opened, and Riley disposed his men so as to better check the manœuvres of the opponents. The ball was worked back by pure force, and before Moras could kick it he was seized and carried over the line. This added two more points to Harvard's score. No more points were scored this half, and the only play worthy of special notice was made by Riley, who made a capital run right through the Harvard rushers, passing their quarter and half-backs and yielding only to the full-back, ten yards from the line.

Immediately after the kick-off in the second half, Harvard, with a grand

rush, swept the ball down near Varsity's goal, but it didn't come to stay. McCarthy, Brogan, Riley and Moras played well together and got it well out to their rushers, who forced it back to Harvard's goal, where the fight waxed hotly for five minutes. The leather travelled back to centre-field. Down again went the ball to the visitors' goal, where there was a close race for it between Peabody and Cunningham. The latter succeeding in touching it down, amidst the wildest excitement. A goal was kicked and six points scored for Ottawa. During the rest of the game Harvard secured their third touch-down, making the score for the last half, six to six."

Such was the showing that College made against one of the chief American teams playing here at their own game. This match was the turning point in the career of the Ottawa College Football Club. In future articles I will describe in brief, the interesting struggles and well-won victories which have given it the reputation it now possesses.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.





*THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.*

**P**OETIC and scientific writings are ever calling upon us to admire the beauty and order of the wonderful system which prevails in the external world. How admirable, for instance, is that operation of nature by which a tiny plant absorbs nutritive material from the earth and atmosphere, and thus grows larger and stronger, till it becomes in fine, a towering tree, lording over the earth, with its majestic branches. Witness too, how that little drop of rain falls by the wayside, is swept away with others in a rivulet to a larger stream, thence to the brook, on again to the mighty river, and then to the dark and deep blue ocean, whence it is evaporated to the clouds once more and is ready to run again its original course. It is but natural indeed, that the grand scale of these workings of external nature should make them the primary object of our admiration, and, in consequence, few there are perhaps, who ever ponder the fact that within our very selves there is a machinery just as wonderful and equally elaborate and admirable in its operations. It is an interesting and instructive study, for example, to observe the mechanism of the nervous system; how in an instant, impressions of external sensation are conveyed over lines of nerves to the brain and back again over others to the affected parts. Then there are those operations of which we have no consciousness---the nutritive system, for instance, by which food is assimilated to the bodily tissues and the general organism kept in constant repair. And in this latter process the great factor is the blood, whose circulation we propose to briefly consider in this essay, trusting that our efforts will sufficiently manifest,

that in this, as in all the other workings of nature, there is evidence of the adaptation of means to an end, displaying the intelligence of the Lord of creation.

To describe the circulation of the blood we will have to begin with the heart, the centre of the circulatory system. This organ might be compared to a rectangular box with four apartments inside, formed by longitudinal and transverse mid-way partitions. Of these apartments, the two on the right, as viewed in the box standing on end before us, are completely separated from those on the left by the longitudinal partitions, but each lower chamber so viewed, is in communication with that directly above, by apertures in the transverse partition. Now, suppose that out of each of these chambers a tube is leading, and we have a sufficient idea of the heart, for our purpose. For the latter also has four apartments, the upper two being called auricles, and the lower two, ventricles, and from each of these a tube leads out, called, as we shall see, either an artery or a vein.

With these preliminaries let us trace the course of the blood through the body; and we may conveniently start with a quantity of that liquid in the left upper chamber of the heart, or the left auricle so-called. Thence the blood flows freely into the ventricle below, which, when full, contracts its walls. This action would drive the blood back into the auricle, were it not for a little valve, which, like that in any ordinary force-pump is pressed upward and so closes the aperture. The blood can now take but one course, namely, it must flow into the great artery called the aorta which leads out

of the ventricle. When the heart ceases to contract, the blood would naturally tend to return thereto, but another valve close to the origin of the aorta, renders this impossible. In consequence, forced by the impulse of the heart's contraction, and the elastic reaction of the walls of the artery, the blood rushes onward through the latter. The aorta soon branches off into smaller tubes, which convey the blood to the different parts of the body, the head, or the arms, the intestines, or the lower limbs. In these the branch arteries, becoming smaller and more numerous, ultimately end in a mesh-work of exceedingly small tubes, called capillaries, which enter and permeate all the tissues of the body, carrying thereto their precious contents. It is note-worthy that in this part of its course the blood undergoes a change; for hitherto of a bright red colour, it now assumes a darker tint. And in this new state it leaves the capillaries and enters larger tubes, and larger ones still, which finally throw their contents into one or other of two great tubes. These unite near the heart and empty into the right auricle. The blood has in fact been returning through the venous system to the heart. And its flow in this direction has been facilitated by many little sac-like valves which, fastened to the walls of the veins allow free passage towards the heart, but open up and obstruct any attempted passage in the other direction. In the arms and lower limbs these valves are uncommonly numerous,—an admirable provision indicative of the wisdom of the Framer of our nature; for in these parts the blood flows upward, and were it not for the valves, its weight would more than counterbalance the propelling force.

From the right auricle the blood drops into the ventricle below, which after a time contracts, just as its neighbor on the left had done before. At the same instant a valve rises and obstructs the aperture leading to the

auricle, hence the blood is driven into the pulmonary artery, so-called because it leads directly to the lungs. In these, as in the other tissues of the body, there is a mesh-work of capillary tubes, which permeate their substance. Here the blood regains its original color, owing to a process of purification effected by its contact with the air in the lungs. Then after coursing through the latter, it again enters one or other of many outleading canals, which ultimately unite into the pulmonary vein and this carries it to the left auricle of the heart, whence it had originally set out. Purified as it has lately been, the blood is now ready to again pursue the same long and varied course. Thus has it completed a circuit, and hence the term circulation of the blood. If we travel round the earth, we continually encounter new scenes: at one time we are passing through large cities, then over long expanses of country, over oceans too, and finally, we return to our starting point; so when we accompany a drop of blood in its circulation through the body, we see the heart and its wonderful structure and connections, we see the great highway arteries and their branches, we see the mesh-work of capillaries, the veins and veinlets and the lungs, and finally we return to the exact point from which we started.

And now we might ask why all this wonderful apparatus within us? Of what use is that liquid, ever flowing through our bodies? These questions are easily answered by another query: for what happens when the heart's action is arrested or when all the blood is drawn from a man? Life, as we know, in such a case soon becomes extinct. Consequently, this circulation of the blood is essential to life. And its function in this regard, is to carry off all the waste matters of the bodily tissues, and replace them by nutritive elements, just as the Nile is at the same time the sweeper and the fertilizer of its valley. Considering therefore, the striking apparatus of

of circulation, the heart ever contracting and distending, the great arteries and veins with their nicely adjusted valves, all evidently intended to send the blood on its life-preserving voyage through the body; it seems strange that there should yet be men, who maintain that man is but a piece of clay evolved from eternal matter. Thus would these men do away with the necessity of a creator, or at least, of an intelligent one. Yet, we think

that in such a common phenomenon as the circulation of the blood, there is abundant evidence of intention, of means namely adapted to an end. Intention denotes mind or intelligence, which all will admit is above the powers of matter. Hence, it would seem that matter alone cannot explain a living man, and we are consequently led to God, our Intelligent Creator.

J. J. Quilry, '97.

### JUDGMENT.

The Judge, the accuser, and the soul :—  
 The Judge in his dread robe of fire;  
 The accuser, fiend of hate and ire;  
 The lost soul sinking to its goal,

Still dares to cry; "Lord, in thy name  
 Have I not cast out devils, healed  
 The sick, thy glories have revealed,  
 And wrought thy works with high acclaim?"

Then speaks the Judge; "I know thee not,  
 Thou worker of iniquity;  
 Depart, for aye depart from me,—  
 Love hath no portion in thy lot."

E. C. M. T.

# The Owl.

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## A NOTE OF WARNING.

The havoc worked by the examiners last June amongst the candidates for the various certificates and degrees is still fresh in our memory. Will the lesson taught on that occasion be learned by our present prospective candidates? It is beyond doubt that most of those who failed last session have themselves alone to blame. They walked into the abyss with their eyes open; their subsequent weeping and gnashing of teeth evoked but little sympathy, for their indifference and neglect had been a matter of general comment during the year.

Now, gentlemen, the conclusion is clear. If you desire success, you must deserve it. Study, serious, persistent and thorough, is the sole and sufficient means of reaching a satisfactory solution of your difficulties. Begin work at once, if you have been so unwise as to defer it even thus far. It is not yet too late—but it soon will be.

## THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

It is a regrettable fact that in the compilation of a work so elaborate as the Century Dictionary, the editors have omitted in the Cyclopædia of Names, all notice, whatsoever, of many well-known Catholic writers. Whether this omission is due to ignorance or bigotry, is a debateable question; but for charity's sake let us suppose that it results from the former, the milder cause. In such a case as this, however, ignorance is pardonable under no circumstances.

Men who claim to be specialists in their line, viz.: that of compiling cyclopædias, must surely have heard at some time or other in their studious lives, the name of Orestes A. Brownson. Yet, that gentleman has done nothing in their eyes that might make some of his co-religionists, or even others, seek for information about him in the Century Dictionary, so, they have relegated him to the shades of oblivion and filled the space that he deservedly merits, with a notice on some other personage more congenial to their taste.

Maurice Francis Egan also seems in these same quarters to be an unknown quantity in American literature. Can it be possible that the editors, men, surely, of a wide range of

reading, have never come across the name of Mr. Egan in any of the pages they have conned—have never read any of his exquisite efforts both in prose and verse, that have placed him among the first of America's literary men?

Up to a few years ago, Catholics could boast of a certain Daniel Dougherty, an orator of no little repute and merit. Yet, strange to say, his eloquence failed to gain him a place in the "Cyclopædia of Names."

Nor is this omission noticeable as regards American Catholics alone, for several eminent personages of England have suffered the same fate as their co-religionists on this side of the water. In extenuation of this, one might hazard the theory that the editors, being Americans, are to a certain extent afflicted with anglophobia, but after reflection, such is found not to be the case, from the fact that there are a number of names of other Englishmen deemed worthy of notice.

If any one has deserved mention, that man is Thomas William Allies, but for some reason, best known to the editors, he has been completely slighted. And who has not heard of Hope-Scott, a man, in his day, the foremost lawyer in England? Certain learned specialists, however, seem to be wholly unacquainted with his name, as with those, likewise, of William George Ward, Rosa Mulholland and others.

What makes this fault all the more inexplicable is the clause in the preface of the Century Dictionary that "the only condition of insertion has been that the name should be one about which information would be likely to be sought." Do the compilers think

that we Catholics might never have occasion to refer to any of the names they have omitted? If so, they fail to fathom our feelings, in this respect at least.

Now since things have come to such a pass as this, when a work meant to be a standard is foisted upon the people in an incomplete condition—incomplete in as much as it has passed by unnoticed, a certain number of worthy personages—it is time that the Catholic public should be warned against the purchasing of such a book. If compiled for a certain portion of the community, there would be no necessity whatever, for us to take umbrage at it, but when meant, as it is, to fill the needs of all classes, it fails in its mission, we must enter against it an emphatic protest.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

COMMENTING on the action of Dr. Marcotte, resigning his seat for the House of Commons, for Chambly County, where clerical intimidation was alleged, the *Catholic Reviewer* says: "The doctor made a grave mistake—he should not have admitted corrupt practices when no such practices took place, and he should not have prevented the clergy from testing before the courts, their rights to give official instructions to their people, in matters involving faith, morals, or Catholic rights. This question should and must be settled, and the sooner it goes to the tribunals of justice, the better."

A member of the French Chamber of Deputies declared not long since, from his seat in the Chamber that the state cannot interfere with religion; we inferred from his speech that it was illegal to do so. It seems however, that the Catholic Religion is an

exception to this law; at any rate, here are two instances of how the law is regarded. The Usurline convent at Avignon was recently put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, because the Sisters were unable to pay an unjust and exorbitant tax. The second instance occurred at Celle-Bruère, where the church was arbitrarily closed by the Mayor, who gave as an excuse for his action, that the church was in such a state as to imperil the lives of the worshippers.

THE New York *Tribune* has given its estimation of the great French novelist Zola, and its opinion, though not very flattering to that great writer, is one that we heartily endorse. It characterises him as "the creator of some of the works that mar French literature." Even at home Zola does not seem to wield much influence. He has once more failed, and this time by a decisive vote—to obtain admission into the French Academy.

THE faith of the Swedish Monarchs in the consecrating power of their National Church prelates is evidenced in the *Vossische Zeitung*, when it says: "The Protestant Kings of Sweden have always insisted on being anointed at their coronation with oil that was consecrated by a Pope in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and which is still religiously preserved."

WITH a view of being better able to assist the suffering lepers, Father Conrardy, the late Father Damien's assistant, has returned to the United States, and will soon begin the study of medicine in Chicago. After completing his course he will return to the unfortunate people to whom he has devoted his life. His mission field will again be in Molokai, where the late Father Damien's brother labors.

THE New York *Sun*, referring to the late Archbishop Fabre of Montreal says: "To many of the qualities of the statesman he united the humility of the simple priest. His personal

courage showed itself on many occasions, notably, during the small-pox visitation. Notwithstanding the bitterness of sect hatred which prevails in Canada, Archbishop Fabre was respected by citizens of all sorts and conditions.

Ex-Congressman Bellamy Storer, who married Miss Maria Langworth Nichols, of Cincinnati, has joined his wife as a convert to Catholicism. He says: "I am a Catholic. There is no secret about my conversion, but I never sought to advertise the matter, as I regarded it solely as an affair of my own. But I certainly do not shrink from the admission, as there is nothing of which I am ashamed. I reached the conclusion after long and mature thought and am now a member of Father O'Rourke's congregation of the Church of the Holy Angels."

DR. J. K. FORAN, late editor of the *True Witness* is now engaged in completing a "History of Canada." Mr. Foran intends to first issue a small volume as a text-book for schools. But he has collected material for an elaborate work on the history of our country, to be brought out later on. We wish the author success in his undertaking, and will anxiously await the advent of this new venture in Canadian literature.

THE *Sacred Heart Review* gets off a good joke at the expense of the Editor of the of the New York *Evening Post*. The *Post* looks down with lofty disdain on the works of fiction by Catholic writers published by Benziger Bros., and the *Review* says; "Larry GODKIN, the editor of the paper, who is a poor successor to William Cullen Bryant, the poet, is a North of Ireland Protestant, and it is a warm day when he doesn't wear his Ulster."

WHAT a difference there is between the two systems of justice, the one accorded to the Protestant minority of Quebec, and the other the "thirty

pieces of silver" farce doled out to the Catholic minority of Manitoba. Below we give the remarks of the *Halifax Herald*, regarding the adjustment of the boundaries of the school district of St. Gregoire leThaumaturge, near Montreal, in which a grievance of the local Protestant tax-payers was promptly and completely removed by the (Catholic) Provincial Government. "The promptness and completeness with which the grievances of the Protestant ratepayers of St. Gregoire le Thaumaturge have been remedied by the Government of the Roman Catholic Province of Quebec should incite the Protestants of Canada to exhibit an equally commendable spirit in respect to the grievance of the Roman Catholic citizens of Manitoba. Squirming and wriggling and trying to find excuses for not respecting the conscientious objections of others, and for not keeping faith with those of a different creed, do not look well when compared with the recent action of the Quebec Government. Canadian Protestantism will suffer far more in the end than Canadian Catholicism by perpetuating the injustice inflicted in flagrant breach of faith upon the Roman Catholics of Manitoba by Greenway, Martin, Sifton & Co. Even if men calling themselves Roman Catholics, and impiously pretending to thank God for the fact, join in the crime, the odium will be none the less on these who originally advised, committed, applauded and upheld the infamous act of spoliation."

THE *London Tablet*, of December 26th announces three more conversions to the Catholic Faith. Rev. Arthur Heinty Paine, sometime Vicar of Burton; Alice May, wife of Dr. Robert Eustace Hickie, of Eastbourne, and Mrs. Guilt Jolley, the wife of the well-known artist of that name.

HERE is how the *Washington Church News* deals with Catholic literature. The Church has ever met that seemingly unsurmountable obstacle in her advancement, prejudice; but in time that barrier melted and her

incense has risen a thousand times amidst the scenes of former persecution. Everything Catholic finds the same wall environing it, so that it is not strange that Catholic literature has a dual battle to fight; the one within, the other without, Catholic circles. First Catholics must be induced to read Catholic books, and, second, the world at large must be taught that there are educated, trained and skilful Catholic novelists, though we very frequently find Catholic novels lacking force and style, and without any merit to commend them to the intelligent reader. We must not be discouraged, for it is a glorious cause in which we are engaged, and we have reason to hope that in time, Catholic literature will be recognized as it deserves to be, and that it will become unfashionable and unprofitable to sneer at everything Catholic, simply because it is Catholic.

THE Angelus in Spain has thus been beautifully described by a traveller: "At sunrise, a large, soft-toned bell is thrice tolled from the tower of the Cathedral, summoning all the inhabitants whatever they are, or however occupied, to devote a few moments to the performance of a short prayer in honor of the Blessed Virgin, called the 'Angelus Domini.' At mid-day and again at the close of the evening, the bell tolls thrice again. To a foreigner it is curious and not uninteresting to observe the sudden and fervent attention which is paid in the street, within and without doors, in the Alameda, on the river, by everybody, high and low, the idler and the laborer, infancy and old age, to this solemn sound. The loiterers in the promenade are suddenly stopped, and each group repeats within its own circle the consoling prayer. The politician breaks off his argument, the young men are abashed in their gay discourses, and take off their hats, the carriages are drawn up, all the worldly business and amusements are forgotten for three minutes, till the cheerful tinkling of lighter bells announces that the orison is over."

Two very interesting books have just been issued, which will be welcomed in Catholics reading circles. "Science and the Church" is the title of the first, made up of eleven of Father Zahn's contributions to various periodicals. The subjects treated in the eleven chapters of this work are: "Leo XIII and Science," "Leo XIII and The Social Question," "The Vatican Observatory," "Light and Liberty in the Study of Science," "Roman Catholics and Scientific Freedom," "The Study of Science in our Ecclesiastical Seminaries," "The Forerunner and Rival of Pasteur," "Louis Pasteur and His Life Work," "A New System of Writing for the Blind," and "The Site of the Garden of Eden." The other work bears the name of "The Church and Modern Society" and is composed of fourteen lectures delivered by Archbishop Ireland. "They are printed," he says, "in the hope that they may be of some use in showing the attitude of the Church towards certain of the great issues of the day and perhaps in stimulating among Catholics a more active interest in the various questions with which Church and Society are equally concerned. The contents of this work are: "The Catholic Church and Civil Society," "The Mission of Catholics in America," "The Church and The Age," "Human Progress," "Patriotism," "American Citizenship," "State Schools and Parish Schools," "The Catholic Church and Liberal Education," "Intemperance and Law," "The Catholic Church and the Saloon," "Charity in the Catholic Church," "Social Purity," "America in France," and "The Pontiff of the Age." We would recommend a deep study of both these books to some of our Canadian Statesmen and would-be preachers. Certainly a perusal of them will be apt to do away with many misconceptions, and to dissipate prejudices.



#### OF LOCAL INTEREST.

The following alumni of Ottawa University received orders at the Christmas ordinations from the hands of Rt. Rev. Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, in St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, December 18th:

Priest—Revs. A. French, J. J. Meagher and Owen Clarke.

Sub-deacons—Revs. M. Abbott and H. Coyne.

Minor Orders—Mr. C. J. Mea.

The Dramatic Association have a new play in process of preparation. This time it is a three act comedy. "The Ghost." It will be presented towards the end of February and we look for a repetition of the success scored by "The Upstart."

The Rev. H. Lacoste, O.M.I., D.D. professor of Dogmatic theology in Ottawa University has been the recipient of many warm congratulations on the occasion of his nomination to membership in the Roman Academy of St. Thomas. The honor is both rare and distinguished. The foreign members of the Academy number but twenty and they are scattered over the world. The Roman members are but twelve. The Academy was founded by His Holiness, Leo XIII, and its welfare is very dear to his heart. It has done much to encourage the study of Thomistic philosophy and theology. THE OWL heartily congratulates Rev. Father Lacoste on the honor conferred upon him.

Rev. A. French '93, one of the priests ordained in St. James' Cathedral Montreal on December 19th. celebrated his first mass on Sunday, December 20th, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Renfrew. He was assisted by Father Lize of Renfrew, as deacon. Rev. P. T. Ryan '84 P.P., of Renfrew as sub-deacon and Rev. F. L. French '91 P.P. of Brudenell as assistant priest. The sermon was preached by Rev. M. F. Fallon of Ottawa University who took for his text "You have not chosen me:



but I have chosen you ; and have appointed you that you should go, and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain : that whatever you shall ask of the father in my name, he may give it to you." John xv., 16. Father Fallon enumerated the different steps of the long and arduous course of studies required of the levite to prepare him for his sacred vocation and impressed on the congregation the dignity of Holy Orders and the authority of the priest. In closing his sermon he took occasion to congratulate the young clergyman on his elevation to the priesthood. At the conclusion of his mass Father French imparted his blessing to the parishioners of Renfrew.

The students of the University have met three times in the past month to publicly and formally express their sense of the loss suffered in the death of valued friends. The first resolutions regarded G. E. Baskerville, '95, who had been buried during the Christmas holidays. Students resident in Ottawa attended his funeral, and the mass was sung by Rev. W. J. Murphy, O. M. I., assisted by Rev. L. Tighe, O. M. I., and D. Sullivan, O. M. I. as deacon and sub-deacon.

The second resolutions were called for by the passing away of Prof. Glas-macher. Our old Professor was buried on the 14th inst. The students assisted, and six of his former pupils acted as pall-bearers. Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I., said the requiem mass, at which Rev. A. Antoine, O. M. I., was deacon, and Rev. W. Howe, O. M. I., sub-deacon.

The sad death of Mr. W. F. Kehoe, '89, one of the most popular and beloved of our alumni, was the occasion of the third set of resolutions. Mr. Kehoe, who had been ill for some months, died on the 15th inst. His funeral took place on the 18th inst., and was very largely attended. The students of the 6th and 7th forms were delegated to represent the students of the

University. The requiem service was most impressive. Rev. Father Fallon, O. M. I., officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Groulx and D. R. Macdonald, all three classmates of the deceased. The body was afterwards borne to its last resting place in Notre Dame Cemetery.

The Senior English Debating Society has been re-organized for the winter months, and henceforth weekly debates will be held until Easter. At a meeting on the 16th inst., the following officers were elected for the present season ;

Director -- Rev. Wm. J. Murphy, O. M. I.  
President - J. J. Quilty.  
Secretary-- M. A. Foley.

Committee { J. T. Hanley.  
              { T. Ryan.  
              { J. McGlade.

The first debate took place on Sunday the 24th inst., when the subject "Resolved that Modern Oratory is equal to Ancient," formed the topic of discussion. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. J. Quilty and F. Murphy, while the negative was championed by Messrs. D'Arcy McGee and A. Tobin.

The affirmative won.

The French Debating Society has also re-organized, and with the able assistance of the new director, the students hope to maintain the high standard which has been a characteristic of this Literary Society in former years.

The officers elected are:--Director, Rev. Father Dubreuil ; President, A. Belanger ; Vice-President, L. Payment ; Secretary, R. Lafond. The general committee is formed of the President, Vice-President, the Secretary together with Messrs. A. Mackie and R. Angers

The subject of debate for the next meeting is : Resolved that Agriculture offers the greatest advantages for a successful career in Canada. Affirmative Messrs. L. Payment and A. Descelles ; negative Messrs. A. Mackie and R. Angers.

## HOCKEY.

On January 20th, the College team played their first match in the senior series. The following men represented the College: Doyle, Tobin, Copping, E. Belanger, F. McGee, Valade and D. McGee. College scored two games in the first half, completely outplaying their opponents, the Maples, who woke up in the second half and scored two games to College one. The game accordingly resulted in a victory for College by three games to two.

On January 27th, the second team played their first match in their league, it resulting in three games to one in favor of the Victorias. The College team was composed of Fortin, Quilty, (capt.), Dantigny, O. Belanger, A. Belanger, R. Murphy, and N. O'Connor. The College team showed lack of training. They held their own in the first half, but were outplayed in the second.

On the same day the senior College team met and defeated the senior Victorias by a score of 5 to 3. Frank McGee, J. Tobin, and Copping put up the most brilliant game for the boys. The team was:

College.—Doyle, A. Tobin, Copping, J. Tobin, F. McGee, D. McGee and Valade.

The game was fast and clean throughout and exhibited a speed and combination on the part of the College, which if it be continued, should not fail to win for them the city championship.

The following are the schedules for the first, second and third teams.

## OTTAWA CITY HOCKEY LEAGUE.

Date.	Clubs.
Jan. 20	College vs. Maples.
Jan. 27	College vs. Vics.
Feb. 8	Aberdeens vs. College.
Febr. 15	College vs. Vics.
Feb. 24	College vs. Aberdeens.
March 1	College vs. Maples.

## OTTAWA JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Jan. 23	College vs. Vics.
Jan. 30	College vs. Maples.
Feb. 5	Aberdeens vs. College.
Feb. 17	Maples vs. College.
Feb. 20	College vs. Aberdeens.
March 2	Vics. vs. College.

## THIRD TEAM SCHEDULE.

Date.	Clubs.
Jan. 20	Varsity III vs. Dominions.
Jan. 23	College jr. vs. Beavers.
Jan. 27	Varsity III vs. College jr.
Feb. 3	Varsity III vs. College jr.
Feb. 6	Varsity III vs. Beavers.
Feb. 10	Dominions vs. Varsity III.
Feb. 13	College jr. vs. Beavers.
Feb. 17	Dominions vs. College jr.
Feb. 24	College jr. vs. Dominions.
Feb. 24	Varsity III vs. Beavers.

The Varsity III played their first game in this schedule on Saturday last, resulting in a victory by a score of 3 to 2 in favor of Varsity.



## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

## NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

"A place on the hockey team"  
Jimmie, the dark-eyed beauty.

"A pull with the junior editor during the hockey season."—Mike, the Boy Orator.

"A rest."—Jean Baptist.

"Our lost banking acc't."—Albert Tell and the Baby.

"That Jack Frost had not converted the frills on the sides of my head into bustles."—Geo. Campbell.

"A notice on the Jr. Ed's door"  
Charlebois.

"The boy that tried to steal the poem that I wrote to "My Sister"—  
The real author.

"The man who is passing as junior editor and coaching up a poor innocent youth as junior reporter."—  
Junior Editor.

"A mention in THE OWL"—Geo. D'Icy-ash.

"Our standing as externs."—The two Mike's.

"Another *home-run*."—Pontiac.

"That the Winnipeg phonograph would desert that windy city and marshal his hockey forces in battle array."—Cap't O'Leary.

"That my extended pants were not so *conspishus*."—Tommy Lauzier.

"That the Baby would speak to me."—Albert Tell.

"That spectators would not be such enthusiastic admirers of plays that I do not make in hockey."—Joe Clarke.

"A sit between the flag poles."—Lamarche.

"Guy's speedy recovery."—Tout le monde.

"That I had not lost my Saturday privilege."—The Rideau St. Actor.

Clothes do not make the man; neither does a moustache make a grammarian. The Fourth Grade sport—he of the powdered locks and waxed hair-shirt on the upper lip—was asked to give the feminine form of "monk." Without wishing to be either jocose or profane, he promptly replied, "monkey."

Hull is a grand city. It prides in two wonders, Eddy's match factory and physicist St. Jean who defines molecules, "those little flies you see sporting through the air."

The Junior Editor is sick and weary of the sphinx-like Jean Baptist. We absolutely refuse to overload our space with another item concerning that august personage. Baptist, please take notice and do not overflow our coal shed and ash house with notices about yourself. We have number sufficient to light our engines during the remaining winter months.

*The King is dead, long live the Queen!*

King Jean is dead, that good old sport  
Is gone home forever more;  
He used to wear a long green smile,  
That ran in joy from ear to ear.

He vowed he'd break our sanctum door,  
And leave us dead upon the floor;  
But pshaw! His pantaloons were blue,  
And round his legs they lightly flew.

Our Junior Reporter, who by the way is a veritable Pinkerton in his line, has handed us for publication, the following joint partnership set kept by Albert Tell and the Baby.

Ottawa, Dec. 1st 1896.

We, Albert Tell and the Baby, have this day formed a partnership. All expenses to be borne in equal shares.

N. B. Private trademark, x (means all paid)  
Dec. 1st. One and a half pies—8cts, (x)

Dec. 2nd. Candy.—8cts.

Dec. 3rd. Doll and Tea Set for Ida.—  
15 cts (x)

Dec. 5th. One stick of liquorice,—(x)

Dec. 7th. Bottle of Ginger Ale (One half to each)—5cts. (x)

Since the above went to press we have received the following communication.

Notice of dissolution of partnership.

What a difference in the morning!

A true picture drawn from life,  
One side, painted Dec. 22nd 1896. Scene,  
Junior Campus, Solemn silence reigns  
supreme. Actors: Albert Tell and  
the Baby.

"Comrades, Comrades, ever since we were  
boys

Cheering each other's sorrows, sharing  
each other's joys."

"P.S. And each other's candy too."

This side is now turned towards the wall.

The other side, painted Dec. 29th.,  
1896, is now exposed to view. Scene,  
laid on Maria St., in front of the  
Rideau Rink. One hundred and fifty  
small boys form a ring for the two  
bantams. Albert Tell won the first  
round and his faction shouted:—

"Isn't he a beauty."

Is'nt he a peach?

Albert, your a lulu.

Hear the Baby screech."

The Baby raised his fat, chubby,  
hard in fearful rage, got in one of his  
treacherous under-cuts and Albert  
Tell bit the dust, of course we mean  
the snow. The supporters of the  
Baby took their turn with a vengeance  
and caused the town clock to raise its  
hands in holy horror at the malicious  
rendition of the soul-stirring song;—  
"What is home without the Baby?"

William Nye, Jr., *alias*, M. D-v-s,  
sprang the following upon an innocent,  
unsuspicious Prof. "Prof., there is  
something in my eye" "Let me  
take it out," was the Prof's. charitable  
remark. "No! I won't, it's the  
pupil." And Mike laughed

Ritchards, at a window in dormitory  
No. 4, suddenly grows deathly white  
in a dead faint. Upon coming to, he  
explains "I saw a ghost with ghastly  
pale face. Its long, wiry, thin hands  
were raised in mortal terror. It

emitted a groan, as though vainly endeavoring to speak." The dormitory was in a state of commotion. Even the master forgot his official dignity, and shuddered. After many stealthy peeps, Richards admitted that he was a first-class actor, and confessed that it was the Parliament clock about to announce the eleventh watch of the night.

#### FIRST HOCKEY MATCH.

"A bad beginning makes a good end."

"Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on."

The above quotation from *Hamlet* is respectfully dedicated to Capt. Bawlf's professional hockey player the small boy. Through the kindness of the Junior Editor, who is an old man, firmly believing that it is disastrous to have more courage than sense, and not wishing to entrust his precious life to the wiles of John Frost for forty minutes to watch a hockey match, we have reached the summit of our ambition which was as great as that of the young urchin who dons his first long pants. We appear in print for the first, and we fear for the last time. The poor old editor dropped a tear of sorrow when we reported his favorites defeated with a duck egg in their basket. Then and there he invested in a warm fur coat and a pair of moccasins, that he might cheer his team to success the next time, for he says our name spells misfortune. The bulletin board of the University must be a notorious prevaricator, for it announced "the small boys of the senior department vs. the junior hockeyists." At least one of those "small boys—" a representative of an Up-Creek town—sporting a moustache many years ago, and figured as goal-keeper on the champion team of the senior city league. May the shades of "small boys" save us from any more of that tribe, for by actual count he saved those "small boys" goal at least six times.

Wasn't he a peach of a *small boy*, for ours tumbled round like nine-pins when they came his way? We once read a charming little story about a huge elephant that painted his town a flaring red and got on a roaring spree when he wiped a little rabbit off the face of the earth. That "small boy" who is about to bud into a full-fledged philosopher can crack this junior, philosophical nut and draw his own conclusion. The sign board which announced "to the victors belong the laurel wreath" stood on its head and read "the defeated won the crown." At two sharp, Captain Bawlf marched his men upon the ice, the whistle blew and friend William was marched to the grand stand for a beautiful trip. When he returned he appeared to have the Lick telescope in hand, for he landed on his head and took a mid-day observation of the stars. During this half, Captain O'Leary, Dupuis and Belanger played a winning game, made grand runs upon the opponents' goal, but that "small boy" put his hand to the oar and settled the *bis*. First half ended 0 to 0.

Two minutes after the last half started, the opponents' goal-tender made a beautiful lift, Captain Bawlf, who was taking a rest at our end of the ice received it and scored. Of course *he* wasnt *off side*, but as the referee had already made him a spectator, he probably thought he would be struck with a cyclone from the Windy City did he say nay to Wm's score. Our boys played grand hockey throughout, and had the puck at least half of the time at the opponents' end, but the *obstacle* remained insurmountable. The game closed 4 to 0 against the junior team, with the puck in such dangerous territory that the canny opposing goal-minder accused the time-keeper of allowing over-time as the result of our oratorical powers. We thank him for the implied compliment, but must save the fair name of the official by declaring that we met the first judge that did not fall a victim to our Irish blarney.

## NOTES.

Our opponents :— One small boy ; a pugnacious captain ; a goal-keeper who does not believe in the freedom of the "press;" the real genuine "small" boys were jolly good fellows.

Capt. O'Leary is as mum as an oyster but says that he will be heard of later on.

The notorious "small" boy played a star game for the senior hockey team at the end of our match and received an ovation when he entered the refectory for tea.

Come soon, come often Capt. Bawlf, without any old-fashioned boy. Beat us if you can. Defeated or victorious, the Junior Editor will give you a rousing send-off and vote you a jolly good fellow.

Our first team has entered a newly formed hockey league. Success perch on your banner.



## ULULATUS.

Geo.—(a la Renaud style.) You are Green?

Pesky (slowly) Yes.

Oh you're out of sight said Captain Billy as Bunty rolled over the bank and sought the bottom strata of the mass of pure cold snow.

Free lectures on "The art of speaking German" are given nightly in Dor. No. 1 by Prof. Von Suiguer Ergler. All are invited to attend.

Out of his element—a beaver on ice.

The Calgarrians affinity for the snow banks, was shown at the last game. So says Todd.

Prefect. Say Fatty you dont look sick enough to eat on the infirmary table.

Fatty. Well, Sir, I find this an unhealthy season and lots of people are dying this year that never died before.

Mackie— Say! Romeo don't make any noise ; my foot is asleep.

Prof. Give an exception to the rule "whatever is rare is dear."

Ray (rejoicing in his wit) Rare beef-steak.

Prof. of Eng.—What is the derivation of superb, meaning excellent?

Student.—It comes from super, above or before, and . . . . .

Prof.—and B that is before B—or A number one.

Eddie is making deep astronomical searches; he has already made a startling discovery that, contrary to the time-honored adage "there is nothing new under the sun," the moon is new only when it occurs between the earth and the sun.

The first lesson in the new primer runs :

Tom took his little spade to-day  
For exercise you see,  
"Come boys let us go to the rink,  
Let us all work hard" said he.  
"And when our work is done Jim  
No one will stop our play,  
'Cause we have done our little share"  
Yes, I don't think that way.

