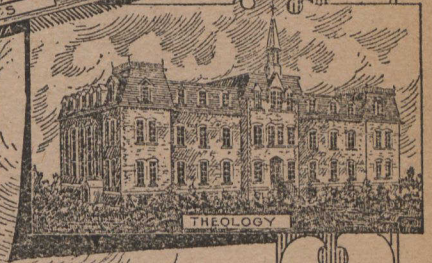
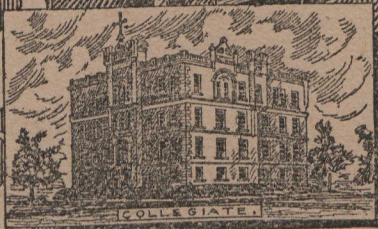
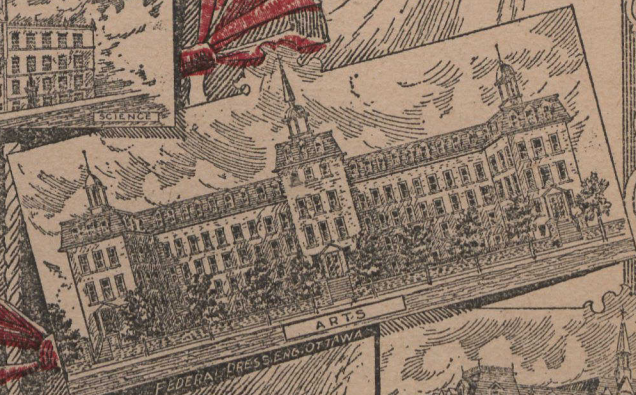
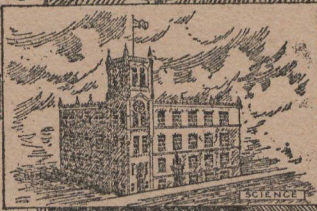




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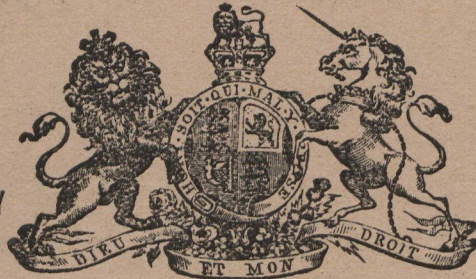
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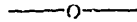
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CONTENTS.



	PAGES.
POETRY :	
May's Privilege.....	557
THE GENIUS OF WEBSTER AS PORTRAYED IN HIS SPEECH AGAINST HAYNE.....	558
POETRY :	
Statesman and Nun.....	565
The Manufacture of Maple Sugar.....	567
POETRY :	
May.....	573
The Ruling Passion in "Julius Caesar".....	574
POETRY :	
A Common Story.....	582
A True Story.....	583
EDITORIAL :	
"A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss".....	588
Nothing New.....	591
No Gala Day this Year.....	592
OF LOCAL INTEREST.....	593
BOOK NOTICE.....	594
AMONG THE MAGAZINES.....	595
EXCHANGES.....	598
PRIORUM TEMPORUM FLORES.....	600
ATHLETICS.....	601
JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.....	604

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University of Ottawa REVIEW

OLD SERIES VOL. XIII, NO. 9

MAY, 1900.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II, NO. 9

MAY'S PRIVILEGE.

[Written for the UNIVERSITY REVIEW.]



COME, winsome May,
Command thy shine and rain
To touch the willing earth with vernal stain;
Come, and call forth unto the warm, sweet day
From clammy prison cells and chains of night
The hungry buds to drink thy lifesome light.

Come, vocal May,
Come with thy train that high
On leafing maples pour their melody,
Or wheeling from the flock-filled fields all gay,
Throng glens apart on aptest echo calling
'Mid hymning woods and singing waters falling.

Come, sunny May,
Protend thy laughing beam
What time the stricken mists melt on the stream
And bees to pollened blossoms wing their way ;
While music, light and sweetness are thine
Oh, weave and waft them round Queen Mary's shrine.

MAURICE CASEY.

THE GENIUS OF WEBSTER AS PORTRAYED IN HIS SPEECH AGAINST HAYNE.

The character, and propensities of every master mind are portrayed in his works. His style is inimitable because it is individual. We feel his genius ; he seems to speak to us. Intellectual vigor renders us sensible of his mighty grasp, of his all comprehensiveness, of his keen, piercing understanding, The force and beauty of his figures, the pleasing ecstasy of his metaphors, his winged imagination strike us spell-bound, while deep passion makes us feel as he does ; we are borne along irresistibly by the same torrent-like gush of feeling. Sensibility and imagination thus march in the train of intelligence, and intelligence is subject to a powerful strength of will. In proportion to the degree in which these four faculties combined are found, exists the true greatness of a master-mind.

Webster's argument in reply to Hayne was intended as a defence of his political position, as a vindication of Massachusetts, as an exposition of constitutional law and as a vindication of the true policy of the country. *In this speech he has united, in a greater or less degree, work of the four above-mentioned faculties.* A self-sustained intellectual might is expressed on every page. The profound knowledge and clear arrangement, the mastery it exhibits of all the weapons of dialectics ; the wit, sarcasm, splendid and impassioned eloquence, which pervade and vivify, without interruption, the close and rapid march of the argument ; the earnestness, solidity of judgment, elevation of sentiment, broad and generous views of national policy, and the massive strength of expression which characterize the whole speech, are a brilliant reflection of his genius.

His powerful grasp of the subject is peculiarly distinctive. His is not a one-sided, narrow-minded, egotistical view ; he follows not rivers and mountains and lines of latitude, to find boundaries beyond which, public improvements, such as a canal or railway do not benefit him. On the contrary, he has a broad, general, all-embracing, national scope ; a scope as far reaching as

th of Hayne's is restricted ; a scope embracing within its sphere, the mutual happiness and common renown of the whole Union.

A no less broad stamp of individuality marks his manner of treatment. No tasteless word-piling, no wasted verbiage, at once planless, extravagant and senseless ; no rhetorical tricks are had recourse to by Webster. His intellectual eye pierces instantly beneath the show of things to the things themselves and seems to behold the truth in clear vision. No matter how cunningly hid in metaphor or formula his opponent's arguments may be, they cannot stand for a moment the scrutinizing glance of his intellect.

"Why, sir," exclaims Webster, referring to Hayne's remarks, "he has stretched a drag net over the whole surface of perished pamphlets, indiscreet sermons, frothy paragraphs, and fuming popular addresses ; over whatever the pulpit, in its moments of alarm, the press in its heats, and parties in their extravagance, have severally thrown off in times of general excitement and violence. He has thus swept together a mass of such things as, but that they are now old and cold, the public health would have required him to leave in their state of dispersion. For a good, long hour or two, we had the unbroken pleasure of listening to the honourable member, while he recited, with his usual grace and spirit, and with evident high gusto, speeches, pamphlets, addresses, and all the etceteras of the political press, such as warm heads produce in warm times. This is his war !"

Many extracts exemplifying this power of exposing seminal fallacies, incompatibilities and false analogies, and showing his exact analysis and force and clearness of conception, might be quoted. Every page of the speech is replete with them. It suffices but a glance at the "Spectre of the Coalition," at Colonel Barre's quotation, at "Internal Improvements," at Messrs. Dane and Dexter.

Webster's intelligence, however, displays itself in all its grandeur in the elucidation of the constitutional policy of the United States. There is a marked gradation between the vindication of both himself and New England and the vindication of the home government. His style in the latter is more precise,

severe, energetic ; a grave restraint on his words indicates the prudence of his sound principles, and the still more absolute confidence he places in them. The judgment, the tact, the skill, the wisdom with which he elucidates each and every clause, forces the mind to acquiesce to his superior genius. Aloof from technicalities and unfettered by artificial rule, such a question gave opportunity for that deep and clear analysis, that mighty grasp of principle which so distinguishes Webster's higher efforts. The earnestness of his own convictions wrought conviction in others. One was convinced and believed and assented, because it was gratifying, delightful to think, and feel, and believe in unison with an intellect of such evident superiority.

But to proceed with the argument. Mr. Hayne maintained that any State Legislature deeming an Act of the General Government plainly and palpably unconstitutional, could in virtue of a right, existing under the constitution, lawfully decide whether an Act of the General Government transcended its powers, and, if so decided, veto or nullify the action, as for instance, in the case of the "Tariff" or the "Embargo and non-Intercourse Acts," which were both considered as plain downright violations of the Constitution. Mr. Hayne's principles, evidently, could lead to nothing but the subversion of the government, and the destruction of the whole Union.

Webster's quick perception sees this at a glance. And here is where he brings that depth of thought, that sharp logical ability and skillful arrangement of argument, that large inductive method of refutation, so characteristic of his greatness, to bear upon the mind of his audience. He reduces the whole doctrine to two main propositions. Whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws? Whence does South Carolina derive the right of vetoing or arresting the proceedings of the government? Is the government the creature of the people or the agent of the states? His answers to these interrogations expound the argument and show the liberality and clearness of Webster's views respecting the just powers of government and the rights of the governed.

"It is observable enough," says Webster, "that the doctrine for which the honorable member contends leads him to the necessity of maintaining, not

only that this general government is the creature of the states, but that it is the creature of each of the states severally ; so that each may assert the power for itself, of determining whether it acts within the limits of its authority. It is the servant of four and twenty masters of different wills and different purposes, and yet bound to obey all."

Therefore, the constituted authorities of the United States are no longer a government, if they be not masters of their own will ; they are no longer a government, if an external power may arrest their proceedings ; they are no longer a government if acts passed by the Houses and approved by the President, may be nullified by state vetoes or state ordinances.

"It is, Sir," continues Webster, "the people's constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people and answerable to the people. The very chief end, the main design, for which the whole constitution was framed and adopted, was to establish a government that should not be obliged to act through State agency or depend on State opinion or State discretion. The people have wisely provided in the constitution itself, a proper suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law, by declaring, sir, that "the constitution and the laws of the United States, made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Moreover, "that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the constitution and laws of the United States."

Hence any law which comes in conflict with the constitution is not valid, and the general government alone has the exclusive prerogative of deciding on the constitutionality of the laws.

Webster's unerring regularity, force and intelligence, in vindicating the home government having been thus clearly illustrated, we might hazard a few remarks on the wonderful felicity of expression, the wealth and simple beauty of style, emanating from the amplitude of his learning. The very nature of his mind required a proportionate degree of influence over language. Words shape themselves to his thought ; he is not mastered by them ; he has none of the faults which spring from verbal fluency. It is his ponderous wield of syllables which makes his sarcasm trenchant and pungent ; it is his graceful manipulation of expression which gives a good-humored coloring to his words ; it is the simple enunciation of his reasoning that makes his arguments clear and tenable to the least comprehensive mind ; it is the pure, ennobling, lofty diction, springing from his deep sensi-

bility and lively imagination, which softens, thrills and overpowers us.

By an easy and natural transition we pass from Webster's intellectual to his imaginative powers. In the speech under consideration, imagination is not predominant, though all through the reply, we feel the freshness and life it imparts to his words. Neither is it spontaneous, as if gushing out in a stream of passionate feeling under the influence of uncontrollable excitement, but rather studied and weighed, and rendered subservient to reason. Instead of weakening or otherwise obscuring his arguments, it gives them point and clearness; instead of leading him astray, as it unfortunately does many orators that sacrifice logic to embellishment, it illumines his reasoning. It is not that of a poet, lofty and flowery, but rather an oratorical imagination, if it may be so termed. His intelligence has a powerful grasp of a subject; his imagination presents itself to clothe his ideas in suitable language. The quotations from Shakespeare and Butler, and the allusions to Holy Scripture, are felicitous instances. The wisdom of his principles and the spontaneous utterance of his sentiments, especially where energy and sensibility are combined, receive an additional embellishment from a vigorous imagination. This is noticeable in the practical application of the "Nullification" doctrine, but particularly where the burning eloquence of his loyal, patriotic heart burst forth into the spirited eulogium upon the old Bay State:—

"Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will be forever. And Sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under necessary and salutary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that union by which alone its existence is made sure; it will stand in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; and it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigour it may still retain, over the friends who

gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest moments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin."

We have incidentally seen in these remarks, that Webster's sensibility, though not absolutely predominant, is deep and strong. In truth, a profound, convulsive passion permeates the whole speech. When thoroughly roused he is like a smouldering volcano, ready to burst from the intensity of his feelings, were it not for the supremacy of his will. And it is this stout manly courage and resolution, this firmness of character, this strength of his own 'right arm,' that made Webster the man. It is this rare union of a piercing and comprehensive intellect, of ready imagination, of deep passion, with great force of character, which enabled him to pour forth from his lips, the masterpiece against Hayne.

Sensibility and intelligence, as I have just stated, walk hand in hand, one the ally of the other. His deep feeling sharpens his intellect and lends a fiery vehemence to his language. The more susceptible he is of impression, the clearer becomes his logic, the more smiting his words, especially when taunted with a participation in things offensive to his pride or dignity. This is shown in his personal vindication. His darts of scorn quiver in his opponent's flesh all the deeper ; and the hissing irony, the cool retort has more effect than if he were to stalk across the floor and make a practical application of his very words, "blows to take as well as blows to give." Many passages might be selected in which the felicity of expression, and the keenness, and satirical twinge of contempt united, produce this effect. The passage on 'Coalition,' or his retrospective glance at the pedigree of 'Federalism' are two of his happiest veins.

Though biting and stinging when thoroughly roused ; though his big, dark, intellectual eye seems to bore a man through and through in the heat of passion, Webster is yet more powerful in his sweetness, more charming in his condescension, more affecting when his eloquence is the outburst of his generous patriotic heart. We feel the man. We are transformed into Daniel Websters. *Unus in uno*, we are thrilled by the same sentiments, emotions, passions—the same pains, the same pleasures. We feel the largeness, the comprehensiveness of his heart. 'Our country, our

whole country' is what it says to us and impresses on our mind. Interests common, associated, intermingled ; glory, honor, fame renown, all for the common fund.

I thank God," he exclaims. "that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood ; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country ; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tittle of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth !"

This generous national feeling pervades the entire argument, and reaches its climax, where the great American statesman and orator closes his effort in a gush of ennobling spirit-stirring eloquence ; eloquence inspired by the love and affection of a true son of Massachusetts ; eloquence inspired by unalloyed zeal and devotion to country ; eloquence inspired by patriotism—but a patriotism which looks "before and after"—eloquence worthy of the large, warm, manly heart ; worthy of the great soul of that immortal genius, Daniel Webster.

W. CHAPUT, '03.



STATESMAN AND NUN.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.



LOWLY the organ pealed a march,
 That sad grand march in "Saul,"
 As through the cathedral's marbled arch
 Came the funeral *cortege* all ;
 And the noblest in the land were near
 Where the dead statesman lay,
 And a nation wept for that great career
 Above his lifeless clay.

He had served his county well and long,
 And she gave him a love as true
 As that which made him ever strong
 For her to dare and do ;
 And now in that minster's time-worn walls
 Brave men with bated breath
 List to the praise which his life recalls
 And which follows him in death.

And the poet's pen and orator's tongue
 Paid tribute to his fame,
 And in far-off lands his praise was sung
 Amidst the crowd's acclaim ;
 And his name was heard in the rich man's hall
 And in the peasant's home,
 Where his memory was as loved by all
 As o'er the ocean's foam.

II.

They laid her to sleep in a narrow bed
 Outside their convent walls,
 Where the earliest primrose lifts its head,
 And the morning sunlight falls.

In the plain black robes she loved so well
She went to her early rest,
On her lips a smile as sweet, they tell,
As the lillies on her breast.

The busy world ne'er heard her name,
Nor of the souis she won,
By God's great grace from sin and shame,
Before her sands were run.
And to serve one's land is surely well,
And its people's praise is sweet,
But to save a soul from the flames of hell
Is work for an angel meet.

His name shall lead in the unborn years
To deeds of high emprise,
And a nation's love with a people's tears,
Shall his work immortalize.
She brought her works in her fair, white hand
To lay before God's throne,
Where a host of ministering angels stand—
Works done for him alone.



THE MANUFACTURE OF MAPLE SUGAR.



IN all the annual round of Canadian farm-work, by far the "sweetest" occupation is maple sugar making. Perhaps the farmer himself may not entirely relish the routine entailed by this first business of the dawning spring; pecuniary motives, however, render him deeply interested in its success. There is, nevertheless, one personage that regards the maple sugar season with unmixed delight, and that personage is no other than the happy-souled small boy. He it is who first announces to his industrious parents the wealth-promising news that "sap's runnin'"; he it is that considers the manufacture of maple sugar the most agreeable item on the long list of farm-life duties, and the one that gives the quickest and most satisfactory return for the expended labor.

Leaving profit out of the question, the making of maple sugar has a certain attraction for the aged farmer also; it is his nearest approach to the work done by the great manufacturing houses of the big cities. The necessity of having a special building expressly for the production of this popular article of commerce, awakens in his breast a kind of pride; for, on this account, he is in reality a manufacturer on a small scale, and has a monopoly of at least one species of production.

The maple sugar season, as a rule, begins about the third week of March, and extends as far as the second or third week of April. Its commencement and duration, however, vary somewhat every year, according to the conditions of the temperature. Bright days with warm sunshine, and cold frosty nights, constitute what is considered the best "sap weather."

As we have said, the ever active small boy is the first to discover the arrival of the maple sugar season. As soon as the March sun becomes bright and warm, his sugar-searching instinct is on the alert; every fine day sees him in the "bush," where, with jack-knife in hand, he tries the trees. At last his watchful patience is rewarded; his quick eye catches sight of the sweet liquid as it runs freely from the incision made by his knife.

He hurries home where, out of breath, he announces the good news that "sap's 'runnin'."

Then begin active preparations for a few weeks of life and work in the snow-carpeted woods. The various appliances required for the manufacture of syrup and sugar, are brought down from the store-room, where for ten or eleven months, they have rested undisturbed. The sap-buckets are carefully washed, and then placed at the south side of the house to dry and be sunned. Broken spiles are replaced by new ones, and buckets in which there is a leak are sent to the tinsmith to be soldered.

All these preliminaries having been duly attended to at the farm-house, all the articles required for collecting the maple sap, and for changing it into syrup and sugar, are loaded on a sleigh. Then the start is made for the scene of most agreeable activity.

When the "sugar bush" is reached, all the implements not required for collecting the maple sap, are unloaded at the "sugar camp," which is made the headquarters for all needed supplies during the season's work. The sleigh is then driven through those most open parts of the wood, where trees large enough for "tapping" are to be found. As it proceeds, a number of men provided with augers, go from tree to tree, boring a small hole in the side of each tree, and driving a spile, that is to say, a kind of small spout, into each hole. To the spile they attach a little hook upon which a bucket is hung. Whilst the men thus advance, "bringing the whole maple wood into subjection," the horses are stopped from time to time to wait for them and to rest. At this season of the year, the snow is very deep in the woods, and consequently the "breaking" of a new road is quite a hard job for the horses. Afterwards, however, the horses' part of the work is not so difficult, as the same route is always followed when the sap is being gathered.

Modern invention has reduced to a minimum the labor involved in the manufacture of maple syrup and maple sugar. In the good old days of our grandfathers, things were not thus. Then, all the implements were "home-made." Instead of the neat steel spiles of our day, our progenitors had to use clumsy hand-made wooden ones. Instead of our tin or zinc buckets, they employed a sort of trough, made Indian fashion, by hollowing

out a block of wood. For boiling the syrup, they used three large caldrons, slung side by side over three separate fires upon a stout pole by means of chains. The pole was supported at each end either by "uprights" having natural crutches at the top, or by the crutches of two adjacent trees. One of the end pots was for heating the sap, the middle one was for boiling it until it began to taste somewhat like syrup, and the third pot was for continuing the boiling until real syrup would be the result. The transferring of the sap from one pot to another was a rather slow process, as it had to be done by means of dippers.

Whenever there was on hand a sufficient quantity of sap to "boil down" the fires were kept burning constantly under the three pots. The heat was confined within as small a space as possible by means of huge logs placed at each side of the pots. Be it added that in those pioneer days, the whole operation of maple syrup making and sugar making was carried on in the open air. The vault of heaven was the only roof those primitive factories boasted. Nowadays, however, nearly every farmer in possession of a "sugar bush," has erected among his maples, a snug, commodious frame building, known as a "sugar camp," in which is carried out the comparatively easy operation of reducing sap to syrup and sugar. The small boy is sometimes left at night as the overseer of the work. How strongly his position as watchman contrasts now with that of olden times! Before the luxuries of a "sugar camp" were known, he was forced to remain in the "open" all night, chilled by the penetrating atmosphere of our cold Canadian spring, and having no means of shelter. His position then recalled the thrilling experiences in the lives of backwoodsmen, of whose strange adventures he had heard or read. As he crouched for warmth near the seething pots, every sound, such as the crackling of a branch, or the hooting of an owl, brought terror to his heart,—a terror such as even maple sugar could not avert. As, hour after hour, he peered blindly into the surrounding darkness, he half expected every moment to be attacked by some ferocious denizen of the woods, or, peradventure, to be petrified by the advent of some visitor from another world. His fear found relief only when, before the "peep of dawn," the men arrived from the farmhouse to begin a new day's labor. Then what a narrative he

had to tell, of all he had seen and heard during the "wizard hours!" Natural noises, rendered supernatural by his youthful imagination, and hairbreadth escapes from wild beasts, formed the subject of his thrilling story. But, let us go on with our essay. The whole process of maple sugar making, as carried on at present, may be briefly described as follows :

We have seen how spiles with buckets attached, are inserted in auger-holes made in the sides of the trees. The sap flows quite freely through the spiles into the buckets. Then, when the buckets are nearly full, or when there is danger of their overflowing during the night, a large puncheon is placed on a sleigh with horses attached, which is conducted through the winding roads among the maples. As the sleigh makes its rounds, the men go from one tree to another, emptying the buckets into pails, which, in turn, when full, are emptied into the puncheon. The amount of sap collected during one of these circuits, of course depends chiefly upon the number of trees "tapped"; but it likewise depends in a great measure upon the condition of the weather. As stated above, frosty nights and warm sunshine during the day constitute the most favorable conditions for a good "run." The ordinary farmer taps about two hundred trees; this is about as many as he can attend to properly. With the sap yielded by this number, he can make syrup and sugar enough for the use of his family, and, moreover, sell a considerable quantity. Some farmers that make the manufacture of syrup and sugar for pecuniary purposes their chief object, often tap as many as two or three thousand trees. Of course they are obliged to have several hired men to aid them in the work.

When the sap has been collected in the puncheon, it is brought to the above mentioned "camp," where the work of syrup and sugar making then begins. The old log-confined fire is now replaced by a furnace of stove and brick, and the work done by the three large pots above referred to, is now usually performed by two pans, in one of which the sap is heated, and in the other of which it is made into syrup. Lately, however, a new style of pan has been invented. Into one end of this pan the raw sap enters slowly, but continually, and issues from a spout at the

other end in the form of syrup. This is evidently an immense improvement on the old three-pot-and-ladle system.

As a consequence of these improvements, "boiling" is a far less tedious operation now than in former times. The pans, owing to their shape are much more readily heated than the big pots of our ancestors, and, in them, the sap "boils down" much faster.

Nevertheless, now, just as in former days, one man is kept constantly busy attending to the fire, and seeing that the sap does not boil over. In order to help in keeping the seething mass of sap from overflowing, a rind of pork is floated in it, or is hung in the steam over the pans, as was done formerly with the big pots, in such a manner that the heat is just sufficient to keep the fat continually dropping.

After evaporation has reduced the quantity of sap to a small fraction of what it was at first, the mass is transferred from one pan to another till it is all contained in one. Then commences what is in reality the "boiling down" process,—that is the reducing of the fluid substance to maple syrup.

As a matter of course, the small boy has his own little pot or pan in which he carries on the "boiling down" process. For this purpose he takes a small quantity of the hot liquid from one of the large pans. One of his delights is to cook eggs for his dinner or supper in this thickening mass ; moreover he enjoys drinking the sweet fluid instead of tea.

When the "run" continues good for two or three days, it is often necessary, as we have said above, to continue the "boiling" process all night, or at least until late. On such occasions, the watchman can pass the long hours quite pleasantly. He may lock the camp door and stretch himself in comfort upon a rug beside the furnace, but, of course, he must not fall asleep.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of sugar-making fun, is what is known as a "taffy pull." This special feature is attended to, only when visitors honor the camp with their presence ; when, for instance a sleighing party from some neighboring town or village, comes to the farmer's house to enjoy the good man's ever ready hospitality.

In order to have a "taffy pull" the maple syrup is boiled until it becomes thick enough to form a sort of wax when poured

upon the snow. Large pans are lined with snow, which is carefully packed down so as not to allow the hot syrup to pass through it. When cool enough this peculiar wax is eaten with a fork ; it is so sweet that most people cannot enjoy it very much.

If a person unaccustomed to eating this taffy, chances to put a rather large piece into his mouth, he soon presents a most ludicrous sight. Immediately his teeth become so firmly fixed in the waxy substance, that it is utterly impossible for him to move his jaws. It's no use trying to swear ; all he can do is sit down and await patiently until the troublesome mass melts sufficiently to set his teeth at liberty. Then he may formulate such good resolutions as he thinks fit.

Nothing pleases the mischievous small boy better than to throw a lump of this enticing taffy to his unwary dog. The unsuspecting animal of course grabs it tightly in his greedy mouth, and consequently remains lock-jawed for the time being. He tries to howl, but failing in this, he turns around and around, and performs all sorts of contortions, of which a dog is capable. Master knee-pants enjoys the fun, but, needless to say, the doggy doesn't.

In the manufacture of maple sugar, the syrup has to be boiled somewhat longer than for taffy. It has to be kept on the fire until it is so thick that it hardly drops from the ladle. It is then poured into dishes and allowed to cool, after which it is quite hard and brittle.

From a pecuniary standpoint, it may be said that the manufacture of maple syrup and maple sugar is always a success. Of course, however, the amount of profit derived from the season's "run" depends in great measure upon the number of trees "tapped" and upon the weather conditions. When the season is short or unfavorable, the price of sugar and syrup is much higher than otherwise it would be. Ordinarily, syrup is sold at one dollar a gallon, and maple sugar brings about ten cents a pound. From this it can be seen, that, although the manufacture of these commodities is regarded by some farmers as a very tedious process, nevertheless it is for them one of the quickest means of money-making, without a too great expenditure of labor or capital

THOMAS DAY, '03.

MAY.

Whenever shorter grows the night,
And sturdy winter's course is run,
When grow the days more long and bright,
Yet ere doth shine the summer's sun,
There comes a month so full of cheer,
All warmed by Sol's advancing ray
'Tis welcomed most of all the year,
The longed for, merry month of May.

Old mother earth in mantle green,
All beauteous do we behold ;
On ev'ry plant are blossoms seen,
All pink or blue, or white or gold,
While birds o'er forest stream and mead,
With blithest songs and plumage gay,
Permit nor any gloom or shade,
On human mind in merry May.

Such lovely month 'tis surely meet
In piety to consecrate
To Virgin Mother, pure and sweet,
Our blessed queen immaculate.
Then let us deck her altars all
With lilies white, and let us pray
To her whom each of us doth call
Most rightfully the Queen of May.

WILLIE CAVANAGH,
Second Form.

THE RULING PASSION IN "JULIUS CÆSAR."

The more the general movement of a drama, and hence also the conduct of each individual character, is promoted by the natural passions of men, rather than by merely accidental occurrences, so much the more will the production exhibit the genius and insight of the author. Nothing indeed instills so great an amount of vigor and spirit into any work of fiction, and nothing renders it so much the object of pleasure and enjoyment to the reader as the making of the subject-matter consist largely in a faithful portrayal of the emotions of men—the workings of fear, anger, despair, ambition, love and jealousy, as observed in the common scenes of everyday life. In this art of infusing living interest into his pieces, Shakespeare is unquestionably a consummate master. We cannot read a single one of his plays without being impressed with this fact. But in each play we will observe that different passions stand out with unusual prominence. In "Macbeth," for instance, it is seen at a glance that the ruling passion, which incites the Thane of Cawdor to such deeds of bloodshed, is "vaulting ambition," an inordinate thirst for power and fame. Again in the drama entitled "Julius Cæsar," which we consider in the present essay, the ruling passion is found to be fear, ranging all the way from a shrinking from mere corporeal pain to terror of mind, which borders on frenzy. In all their actions and impulses, most of the principal characters, Casca, Cassius, and Brutus, as well as Calpurnia and Portia, appear in a great measure to be affected by it.

Amongst all these, Casca is the only one who is the victim of physical fear. He has the misfortune of being a coward of the meanest sort. How he shakes and trembles when he meets Cicero and Cassius amidst the disorder of an unusually violent thunderstorm, which he himself, in his fear, describes as "a tempest dropping fire!" Casca's cowering and craven appearance on this occasion does not escape the ridicule of Cassius.

"You look pale, and gaze
And put on fear, and ease yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens."

Though Casca makes a clever attempt to defend himself by saying that

"It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us,"

yet, on every occasion, he gives like evidence of his pusillanimous and timorous nature. A fit man is he to give the first dagger-thrust of the assassin to the unconscious Cæsar, even then, not daring to look his victim in the face. "Like a cur," as Anthony fitly puts it, he stabs Cæsar from behind. For this single act, the fervid promises and active support of his fellow-conspirators lent Casca sufficient audacity; but alarm at the consequences, I suppose, never permits him to show up again in the play. What a woeful specimen of humanity he is! If Shakespeare wished to illustrate the principle, of which he gives expression in "Julius Cæsar," that

"Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once,"

he could not have made choice of a more abject coward than the insidious Casca.

Cassius, however, is quite a different man from Casca. Following up the principle of his stoic philosophy, he constitutes himself a stranger to bodily fear. It is admirable to hear him exclaim to his terror-stricken friend:

"For my part I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus embrac'd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunderstone;
And when the cross-clue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of Heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and flash of it."

On one occasion only, does Cassius show a momentary alarm, and that is when he has an intimation that the bloody plot that he is hatching against Cæsar has been discovered—

"Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself "

Dread of other things influences the general conduct of the

arch-conspirator. Endowed by nature with but mediocre talents, and enjoying an inferior position in the Roman Commonwealth, his greedy and jealous mind involuntarily recoils before the obscurity and oblivion into which the poor Cassius must sink in the presence of Cæsar's superior genius and grandeur. He well knows that, as the glory of the great Roman Dictator increases, his own meanness becomes more apparent.

"This man

Is now become a God ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him."

For this reason Cassius becomes a man of action. He stirs up the smouldering coals of Roman liberty and makes them burst into flame ; with his heart full of bitterness and care, " he has a lean and hungry look ;" nor does he "sleep o' nights," but walks the streets of Rome wholly regardless of darkness, omens, or storms ; he makes speeches, gathers the conspirators together and matures his bloody plans of murder and assassination—and all this because he dreads Cæsar's extraordinary greatness.

Cassius' friend and associate, the magnanimous and truly noble Brutus, is likewise actuated by uneasiness at Cæsar's growing popularity and power, but in a somewhat different manner. His is no selfish fear, no jealous regret at the loss of personal emoluments or individual fame, but rather sorrow at the woeful subversion of his country's liberties. He is possessed of the unbearable presentiment that the stately and time-honored republic, for which his illustrious ancestors dared so much, and to which the Romans still looked with such feelings of mingled pride and reverence, will at last become the dishonored spoil of Cæsar's ambitious pretensions. This conviction gives Brutus untold anxiety and, even before Cassius approaches him, he has been brooding over the matter :—

"Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours."

He is actually "at war with himself" and "forgets to show of love to other men." Even his wife Portia comes in for a share of his neglect as she herself complains.

"Yesternight at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walked about
 Musing and sighing with your arms across,
 And when I asked you what the matter was
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
 I urged you further ; then you scratched your head,
 And too impatiently stamped your foot ;
 Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
 But with an impatient wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you, so I did ;.....
 Hoping it was but the effect of humour... ..
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep."

To such straits as these has fear and agitation of mind driven the philosopher Brutus. Nay, it provokes him with bloody and remorseless hand, to break through the dearest ties of friendship and affection. He is finally led to think Cæsar, "as a serpent's egg, which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous," and therefore he must "kill him in the shell." The man who is his best lover must bleed because Brutus fears "he would be crowned." Fear then is certainly a powerful factor in Brutus' case. For despite his professions of the highest and most ideal principles, fear makes him assist in the vile deed of assassins.

Yet we must say that Brutus is a very brave man. Such projects as he undertook, required no small degree of personal bravery. No doubt he feared to encounter no human enemy. But we see that his courage is put to a severe test when he receives a visit from Cæsar's ghost.

"How ill this taper burns !— Ha ! who comes here ?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me.—Art thou anything ?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?"

From his own confession it is clear that Brutus quakes with fear. The ghost comes to him at a trying time in his life, when he has just received the sad news of Portia's death, and when his multiplied misfortunes engender remorse for his crime. In his woebegone condition does it seem surprising that the sudden appearance of the spirit of his murdered friend should "make his

blood cold and his hair to stare?" Yet Brutus does not make an attempt to avoid the spectre, but struggles manfully against his weakness. When the ghost accosts him with, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi," Brutus gives proof of his returning courage by the resolute and emphatic rejoinder :

"Why I will see thee at Philippi then!"

Few people, I believe, would receive a visitor from the tomb with such evident warmth, and see him depart with such regret as Brutus expressed in the two last lines of his address :

*"Now that I have taken heart, thou vanishest :
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee."*

Because of the masculine minds of Brutus and Cassius, we are not so deeply impressed with the extent of the suffering they endure on account of fear, as we are with the affliction of Calpurnia and Portia. Upon the delicate and sensitive temperaments of the two latter, the tortures of dread and terror have a more marked effect.

Shakespeare, however, does not give a very complete view of Calpurnia's sufferings. She appears only in a single act, when gloomy forebodings of her husband's portended fate overhang her soul. The strenuous efforts she puts forth to persuade her lord to remain at home and escape the threatened danger, plainly portray her great distress of mind.

*"Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelp'd in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air ;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them."*

Yes, Calpurnia has a shrinking horror of all these omens, which, together with the terrible dream she has had of Caesar's

statue running blood, surely foretells the death of her beloved spouse. But her endeavors to restrain his departure are vain. Bathed in tears, as a last resource she entreats her husband,

"Let me upon my bended knees prevail in this."

Cæsar, the inflexible conqueror of nations and dangers alike, at length becomes so impressed with her strange uneasiness, that in pity of the devoted lady, he promises for that day to avoid the precincts of the Capitol. Calpurnia's fears are quieted for the moment. But the entrance of the conspirator, Decius, whose hand will soon be red in Cæsar's blood, quickly affects a change in the Dictator's determination; so that Calpurnia's grief soon returns in all its proportions. The brutal fellow does not scruple to make scorn of Calpurnia's fears by the sarcastic remark,

"It were a mock,
Apt to be rendered for some one to say:
Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

The poor wife's apprehensions, which the event alas! proves to be too well founded, become doubly bitter when she sees them thrust aside and counted as nothing by the very object of her solicitude.

"How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them."

Silence is her only solace, poor indeed to ease the anxious cares that prey upon her mind.

Great though the distress of Calpurnia may be, it sinks into a place of secondary importance when compared with the agony and anguish of soul with which the generous-minded Portia follows her husband's fortunes. The ever watchful eye of love from the first perceives the weight on Brutus' mind; for he can neither "eat nor talk nor sleep." The tender wife rightly dreads that some event of great importance to herself and to her consort, is about to happen. But she likewise has misgivings as to a woman's firmness of character and a woman's ability to keep a secret. To prove that she, unlike others of her sex, will remain constant, she gives herself a voluntary wound before she dares interrogate her Brutus concerning the dread secret, a complete knowledge of which, she conceives, will afford her some relief

from her anxiety. Just the contrary turns out to be the case. The magnitude and reality of the danger which her husband is about to undergo, only serves to increase her alarm. And when Brutus leaves her on the momentous Ides of March, she is divided between the wild fear of divulging her secret to the boy Lucius, and a nervous terror as to the probable fate of her absent spouse.

“O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Let a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue,
I have a man's mind but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !

Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is !—O Brutus
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant.—O I grow faint. --
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : Come to me again
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.”

These incoherent utterances and disjointed sentences, prove beyond a doubt that Portia's mind is well nigh unbalanced by fear. She scarcely knows what she says or does and really betrays her husband's secret. If Portia's distress of mind is so overwhelming at this stage of her husband's fortunes, we can judge of her condition when Brutus proves unsuccessful in his foolhardy enterprise, and is compelled to flee from Rome into the far distant provinces of the empire, as his only means of safety. In truth the continual strain proves too much for Portia's feeble strength and, in her adverse fortune, she has recourse to the usual last resort of the ancient pagans,—suicide. In this respect Brutus and Cassius do not hesitate to follow her example when the occasion demands.

Portia is the last and by far the most notable example in “Julius Cæsar,” of a person acted upon by fear, all of which, with their accompanying mental tortures, serve admirably to display the noble and heroic qualities of her mind.

But there remains still another point to be discussed in connection with fear. If we consider the self-murder of Portia, Brutus and Cassius, though we must admit the act required no small

degree of physical courage, yet in our maturer judgment, we will pronounce it also the result of fear. In a sense, it is true that

"Life being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself."

But it is likewise true that a man who seeks to avoid future ills and tribulations by laying violent hands on the life that the Creator gave him, lays himself open to the charge of moral cowardice. He shows that he wants the courage to triumph over his adverse fate and come out victorious in the end. And certainly Portia, Brutus, and Cassius would have given us examples of braver and more ideal virtue, had they unflinchingly withstood to the end "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

From the foregoing exposition, somewhat cursory though it be, the reader can comprehend to what an extent the workings of the single ruling passion of fear are interwoven with the texture of the play of "Julius Caesar." Fear, indeed, is prominent throughout, but a closer examination will reveal the fact that at every turn, it is assisted in its action by the other passions. Yet nothing forced or unnatural appears in any of the impulses or of the effects produced. Everything tends to demonstrate Shakespeare's unrivalled power in delineating the emotions of his fellow-men.

S. MURPHY, '02.



"Come Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From thy bright heavenly throne ;
Come, take possession of my soul
And make it all thine own."



A COMMON STORY.

At midnight on the bridge he stood,
His traitor friends hard by,
Whilst deeper, darker than the flood
Scowled every comrade's eye.

Much money there amidst those "friends"
All guileless did he hold,
But ah, how soon false friendship ends !
They coveted his gold.

A murder foul that night was there,
A scuffle and a fall ;
One shriek that rent the midnight air,
Then silence over all.

His body from the bridge they threw,
One moment gazed below,
But God alone their dark crime knew,
And still alone doth know.

They took his gold and hied away,
Far from that horrid scene ;
We know them not unto this day,
They know themselves I ween.

With stricken conscience must they roam
O'er strange and distant shores ;
For them no more a place at home,
Though memory thither soars.

Three days since they had shed his blood
Our murdered boy we found,
And took him gently from the flood
While *true* friends stood around.

We placed him in a churchyard nook,
Then, weeping, turned away,
A parting prayer, a backward look,
Then longed for Judgment day.

—C. W. F.

A TRUE STORY.

The following occurrence, which took place when I was about twelve years of age, gave me the most acute and terrible mental strain, that I have probably ever experienced.

One night in the spring, being tired and sleepy after the play and pleasures of the day, I decided to retire early. Since the night was cool, I raised the window of my room about two inches, as a means of ventilation, and having said my prayers, I got into bed and was soon fast asleep.

About two o'clock in the morning, as far as I could reckon afterwards, something awakened me. I opened my eyes, and strange to say, I beheld a man—a real flesh-and-blood man—standing not more than five feet from my bed. At first sight of him, I stared wildly at what I thought was a deception, but the more I gazed, the more confirmed I became in the belief, that my eyes were not deceiving me.

A cold shiver stole slowly down my spine, as I observed that the intruder was in his shirt sleeves. "Can I yet be laboring under the influence of an excited mind?" I asked myself. No, such was impossible, for there were the same walls, and the same articles and pictures hanging upon them, as I was wont to see during the day; my washstand was in its accustomed place at the head of my bed, and, beyond it, was my trunk upon which I noticed the stranger's coat. The sight of the latter object gave me the impression that he was going to perform a work, that would require some physical exertion.

So many visions passed before my mind, of what this work might be, and of what business he might have in my humble chamber, that my fear increased to terror. When I considered that perhaps I lay at the mercy of a murderous villain, without any chance of escape, my agony was frightful. I thought the best thing to do under the circumstances, was to lie motionless with my eyes closed, as if in a deep sleep, and to trust for something to turn up.

The minutes seemed hours as I lay there on my back praying for relief and trying to follow the movements and actions of

the strange man, who seemed to me, through my partially closed eyes, like a spectre. Now and then however, when he had his back turned, I opened my eyes sufficiently to get a good view of him.

By this closer observation, my fear was somewhat lessened, for I soon noticed a strong resemblance between his looks and actions and those of our village butcher. I had just summoned enough courage to speak to him familiarly, and to ask him kindly what had brought him there, when I suddenly changed my mind.

He had produced a pen-knife—one of the largest I had ever seen—from his pocket, and began wielding it dexterously over a strap, which he had attached to a nail in the washstand, now and then examining it, to see if it were coming to an edge.

At the sight of this dangerous looking weapon, all my former terror returned. "What could our friendly and jocose butcher want up here, with such an ominous face and such a dangerous looking knife?" The only response I could find in my agitated mind, was, that he must have become insane during the night, and probably, for some slight previous misdemeanor on my part, which it was impossible for me to recollect, he now wished to take revenge.

I felt the hair rise on my head, and a heavy oppression settle on my breast, as this new consideration flitted through my excited brain. The only motion in my body was my heart beating violently, which seemed to me so loud, that I even wished that I had been able to control it also.

In this confused state, seeing that it was foolishness to try to escape, I thought, as a last resort, that I might protect myself to a certain extent, by pulling the blankets and coverlet up over my head; it would at least spare me the pain of seeing him at his dastardly work,—for, I had at last become reconciled to a death by assassination. But such an action was too risky, for I imagined that if I gave any sign of consciousness, he would only have consummated his wicked deed the sooner. In this frame of mind I awaited my only hope.

Sam, our old chore-man, who slept in a room off the kitchen, was in the habit of lighting the fire in the kitchen stove every

morning at about five o'clock. As my room was directly over the kitchen, and a stairway ran down to it, I intended, if something would only delay the murderer in the proceedings, to raise a desperate yell for help as soon as Sam approached the stairway: for he generally came for matches to the little box which hung near the stair door.

After my would-be slayer had whetted his knife sufficiently, he took a tobacco pouch from his pocket, and proceeded to cut some of the weed from a plug. When he had cut enough, he took his pipe from his pocket and began filling it.

He had just arrived at this stage of the work, when the clock struck five. I had counted the minutes and hours over and over again, and now I made no mistake in counting the five strokes. They sent a thrill of relief through my person, and each second afterwards my hope increased. Still, each moment, I thought might bring me nearer also to a violent death.

This was the condition of my mind when suddenly I heard a faint noise below. Then shortly afterwards, came the sound of steps, and lo! the store door is opened. Yes, it is Sam. Now, he approaches the stair door. I hear his hand on the match-box, and immediately with all my pent-up energy, I scream terrifically, "Sam! Sam! Come quick! Come here quick!" Then almost simultaneously I hear him lift the latch and cry in a voice hoarse with fear, "What's the matter? What is it?"

As I open my eyes, for I have had them closed entirely—at least during the last half hour—and look towards the stairway, I see Sam's head just above the floor. He stands there motionless for a minute, like one unable to move any further, with his two eyes bulging from their sockets, and his face very pale.

"There's a man up here wants to kill me," I reply. "Where?" Sam asks, and then I look around for the man, but he has vanished. "Well, he was here until you came up," I answer, and looking at the window, which is still in the position I had put it in the evening before, I add that he must have escaped through said window.

Sam had by this time recovered enough courage to come up stairs, and to go to the window and examine it. This he was satisfied, had not been opened during the night, and casting a

hasty glance around the room, he calmed my suspicions by saying that I had had the nightmare. But this explanation could not convince me, that such was the case, so after relating to him all I had seen, and telling him, that the man was either the village butcher, or a man who looked just like him, I vowed never to sleep in that room again. So, after dressing myself quickly, we went down stairs together.

It was not very long before all the members of the family were made aware of my "narrow escape," but, although the younger ones heartily concurred in what I told them, and gave expression to their feelings by looks of terror, the older ones could not be induced to believe as I did, and simply explained the matter as a dream or the nightmare. Here is a hint as to the true explanation of the mystery :

It chanced that on the day previous to my ghostly experience, a neighbor woman well versed in the art of relating sensational incidents in a manner most favorable for working upon one's imagination, had visited our house. Here is the bit of news she communicated on that occasion ; it explains itself, and shows how our good natured butcher was so quickly transformed into my unwelcome visitor.

"A villainous-looking tramp went into Mrs. V——'s yesterday, and almost scared the life out of herself and daughter, Mary. He entered the house without knocking, and took a chair, without asking for one ; then he made himself quite at home by taking out his pipe, tobacco, and a very large knife, and by proceeding to cut the tobacco and to fill the pipe.

His boldness in thus entering, and his downcast wicked look made the women uneasy. When they spoke to him, he replied in such a gruff and fierce voice that they almost fainted from fear, and when he produced that ugly knife their terror knew no bounds.

A hurried consultation was held in the back kitchen, and then the young woman, leaving her mother to watch the actions of the tramp, ran to the house of N—— L——, the village butcher, who was the nearest neighbor, to have him come up and expel the dreaded stranger.

The butcher readily consented to come, and try to put the man out. When the sour-visaged fellow saw the butcher,

believing him to be the man of the house, he lost much of his abrupt manner, and when the former spoke to him in a short, angry tone, he took the hint and left the premises. Such was the incident that gave occasion for my strange nightmare.

Since that memorable night I have had the nightmare several times, but never to cause such mental fear as on that occasion, the experience of which has been to me a proof, of how far the excited brain and agitated mind may wander during sleep, and of how strangely it sometimes confuses the various facts of a previous actual occurrence. I have frequently heard young persons tell of having seen ghosts and of having heard frightful noises during their sleep, but I have my own opinion concerning the reality of such spectres and noises.

TED.



All the hosts that never knew Me,
E'en the foes that mocked and slew Me,
I will draw all men to Me ;
Men and spirits in commotion,—
Like the tide-swept, moon-led ocean,—
Drawn by love to Calvary.

Henry N. Dodge.



University of Ottawa Review.



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"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

Last month we ventured a few practical hints in reference to the advantages possessed by young men that have completed their classical and philosophical courses before entering upon the study of a profession. In connection with this same subject, there is moreover, another matter, upon which a word or two may be well in season.

During their classical course, some students are in the habit of changing too frequently from one college to another. They are restless oddities, absolutely incapable of being satisfied or of giving satisfaction anywhere. Like skittish steeds, they must be continually "on the go," at the same time shying at every imaginary ghost along the wayside. They haven't got backbone enough to lift them over an obstacle, and so they try to avoid it by

running in the way of another greater one, or by taking a long round-about way, in which all sorts of reverses are to be encountered. Consequently their course of studies becomes a sort of hide-and-go-seek affair, for the exact naming of which we have no suitable word in the English language.

In one college the rules are too strict for these gentlemen; their delicate constitutions require more liberty. In a word, they allow their strong republican tendencies to master their common sense. The next institution that has the misfortune of receiving them within its walls, doesn't provide them with good enough food, or, perhaps, said food is not cooked in a manner suitable to their highly refined palates. Alas, they feel themselves in conscience bound to move somewhere else! But a third college, although tiptop in its disciplinary and commissariat departments, is, for them, deficient in its course of studies. Now what in the world are the poor fellows to do? How are they to be satisfied? Must they live martyrs to college mismanagement, or be forced to die hod-carriers?

Well, we may begin our answer to these questions with the plain unvarnished statement, that these chronic miscontents are the most unhappy and most idiotic of mortals. Moreover, we may supplement this assertion by saying that these young men had better turn a new leaf, and look at things with less utopian eyes, or, otherwise, let them be off to heaven at once in a hand-basket, if they can find such a conveyance sufficiently fireproof to withstand the scorching it is likely to be subjected to on the way. Let them keep vividly in mind that it is only in the land of everlasting bliss that one can find *everything* exactly in accordance with one's taste. Moreover it might be well for them to remember that even heaven will not be theirs unless there be a radical change in their general make-up, before the time of their passing to another world.

There is evidently much to be lost, and absolutely nothing to be gained by this restless moving about from one college to another. Every additional change, besides entailing a great loss of time, is a positive drawback in a boy's course of studies. It is like beginning the previous year's work all over again. Everything is new,—the location of the college, its buildings, the professors,

companions, rules, and even the system of teaching. It takes the newly arrived student nearly a whole month, if not longer, to get passably acquainted with this unusual order of things. In a word, upon arrival at this new institution, he feels almost as much "lost" as he did the very first day he entered a boarding school. The unavoidable result, therefore, is a considerable loss of valuable time at a critical part of the course of studies, and, consequently, a retrograde movement in what should be the uninterrupted march towards honorable proficiency. Moreover, this changing from place to place, imperceptibly leads a young man to desultory habits, to a want of perseverance, which will certainly be very prejudicial to him during his whole after life.

On the other hand, the student that adheres perseveringly to the college of his choice, avoids all these disadvantages. On the very first day after his return from vacation, he can enter both the classroom and the campus without waiting for an introduction. He can shake hands with well known professors, and loved companions, and has the happiness of renewing old friendships instead of having to form new ones. Then, under the guidance, and with the unstinted help of kind benefactors, he can march right onward uninterruptedly in his course of studies towards the longed for goal, the object of his hope.

There are, however, exceptions to every good rule. It occasionally happens that certain very earnest students, after their first or second year in the classical course, propose to themselves an end that can be more satisfactorily attained in some other institution. These boys may, and should change to the place that suits them better. But then, these are the exceptions to the rule. They are seeking a higher, not a lower level, and so must not be classified amongst the chronic growlers, and inveterate miscontents.

We strongly advise the students, especially those of the First, Second and Third Forms, to take these few remarks into serious consideration. Let them understand that we are not giving this advice merely to further the interests of Ottawa University, though that in itself would be a most laudable end. Let them keep in mind that they will never derive benefit for themselves by changing to another institution before they have

obtained a B.A., no matter what anybody may say to the contrary. Our chief object in publishing these few words is the greater welfare and happiness of the students themselves, both in college and in after life, and even in that other truer life beyond the grave, the life that knows no ending.



NOTHING NEW.

Recently we have noticed some very favorable press comments on the heroic self-sacrificing devotedness of the Reverend Father O'Leary, Catholic chaplain of the First Canadian Contingent to South Africa. From accounts to hand, we learn that the good Father has been most untiring in his ministration to the spiritual and temporal needs of the brave boys over whom he exercises his gentle jurisdiction. After referring to his much regretted illness, to his noble work at Paardeberg, and to the possibility of his receiving the Victoria Cross for bravery on the battlefield, the *Ottawa Free Press* speaks of him as follows :—

"The news of the self-sacrificing deeds of this humble missionary of God, as well as the tributes paid to his work in the letters written home by scores of Canadians, have been read with interest and pride, while his own graphic and interesting letters, telling in simple and modest words of his labors among the dead and dying, have caused many a silent prayer to be offered up for the protection of that good man from the fatal bullet of the enemy, so that he might be spared to continue in the noble work and, at the close of the war, enjoy the honors and respect that rightly belong to him and which Canadians will not be slow to bestow."

This eulogy of the heroic work done by Father O'Leary is indeed a valuable tribute both to the brave priest himself, and to the grand old Church he so faithfully represents. Still, for us Catholics, there is nothing either strange or new in what Father O'Leary has done. On the contrary, we would have been painfully surprised had he acted otherwise. Every Catholic priest, under similar circumstances, should do in like manner ; such is his duty, and did he shrink from that duty, he would be utterly unworthy of his sacred calling. The Catholic priest is a man that has renounced the world ; he has separated himself from its ways ; he has abandoned all in order to walk in the footsteps of

his Divine Master. He regards this world with its ups and downs, with its wars and political changes, as a mere passing shadow. He has no object in life save his Master's glory as promoted by the salvation of immortal souls. For this he labors at all times and in all lands, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof. The livery he wears obliges him to risk and sacrifice everything most dear, even life itself, that he may bring the sweet consolations of God's true religion to them in direst need. Did any one presume to enter the Catholic priesthood with an end in view different from this, that is to say for mere temporal advantages, he would be guilty of a sacrilegious usurpation. On the bloody African veldt, or at any other post of danger, where souls are hourly passing away into the home of their eternity, the Catholic priest stands unmoved by any thrill of dread. Ever since his infancy, the religion he professes has stamped indelibly on his soul, an absolute confidence with regard to the beatitude of that mysterious future which lies beyond the grave. He well knows that the whistling bullet or the fell disease, which, if God so wills, may, at any moment, stop forever the beating of his truly sympathetic heart, must merely bring him home from a painful exile to his Father's house. He feels that on the dismal African plain, his God is ever present, ready to place upon his brow the unfading laurels won by strict fidelity to duty. Without the least reserve, he has already, on the day of his ordination, consecrated his life to God. How easy it is for him to surrender that life into the hands of its real Owner, whenever, or under whatever circumstances it may be called for. How could such a man really fear the transient dangers of a battlefield?



NO GALA DAY THIS YEAR.

On account of the disastrous fire of a few weeks ago, by which a large number of Ottawa people were rendered practically homeless, this year's Gala Day has been declared off. Such a course was thought necessary in view of the fact that the citizens of Ottawa, who always contribute so largely to the Gala Day prize list, and would have been asked to do so again, are now

being taxed to a considerable extent in rendering aid to the fire sufferers. After considering this state of affairs, the committee could not see their way clear to go on with the arrangements, and hence the course taken. It is a matter of sincere regret indeed, that we shall have no Gala Day this year, but we are of the opinion—in fact it is a general opinion among the students—that the action of the committee is highly commendable.



Of Local Interest.

This season of the year finds us busily engaged preparing for the June examinations, and it is gratifying to see how well the "free studies" are being patronised. All seem to be well imbued with the fact that "to learning, there is no royal road," and hence are making mighty efforts. Accordingly, let us offer a word of encouragement and wish those who try, all kinds of success.

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On Wednesday, 9th inst, the Scientific Society held its last regular meeting for this season, and the members were entertained by Mr. J. P. Gookin, '02, who delivered a splendid lecture on "Coral Reefs." The subject was very exhaustively treated by the lecturer, who described the various kinds of polyps, and showed how these microscopic beings grew together to form the great coral barriers of the world. The beautiful lime-light views which were used to illustrate the speaker's remarks, added much to the interest of the subject.

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Rev. Bro. Fallon has advanced one more step towards the sacred priesthood, for on Sunday, 20th inst., he was ordained Deacon by His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, Papal delegate. No doubt the Rev. Brother feels highly honored at having received the sacred order from the representative of His Holiness, and while we unite with him in rejoicing, we also extend to him our heartiest congratulations.

May 7th, being the Very Rev. Rector's feast, the Dramatic Society gave a *soirée* in his honor. A number of well chosen vocal and instrumental selections, together with the short drama "Expiation," made up an excellent programme. This is likely the last entertainment which the Dramatic Society will give this season, and it was indeed a fitting close to a successful year's work. The leading rôles were well taken, as were also many of the minor characters, though we are inclined to think that Mr. J. Hardiman deserves special praise for his impersonation of the cruel and treacherous Count.

The following is the caste :

Count Flavy.. .. .	J. HARDIMAN.
Loredan } Two knights.. .. .	} GEO. NOLAN. } G. POUPORE.
Gerard }	
Rinaldi, the Count's intendent.. .. .	M. O'CONNELL.
Beppo, Captain of his guards	W. COLLINS.
Robert of Lusigny, a boy captive	J. CAMPBELL.
Jean ie Chauve, the innkeeper.. .. .	J. P. KING.
Ghost, Crier, Etc	T. J. COSTELLO.
Assassins, knights, guards, etc.	

The programme was completed by two good recitations from Messrs. Morin and Williams.



Book Notice.

THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES, by the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. *New York: O'Shea & Co., Barclay Street.*

A book is in season when it corresponds to the needs of a portion of humanity. Now this book of Mgr. Vaughan is indeed seasonable.

Many Christians, even many Catholics, have, in our times, lowered the level of their hopes; they look for less than God. This is why they fail to partake of the joys of this world in a more spiritual manner. Religious indifference, which is, at least in germ, the soul's separation from God, springs from naturalism as from its proper root.

Men no longer take notice of their God,—of God's love and of His infinite perfections; they cease to meditate upon the mysteries of Jesus, our Divine Master ; on those poems of the divine love.

Now to place before these forgetful souls, in a modern and attractive form, the leading truths of Catholic theology ; to study the perfections of God, His wisdom and His infinite love ; to unveil that love, hidden in the mysteries and symbols of our altars, and in the outpourings of God's grace--such is the work of an apostle. Is not this the great work of the Church throughout the succeeding ages? Mgr. Vaughan has added one more stone to that edifice of the Apostles.

We sincerely wish that his book may find its way into every Catholic family, to replace there those light productions devoid of doctrinal value, that nowadays nourish the torpid curiosity of so many Christian souls.

Everybody can understand this book, and, upon reading it, each one must feel his or her faith made stronger.



Among the Magazines.

Writing in the May issue of the *Catholic World*, A. A. McGinley outlines the theory, scope and benefits of the Catholic Social settlement movement, and makes a strong plea for the extension of this new scheme of social betterment. Viewed in the light of previous failures among plans of this nature, the new movement presents so many important features, that the highest hopes for its successful advancement will doubtless be realized. The whole movement from its formal inception in London to its most practical exemplification in New York, is traced in the opening pages of this issue. Considerable work of this nature has been done both in England and in America, but there still remains a large field for active work. Whether as an adjunct to parochial work, or as an auxiliary to the missions for non-Catholics, the Catholic Social Settlement movement has an exacted mission, and is certainly destined to have a beneficial and far-

reaching influence. One of the leading contributions to this number is a critique of Dr. Toy's Dudleian lecture of 1899, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Fox, of the Catholic University. The purpose of this lecture course founded by Judge Dudley at Harvard was to "detect, correct, and expose the idolatry of the Romish Church." However, the lecturer of '99 (Dr. Toy) ignoring the traditional store of lies and notorious falsehoods usually hurled at the Catholic doctrine, made an honest endeavour to find out the real teachings of the Church, and devoted considerable time to a study of the encyclical letter of Leo XIII. He endeavored to be fair and honest in his assertions, but considers that Catholicity destroys individuality through an overawing dogmatic authority. In a masterly, scholarly way, Dr. Fox discusses this important point, and defends the individual conscience and its position under the Catholic system. Katischer has certainly contributed much to the science of political economy of our time, but his article in this number has the merit only of an excellent presentation of ideas, which are not unknown to students of this science. Very few new points are brought out. "A Sketch of Theodore Schwann," the eminent German Catholic biologist, is interesting and instructive. The final chapter of the "Song of the Lord" is reached in this issue. With singular success, Miss Gilmore has entered the field of portraying the grander and nobler characteristics of the Italian in America. The better side of this much-maligned emigrant is beautifully unfolded in the story of the faithful love and devotion of Bianca, and Vandyke Courtland.

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The current issue of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains many excellent contributions. With a warmth of enthusiasm and admiration which does not, however, preclude an impartial criticism, D. J. Donahoe writes of the "Catholic Poets of America." Doubtless a future article may be written which will embrace a review of some of those lesser Catholic singers whose work, though of a high order, is under-rated and often overlooked. "Development of Character in Students," a paper read at the Convention of representatives of Catholic Colleges in April,

finds insertion in this issue. It is a masterly article and shows clever thinking and logical reasoning on matters of vital importance to students. Treating of discipline, he has some strong words against a system which, alas! is not uncommon in some Catholic colleges. Lest the veracity of any statement might be doubted the whole paragraph is given for consideration :—

“Supervision is good and necessary but if carried to excess it becomes an evil. While admitting that there should always be proper safeguards for innocence, and protection against bad example and the contagion of wicked companions, *I have no patience with a system which watches a boy narrowly from the time he gets up in the morning till he goes to bed at night. Never feeling that any confidence is reposed in him, he naturally becomes a sneak and is imperceptibly transformed from the manly, frank, honest, straight-forward boy into a time-server, sycophant and hypocrite.* What is the result? Deadly haters of religion and Christianity, which in the persons of its representatives cast a blight on youth, tyrannized over their years of growth and took all the freshness and bloom out of life.”

Readers of this magazine expect something better in current fiction than “In the Wake of the Green Brigade.” The author of this story should spare his readers the delectation of the portrayal of Irish valor co-existing with and stimulated by drunkenness. This type of a hero is repulsive and vulgar, and as the author presents it, is acceptable to only the maligners and libellers of the Irish race, especially to those who continually hurl the false and unjust charge of inebriation at our people.

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Bensiger's Magazine for May is bright and cheery full of interesting articles, and most of them treated with fulness and accuracy of information. Owing to the great circulation of this magazine among our young people it is reasonable to expect a large amount of fiction within its covers, but it is no exaggeration or toadyism to affirm that in the matter of supplying moral, elevating and entertaining fiction it has far surpassed many of the old and tried publications issued for our boys and girls. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the opening pages which Father Finn occupies with what promises to be his best contribution to juvenile literature. Since continental Europe will claim many of the restless army of summer tourists, the numerous interesting and illustrated articles

descriptive of Rome, Paris and other cities, likely to be visited by the American globe-trotter, are timely and acceptable. The leading events of the past month such as the opening of the Paris Exposition, the Queen's visit to Ireland, etc., are treated in a terse manner but with sufficient completeness to make most satisfactory reading.

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Current History of which the May number is now at hand, is the one complete and reliable periodical history of our times. This publication confines itself to chronicle the world's progress and with a conscientious purpose, to tell facts and not opinions or conjectures. The present number covers the entire range of the world's important doings; in war particularly the South African Campaign; in diplomacy it outlines the Boer peace commission and proposals, Anglo-American relations, the Delagoa Bay Award, etc.; in science it covers such topics as the Arctic Exploration, Multiplex Telegraphy and the Antarctic Exploration. In fact it gives a comprehensive view of every leading question and incident in a clear, crisp and luminous style.



Exchanges.

The *Mountaineer* for April has a timely and sensible article on "Irish Character in Fact and Fiction." The Irish have certainly; more than any other race, suffered at the hands of the caricaturist. In many present-day novels, and even more so on the stage, the Irishman is generally an absurd exaggeration of the "Micky Free" type, the laugh-maker and laughing-stock. And what is more apparent than the falsity of these representations of Irish life? As the writer remarks: "Travel from the Cove of Cork to the Giants' Causeway and you will not find a counterpart to those ludicrous creatures that we see in some of the houses of amusement, and to the ridiculous delineations so frequently met with in those pernicious publications, the comic papers." There are as well, very few novels that give a true idea of the Irish character. This article points out that Lever, Lover and Carleton "had to cut

their cloth to suit the English taste," but that there are very good pictures of Irish life in later works such as "Knocknagow" and "My New Curate." It is not the least lamentable consequence of this evil, the writer goes on to say, that "the youth of Irish ancestry in this country have unfortunately in many cases erroneous ideas of the land of their forefathers." This long-existing abuse cries loudly for redress, and it lies in the hands of the Irish in this country to apply the necessary remedy. Unfortunately it is a subject very seldom discussed, and we are glad to see that the writer in the *Mountaineer* has endeavored to set the ball a-rolling.

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To the weary ex-man who has waded through a pile of magazines of all kinds, good, bad and indifferent, the sight of the *Tamarack* cannot fail to bring an unusual sense of pleasure. The articles are without exception breezy and interesting. The stories are above the average, though the two on Indian topics smack somewhat of a lack of originality. "The Beginning of Seasons" is cleverly conceived and proclaims its author to be of a highly imaginative turn of mind. On the subject, "Resolved, that the United States should treat its foreign possessions as it has treated its territorial possessions," the speech which won the prize in the Skinner Debate is given in full. The speaker, on behalf of the affirmative, presents his arguments in a logical and forceful manner.

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"Thoughts on Tennyson," in *Vox Wesleyana* is a meritorious and instructive paper. It shows that the great Laureate's poetry is universal in its popularity, for it appeals to all classes, "from the little child to the grey-haired man," and that moreover its marvellous beauty depends largely upon the good principles which as a rule it inculcates. Thus Tennyson fulfils the true mission of the poet, to elevate, for "by recording noble acts and expressing noble thoughts he helps us in our daily needs and raises us to higher things." Another article in this journal which will repay perusal is that on Arthur Henry Hallam. The writer endeavors to show that Tennyson did not exaggerate the merits of his dead friend in "In Memoriam."

The *Dalhousie Gazette* prints an interesting biographical sketch of Rudyard Kipling. "The Beginnings of Literature" evidences no slight acquaintance with the writings of the ancients on the part of the author. There would seem to be a dearth of poetic talent among Dalhousians, for the present issue does not contain any verse at all.



Priorum, Temporum Flores.

Among the many Reverend visitors at the University during the month, we were pleased to see a good number of our former acquaintances.

Among others were Rev. W. Cavanagh '93 of Metcalfe, Rev. D. McDonald '89 of Greenfield and Rev. P. O'Brien '91 of Madoc.

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Mr. L. E. O. Payment '99, who is successfully pursuing his law studies at Laval University, Quebec, called at our sanctum to see his many friends. L. E. O.'s visits are always welcomed, but the Review Staff and Mr. Payment's other numerous friends were grieved that the present visit should have been occasioned by the death of his mother. We extend our heartfelt condolence to Mr. Payment in this sorrowing hour.

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Messrs. E. Gleason '98, D. McGee '97 and E. J. Doyle '99, were among some of the callers at Alma Mater during the month.

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A. Ross, ex. '02 is now in San Francisco, but it is likely that Sandy will be numbered among the students next Fall.

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Rev. J. T. McNally, D.D. '92, is now stationed at the Cathedral, Portland, Oregon. The Rev. Dr. is Secretary to His Grace Archbishop Christie.

Rev. T. P. Holland '96 writes to our Sanctum from Port Henry, N. Y.' where he is stationed. THE REVIEW wishes him every success and happiness in the sacred work to which he has devoted his life and talents.

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From the far-off auriferous regions of the Klondyke, comes agreeable news from Messrs. J. P. Smith '93, and F. McDougall '93. Both are dealing out sound principles of Blackstone, and are accumulating the nuggets. Success is the wish of THE REVIEW.

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Pleasant and interesting news reached our sanctum during the month, announcing the engagements of two former students. The one that of a western citizen, of the class of '94, to an eastern lady ; the other, that of a resident of the Banner Province, of the class of '84, to a lady of the Island Province. We shall keep our eyes open and report later.

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THE REVIEW extends its heartiest congratulations to an "Ottawa boy" and former student of the University, the Reverend Father C. J. Smith, O.M.I., Pastor of St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, Texas, on the happy occasion of his Silver Jubilee, which was celebrated on May 22nd. *Ad multos annos.*



Athletics.

This year's spring games of football, are now events of the past, while the disturbances of temper that they might have caused at the time are now forgotten, and we have to recall only the pleasing incidents that they have occasioned.

From the last issue of THE REVIEW it will be noted that Mr. Murphy is credited as captain of one of the contesting teams. We are sorry to state, however, that owing to some transient illness, he declined to take part in any of the games, and consequently his team was not only considerably weakened, but apparently left without a leader. This placed a damper on the bright hopes the

players had of winning the trophy, but did not quite extinguish them. They soon evinced a determination not to let such a misfortune deprive them of securing a trophy, which would be the more appreciated because of the difficulties surmounted in striving to obtain it. Their first step was to select a captain from the members of the team. They were unanimous in appointing Mr. McGlade, thinking that if he were capable of guiding the destinies of the Athletic Association, he likewise could lead a team to victory. Henceforth their almost blighted hope soon assumed a new aspect and increased with each successive victory until ultimately realized in the final game, played on April 29. This game, in which the present champions had to contend against Captain Cox's team, proved the most exciting, as well as one of the most closely contested games of the series. The "rooters" for Captain McGlade's team, on that day, were in the minority, as the larger number who took much pleasure in looking on, well knew that a victory for that team would decide the championship and prevent them from witnessing other similar exciting contests. The present champions did not view it in that light, since in victory they were to reach the goal of their ambition.

The score at the end of the first half of the game stood 3 to 0 in Cox's favor. Shortly after the second half had commenced, the umpire was accused, by several players on Captain McGlade's team, of exceeding his authority. A dispute arose, the outcome of which was that the team in question, had to play the remaining time of about fifteen minutes with one man less. The effect was that the umpire was made conscious of a right sense of duty, while the players with great pluck and determination renewed their efforts, and within five minutes play secured a touch-down thus making the score 4 to 3.

Then Captain McGlade resorted to Ottawa Varsity's old tactics of killing time and keeping possession of the ball until the end of the the game, thereby securing the coveted trophy without having sustained a single defeat. Although we would have enjoyed other similar games, still we were on the other hand well-pleased to see perseverance combined with unity of purpose, resulting so triumphantly.

The following names are those of the champions:—

Full-back, Verdia ; *half-backs*, O'Brien, A. Morin, Ruane ; *quarter*, Eves ; *Scrimmage*, Seguin, McGlade, L. Morin ; *wings*, Donnelly, Smith, Hanley, Gillis, Heston, Golden and Chenier.

The following is the standing of the teams :—

	Won.	Lost.	Draw.	Points.
Captain McGlade.....	2	0	1	5
" Callaghan.....	2	1	0	4
" Cox	1	2	0	2
" McGuckin..	0	2	1	1

There only remains to inform all admirers of the Garnet and Grey that, perhaps never before in the history of the Association, has there been such available material in our midst for a championship team. It is only necessary to mention the names of Eves, Keely and Nolan as *quarter-backs* ; McGuckin, Callaghan, A. Morin, Halligan, O'Brien and Blute as *half-backs* ; and Cox, Murphy, Fay, Smith, McCosham, Maher, Larkin, Harpell, Donnelly, Seguin and Harrington as *forwards*, to convince anyone of the above statement.

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As the Ottawa Valley Baseball League, for some reason or other, could not be reorganized, baseball during the coming season will not be characterized by the interest of former years. Our rival clubs in the league tell us that the Hull and Ottawa fire has made it impossible to reorganize the league. Poor fire ! for what a multitude of omissions is it not made to account ! This is not the true reason for not wishing to re-organize the league. We know, however, that since the first season of its organization the Ottawa University Baseball Team won every pennant, and we are equally cognizant of the fact that a like repetition would greatly humiliate our opponents. Well, if those clubs think that they can rest upon the glories of their past achievements, it is quite evident that the "Varsity's" base ball team may, if it so choose, enjoy the same privilege with equal impunity.

But the true sportive spirit is not dormant in us, and the fact that we have a reputation to uphold will not allow us to remain idle. Accordingly, our energetic manager, Mr. McGuckin, has already been successful in arranging exhibition matches with local

teams, so that all lovers of the most popular of games, may be favored with several good matches before the holidays. We have very good baseball material in our midst at present and with the possible exception of the pitcher, this year's team may compare favorably with any of the preceding years.

Mr. P. F. Ruane has been selected Captain of the team.



Junior Department.

During a very exciting game of baseball, in which Choc Ette took part, our Poet Laureate sat on the neighboring picket fence, and wrote the following verses.

CHOC ETTE AT THE BAT.

Through Lilliput I stole one day, where things to seniors strange occur ;
 But this the subject of my lay, is fit all sporting blood to stir.
 You've surely heard of young Choc Ette, the Lilliputians' pride and joy,
 For he's the small yard's dashing pet, and he's a very sporty boy.
 'Tis at the bat that he does shine, though baseball's not his only game,
 But batting's his peculiar line, for field and bat are not the same.

With sleeves rolled up and nostrils wide, with bat in hand, he takes his place,
 To hit that ball and then to slide to first with scanty show of grace.
 The ball it whistles through the air, but Choc Ette doesn't strike at all,
 The referee who's never square, in deep bass voice sings out "one ball."
 With knowing wink and cute grimace, Choc calls the pitcher "one big fou"
 And Satan's sneer plays o'er his face, when referee calls out "ball two."

But now his yell more loud and shrill than e'er was laugh of "Killaloe,"
 Proclaims a dead ball didn't kill our hero ; nothing that could do.
 But limping off from out his place, he asks some Lilliputian friend
 Instead of him to take first base, and Choc retires until the end.
 Then when the game is lost and won, his team he doth congratulate
 On their getting "fifteen big run" against the other fellows eight.

"Ma frens, you is de much best team ; you pi ty well good de odder mans ;
 "You no was beat ; to me it seem, dat game she come right to your hans.
 "Me do much work, me make some run, den me get hit avec de ball ;
 "But still me help dat game to won, for on de base me coach you all."
 Choc Ette unto his team thus spake, while, lying hid behind a post,
 We note of all the fun did take, though risking much a small yard roast.

No big yard man of any sense, who doesn't want both bruise and maim,
 Will stay beyond the picket fence, 'cept when the kids do watch a game.
 So we dug out whene'er that game was done and Choc Ette's speech was o'er
 Our swift departure do not blame, else had we seen a game no more.
 While backward to our yard we hied, Choc Ette we saw born high in air;
 His team triumphant did in pride, their hero on their shoulders bear.

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We hope that the Juniors that intend to present themselves for the examinations, will employ to the best possible purpose, all their spare moments in order to receive at the end of the term, the proffered diploma. Let it not be said that some of the Lilliputians were "plucked" for lack of energy.

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On Wednesday, May 16th, the Knickerbocker Nine crossed bats with the Third Team of the big yard. By heavy batting and clever team work in the field, the small boys piled up 24 runs, while their opponents could only score 5 runs. The features of the game were the mesmeric twirling of Thibault, the Lilliputian pitcher, and the steam rolling coaching of Mr. Rouleau, the big yard talker.

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On May 20th, the first team of the small yard battled with the second contingent of Gulliver land. The former excelled their older opponents in every position on the field. After a very exciting game, our young Knickerbockers carried off honors by defeating the Gulliver team in a score of only 35 to 13. Bravo, boys! Nothing like the small yard!

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The Junior Editor extends his words of sympathy to Messrs. J. French and J. Campbell. He hopes that they will soon recover from the effects of the recent accident they met with, while bicycling on Varsity Oval. To the consideration of all bicyclists do we offer the following proposition: No two wheels can occupy the same space at one and the same time; neither can they pass each other on the same line in opposite directions. Proof—the Infirmary during the past couple of weeks.

Some of the seniors are anxious to discover the Junior Editor. They endeavor to persuade their most intimate friends to disclose the secret of his identity, but their attempts are useless. The few remarks in our last issue relative to the vogue, produced a smart that seemed to trouble their cherished little vein of vanity.

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On May 23rd, the members of the Junior Athletic Association held their annual pic-nic at Chelsea.

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We invite all the inhabitants of Lilliput to take a look at the beautiful group-picture that Dennis lately received from a chief of the Pottawatomie tribe.

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Lost,—a hat, somewhere between Concession Street and Ottawa University. We hope that said hat will not find its way to Marquette, Michigan.

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Scene :—*C. A. R. Depot.*

Last farewells. The big brother turned down. Quoth Joe W. "I'll bet a dollar that she won't refuse me."

It would not be right to let Joe lose his money, so,—!!!

Curtain falls as Prefect rounds the corner.

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Gentlemen, in the college field, there is a red hat that has a very interesting history.

* * *

Prof. How is it that you have not finished your set ?

Tier. I lost *my balance*.

* * *

Latest definition of man. *Homo animalis ratiōne.*

APRIL 1900.

ROLL OF HONOR, COMMERCIAL COURSE.

First Grade.—1st. L. P. Levesque ; 2nd. P. T. Kirwan ;
3rd. L. Bourque.

Second Grade, Division "A."—1st. Joseph Coupal ; 2nd.
E. Langlois ; 3rd. Lionel Leonard.

Second Grade, Division "B."—1st. L. P. Brosseau ; 2nd.
Eugène Renaud ; 3rd. E. Thériault.

Third Grade, Division "A."—1st, Francis Taillon ; 2nd, John
Parker ; 3rd, James Higgerty.

Third Grade, Division "B."—1st, E. Seguin ; 2nd, Jas. Dona-
hue ; 3rd, Jas. Healy.

Graduating Class.—1st, Cyriac Dionne ; 2nd, Paul Benoit ;
3rd, H. Dufour.

