

REMINISCENCES, DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

THE managing editor of THE OWL has several times asked me for reminiscences, and I have always answered "impossible." The last occasion was when the Christmas number for 1895 was in preparation, on which occasion to show that my refusal was not due to ill-will or even indifference, I fished out of the bottom of a drawer where it had lain forgotten for years an old mss. which the M. E. was good enough to publish. —I wouldn't have done it had I been in his place and he in mine.

Lately, however, a copy of *Donahoe's Magazine*, containing a symposium, on college dramatics, fell into my hands. At once a flood of reminiscences came rushing through my mind and lest they should swamp some valuable property, I proceed at once to turn the current in the direction of the Bird of Wisdom's sanctum. My most vivid recollection of college days are connected with music and the drama! How the M. E. will laugh when he gets this far! 'Twould make me highly indignant if I could see him, but at this distance, although I know it's going on, I can bear it with equanimity. And if a certain friend of ours whose appearance is older than his years happens to be in Ottawa at the time, I know that his cachinnatory explosions will be likely to create considerable *scandalum*—whether *pusillorum* or *Phariseorum* I shall not stop to determine. "Creedon reminiscing about music and the drama!" I can hear him shout, "You ought to put it in the Ululatus— it's the hugest joke I ever heard, What in thunder did he know about music? Why he couldn't sing a note any more than I can, which is saying a heap, and as for instrumental" here he goes into convulsions which threaten at first to have a fatal issue, but he eventually recovers

from them and proceeds with many a gasp. "Instrumental music—Creedon why—Reynell don't you remember the night he nearly gave us brain fever with the piccolo!!!"

Well, I admit it all and as to the last and gravest charge, I claim that I acted merely in self-defence, simply using the piccolo in preference to the shillelah or shotgun. It accomplished my faugh-a-ballagh purpose just as thoroughly as either of these weapons would have done. Nevertheless, facts are stubborn things, and it remains a fact that nothing calls up such vivid recollections of the happiest days of my life as music and the drama.

My first year in college I was cast for a minor part in the Christmas play. It was "The Wandering Boys," and my part was one of those epicene things which are inevitable on the college stage—a village gammer transformed into a gaffer. I fancied it did not give sufficient scope for the dramatic power which I felt at that time to be latent within me. Only one opportunity did I get to rise above the commonplace—there was a reference to an old servant of the chatelain named Baptiste. All the others called him *Baptist* I used with swelling breast to say *Batcest*. Once or twice I thought I saw a smile upon the faces of the hero and the heavy villain, but attributed it to their jealousy of my superior knowledge of French. I daily expected to have the director compliment me upon my Parisian accent but he never seemed to notice it. There was a chorus of villagers in this play, and I was in that—at least I was supposed to be. Since my ancient friend has published the fact that I never could sing, it's just as well for me to acknowledge that I was merely supposed to be. Father Balland had the reputation of being able to get