

Arts Department.

EXTRACTS FROM A STUDENT'S DIARY.

Tottenham, England, Sept. 2.

THE bright sun had not yet quite dispelled the cool of the night air when we arrived in Paris. Mingled feelings of reverence and delight pulsed through my brain as I looked into the clear blue sky, and then, about me on the city itself, which seemed like a strong man after a bath. This is the far-famed capital of France. Through the self-same streets Napoleon had led in, in triumph, his victorious troops, and at other times had led them out, amidst the blare of trumpets to bloodiest battles. From these windows and doors, mothers, sisters and lovers had waved their last adieus to their soldier-boys, and welcomed them again with tears. In these streets what revolutions have been! what fights! what scenes!

This was the morning of Monday, July 24th, 1899, the third day of a two-weeks' ramble in England and France. My companion was a fellow-student of Queen's, now perchance in Edinburgh or Glasgow. Saturday morning (22nd), we arrived at Euston Station, London, despatched our business in about two hours, and were ready for our holiday. That afternoon we attended the international inter-collegiate games, held in the Queen's Club grounds, West London. The afternoon was hot and cloudless. Quinlan of Harvard had won the hundred in a beautiful race. Oxford the broad jump (23 feet 9 inches), Harvard the hurdle, Cambridge the quarter-mile, Harvard the hammer, Oxford the half-mile, Harvard the high jump, and Cambridge the mile. The last event, the three-mile race, is now half run, with America and England equal. The contest has become wholly international. The Harvard man drops on the track; Cambridge is falling back and is now out of the race. Oxford and Yale remain and are both running well. It is a $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile track. The last lap has begun. Now Yale, now Oxford leads. Ten thousand excited people rise up, where till now they have been sitting,—lean forward, breathless, in a wild hope to see their favorite forge ahead and win. 300 yards remain, and the men are struggling abreast. Oxford pulls ahead—then a brilliant effort

brings Yale some feet into the lead. His thousand countrymen on the south stand break into a wild howl—but a British cheer from the other side of the field greets Oxford's supreme effort—he passes,—the cheer, more general now, carries him on—he leads—gains—still gains, and wins the race and contest for England.

But this is only the beginning, the first course of a sumptuous repast. That evening we went to the Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving's own theatre, to hear him and Miss Ellen Terry in Robespierre. The play is of the magnificently spectacular variety, and has been variously criticized as worthy and unworthy of Irving's efforts in its behalf. Those who have had the privilege of hearing him in both Shylock and Robespierre cannot but notice how much of his Shylock is reproduced in Robespierre. This, however, may be quite natural, since the groundwork of the natures of both characters is very similar in their grasping selfishness—expressing itself in Shylock through his miserliness, and in Robespierre through his ambition. Both are inexorable when in power, and when robbed of it they are pitiable creatures. Robespierre, however, is a much more imposing ruin than Shylock, for he is nobler in defeat than he ever was in power. Both are overwhelmed with the righteous doom of their self-centred lives. At a meeting of the National Assembly Robespierre's fall is as complete as Shylock's in the trial scene. At the height of his power, and when his "incorruptible" will was doing most mischief, there was yet a redeeming trait in the character of Robespierre. It was his genuine devotion for Clarisse, his first, wronged love and his solicitude for her son Ollivier. The effect caused by Robespierre's discovery that the young Royalist before him, whom he had just condemned to death, was his own son, is most intense. This situation brings out the genius of Irving as an actor. Few words are spoken. The young man stands defiantly in the presence of the man—the self-made god—whom he does not suspect of being his father. The father, discovering by secret papers that this is his own son, lapses from the relentless murderer to an almost natural father. The battling passions of his soul are seen in every look, every feature, every movement. He cannot reveal the secret, for it would but add con-

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