

E. MURPHY

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D'Youville Reading Circle

Ottawa, Nov. 17, 1904. Editor of The Register:

The large audience which assembled in the Rideau St. Convent last Monday afternoon, was a very practical proof of the popularity of the lecturer, Mr. John F. Waters, M.A., and of the interest taken in the work of the Reading Circle, under the auspices of which the winter course of lectures is given. Mr. Waters spoke on Shakespeare's Lesser Brethren. To the average person Shakespeare usually stands for something great in literature, but of the lesser lights which immediately preceded or were contemporary with him, he knows very little. Mr. Waters with that magnetic charm of his, immediately put his audience in touch with him, proving in his interesting way that these lesser poets and dramatists are worthy of careful study and consideration—and by more than the man of letters. He commenced with a quotation from Shakespeare in praise of his native land; continuing Mr. Waters said that in the face of such an embarrassment of riches, it was extremely hard to know how, when, or where to begin. He laid strong emphasis on the importance of the Tudor age in literature; it is phenomenal—there has been nothing to equal it in all the record of letters. This will be easily seen when we consider the smallness of the realm, the sparseness of the population—London, the chief city claiming a population scarcely larger than the Ottawa of the present day, the whole of England numbering about four and a half millions—and against this the fact that during the short space of forty-five years, England produced two hundred and thirty-five dramatists and poets. The names on which the lecturer dwelt principally, were Christopher Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Philip Massinger. Most of these men led lives of recklessness and dissipation, their time for the most part being spent in taverns, in hovels of dissipation, amid scenes of misery and sin, and the majority of them died as they had lived—out in what should have been the flower of their manhood. It is this contrast between what they were and the work they did—work stamped with the hallmarks of genius and power which makes the study of them so interesting. In their writings they may be said to have fallen short of their vocation as teachers of men, still the snatches of pure, tender, graceful poetry, which we see, alongside of savage outbursts of impiety and despair are proofs to the contrary. Christopher Marlowe particularly should be noted in this respect. He had a splendid power, well nigh terrible in its dramatic intensity, but marred by his atheistic life and reckless indulgence in mad passions. Yet he is the man who wrote the charming, tender appeal of "The Shepherd to His Love," which Mr. Waters quoted. He died at the age of thirty-two, leaving behind him four masterpieces, which laid broad and deep the foundation of English dramatic literature. Mr. Waters spoke of the waste and prodigality of these gifted men as truly awful. Like Shakespeare, they were utterly careless as to the preservation of their work; carelessness was engendered in the very lives they lived. They felt all the clear joy of creation—and left posterity and their works to take care of themselves. Unquestionably the greatest of Shakespeare's Lesser Brethren is Ben Jonson. His high moral integrity, and stern perseverance of character stamp him as a really great and good man. In spite of this, and the lecturer spoke of it as a matter of wonder to himself, reviewers and commentators have delighted in writing of him as malevolent, harsh, stern, tactful, and abnormally jealous of Shakespeare. The very reverse was the case; he was a generous, warm-hearted man, and Gifford, in a masterly essay, proved the falsity of the Shakespeare charge. No contemporary of the world's greatest poet has put in record such a proof of respect and admiration as did Ben Jonson in his preface to the first published volume of Shakespeare's works. His dramas show a skillful, harmonious, consistent development very far removed from the terrible power and gloomy fatalism, which by fits and starts characterizes the work of Marlowe.

A Gross Exaggeration

Grossly exaggerated versions of an incident of Cardinal Gibbons' visit to St. Stanislaus' Church, Baltimore, have been published in the daily papers of several cities. According to one account, the people of the parish, incensed by the acceptance by the Cardinal of their pastor's resignation, "jostled His Eminence from the church steps" and "priests who came to his aid were similarly treated."

The facts of the matter are that while the Cardinal and other guests were in the rectory the door bell rang and about seventy-five women, fifteen or twenty boys and girls and perhaps a dozen men pushed into the vestibule and proceeded up the steps leading to the second story, and when asked what was their mission, they proclaimed their intention of beseeching His Eminence to reappoint the former pastor. Reasoning and entreaties failed to induce the petitioners to disperse, and in order to clear the vestibule it was necessary to summon the police. Later in the evening services were held in the church and a large congregation attended. There was no disorder. Those who wish the return of the former pastor are greatly in the minority, and the major part of the congregation are pleased with the new pastor.

Death of Sir Stephen De Vere

A Limerick despatch says: Sir Stephen Edward De Vere, fourth and last Baronet, died at his residence, Poyntes Island, County Limerick, in his third year. Deceased was a brother of the Irish poet, Aubrey De Vere, and was an active figure in Irish politics for upwards of half the last century. He was converted to Catholicity. He represented Limerick County for a number of years. He distinguished himself after the great Irish famine of '47 by going out to America as an ordinary passenger, and thereby induced legislation which ended the use of what were known as coffin ships. A member of a distinguished Irish literary family, the late Baronet was himself a prolific writer of pamphlets, etc., but is, perhaps, best known for his masterly translations into English verse of the odes of Horace. He frequently contributed also to the great London weeklies, but for the past fifteen years lived a retired life in Poyntes Island. He never married, and died to-day the last representative of one of the oldest Irish families.

Death of Abbe Bourassa

Montreal, Nov. 21.—The Archdiocese of Montreal has lost one of its most revered and lovable priests in the death of Abbe Bourassa, parish priest of St. Louis de France, and late Secretary of Laval University. Father Bourassa met with an accident while overseeing some repairs in the choir loft of his church about two weeks ago, and sustained a severe concussion. Although it was necessary for him to remain in bed, the injury was not regarded as serious, and it was thought that he was recovering satisfactorily. Last night, however, he began to sink, and soon expired. Father Bourassa was a brother of Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P. He rendered excellent service to Laval, but, wishing to engage in active church work, he took charge of the Parish of St. Louis de France during the present year. He was about forty years of age.

With the brave the sun sets at last upon all earthly expectations, but only to rise upon another sphere of hope. The star of hope may sink below the horizon, but it has never yet gone down into a grave.

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N. MURPHY

He had a greater length of years than any of his contemporaries and produced work of a much higher order. It is said, however, that he did not realize two hundred pounds by his different productions. Mr. Waters spoke of him as a great poet, a great master, a man of extraordinary erudition, always evincing an inherent predilection for what is good and true in life—a man well deserving of the inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, 'O Rare Ben Johnson.'

The firm of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford the lawyer-poet and Philip Massinger were the other dramatists spoken of at some length. The three first, unlike most of their contemporaries, were of aristocratic birth. Philip Massinger is perhaps the most pathetic figure of the group—a born genius handicapped by his extreme poverty, forced to depend on patronage, and despising himself for it. In conclusion Mr. Waters said, that the time of the Tudors should not be judged by the street brawls, tavern riots, the license of the theatres and of the court, for England exhibited many hopeful signs, and the foundation was laid which established her as one of the powers.

The Rev. Dr. Sherry of the University gave the vote of thanks, emphasizing the scholarliness and completeness of the lecture, also the strong point made by the lecturer that too much promiscuous reading is done in our day, and showing the benefit of a course of reading which would take us farther back to less sordid times, when work of more lasting value was produced.

The Late Launcelot Bolster

The following heartfelt tribute to the late Mr. Launcelot Bolster appears in the last issue of the Toronto Sunday World:

"His life was gentle, And the elements so mixed in him, That Nature might stand up, And say to all the world, This was a man!"

To know the late Launcelot Bolster, manager of the Sovereign Bank of Canada, was to love him. His very nature endeared him to his fellow man, so kind and gentle was he in every action of his life. His death, which took place shortly before midnight on Thanksgiving Day, proved a severe shock to a most extensive circle of friends, both business and social, of whom he was hardly expected that he would come so soon. Bright's disease in a rather violent form had made inroad in a never very robust constitution, and he finally succumbed. His loving and faithful sister attended him to the last. The deceased banker was born in London, England, within sound of Bow Bells, and came to Canada with his parents when quite a young lad. His father was for many years connected with the Toronto waterworks, when they were owned by Mr. Furness and also after they had been purchased by the city. Young Bolster entered the service of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at a very early age, when the late Senator McMaster was its president and with whom he was a great favorite. So apt a junior was he that his promotion was rapid and in 1880 he was appointed assistant manager for the Toronto branch of the bank, which position he filled for some years, until continued ill-health compelled him to withdraw from active service. From then until 1902, when the Sovereign Bank was organized, Mr. Bolster spent his time in rest and travel. He visited the old land of his birth and returned to Canada in much better health. He assisted Mr. D. M. Stewart (who by the way was an old bank of Commerce colleague) to organize the Sovereign Bank of Canada, and so marked was his success that he was offered and accepted the position of Toronto manager. But the hand of death was already upon him and in November, 1903, he left the bank for the last time. The best medical skill was employed and an eminent New York specialist advised him to spend a term in Muskoka, which he did. However, he gradually got weaker and the end came peacefully and without a struggle. Naturally of a somewhat retiring disposition, to those who knew him he was a most lovable man. His greatest pleasure was to perform an act of kindness for a fellow creature—he was always the same good-hearted soul, as anyone who enjoyed his friendship was proud to acknowledge. He was an ardent lover of music and an excellent violin player. Mr. Bolster was never married, but leaves two brothers, one of whom is a lawyer in Texas, and three sisters, to mourn the loss of one of the best, noblest and kindest brothers mortal man or woman ever had. His friends were numerous and many a silent tear will be dropped to the memory of poor "Larry" Bolster.

A large number of friends attended the funeral on Saturday morning from the residence of his brother-in-law, Thomas Mulvey, 125 Bathurst street, to St. Basil's Church, then to St. Michael's Cathedral. The officiating priest, Father Howard, one of whom is a lawyer in Texas, and three sisters, to mourn the loss of one of the best, noblest and kindest brothers mortal man or woman ever had. His friends were numerous and many a silent tear will be dropped to the memory of poor "Larry" Bolster.

The chief mourners were George Bolster of New York, a brother; Mrs. M. Scully, Mrs. Owen Soud, Mrs. J. D. Eoy, K.C., Randolph Hasdond, A. A. Allan, John L. Lee, W. T. Lee, J. Cumberland, John Pugsley, Joseph Moroney, E. V. O'Sullivan, Jules Perry, Claude Macdonell and J. D. Ward.

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SCANDAL SILENCED

Priest Exonerated From Accusation of Using Undue Influence.

New York, Nov. 14.—Supreme Court Justice Gildersleeve has rendered a decision completely exonerating Rev. John J. Hughes, pastor of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, from all the allegations that he had used his influence unduly in advising Jane Morris how to make a testamentary disposition of her property.

Jane Morris died, aged 90, in October, 1902. She had lived for years with her sister-in-law, Ellen Morris, at 131 West Sixteenth street, but eight weeks before her death Father Hughes and his nephew, John T. Hughes, removed her from the squalid tenement to better rooms at 139 West Sixteenth street, where John T. Hughes took care of her till she died.

Ellen Morris had accumulated \$5,000 in savings and five weeks before her death she made a will bequeathing \$2,000 to Father Hughes and making another bequest to the Church. Father Hughes told her, however, that he would not accept the bequest, so the will was destroyed, and Mrs. Morris then gave a power of attorney to John T. Hughes, who, at her direction, transferred \$3,000 to the Missionary Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. The rest of her savings was to be spent in caring for her, and should any money remain her sister-in-law, Ellen Morris, was to get it.

Ellen Morris brought suit for the whole estate and made charges involving the integrity of Father Hughes. Justice Gildersleeve, before whom the case was tried, says the evidence shows that the money was disposed of as the testatrix herself desired, and that the conduct of Father Hughes throughout was unquestionably that of a pure and holy man looking after the spiritual welfare of an aged parishioner in the regular discharge of his priestly duties. The suit is therefore dismissed.

Roast Carrion for Ontario

Dr. Drummond with Contemptuous Levity Pays Tribute to the Corrupt Ontario Voter

The address by Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of "The Habitant," to the Canadian Club of Toronto on Monday, was the hottest roast that has been yet served up to the corrupt Ontario elector. "True," he said, "the birth rate of Ontario is not remarkable; that is, it does not even exceed the modest birth rate of my own Province of Quebec, but the male inhabitants of Ontario have, it seems to me, one quality far surpassing anything of the kind in the sister Province, and which is simply phenomenal; namely, the power, as I said before, of 'hanging on' to objects sacred to them."

"Judging by political history, the son of Ontario who reaches the years of maturity and the right to a vote never dies. Once his name has been enrolled upon the glorious roster of his country, his name, if not his fame, is undying. He may pass from this earth, and the place that once knew him know him no more for months, or even years at a time—there he lies, the noble son of Ontario, perchance in some foreign land, while instead of the bitterness of his native homestead, the gloomy cypress guards his lonely grave; but, though the dread trumpet remain unblown, yet one blast from the old familiar party horn summons him to the same old polling booth."

"His ashes may have been scattered to the winds, or his body have become food for worms, but his vote goes marching on, and his resurrection is sure as election day. And this, my friends, is not a tribute to him alone, but to the living, energetic politicians of Ontario, who bring to the polls every voter dead or alive."

"Sometimes I understand the spirits do not always return. Their graves may be distant, or they may have spiritual reasons for disliking the district in which they were wont to register their vote—they say, too, that the dead do not rise in Lake Superior, but in such a case Ontario can always depend upon self-sacrificing sons among the living; and so we behold them putting off to sea in stormy weather, risking life and meals on a great fresh-water ocean, ready to fill the ranks in place of those who have quit this terrestrial sphere. It is such scenes as these that show the vigor which fills the blood of Ontario's sons, and also demonstrate the value they place upon the right of every free man to vote, first for himself, and after that for nothing that is wasted, dead or alive, for in the words of the immortal though unknown bard:

"If traitor hand be on my throat, Ontario! Ontario! Thy silent host must rise and vote, Ontario! Ontario!"

Doctrine of Purgatory

"I do not know of any doctrine of the Catholic religion that is more consoling to the human heart than the article which teaches the efficacy of prayers for the faithful departed. It robs death of its sting. It assuages the bitterness of our sorrow. It reconciles us to our loss. It keeps us in touch with the living dead, as correspondence keeps us in touch with the absent living. It preserves their memory fresh and green in our hearts."

"It gives us that best satisfaction which springs from the consciousness that we are helping the loved ones who have gone before us; that we are alleviating their pains, shortening the term of their exile and hastening their entrance into Paradise, their true country."

"It familiarizes us with the existence of a life beyond the grave; it inspires us with the hope of being one day reunited with those whom we cherished on earth and of dwelling with them in that blessed home where there is no separation or sorrow or death, but everlasting peace and rest in the kingdom of our common Father.—Cardinal Gibbons.

SAYS HE WAS A TOTAL WRECK

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Gave Him a New Lease of Life.

Geo. Robertson had Rheumatism and Dropsy—Had to be Tipped—Doesn't Know What is to be Sick Now. Montreal, Que., Nov. 21.—(Special)—Mr. Geo. Robertson, a well-known citizen living at 392 St. James St., Montreal, is one of the many people in this city who are never without Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house. Like all the others, Mr. Robertson has his reasons for this and is always ready to give them. "I was a total wreck before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Robertson says. "I had been troubled with Rheumatism and Dropsy for five years. I had to be tapped to relieve me of the pain. My arms and legs were terribly swollen. I had just begun to get downhearted when a friend induced me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had used the second box I felt better. Seven boxes cured me so completely, that now I don't know what it is to be sick."

Among those present were Dr. J. Eoy, K.C., Randolph Hasdond, A. A. Allan, John L. Lee, W. T. Lee, J. Cumberland, John Pugsley, Joseph Moroney, E. V. O'Sullivan, Jules Perry, Claude Macdonell and J. D. Ward.

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