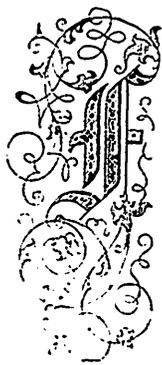


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SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.



AIR earth one morning turned a fretful face
To her fond spouse and faithful friend, the Sun :
Who, slow to analyse her grief or trace
Her needs, responded gracious, courtly one.

He sent ambrosial airs to fan her brow,
A fairy bridal veil of silver mist.
Brought her a gift of fairest flowers that blow,
Wrapped her in robes of ambient amethyst.

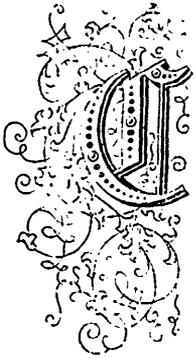
But disappointed and impatient yet,
Earth pined and languished 'neath the Sun's bright
And longed to see the clouds in thunder met, [smile,
And feel the rain floods on her parched soil.

Thus, when a friend with flatt'ring courtesies
Will offer platitudes and compliment,
The soul whose needs and capabilities
He fails to sound, craves richer aliment.

Not flowers of rhetoric or rhapsody,
Not mist of fiction. Let the lightnings gleam
Let storm-clouds sweep the dust from earth and sky
And Truth divine rain its refreshing stream.

E. C. M.

ON A LEE SHORE



THE longest day of the year was drawing to its close, and the last rays of the June sun, gleaming from the dome and spires of Oshawa College fell on the forms of two young men who were pacing together for the last time in their college career the favorite Elm Walk. Both strikingly handsome were they; Frank Byrne, slim, graceful, dark-eyed, and tall, broad-shouldered Gerald O'Neil, with his curly hair and honest blue eyes. Great as the contrast between their appearance was the warmth of their friendship, and this led them at the present moment to withdraw from the noisy crowd of students yonder on the lawn, where the "Sophs" were playing the "Freshies" at baseball, in order to enjoy for the short time remaining to them, the pleasure of each other's society.

"Well, old fellow," Frank was saying, "a few hours more and our college days will be among the *præterita rerum*. What are your feelings at parting with the old place?"

"I feel sorry, of course," replied Gerald with a half sigh, "I have spent six happy years here and I know I shall be very lonesome for a while when I am away from all the boys. I'm half sorry now I didn't work a little more," he went on in a regretful tone, "but," with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "I wasn't built for a student. Lacrosse and football were more to my taste than Greek and Geology."

"Why, Gerry, I never saw you look as dismal since the day the Asters beat us in Moreton, and Tom Harman telegraphed for a hearse to bring O'Neill home. Is it remorse, or can it be that you foresee 'with clearer vision,' your state of mind during the weeks to come? I remember that my first year, when I was a kid, I

cried myself to sleep every night for the last week, thinking how lonesome I was going to be in vacation."

O'Neill's gloomy face began to brighten with its usual expression of careless good humor under the influence of his friend's cheery words. Frank saw this and continued, "I don't think you have a great deal to reproach yourself with. A fellow who stands eighth in a class of twenty-three, and who knows he could be first if he wasn't too lazy, needn't feel very sore."

"Oh, I couldn't treat my dear old father and mother so badly as to throw all my opportunities to the winds; but at the same time, I am glad that there is no chance of my winning the Papal Medal, which rumor has already awarded to Master Frank Byrne."

"Rumor hath an idle tongue, Gerald."

"*Laud semper errat fama*, a recent acquaintance of ours has it, and I am inclined to believe the jade for once."

"Really, Gerry," said his merry friend, "I don't know what to make of you today. First your conscience troubles you—you of all fellows; then you begin to quote Latin and Tacitus at that! Verily wonders will never cease. I suppose the next we hear of you, you will have turned Trappist. What a thrashing you will give yourself on discipline nights! Do you remember the time you punched Old Ben, the boxing master?"

"Can't you talk seriously for five minutes, Frank?" said Gerald, smiling in spite of himself.

"To please you, dear boy, I shall try, so here goes for a plunge into the most serious subject I can think of. Which of the learned professions do you intend to bestow yourself upon? Shall it be Gray or Blackstone, the green bag or the pill-box, the wig or the scalpel; or does your ambition, perchance, lead you to emulate the solitary and unique Michael, the renowned and inimitable Kelly?"

"There, I knew you couldn't do it, and I suppose I must fall into your humors. The votaries of the noble science of jurisprudence, whom you refer to in such a disrespectful manner, will soon receive me into their number. And you?"

Frank's sunny face became graver, and he was silent for some moments before he replied. "One confidence deserves another, but I intended keeping my thoughts to myself for a short time longer. Not even my parents know my intention as yet, and I intend to give them a pleasant surprise. My mother would rather see me a priest than President of the United States."

"What, Frank!" said Gerald in a surprised tone, "do you mean to take the scutane? I never thought it; and yet why should it not be? But you were always such a jolly, light-hearted beggar—pshaw! what nonsense I'm talking, aren't priests the jolliest fellows going? Success to you, my boy, and if you're within reach of a wire, I'll have you tie the knot for me some day."

As they turned in their walk and saw a venerable soutaned figure advancing towards them, O'Neill said: "I have had a 'private and confidential' with the Doctor already. It's your turn now. With the Honorable Bardwell Slote I will say, 'O Rover!'"

The Very Rev. Lawrence Malone, D.D. for twenty years President of Oshawa College, had won wide-spread fame as an educator. Besides being highly respected by the bishops and clergy, many of whom had laid the foundations of their scholarship under his direction, he was a Senator of the University of Otranto, an honor which he had accepted only because it might give him opportunities of assisting the cause of Catholic education. To say that he was beloved by his students is needless, one glance at his kindly face told you that it must be so; and his fatherly regard for them was evidenced by his custom of saying a few words in private to each of the graduates on Commencement Day. Many a student saw clearly for the first time, in what path his life's work must lie, as Dr. Malone's mild words fell on his ear. His purpose in seeking Frank Byrne may then be easily guessed.

"Oh, my friend," he said, as Frank stopped and raised his cap, "I was looking for you."

They turned and walked on under the stately elms, whose branches, spreading overhead, met across the path. It was a picture Rembrandt would have delighted

to paint, this charming vista with the two figures, one walking erect, with elastic step, buoyant hope written on every feature, the other stooped and feeble, the most marked expression of his countenance, benevolence.

"You are glad to leave us, I suppose," said Dr. Malone with a twinkle in his eye, "you feel like the prisoner whose term of penal servitude has just expired?"

"You know me better than to think that, I hope, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes, my boy, I do. I have studied your character since you came to us, a little fellow, six years ago, and I think I know you better than you know yourself."

"What!" he exclaimed, stopping for a moment, as the cheering on the lawn became more and more vociferous, "have our audacious Freshmen really dared to beat the veterans of the second year? Was there ever such a piece of presumption?" And he laughed heartily at the discomfiture of the haughty Sophomores, for he did not deem it beneath him to take an interest in those games which he knew to be a source of moral as well as of physical health.

"But, Frank," he continued, "I wish to speak to you about a serious matter. You have now to decide a very important question—your choice of a profession. Have you thought of the matter?"

"Yes, Doctor, it has given me considerable anxious thought. I have earnestly tried to discover what I should do, and I think I have come to a satisfactory decision."

"And it is your desire —"

"It is my earnest hope that God may permit me to serve him at his altar."

"Thank God!" said his venerable preceptor with emotion, laying an affectionate hand on the young man's shoulder, "be assured that you have chosen wisely, and persevere in your choice. Now, my son, I shall not see you alone again before your departure, but remember, that while I live I shall always take the deepest interest in your welfare. God bless you!"

As Dr. Malone slowly turned away, Frank could scarcely see him, for his eyes were dim with the tears which welled up from an overflowing heart. Motionless he stood till the bell called him to Benediction.

II.

The spacious Exhibition Hall of the college was crowded with the *élite* of Oshawa that evening, and the members of the graduating class, in academic costume, occupied the stage. The orchestra played an overture "just long enough," said Tom Harman, the President of the Jocosi Club, "to give the poor fellow who speaks first, time to get properly nervous."

There were no traces of nervousness about Frank Byrne, however, as he stepped to the footlights. There was not even a tremor in the hand which held his manuscript, a fact which could not escape the observant and admiring Harman.

"I'm all wrong," he whispered to his neighbor, "that fellow is 'as cool as an iceberg and as firm as the rock of Gibraltar'; as a friend used to say, I bet he would hit a dime at fifty yards just now."

As the supposed possessor of a skill worthy of Mr. Barnes of New York, or the Honorable Colonel Cody, began to read in a well-modulated voice, his essay on "The Catholic Church and European Civilization," there was silence in the hall, and it was soon evident that the audience were to hear something superior to the "regulation" Commencement essay. The division of the subject showed the trained mind of the logician, the manner of treatment and wealth of illustration evinced a deep knowledge of philosophy and history, while the dress in which the lofty ideas were clothed was of exquisite texture, the work of a consummate master of language. The applause which followed this splendid effort might well have turned a weaker head.

The remainder of the exercises, whether musical or oratorical, was of the character usual on such occasions. The "Renaissance", "Pauperism", "The 18th Century in English Literature", were treated of in a manner more or less crude and unsympathetic. Gerald O'Neill, who delivered the Valedictory, made some happy allusions to games and other college associations, and succeeded in "bringing down" the galleries, which were filled with under-graduates.

Then came the distribution of medals. The galleries were silent now, and there was anxious suspense while the first name

was being called. As Dr. Malone read, "Gold Medal for highest honors in Moral Philosophy, graciously offered by His Holiness, Leo XIII, awarded to Mr. Francis Byrne," Gerald O'Neill rose from his seat and raising his hand to the galleries cried, "One! two! three!" and at the magic words a triple O-s-h-a-w-a! rah! rah! rah!" given with a will, startled the vast audience, and caused more than one anxious glance to be cast towards the roof.

At the close of the exercises the graduates were addressed by His Grace, the Archbishop of Oshawa, and the Fifty-fourth Annual Commencement of Oshawa College was over.

At the dinner of the Alumni Association that evening, to which the members of the graduating class were invited, the Hon. Patrick McKenna, Judge of the Superior Court, and Chairman of the Board of Governors, in proposing the toast of the class of '82, felt called upon to make a special complimentary reference to the brilliant prospects which lay before the essayist of the evening, whose future career would doubtless reflect the highest credit upon his Alma Mater.

Frank, as spokesman of the class, replied in a few words of modest self-depreciation. He retired that night with unclouded brain, and a heart unaffected by the applause which had been so liberally showered on him.

III.

On Frank Byrne's arrival home, his father sent him off to the mountains. "You have been working hard, and need to brace up a bit, my boy," he said. When he returned, after a fortnight's absence, with a healthy russet tinge in his cheeks, his mother said, "Now, Francis," she never called him Frank, even when a little boy, "I have a number of visits to pay, and have been waiting for you to accompany me. I have had many inquiries about you, and you must answer them yourself."

If there was anything Frank had hated, it was paying formal visits. Until now he had never been subject to the tyrannical sway of society. He had been a quiet, studious youth, fond enough of all boyish

amusements, but vexed with no premature desire of being considered anything else than a boy. Many young fellows whom he had known at school, were already posing as "men about town", but he had no inclination to follow their example. But he felt that a little more was required of him now than formerly.

"It's only for a short time", he said to himself "in two or three months I shall be free from this bondage." He did not murmur, therefore, at his mother's request.

Chatty, good-natured Mrs. Miller, an old friend of his mother, was delighted to see him, as was also her daughter Mary, a blue-eyed and golden-haired young lady of eighteen, whom Frank had known from childhood. She had just finished her studies at the Convent of the Sacred Heart and was highly accomplished.

As she gave him her hand in greeting, Frank could not help thinking that she was a remarkably good-looking girl. But his was not a sentimental nature, and it is doubtful whether the thought occurred to him a second time. It occurred to Mrs. Miller, however, that they both had more than ordinary personal attractions. She was one of those kindly busybodies who attempt to control the destinies of all the young people of their acquaintance, so far, at least, as matrimony is concerned. Priding herself on the successes she has achieved, she was not averse to doing a stroke of business on her daughter's behalf. She could not refrain from saying to Mrs. Byrne as they went together into the conservatory, leaving the young people alone, "Are they not a lovely couple?" Frank's mother at once divined her meaning, and the thought suggested was not disagreeable. Like all good Catholic mothers, she had wished to give her son to God, but three years ago Frank had assured her in the most positive manner—youths of seventeen are peculiarly positive about most matters—that he could never gratify her desire. Of course he would marry in time, and therefore she had no objection to lending her countenance to Mrs. Miller's scheme. Thus a web was being woven for the unconscious and innocent pair. As Frank had quite forgotten for the moment that nobody but himself was

aware of his intentions, the idea that there might be a motherly plot on foot never entered his mind.

When Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Byrne returned from the conservatory, the former's active brain had already decided on a plan of campaign.

"Frank," she said, "You young people need some amusement after being confined so long to those tiresome studies. Here is Mary saying that she wants to go back to the convent and be a nun."

At this Mary blushed and dropped her eyes.

"But I tell her," continued her voluble mother, "that it is all nonsense. All girls who have been to convent schools think they want to be nuns. I thought so myself once."

Frank could scarcely repress a smile.

"But they soon get over their fancies when they are going to dinners and balls and have half a dozen young men at their feet. You shan't be a hermit either, my dear Frank. I'm going to bring you out, and I shall give a little reception next Wednesday evening just to introduce you to some nice people. It will be very quiet, but it is only the beginning."

Frank did not quite relish the thought of entering into fashionable dissipation, but he felt that it would be an ill return for Mrs. Miller's kindness if he were to slight her invitation. Besides, there was really no harm in enjoying himself a little and why should he not do so? His mind was too firmly settled to be disturbed and he would be an amused spectator rather than a participant in these frivolities. Unhappily he could not see the pleasure which shone in Mary Miller's eyes when he promised her mother to be present. Had he been more acutely observant he would have risked all other danger rather than that into which he was heedlessly running.

Wednesday's reception was decidedly a pleasant affair, and as Mrs. Miller had prophesied, it was but the beginning of a round of pleasures in which Frank became involved. Kind invitations which he could see no sufficient reason for declining reached him from all sides, and it was generally admitted that young Mr. Byrne was quite an acquisition to Felixburg society.

Coming from these picnics, dinner parties, *musicales* and so forth, it generally fell to his lot to do escort duty for Mary Miller, for her mother, shrewd old general that she was, contrived that no opportunity of their being together should be wanting.

Ah, those balmy moonlight summer nights! How many lovers' rhapsodies thence receive their inspiration! How many soft speeches have been uttered, vows plighted, hearts won only to be broken, since Juliet was wooed by Romeo! Really we must admit that moonlight plays the mischief with young people's hearts. Can there be any truth in the popular belief that the soft rays of the orb of night have a weakening effect on human brains?

It would not have been very strange then, if Frank Byrne had talked nonsense to his lovely companion under the moonbeams. But he did not. Nothing was farther from his mind than love making, yet he possessed, all unknown to himself, a fascination of manner, and dangerously winning way, which threw a glamour over his slightest words and actions. Was it surprising, then, that Mary Miller's gentle heart should have succumbed to the charm of his voice and manner?

Frank himself was conscious of the pleasure he felt in her society, but this he ascribed to her being more sensible, and less affected than other girls of his acquaintance. He could converse with her without descending to the inanities which constitute the ordinary small talk of society. They both loved music, too, not as it is "adored" by those who can jingle a piano and sing a few false notes, but with a genuine sympathetic appreciation of the beauties of the divine art. Frank had a mellow, tenor voice, which old Professor Lacoste at Oshawa had delighted to train; Mary who was leader of the choir at St. Columbia's, played charmingly on harp or piano. So the former found himself frequently of an evening in Mrs. Miller's cosy parlor, listening with delight to the sweet soprano which sang for him his favorite old Scotch ballads, or blending his voice with hers in some tender love-song whose meaning he felt not, yet gave passionate expression to in his tones.

Mrs. Miller generally absented herself

on the plea of household duties, but occasionally she would join them in a game of whist, and a shrewd observer would have noticed that this was always the case when Frank's cousin, Stanley McKenzie, was present.

At last Mrs. Miller determined to give a ball which should be the event of the season in Felixburg. The most elaborate preparations were made, numerous invitations issued, and the Officers of the F.F.B. (Felixburg Field Battery) offered the services of the brigade band for the occasion.

As Frank Byrne tied his cravat before the mirror on the evening of the ball, his thoughts were not altogether of so complacent a character as is generally the case with young men of the period on such occasions. In short, he was beginning to realize that for a young man about to enter the seminary, he had not, to say the least, spent his time very wisely.

It was now the first of September. The preliminary arrangements must be made by the fifteenth, and he had not yet even signified his intention to his parents! What would they think of him? And yet he had not intended to defer it so long. They probably fancied that he did not wish to think of work for some months yet, and therefore had not questioned him.

Frank had already begun to find reflection taste bitter. At any rate, his dissipation, not of a very serious nature after all, he thought, had about run its career.

At the ball he noted with pleasure that Mary Miller declined all partners who requested her hand in a waltz. To testify his approval, he walked through a couple of quadrilles with her himself, though not fond of dancing.

But he found more amusement in watching the other dancers,—the burly Lieutenant Colonel of the F.F.B. for whom it was a prodigious exertion to keep his sword from going through his partner's train; the slim dandified Major whose whole exterior was redolent of self-conceit and cologne; the two captains, one short, exceedingly pompous, and apparently convinced that the letter 'h' had been guilty of *lèse-majesté* or "high treason" as he, despising French, would himself have called it; the other excessively tall, thin

and awkward, with the burr of his native Argyleshire clinging patriotically to his tongue. These redcoated gentlemen were the lions of the evening, and, to do them justice, they seemed (all except the Major) exceedingly uncomfortable under the attention they were receiving.

Yet it was a pretty sight, these thirty couples gracefully moving over the floor to the really excellent music. For there is something in the dance which wonderfully captivates this wonderful being, man. Nor is it so very surprising after all. Movement of body generates movement of mind, and he whose brain is dull and sluggish, while he sits idly watching the enjoyment of others, has but to arise and join the moving ranks to feel at once the effects of the charm. Despondency becomes gayety, shyness gives way to boldness, and the raw youth who on ordinary occasions can scarcely stammer a common place greeting to his *inamorata* will find himself pouring forth glowing words with passionate fluency, and will wake to realize that the leap he feared to take has been taken, and that he has landed (whether safely or not) on the other side.

Frank noticed this evening, for the first time, with what longing Stanley McKenzie's eyes followed Mary Miller, and it pleased him.

"I don't believe she has any notion of being a nun", he said to himself, "and Stanley is a good fellow." And he mentally resolved, that, if possible, he would forward his suit.

They walked home together from the ball, Stanley and Frank. The latter determined to win his cousin's confidence.

"Stan, old man," he began in a bantering tone, "I noticed that you had eyes for only one fair damsel to-night."

There was eagerness in Stanley's voice as he asked, "What do you mean, Frank?"

"What should I mean, but that Stan McKenzie has lost his big Scottish heart, and that Mary Miller has found it. Go in and win, my boy. You have my best wishes."

"Then you are not in love with her yourself, Frank?"

"We have been like brother and sister ever since we were youngsters, and we are the same to-day. It shows that you are

very hard hit when you could think of *me* as a rival."

And then the cousins bade each other good night

IV.

Frank Byrne had now before him the duty of explaining to his father and mother his wish to study for the priesthood, and his reasons for not speaking of it before. There had really been no reason but his own thoughtless procrastination, and a vague idea of the pleasant surprise the news would give them.

He had been waiting for a favorable opportunity to open his mind to them, and the days of vacation had quickly slipped away. But now that the explanation was somewhat difficult, he felt more than ever inclined to defer it to the last moment. It must be made without further delay, however. He would seize the first moment which found his parents at leisure together, and his father's business engagements occupying all his attention during the week Sunday would be the best time. Yes, he would tell them on Sunday.

The next evening, as he sat looking out upon the river, which was placid as a sleeping infant, his meditations were broken in upon by two girlish voices, one of which said in a tone meant to express a deep sense of injury, "Frank Bryne! I'd like to know *when* you are going to keep your promise and take us for a row?"

"Yes," added the other, "I don't think it's a bit polite of you to treat us so, even if we *are* your cousins."

"There's no resisting *your* arguments, at any rate, Nellie," said Frank, turning with a laugh to the last speaker, "and Mamie, I think even you will be pacified if I take you out this evening."

"Oh! will you, Frank? You're a brick!"

Even the weight of Miss Mamie Corbett's seventeen years was not always sufficient to repress the slang which often bubbled to her lips

The boat was launched, and they glided gently down stream. There was not a ripple on the surface of the water, and no sound was heard but the dipping of the oars. Even the girlish chatter was silent, subdued by the calm influence of the evening.

As they came opposite Mrs. Miller's cottage, Mamie proposed that they should ask Mary to join them.

"She'll be awfully glad to come, I'm sure," said the laughing Nellie with an arch glance at Frank.

He did not see it, and even if he did, it would have spoken no meaning to him. But he was rather abstracted this evening.

By no means disinclined to yield to his merry cousins, he turned the boat's head towards the bank. Mamie landed and soon returned with Mary, who looked fresh and sweet as the rose which she wore on her breast.

Now the silence was broken, and putting aside his own reflections, which had brought a tinge of melancholy to his face, Frank joined in the talk and laughter. Soon Mary was asked to sing. She did so, but instead of the lively ballad requested, sang a simple little hymn to the Blessed Virgin. Never had her voice sounded sweeter to Frank, for it harmonized perfectly with his present strain of thought. Her beauty seemed etherealized, and it was as though an angel sang.

What gave Frank such exquisite pleasure had an opposite and depressing influence on his young lady cousins. They were full of fun and high spirits, and "this kind of thing was too slow for them." Mentally voting Frank and Mary "too awfully tiresome for anything," they soon requested to be put ashore.

As Frank rowed Mary home, but few words passed between them. He intended to tell her to-night that he was going away. She would be sorry, he supposed, in sisterly fashion. He would also speak to her of Stanley McKenzie.

They stepped from the boat and walked towards the house in silence.

"Where is my mother?" Mary inquired of the servant who brought them lights in the parlor.

"Gone out, Miss, to Mrs. Byrne's," was the reply.

"Won't you sit down, Frank?"

"Thank you," leaning against the mantel, "I think I can talk better standing."

He plunged at once into his subject. "I am going away next week." Mary appeared to be nervous and ill at ease.

"So soon, she said in a low tone, "I

thought you would remain at home this winter."

"I should like to very much, but, 'when duty calls we must obey,'" said Frank trying to seem cheerful. "Shall you be sorry?"

She could only murmur, "Of course."

"But before I go, I must speak of something that concerns me very nearly, and that affects you as well."

Why should her hands tremble so, he wondered, could she guess what was coming?

He paused a moment before continuing, "Mary, Stanley McKenzie loves you."

Her right hand was nervously twisting the bracelet on her left wrist. Why would she not look at him? Was she angry that he should speak to her of this?

At length she said very shortly. "Did he ask you to tell me this?"

"No, but I guessed his secret, and charged him with it."

"He has a noble heart, Mary," he went on, feelingly, "He is worthy of you. Can you not make him some return?"

With agitation that could no longer be concealed, Mary rose and moved towards the door.

Dazed as is a blind man when he first beholds the light of day was Frank Byrne, as the truth at last flashed upon his mind.

"She loves *me*!" There was exultation in the thought.

Advancing towards her with outstretched arms. "Mary, dearest Mary!" he exclaimed, "I have distressed you. Forgive me!"

What mad words he might have uttered he knew not but she spoke again and in a tone which was firm and icily cold.

"I do not love Stanley McKenzie, nor can I ever love him"—but here her voice broke into a wail of sorrow.

"O Frank! how could you be so blind—"

Her tears were falling fast, and Frank, darting forward, would have clasped her in his arms, but she was gone.

Mechanically, like one in a dream, he left the house and walked to his boat. It was not till he had pulled into the middle of the stream, that he could begin to think. The bitterness of his reflections may readily be imagined.

"Fool, madman that I was, not to see

this before. But now the evil is past remedy. I am dishonored—I am a scoundrel."

The muscular action of rowing relieved the tension of his mind, and before he reached home, he was able to think more calmly. His mother had retired, but he immediately sought his father, whom he found examining some deeds.

The look of pain on his son's face at once arrested Mr. Byrne's attention.

"Is there anything wrong, Frank, my boy?"

"Yes, father," replied his son, sinking heavily into a chair. "everything is wrong, and I can't begin to tell you how wretched I am."

"Come, my son," said Mr. Byrne, "you must tell me more of this."

"I will tell you everything, father. I have been a blind fool, and I have just found it out. I have made poor Mary Miller love me," and he sobbed aloud.

"Well, well, I don't see anything very dreadful in that. Of course you are both too young to think of marriage yet. But when you have entered upon the practice of your profession——"

"My profession, father! Great Heavens! what have I done?"

He rose and paced the floor hastily for a moment. Then stopping, he said bitterly. "Do you think, father, that winning and breaking a girl's heart is a worthy preparation for the priesthood?"

An expression of grieved and pained surprise came over the father's face as he listened to his son's words.

"The priesthood Frank!" he said slowly, as though unable to realize the meaning of the words. "You never even hinted this to me or to your mother."

"Would to heaven I had! For then your foresight at least might have saved this innocent girl from my blind folly."

"And you do not love her?"

"I swear to you father the thought of love never entered my mind until tonight"

Frank then told in broken words of his interview with Mary.

When he had finished, Mr. Byrne said:

"This is indeed a grave matter, my boy. I will not reproach you, as you seem

to be already sufficiently punished, but you certainly did wrong in not giving me your confidence. You are still certain that you have not mistaken your vocation?"

"No other thought than that of being a priest has found place in my mind for the last two years. My very last day in college Dr Malone told me he knew me better than I knew myself and that the priesthood was my vocation."

"Then, my son, the call of God cannot be neglected for any earthly consideration."

"I have no desire to neglect it father. but how can I —— that poor girl ——?"

"Frank," said his father firmly, "you have made one grand mistake. Do not let it lead you into another. Your marriage would not be blessed by God. The poor girl will probably recover from the blow, but there is no recovery for a broken hearted wife. You would ruin her life as well as your own."

"Then my best course is to get away from here as soon as possible."

"Yes, it will not do for you to meet those Millers again. Confound the match-making old woman!" he broke out angrily, "I believe she's the cause of all this mischief."

"No, father, I am solely to blame. I should have known better. But don't you think I ought to write some sort of explanation?"

"Yes, perhaps you had better do that,"

"And will you explain to my mother?"

"I think it will be easier for you to do it yourself."

Frank did not shrink so much from opening his heart to his mother, and although she, too, was grieved, her endeavor was to soothe the self-reproach which was making him so miserable.

He did not close his eyes that night, the greater part of which he spent in writing to Mary Miller.

"Mary," his letter ran, "you must now think me a cruel, heartless wretch, and I deserve that you should think so. That we should meet again is impossible. I dare not ask your forgiveness. I should never have allowed myself the pleasure of your society; but how could I know that the outcome of this would be so painful to us both? As I write, some words of a

song are ringing in my ears. It is your voice that sings it.

'The heart that's given to God above,
Has nae room for twa.'

You must forget me, Mary. If I were to neglect the call which has been given me, it would mean endless misery for both of us. May your strength of mind and sense of duty support you in the sorrow of which I have been the cause. And that Heaven may bless and protect you shall ever be my prayer."

V.

The good Sulpician fathers often wondered what could be the cause of the great sadness visible on the features of the most promising student who had ever entered St. John's Seminary. But if those who knew Frank Byrne at Oshawa, could have seen him now, they would have been startled at the change. Not only had his secret sorrow left its lines upon his face, it was still more deeply imprinted on his heart, and he whose spirits had been so elastic and so buoyant was now rarely seen to smile. Dr. Maione, to whom he confided his trouble, sent him a letter of wise, fatherly counsel, but even this could not heal the wound.

Mrs. Miller had been shocked at the almost disastrous termination of her match making schemes, but with womanish perversity blamed only Frank for what was, in a great measure, her own fault. She was becoming exceedingly anxious about her daughter's health, when one morning at breakfast, Mary said wearily—she was always weary now—"Mother, I must do something. I shall die if I remain idle any longer. Father Fraser needs a teacher for St. Columba's School. Will you let me offer myself to him?"

"But, my dear, you are not strong, and the children are so trying; it will make you ill."

"But inactivity will kill me, and I am sure I shall feel better when I have something to occupy my mind."

"Very well, child," said her mother with a sigh, "do as you wish."

Mary had judged correctly, and from the day she began her duties in the

primary class, there was a visible improvement in her. And this was only preparatory to another great change.

Meanwhile, Frank Byrne was pursuing his studies. Severe application was the only means by which he could free his mind from painful thoughts. As in his college career, brilliant success was attending his efforts, but success no longer gave him pleasure. To professors and fellow students this young man with the sad face and gravity so much beyond his years was a mystery.

At the end of four years he had taken his Doctor's degree, and was appointed at first to a post at the Cathedral, where he soon became a great favorite with his bishop. In a short time his marked abilities and serious temper caused his removal to the important parish of Granton.

Dr. Byrne soon won golden opinions from his flock, but even they thought it remarkable that so young a man should be such an ascetic. Fairs and picnics, tobogganing and skating parties, in short any amusement in which youth of both sexes mingled, were regarded by him with a disapproval even more severe than that given by other pastors. In his sermons he dwelt with great impressiveness on the subject of vocations, and many were the earnest admonitions given in the confessional to those who were of an age to decide that momentous question.

Mary Miller in her convent—she was now Sister Agatha—often heard of the young priest whose smile seen but rarely was so sorrowful. And now that her own heart was at rest, she wished she could do something to remove the burden of self-reproach which still weighed upon that noble soul.

He had never seen her face since the memorable evening when the shadow had fallen across his life. He merely knew that she had sought the convent walls, within which devotion and care for others' welfare might produce forgetfulness of self.

As he sat by the side of his Lordship, Bishop Dalton, at the closing exercises of Claveris Convent Academy, he was a distinguished figure, this young priest whose fame for learning and piety was already so widespread. His dark hair was already thickly sprinkled with gray, and

the lines in his face and the melancholy in his eyes had deepened during those years spent in pastoral labor.

His Lordship was not a good speaker on occasions such as this, but Dr. Byrne's happily chosen words thrilled with equal pleasure the young lady graduate and the tiny miss who now made her first appearance in public.

At the close of the exercises, Dr. Byrne was informed that Sister Agatha wished to see him in one of the parlors. He had never met Sister Agatha, and was therefore a little surprised at this request.

A well-known figure stood before him, clothed in a plain black robe.

"Mary," he involuntarily exclaimed, then stammered, "I beg your pardon, but I expected to see Sister Agatha."

"I am Sister Agatha," said the sweet, low voice, whose tones had still power to thrill him, "and I wished to speak to you."

Her face was lit up with a smile of perfect happiness; those eyes, which he had last seen filled with tears of anguish, now looked upon him calmly.

"If you can spare me a few moments, Father Byrne," she said, "I have something of importance to say to you. 'It concerns me very nearly, and affects you as well,'" quoting, with a smile, his own exact words of ten years ago.

"Ten years ago when I came out of the convent at Felixburg, it was with the intention of entering it again as soon as I could obtain my mother's consent. But,

for a moment I guiltily allowed a vision of worldly happiness to come between me and my true vocation. The shock which I thought so cruel, aroused my sleeping sense of duty, and saved me from a terrible misfortune. I have long since regarded you as the agent of God in procuring me my present happiness, and I wanted to tell you so with my own lips."

"God bless you! Sister Agatha for those words," said Dr. Byrne, with tears in his eyes; "I feel my heart once more free. You have lifted the shadow from my life."

* * * *

The shadow no longer rests on Dr. Byrne's face, and time, instead of deepening, has smoothed away the furrows. But, when he strives most earnestly to impress on thoughtless youth the lessons taught himself by sad experience, his voice takes a deeper and more solemn tone as he thinks how nearly two human lives were wrecked.

He warns them—and living on the sea-board, they can fully appreciate the figure employed :

"On the stormy voyage which we all are making, when the tempests of passion are hardly ever stilled, but wage with almost ceaseless violence for all of us, whether lofty sparred ships or tiny sloops, there is danger in remaining *on a lee shore*."

DAVID CREEDON.



NEWFOUNDLAND: A NEW PROVINCE.



SOME years ago, a gentleman visiting Winchester Cathedral, desired to be shown Jane Austen's grave. The verger, as he pointed it out, asked; "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady; so many people want to know where she was buried?"

Somewhat similar was the position in which we Canadians found ourselves when the Newfoundland delegation came to Ottawa to arrange terms for the admission of their sea-girt island into the Canadian Confederation. We regarded Newfoundland as a barren and rugged land—a huge rock left over after the formation of the American Continent, wrapt in the gloom of a perpetual fog, and inhabited by a scanty number of fishermen, who plied their trade for a few months in the year and then departed to their homes. We were told that Newfoundland was an out-of-the-way place, staggering beneath the burden of a heavy debt. Then again, the Nemesis of a French fishery treaty served as a bugbear to warn us off from the shores of Newfoundland.

When we turn the search-light of truth upon these specious objections, we find they fade away like the phantom forms that frighten children by night. The greatest length of the island is 317 miles, and its greatest breadth 316 miles, and its area is about 42,000 square miles.

The coast of Newfoundland presents a very picturesque appearance, with its numerous bays, some of which run into the mainland 50 miles, studded with islands covered by green forests. The depth of water in the bays is so great that the largest ocean-going vessel can run close to the shore, and be unloaded by placing a plank from the side of the ship to the dry

land. Until late years little or nothing was known about the interior of the island, but recent surveys have shown that the valley of the west coast alone contains almost 15,000 square miles of the choicest meadow-land. This vast prairie is unshorn save by the reindeer and caribou; and the "solemn stillness" is broken only by the bark and growl of the wolf and bear. Its extensive forests abound with game that would bring joy to the heart of the most ardent sportsman; and its sparkling streams are literally alive with salmon, trout and many other kinds of fish.

The prevalent idea that Newfoundland is only a land of fogs is as Mr. Bond said "as erroneous as the French minister's expression that Canada was but a few acres of snow."

True enough a small fraction of the coast of Newfoundland is enveloped in fog part of the year but "one swallow does not make a spring." The winters are not nearly so severe nor are the summers so hot as we have them in Canada. Rarely does the thermometer fall below zero in the winter and it ranges from 70° to 80° in summer.

Formerly one of the greatest difficulties towards union with Canada was the Gulf but at the present time, with a steam ferry, Newfoundland is distant only two hours and a-half from Canada or about sixty miles. This short interval is as naught against the achievements of electricity and steam and every student of commercial geography knows that transportation is much cheaper by water than by land. The question of separation then which blocked the way to confederation in '67 is not worthy of serious consideration to-day, when we remember that Newfoundland is the *rendez-vous* of the great cable lines over which the business of two continents is flashed in a paltry moment.

In our humble opinion, the most seri-

ous obstacle to confederation with Canada, is the great difficulties with which the fishermen of the colony have had to contend. Because "some one blundered" the French have by treaty preserved certain rights as fishermen on the coast of the island and all attempts to settle these French claims have failed. Report says that the French have overstepped their rights and become insolent to the inhabitants. It is an undeniable fact that the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon which were surrendered to France, as a mere shelter for her fisherman whilst engaged there during the fishing season, have become the headquarters of a band of smugglers who injure the trade of Newfoundlanders. Be this as it may, we cannot reasonably expect France to forego the privileges guaranteed her by a solemn treaty, especially as many of her people obtain a living from these fisheries. This dispute, as Mr. Bond the leader of the delegation pointed out can be settled by time alone. He thinks that as the Canadian people take possession of the disputed territory, the French will be forced to move out. We may rest assured that Canada, supported by Great Britain, is as capable of meeting this difficulty as she was of bringing to a successful issue the Behring Sea dispute.

Then again, there is the Newfoundland debt, and Canadians in common, with all of Adam's sons, hate debts. But we are afraid that the Islanders could very effectively use the *tu quoque* argument against us were we to object to them, because of a heavy debt. When we contrast our net public debt of \$246,141,098 to a population of 4,833,239, with the Newfoundlanders' debt of \$8,053,127 to 202,040 inhabitants, even the most parsimonious of us will scarcely raise an objection to Newfoundland on that score. In justice to Newfoundland, we must state that in 1891 the public debt was only \$5,223,364; the remainder has been incurred in building 300 miles of railway and in assuming a municipal debt of over a million and a half. Mr. Bond in his able address at the public banquet in Ottawa, informs us that when the crash came, the people had more than four millions and a half deposited in the savings bank. This

certainly did not bear a striking resemblance to public bankruptcy. He attributed the financial collapse "to over-trading and an accumulation of stocks for which there was no market. Newfoundland has safely passed through her sea of financial troubles and has succeeded in floating her debt. From newspaper reports we learn that her government before receiving her loan, had to retrench her expenditure. Unfortunately those who are at the helm of state appear to entertain some queer ideas of what is meant by a reduction of public expenditure and have decided to withdraw the government aid devoted to the development and preservation of the fisheries. In short, the members of the cabinet are evidently unable to successfully cope with the difficulties in which they find themselves; they have immense resources at their command but do not know how to use them.

We now pass beyond the bounds of speculation to consider the untold wealth of this favored island. The trade question is of course, the most important for the business community of Canada. We need but consult the Newfoundland delegates for full and complete information upon this phase of the subject. A detailed comparison of the tariff of Canada with that of Newfoundland shows that ours is slightly lower. Had our rate of customs been applied to Newfoundland during the last year the amount of income would have been decreased by about \$100,000. Its foreign trade is almost as large per head of population as that of Canada, and its yearly average is \$12,000,000. For the fiscal year ending June 1894 Canada's exports to Newfoundland amounted to \$2,494,605. Newfoundland is Canada's third best customer, despite the fact that we do not possess one-third of her import trade. Under confederation Canada would secure almost the whole market. Year after year our government endeavors to make special treaties with France, the British possessions in Africa and Australia; would it not be cheaper, better and more satisfactory for us to control a market at our very doors, which will far surpass any we can hope to secure in far foreign lands? Newfoundland's

manufacturing industries are very scanty and it boasts of but 92 factories of which 53 are saw mills.

The island possesses vast tracts of coal and with the impetus which confederation would impart to this industry, owing to the consequent influx of capital we might safely predict that coal mining will in the near future, afford employment to thousands of laborers and prove remunerative to those who invest their capital therein. More important still are Newfoundland's copper mines and even now it stands high up on the list of the copper producing countries of the world. Vast forests cover a great portion of the island, awaiting the capital necessary to develop the lumber industry.

Newfoundland is *par excellence* the fishing station of the world. Its numerous bays swarm with bait-fishes, without which the fishing industry of Canada and the United States could not be carried on, so valuable indeed are these bait-fishes that the United States has more than once offered very favorable trade advantages to Newfoundland for the privilege of entering them. Mr. Bond also made the very astonishing statement that he was justified in saying, that access to Newfoundland's waters can purchase a free entry of Canadian and Newfoundland goods into the markets of the great neighboring republic. Although the fisheries are almost entirely unprotected and undeveloped, they produce a return of \$7,000,000 annually and employ more than 50,000 men. The most important is the cod fishery. Swarms of cod invade its waters and though this industry has been carried on for the last 390 years, the cod are as numerous as ever. Seal fishing takes place among the ice-fields about 150 miles off the coast; the marvellous development in this branch is evident from the fact that only 100 years ago the season's catch was 5000 seals whilst at the present time it averages almost 500,000. The lobster fisheries produce an annual revenue of about \$250,000.

Newfoundland is the oldest British colony and possesses immense wealth of fishery, forest and mine, yet she does not prosper. And, why? Because she has been harassed by the French; she has been ground down by the favorites of the English courts; her very life-blood has been sucked away by the monopolists; she has been the victim of the stupidity, blundering and neglect of modern English statesmen.

There are but two fates for Newfoundland: Confederation with Canada or Annexation to the United States. Which will it be? Let Canadians pause and consider what will be the result, ere they allow the island to slip from their hands into the lap of the United States. If Newfoundland were a part and parcel of the American Republic, our fisheries—Canada's boast—would be crippled; the Gibraltar of the St. Lawrence water system—the grandest in the world—would pass into the hands of a foreign and perhaps unfriendly power, which could prevent a single ship from entering the Gulf.

The people of Newfoundland are of our kith and kin, and confederation would round off our national union. This might be termed sentiment. We think however that the vast majority of the people of Canada are quite willing to pay a little for sentiment, when it is, as in the present case, of a good nature and the cost is not too great.

Canadians could not do better than follow in the footsteps of those broad-minded men, the Fathers of Confederation, who put forth the most strenuous efforts to induce Newfoundland to enter the Union, because they clearly perceived that it was a land of great promise. Newfoundland cannot fail to be a most desirable acquisition to the young and vigorous Dominion of Canada; but by all means, as delegate Morris aptly said, let it be such a one as will not call for a divorce.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.

LE MUSÉE de BETSIAMIS.



READERS of the OWL who have taken a trip down the lower St. Lawrence, have perhaps, visited the Indian Mission at Betsiamis, some two hundred miles from Quebec. Among the many points of interest along the north shore, probably no spot can compare with this in scenes and memories which lead one back in imagination to the time when Canadian soil was yet untrodden by Europeans. Here, every summer, during the months of July and August, assemble the descendants of the peaceful Montagnais, who witnessed Cartier's arrival in Canada, and who gave our fair land its name. During the rest of the year these natives are dispersed in their hunting expeditions over the vast wilds, yet wholly undisturbed by the hum of civilization. Even at Betsiamis they meet few of their pale-faced cousins, and so, for the most part, unlike any other natives in Eastern Canada, they understand no tongue save that of their forefathers, and largely continue their habits and customs of three centuries ago. Exemplary Christians they have ever been since they were made acquainted with the saving truths of holy Faith, by the first missionaries to Canada.

But leaving, perhaps for another occasion, some account of these good Indians and their ways, the Owl desires, in this number, to present to its readers a brief sketch of the fine museum which the Oblate Fathers at the Mission ever show their visitors. Our sketch is a translation of a charming description of a visit to the Museum, which appeared in the July number of *Le Naturaliste Canadien*, of Chicoutimi, over the signature of the gifted editor of that publication. He says:

It is certainly a surprise for the naturalist to find an important museum of natural history on the north shore of the lower St. Lawrence, and especially to find it in the Montagnais village, at Betsiamis.

I had long heard of this collection, but I was far from thinking that it was so considerable. After visiting it I have no hesitation in saying that it would be pointed to with pride in many a famed institution, and even in many a large city:

Its establishment dates from the year 1868. A visit to Betsiamis of the celebrated traveller and naturalist, M. Alf. Lechevalier who passed the fall and a part of the following winter, as the guest of the Oblate Missionaries, furnished Father Arnaud, O.M.I., the occasion of commencing his present magnificent collection.

M. Lechevalier had then but lately arrived in America, with a view to procuring specimens for European museums. This great service to science he has continued to render ever since. He was a friend of the late Abbé Provancher, and *Le Naturaliste*, whilst edited by that distinguished gentleman, published several contributions from the pen of the indefatigable scientist. I thought him dead for several years, but Father Arnaud assures us that he was alive in 1893. He was then in Peru, and by an unfortunate accident, had some time before lost a hand.

Father Arnaud availed himself of several visits which M. Lechevalier made to Betsiamis, to continue to secure zoological, ornithological and ethnological specimens. Under the direction of the scientist, the good Father became skillful in taxidermy. That art soon counted also among its adepts, M. Grosjean, a Frenchman, then in the employ of the Fathers at the Mission and who is, indeed, still with them. A former soldier in Africa, and then in the army of the North during the American civil war, M. Grosjean is a *type très original*. He is, so to say, the curator of the museum of Betsiamis, and he it was that showed me through with that exquisite courtesy of the true Parisian that he is.

The collection of specimens is contained in the building which first served the Fathers as a residence when they

established the mission at Betsiamis, nearly forty years ago. At its entrance is a portico unique and curious in its way; it is a sort of arch formed by a whale's jawbones twenty-two feet in length; near by are the vertebra placed like arm-chairs which they somewhat resemble; all this harmonizes with one's idea of a museum down by the sea.

Ornithology is best represented in the museum; it was to that branch that M. Lechevalier gave special attention. Birds of Canada form the greater part of the collection, but there are many specimens from foreign parts; as the *white stork* of Holland &c. One of the cases which is particularly interesting contains an imitation of a large cliff covered with moss and lickers; upon it are placed in different positions the sea-birds which are met with between Michigan and Esquimaux Point. This group, which is true to nature, bears the inscription *A. Lechevalier, December, 1868*. It would certainly be considered quite remarkable in any museum. A collection of eggs contains a large number of specimens. — That hen which you see there was the first specimen prepared for the museum. It is true indeed that every museum in the world began with a single specimen! Note this beginners.

The museum contains a number of specimens of fish and mollusks and several reptiles, amongst which are to be remarked the *Alligator Floridanus*, a boa fifteen feet in length, a large rattlesnake and a turtle four and a-half feet long. Amongst the mammifers are found a lioness, the black bear of the north shore, the wild boar of France, the beaver, the wolf &c.

The ethnological department is most interesting to the visitor, one sees there for

example a superb Esquimaux *cométique*. The reader will remember that the *cométique* is a sleigh drawn by dogs; this is the only vehicle in use on the north shore of the gulf. Here are also sets of harness and whips and, most worthy of mention Esquimaux costumes made of cariboo and walrus skins. The make of these gives evidence of great skill and even of remarkable taste.

The most striking of the artificial specimens is an enormous orang-outang.

The value of the museum has been estimated at four thousand dollars, and this figure appears to me far from exaggerated.

All this is the work of Father Arnaud. There are many who know of the great good for religion done by this veteran missionary, during his career of nearly half a century on the north shore but probably few suspect what he has done for science. No doubt the residence of several hundred Indians every summer at Betsiamis and the frequent journeys of their devoted missionaries through the immense territory between the gulf of St. Lawrence and Hudson Bay have furnished special facilities for forming this collection; but there are many indeed who do not lack opportunities of doing something for science, but who never avail themselves of them. In conclusion I have not done with the work of Father Arnaud; I shall soon I hope find an occasion of making known something more of his long life of labor and sacrifice, a life so far removed from the vanities and glory of the world, but so meritorious in the sight of God.

L'ABBÉ HUARD.



AN IRISH ORATOR.



pluck garlands, with which to bind the brows of men whose name the chronicler has failed to enshrine in his story, is a task which, it seems,

can hardly be otherwise than sweet and fascinating. There is not a doubt that, since the beginning of the world, history has not done its full duty, for it can scarcely be questioned that lives have been lived of which it took no cognizance, although, in their unpretentious way, they moulded the thoughts of their time and led their fellow mortals up to a contemplation of the sublimer truths that lie beyond the ken of ordinary men. Those who led such lives did not do so that they might acquire the showy prize of a fame that would reach far into the after-time. They pursued their course because it was to them the one that seemed best, the one that provided the greatest opportunities for doing good. The world is not too anxious to properly estimate the worth of those who move quietly through it, shedding sunshine wherever they may, lifting a little from the burden that so many saddened souls have always to bear. Until it is prepared to do this the subject of this paper—Charles Phillips—will have to rest content with only the partial recognition which has been accorded him.

Phillips was an Irishman, a distinguished jurist, and an earnest political worker when work in the political field meant submission to many indignities, and called for many and varied sacrifices. Of his early life and its conditions I have been able to learn but little, and this little is uninteresting. Of his later triumphs as a public speaker, a knowledge can be gathered from the printed speeches which have been handed down to posterity as his literary legacy. From these it

can be seen that he was one of the most remarkable imaginative orators that the world has ever known. It is argued by some, falsely it may be said, that fancy should have but little play in the matter of public speaking. This is well and good, when it comes to a question of addressing a cultured assembly of scholars, who delve for the hard rock of common sense and are annoyed to find, in their progress toward it, that it is decked out here and there with the charming adornments which imagination can provide, but in the case of appealing to a less cultured mass, some of the beauties that language and fancy can lend must be strewn about in order that the listeners may be calmly led toward the recess where the truths and essence of the subject may abide. Without imagination the speaker sinks to the mere dry arguer, the matter-of-fact man, the calculator or syllogist or sophist; the dealer in figures, the compiler of facts, the mason but not the architect of the pile, for the dictate of the imagination is the inspiration of oratory which imparts to matter animation and soul.

Phillips had imagination, exuberance of imagination in fact, and for this he has, by some, been blamed. From anything created, even from man, we cannot look for perfection. All merit is comparative; there is no such thing as absolute excellence in human effort. Under the influence of this law, resulting from the first sin committed, Phillips came, but it touched him more lightly than it did others who have secured a place amongst the great orators that the ages have given us. He possessed judgment and imagination, as well as the product of these faculties, reason and eloquence, and hence it was that he was able to sway his auditor's with strange and telling power. If we take any one of his speeches, and

divest it of what is purely ornate, we will discover a coherence, a gradual leading up to the point, which it was intended to make, that cannot but call for the most generous admiration. This is the test of skill in an orator and, judged by this test, Phillips can safely be ranked amongst the great declaimers whose achievements have been the subject of general praise.

It is proper to take success as the measure of merit. The preacher, who, through his pulpit utterances, wields sufficient power over the more sin-inclined amongst his flock to keep them from the pursuit of false and fleeting pleasures, and the advocate whose words, breathing forth pathos or passion, brings the jury to a favorable consideration of his client's case, are put down, and rightly so, as being successful pleaders in their different spheres and, because they are successful, they are credited with possessing some special talent which, under ordinary conditions, may be translated into merit. Phillips, as a pleader before judge or jury, was eminently successful and, being so, he deserves the praise of having had some peculiar merit, which gives us the sanction of custom in applying to him the qualifying word "great."

He was powerful as a speaker, not alone in the court-rooms where he shone particularly, but on the hustings, in crowded halls before vast multitudes of the people, in convocations of learned men, and around the festive board. Under every varying circumstance he showed himself possessed of these gifts which go to make the accomplished orator. A few passages, gathered hap-hazard, will serve to show his power and illustrate his genius. In a speech, delivered before an assemblage of Catholics in Dublin, he depicts the condition of Catholic Ireland under the dominion of Protestant England, and concludes with this stirring appeal to his hearers to be true to the faith that was in them.

"Alone, amid the solitude, your temple stood like some majestic monument amid the desert of antiquity; just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the virtue of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs, pouring forth for ages the unbroken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only more magnificent from the

ruins by which it was surrounded. Oh! do not for any temporal boon betray the great principles which are to purchase you an eternity! Here, from your very sanctuary,—here, with my hand on the endangered altar of your faith, in the name of that God, for the freedom of whose worship we are so nobly struggling—I conjure you, let no unholy hand profane the sacred ark of your religion; preserve it inviolate; its light is "light from heaven;" follow it through all the perils of your journey; and, like the fiery pillar of the captive Israel, it will cheer the desert of your bondage, and guide to the land of your liberation."

That, to my mind, is eloquence, though I know the severely critical would attack it as being over adorned. No matter what the fault-finder may say, I feel that anyone, listening to such an outburst as that, could not fail to be thrilled, and to be imbued with a spirit of loyalty to an institution which has withstood the storms of time, and, through wreck and ruin, has preserved inviolate, the truths which were left as a heritage to it by its Divine Founder, God himself. The prosaic mind would probably make the same appeal, as did Phillips in the quoted passage, in something after the following fashion: "Friends, your Church has shown itself to be endowed with many good qualities: the principles upon which it works seem to be just and right; I pray you, therefore, to keep them uncontaminated," but in such case, the snores of the listeners would drown the voice of the speaker. The purpose of oratory is persuasion. There can be no persuasion where there's no interest, and no interest where there's not something uncommon to engage it. For my part I consider that there are certain sauces which give a delectable flavor to roast-beef. Roast-beef is good in itself, but roast-beef, with sauce, is better. So, reasoning is good in itself, but, reasoning accompanied by judicious plays of fancy, is better, and Phillips, knowing this, allowed his imagination to have more or less of a free rein. Himself a Protestant, he was not so circumscribed by prejudices or prepossessions as not to be able to recognize the substantial goodness and worth of the Catholic church. On many occasions he paid it the highest

tributes, not alone before audiences whose sympathies he knew were with it, but before others as well, and this fact goes to show that deep down in his nature there was a vein of genuine sincerity.

It is always difficult to select quotations from an author, particularly when that from which the selection is made consists of sections, so riveted together, that to dislodge one detracts from the beauty of the part as well as from the splendor of the whole, but I must take permission to jot down the beautiful offering that Phillips has made at the shrine of Irish virtue. He says:

"No matter how we, (the Irish), may have graduated in the scale of nations, no matter with what wreath we may have been adorned, or what blessings we may have been denied; no matter what may have been our feuds, our follies or our misfortunes; it has at least been universally conceded that our hearths were the home of the domestic virtues, and that love, honor, and conjugal fidelity were the dear and indisputable deities of our household! Around the fireside of the Irish hovel, hospitality circumscribed its sacred circle, and a provision to punish created a suspicion of the possibility of its violation. But of all the ties that bound—of all the bounties that blessed her—Ireland most obeyed, most loved, most revered the nuptial contract. She saw it the gift of Heaven, the charm of earth, the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the chastity of passion, the sacrament of love; the slender curtain that shades the sanctuary of her marriage-bed has, in its purity, the splendor of the mountain snow and, for its protection, the texture of the mountain adamant."

This extract is taken from his speech in the celebrated case of Guthrie vs. Sterne. The deliverance was made the subject of an exhaustive article in the Edinburgh Review, and this fact is surely sufficient to show that Phillips, in his day, was a person somewhat out of the ordinary, for that periodical, exclusive as regards what it published, would not have permitted an extended criticism of a single speech, unless that same speech possessed great inherent merit. Most that the writer could say, after tearing it to pieces, was

that "a more strict control over his fancy would constitute a remedy for his defects." He had control over his fancy, but because he did not clip its wings, and make his utterances suitable to the dry dull taste of the reviewer he was obliged, to sometimes submit to most extravagant abuse.

The taste of the critic is not the standard by which the value of oratory should be judged. It is the conglomerate taste of the multitude addressed that should be potent in deciding us as to a man's genius in the role of public speaker. Phillips satisfied the desires of the masses before whom he appeared, he bent them at will, he led them, by the charm of his language, to think as he did and to see the popular questions of the day under the influence of the light that his great mind shed upon them.

The task which the public speaker sets before himself, is one fraught with the greatest importance and responsibility. He is an educator, a preacher, an advisor. His words are taken, as a rule, for what, on the face of them, they are worth, and the most assiduous care must therefore be exercised if he would avoid the sin of inspiring his hearers with convictions, far out of tune with the keynotes sounded by truth and justice. Popular assemblies are extremely pliable. Usually composed of men who have not learned to think for themselves, who are ignorant of the essentially ethical qualities of the issues that prevail, they are easily influenced by the utterances of a person, whose genius they admire and whose counsel seems to them to be the echo of that Voice which spoke to the first two living creatures, when yet the world was young. How essential, therefore, is it that the orator should come to the performance of his duty, thoroughly equipped with those weapons so necessary in the struggle against error. Upon his words hangs, perhaps, the future happiness of many souls, so that he cannot afford to be careless, when carelessness might mean the ruin of many confiding hearts.

Phillips understood all this, was conscious of the heavy load that weighed him down and, consequently, took every precaution to guard himself against the enunciation of any doctrine that had in it even a semblance of falsehood. What was the result? The Irish people trusted him for

they knew he was sincere; loved him, because they knew he was sympathetic; revered him, because they knew he was unusually gifted. A popular idol, he never violated the trust that was given him, and toiled, toiled, and always for the vindication of those eternal principles of truth which form the basis as well as the superstructure of every just and Christian act. This praise seems not extravagant, in the face of the speeches which he has left us. For the defence of the innocent he gave every generous effort and this, frequently, without the promise or hope of reward. Guilt was to him a thing so repellant that to struggle for its punishment was the sweetest duty of his life. It seems that he had been placed in this world to be the refuge of the unfortunate and the protector of the oppressed. In criminal jury cases he was the most sought-after advocate of his time and, before the on flowing stream of his eloquence, crime cowered and sought to hide its hideous form. Many were the parents he made happy, many the children he snatched from an awful fate, many the homes into which he let pass a little of

the peace that comes from domestic bliss. For all that he has done, benedictions will follow him, while there are men in the world able to appreciate one who spent his great energy and great abilities in the heaven-blessed labor of casting some glamour of calm around the lives of the wretched.

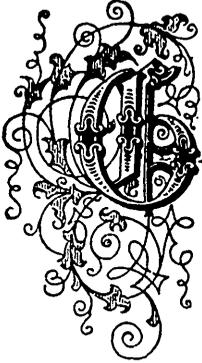
Unfortunately for students of the present time, there are but few editions of his published speeches. Unfortunately, because they might serve as text-books in eloquence, and those who studied them would be iree to gather the pearls that are scattered so profusely through them, and leave the very few priceless things behind.

Charles Phillips was an Irishman and, from the history of his unhappy land, he gathered the inspiration for some of the sublimest of his spoken thoughts. His presence amongst his illustrious countrymen, who lived in the darkness of a time when Irish independence was ruthlessly snatched from the people, adds force to the truth that the English language is indebted to the Irish people for some of its greatest examples of accomplished eloquence.

W. F. KEHOE, '89.



THE DEATH OF SAMSON.



O, drag the blinded felon here,"
 The leaders ordered. Straightway, then,
 They hailed the giant to appear
 A scoff for all the heathen men,
 A bonden Titan forced to play
 At antic on their holiday.

He stood within the temple court,
 And stared abroad, with sightless eyes,
 And ears that heard the railing sport
 Of high Jehovah's enemies—
 The Lord Jehovah, mocked in him,
 Chained, by a traitress, in his limb.

"Play," said the shouting Philistine,
 "And shape us sport, thou dotard man!
 Thy God, although He do not win,
 May make us pastime if He can."
 And Samson heard, and answered naught,
 And played with power that strongly wrought.

He rested from his toil anon,
 And, "Give," he said, "that I may lean
 My hand the pillared props upon;
 For I would breathe, the feats between."
 And him they guided so to stand,
 A massy shaft on either hand.

Then, shaking back his shaggy fell,
 Untrimmed through long captivity,
 The grizzly lion felt to swell
 His thews a rising Deity:
 And, staring up with stony eyes,
 He challenged Godhead in the skies.

THE OWL.

“Hear, Lord Jehovah! Lo, I stand
 A judge of Thine, and all disgraced!
 I hold the heathen in my hand,
 If now with Thee my palms be braced,
 That I may crush them back to dust,
 And give to see that Thou art just.”

Thereat, the Godhead, rushing down,
 A Might in deluge, flooded him,
 That so the champion's force was thrown
 From straining bulk and cracking limb
 To either palm, till, snapping in,
 The props did give like osiers thin.

Down hurtled pillar, roof, and wall,
 With sound of thunder and a doom,
 Till underneath lay buried all,
 Mockers and mocked, in one huge tomb,
 Whence the old giant's soul rushed out
 To meet Jehovah with a shout.

So fall to us that, if we err,
 We make atone, and bide the time
 When God through us may minister,
 In retributive mood sublime,
 Destruction to the Mocker's breath,
 Enlarging us from bonds in death.

FRANK WATERS.

THREE VILLAINS.



It is claimed by many eminent Catholic Doctors that, next to the study of Sacred Scriptures and the reading of "The Imitation of Christ," the dramatic works of William Shakespeare offer the profoundest lessons in human nature. This is saying much, indeed, but where else can we find such keen insight into human motives, such perfect knowledge of human passions, or such experience in different traits of character. He has produced almost every possible phase of character from the virtuous to the vile, from the strongest to the weakest; but it is in his villains he has shown his greatest ability. His villains are not all alike, as in some authors, in fact we never find two characters alike in Shakespeare. They are all individual—are so strongly marked by personal traits, that each one is distinct.

Shakespeare has been careful to give his evil characters different degrees of iniquity; he has embodied wickedness in various shapes and appearances, but in all he has illustrated the truth that no one is wicked for mere wickedness' sake. It is only a pure demon, a superhuman being, that works iniquity with such a motive. The ultimate motive of all human depravity is selfishness. To verify this we shall select three of Shakespeare's villains, Shylock, Edmund and Iago, types of varying malignity. We do not attempt anything like a careful analysis of these characters, but, from what is most apparent in their words and actions, we shall try to show the application of the truth.

In the old Jew of "The Merchant of Venice," we have one of the strongest characters in all Shakespearean drama; a man withal, whose whole strength of character was perverted to evil. He suffered much at the hands of his enemies, and bore it long with a self-restraint and steady endurance worthy of a better purpose. But if he endured much he forgot nothing, forgave nothing; care-

fully he hoarded up his wrongs as he did his gold, and his desire for revenge burned with a fiercer heat that it was confined. When at last the time of retaliation came, what a storm of passion he loosed! Inexorable, obdurate, nothing could wring from him one jot of mercy. Hatred was as strong, revenge as sweet for each treasured insult as if the wound it made were still fresh. And yet when his prey has slipped from him, when sweet revenge, just tasted, is snatched from his lips, and he stands in imminent danger of losing his cherished store, how self-possessed he is! No cries of despair, no demonstration of anguish, no succumbing to his disappointment. He makes the best of a bad bargain and goes out with a simple, "I am not well."

Whether it was an inborn talent, or a skill acquired by long and vigilant scheming, Shylock possessed remarkable keenness of intellect. How quickly he devised the cunning plot to ensnare the honest merchant! And when Bassanio suspects foul play, with deft hypocrisy he retorts: "What these Christians are, whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect the thoughts of others!" and he recalls the worthlessness of "the merry bond." He shows remarkable cleverness again in defending his claim on the pound of flesh. To the plea of mercy he retorts,

"You have among you many a purchased slave
Which like your asses, and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them——"

————— You will answer
'The slaves are ours'; so do I answer you;
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought:—'tis mine and I will have it."

Such was Shylock's intellectual power; but his heart and soul were devoured with hatred, revenge and avarice. He had an intense hatred for the Christians which led him to crowd many a helpless Christian debtor whom Antonio relieved through his Christian courtesy. How vividly his hatred is pictured in his words: "I hate them for they are Christians."

His greatest hate was for Antonio, because its motive was more vital to him and to his business than tribal feeling. Nor was this hatred wholly unjustifiable. Antonio had, by his "letting out money gratis," hindered him of half a million, a dart which touched his weakest point—his avarice. And besides this, the insults the merchant offered him on the rialto, treasured up and brooded over in the mind of Shylock, produced tremendous hatred, and then a proportionate desire for revenge, which he sought to wreak on the head of his enemy, once caught by his bond.

His hatred for Antonio was not his greatest vice; it was but a modification of the radical passion of avarice which ruled his whole existence. It was his greedy love of gain that warped all the excellent faculties of his mind, and turned them to evil. Gold was his god. The scene between him and Tubal, who brings him reports of his daughter's extravagance characterizes his avarice. He writhes in pain at the loss of his diamond; and then the uncounted cost of searching for the runaways is "loss upon loss." When told of Jessica's spending at Genoa, he is frenzied. "Thou stickst a dagger in me!—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats!" At the news of a ring gone for a monkey, he exclaimed in anguish: "I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." His love of gain has hardened all the natural affections of his heart. He has a daughter, an only child, but in the few words that pass between them, there is nothing to indicate their relationship, save his word "my girl." She is dear to him only as she is a trustworthy custodian of his house and property. He is leaving her for the night, yet not a word of farewell or kindness does he give, such as the most thoughtless father would bestow, but only the harsh jangling of his money-bags still.

"Jessica go in—
Shut the door after you; fast bind fast bind,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

In the character of Edmund we have a quite different phase of villainy. In Shylock we had cruelty through hatred and revenge, directed against a personal enemy. In Edmund there is no deep

hatred, no revenge, no enemies; his wickedness is only a means to an end. It is not a satisfaction, but a necessity. His was not a course of retaliation, but of advantage. There we had a bitter past with its morbid recollections; here we have a future with its possibilities. Edmund is of the type of adventurer, experimenter, fortune-hunter. In place of the avarice of the Jew, he has pride of blood.

When the curtain rolls before Edmund, we behold a young man of prepossessing appearance, "compact of body, generous of mind." Indeed, so well proportioned and so smoothly mannered is he, that he captivates at first sight, even so shrewd a man as Kent, who replies to Edmund's courtesies. "I must love you, and sue to know you better." In addition to his natural advantages of person, he has the prestige of noble birth, being the son of the Earl of Gloster. This circumstance of parentage would tend to brighten his prospects, were it not for the irretrievable misfortune of being illegitimate, in consequence of which, by the laws of the country, he was disinherited; by accepted custom, hopelessly disgraced: and through a combination of his own sensitiveness and pride, his whole life was poisoned from its sting. Through this blight on his whole life, his pride led him to guilt. The only hope of retrieving this heavy misfortune, was by a show of earthly power and splendor, and so his ambition led him to the acquisition of family significance, the readiest means to which were unlawful ones. These, however were not proscribed to him by conscience, for religion he had none. It is to the "plague of custom" and religious sentiment that he owes his disadvantage, and consequently, he feels an aversion and a contempt for them. "Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy laws my services are bound." Here we have an exposition of his principle. The laws of religion have handicapped him, he, therefore, casts them off. Nature has been kind to him; to her he pays his homage. And nature he thus makes the subterfuge of conscience, when conscience can no longer sanction his desires. If we go further, and see that self is the first thing in nature, we shall have the key note of Edmund's religion.

- One of his most striking characteristics is his daring ; and it is this quality, abetted by his nimble intellect, that makes his career successful so long. As an instance of this, take the scene where he first arouses old Gloucester against Edgar. How ingeniously he plays upon the curiosity of the old man to read the letter, and then how nicely he contrives to keep father and son apart, well knowing that a meeting between an honest father and a devoted son, must surely have dispelled any suspicions between them ! But strangest of all is how he succeeds in deluding both father and son. The noble Edgar was surely dear to Gloucester, while the trickery and cunning of the younger son must have betrayed itself to Gloucester during the boyhood of Edmund. Edmund with his base character could not have retained as much confidence as Edgar ; how then did he so worm himself into his father as to win absolute confidence from him, such as is shown when Gloucester bids him " frame this business after thine own wisdom " ? Likewise with Edgar. When Edmund bids him flee, and makes him " in cunning," draw his sword to seem in conflict at the approach of Gloucester, how did Edgar not suspect something foul in making him play such a part before his father, unless he reposed entire confidence in his wily brother ?

How coolly he calculated in his duplicity with the two sisters ! He had sworn himself in love to each of them. Cornwall dead, he yet feared either while Albany lived. But instead of taking the riddance of Albany in his own hands, he reasoned thus :

" Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off."

Edmund's whole wickedness is due to his selfishness. He is not wanton, but conspires through necessity to reach his own end. He does not hate Edgar, but envies him for his birthright, and has no scruple in forestalling him. It is not through purposeless malice that he supplants his old father and delivers him to his persecutors, but merely because it is the shortest way to become Earl of Gloucester. He did not make war on everything that was good ; he was even capable of a virtuous action, were it not that he

loved his own interest too much. In fact when he is dying, and self is now out of the way, he shows a disposition to do some good in saving the lives of Cordelia and Lear.

It would seem almost that activity of intellect goes hand-in-hand with dishonesty, so many are the villains who display this quality in a high degree. Iago, as well as Edmund and Shylock are instances of this. For one mind to conceive and execute half the evil designs hatched in that of Iago, must require great talent. So subtle was he, that he held the confidence of everyone he met, and made them as he did Othello, " thank me, love me, and reward me for making him egregiously an ass." His plots were incredibly skillful. He sported with the " poor snipe " Roderigo, robbed him of his money, and then used him as a cat's-paw for the taking off of Cassio. He urged the suit of Cassio, only to make him the unconscionable promoter of Othello's jealousy. He found that the Moor " will as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are." He discerned character easily and acted consistently. To Roderigo, blinded with a base passion, he feared not to avow his villainy. He knew the Moor to be of a free and open nature, " that thinks men honest that but seem to be so," and it was on this constant, loving, noble nature, and his freedom from all low suspicions that he relied for the working out of his plans, and " practising upon his peace and quiet even to madness."

He does not for a moment entertain the thought of tampering with the virtue of Desdemona. She reposes so confidently in the Moor, that she would not harbor an unjust thought of him.

He impresses everyone of his wisdom and honesty. While he is leading Cassio into his toils, Cassio declares, " I never knew Florentine more kind and honest." Othello, even when he has had his ears filled with calumnies against his own wife, just when it would seem that a person of any wit would suspect the calumniator, remarks, " This fellow's of exceeding honesty, and knows all qualities with a learned spirit of human dealings." The greatest proof of the confidence reposed in him by Othello, is the fact that such a noble character, so frank and loving, could believe such things of his wife on his

authority. Iago was absolutely without principle, as he manifests to Roderigo when speaking of serving Othello,

"In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so for my peculiar end;
I am not what I am,

His fatal want of honor is shown in his sarcasm to Cassio, regretting the loss of his reputation: "As I am an honest man I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation." In his absolute want of sympathy, he excels Satan himself. Before Satan tempted our first parents, he looked upon them a moment in pity for their doom. But as soon as Iago sees the happiness of his victims, he muses, "O, you are well timed now, but I'll set down the pegs that makes this music, as honest as I can." And after filling the ears of the Moor, he makes this diabolical remark, worthy even of Mephisto.

"Work on
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
caught,
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach."

It is difficult, indeed, to analyze the motives of Iago, because in much of his wickedness he seems to have no motive. In the opening scene he tells Roderigo he hates the Moor because of the preferment of Cassio to the position of lieutenant, accuses him of "honest circumstance," and asks, "Now, sir, be judge yourself, whether I in any just term am affined to love the Moor." This, however, seems altogether unproportioned to the depth of his malignity. Why should he wish to wreck the Moor completely, to destroy Desdemona, and that even after he has gained the desired office of Lieutenant? We can only explain his wickedness by an habitual love of mischief, a fondness for making others unhappy because he is so himself. There are men in the world who are never at peace but when creating discord. Their own depravity craves foul play; their misery loves company, and to gratify this love they will follow a most unprofitable course. Such was Iago. His soul was foulness itself; not a single trait relieves the desert of vileness in his heart, not a single adequate excuse for any of his

crimes. It was enough that the destructive career he ran gratified his pride and soothed the bitterness of his own soul.

In these three villains we see a distinct gradation of criminality. Shylock's crime was intentional murder, coolly meditated and craftily devised. It came under the practice of the law; it was justice carried to the extreme—its motive, revenge. And if we take into consideration that the moral law of the Jew was not the golden rule, but to strike when struck, his revenge was justifiable. He was a man much sinned against, and there is that about the lonely, deserted old Jew, that with all his cruelty, wins our sympathy for him. Edmund exhibits a deeper shade of evil. His crime is difficult to specify exactly. He sought to ruin his father and brother, and to wring from them their estate. He was an accomplice with the two sisters in their foul practices, and his conscience might accuse him of much more already committed in thought, though not in deed. His motive was neither revenge nor avarice, but ambition for family possessions, and he was, therefore, all the more culpable. His own selfish ends sufficed to lead him to the greatest monstrosities. He would do good, if possible, to reach the same end, but once given over to unfair means, no other seemed expedient. Iago out-satans them all. His crimes are the most heinous and most numerous. A greater crime than that of estranging a virtuous man and wife by putting such a monstrous lie between them, cannot be thought of. It is worse than murder, fratricide or parricide. And with what motive? None, save his own idle sport. He plays with his victims. It is his pastime to drag them down to the foul pit with himself, and glory in their fall.

For Shylock we may make some excuses. Edmund we may credit with what he left undone; but Iago we must hate with all our might. In all three of them, if we look deep enough into their hearts, we may see the shrine of *self*. At that altar Shylock offered his gold, Edmund advancement in worldly power and significance, Iago, the fall of virtue, the discord and misery of his fellow men.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



IN the literary history of England during the past few centuries, Irishmen have played no unimportant part. Many of the most pathetic and beautiful poetic productions in our tongue, which will take their place among the most truly poetic compositions of all languages, have been the effusions of an Irish heart, full of tenderness and passion. In the fields of history and fiction, also, the pen of the Irishman has not ceased to be at work, until now, pre-eminent in these paths of literary effort are to be found the names of many a son of Erin, who, toiling against almost insurmountable obstacles, has won for himself a niche in the temple of fame. What writers rank higher in their respective spheres than Goldsmith, Griffin, Steele, Swift, Wiseman and Lecky? Foremost among Britain's most noble orators, too, have been Burke, O'Connell, Curran, Grattan, and a numberless array of others of Irish extraction, whose noble outbursts of eloquence, either in the cause of suffering Ireland, or in behalf of the country of their adoption, have been handed down to posterity as models of public speaking, excelling both in diction, and the sublime, elevating and patriotic sentiments in which they abound. The subject of this sketch, too, has shed much lustre on England's renown, not only through his manly and enervating oratory, but also through the excellence of his dramatic productions, which have won for him a position "second to Shakespeare only".

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born at Dublin in 1751, the son of a teacher of elocution, of whom it is said that he was long connected with the stage, and was the first to compose a pronouncing dictionary in the English language. Sheridan, even in his early school days, showed incorrigible indolence and indifference, qualities which, like all other evil

habits contracted in youth, had their pernicious effects upon his after life. Intemperance soon took hold of him, and it, together with his many other vicious tendencies, cast a deep shadow upon one of the most brilliant careers in the history of English literature. In Sheridan's character, perhaps nothing is so prominent as his excessive love for wit. This may be seen both in his comedies, which are one continued piece of wit, and in his addresses delivered in the British House of Commons, where his humor and repartee made him a formidable opponent and a valuable ally. Nor was this tendency of his towards wit without its evil influences upon his character; it caused him to look upon everything in a ludicrous light, and prevented him, on many an occasion, from treating serious questions with the gravity becoming their nature.

Whatever may be the truth as regards Sheridan's intense indolence, the fact still remains, that at the age of twenty-three, having previously produced several works of little or no note, he wrote, "The Rivals," a comedy, which far outshone all other dramatic efforts of his age. This, like his other works, is admirably suited for stage production, and since its first presentation, has enjoyed great popularity. Encouraged by the success of "The Rivals," Sheridan wrote in rapid succession *St. Patrick's Day*, an exquisite farce, *The Duenna*, an opera in which "the powers of permeating everything with wit and glee—love, rage, cunning, avarice, religion—is displayed to perfection," *The School for Scandal* and *The Critic*. *The School for Scandal*, upon which the reputation of Sheridan as a dramatist principally rests, has for object the satirizing of London society. In this comedy, which is justly classed among the best in the English language, the writer displays a deep knowledge of human nature, with its frivolities, its passions, and its hypocrisies.

It is one mass of humor, sarcasm, and repartee. In 1779, Sheridan gave to the world *The Critic* which was his last production of any merit; for, though he afterwards composed several other works, they are of minor importance, and in no respect do they compare even favorably with his previous efforts. Among his later works are *Pizarro* and *The Scheming Lieutenant*.

It was not long after the production of *The Critic* that Sheridan began to show a deep interest in the political questions of the day, sympathizing with the Whigs, then in opposition, who numbered in their ranks such able men as Fox and Burke. Sheridan's first speech in the House did not augur for him a bright parliamentary career. In fact, so complete a failure was it, that he was advised by a friend to quit his new sphere of activity for which he seemed so little adapted, and to enter one more congenial to him; and so unskilled was he in offering a quick reply, a quality absolutely necessary to everyone who would venture on a political life, that, having been attacked by a member of the Government in words of scathing sarcasm, he was altogether unable to retort. But he was confident that he possessed latent oratorical powers; his ambition overcame his characteristic indolence, and he persevered with the determination of a Demosthenes, and ere long he became one of the leading debaters in the House. Often did his political opponents writhe under his cool, cutting sarcasm, his irritating ridicule, and his ever ready repartee; while his astounding wit and humor invariably convulsed the House with laughter. In 1782 under the administration of the Marquis of Rockingham, Sheridan was appointed Under-Secretary of State; and again in 1783, in the Coalition Ministry of Fox and Lord North, he was given the portfolio of Secretary of the Treasury. Both these governments, however, lasting but a short time, Sheridan's tenure of office was correspondingly brief.

Though Sheridan had for some time enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best debaters in the House, it was in 1787, during the famous impeachment of Warren Hastings for his nefarious deeds in India, that he outdid all his former

oratorical efforts. In fact, it was his oration on this occasion that secured for him the eminent position he now holds among Britain's orators. Burke, who had been working on the case for several years, intrusted to Sheridan the charge against Hastings relating to the Begums or princesses of Oude. On this charge he delivered two masterly speeches, of the latter of which Mr. Pitt, whom Sheridan always strenuously opposed, and who more than once had been the butt of his wit and sarcasm, was forced to admit that "an abler speech was, perhaps, never delivered." Mr. Burke, in his intense admiration of his eloquent colleague, declared it to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit, united, of which there is any record or tradition." Such was the effect produced, that at the conclusion, a motion was made to adjourn, that the members might "collect their reason" after listening to an address so brilliant and so convincing. Mr. Stanhope, who seconded the motion, stated that though he was previously satisfied of the innocence of the accused, so great an impression was made upon him by the clear exposition of the facts of the case, as obtained through the evidence, as well as by the vivid presentation of the atrocities of this rapacious tyrant, that Hastings' guilt was no longer to him a matter of doubt, and he was now determined to vote for his impeachment.

It is said that a Mr. Logan, a deep friend and sympathizer of Warren Hastings, and so firmly convinced of his innocence that he had written a "masterly defence of him," was present at the delivery of this oration. Nor was he any admirer of the speaker for he had often condemned him as an empty declaimer. When Sheridan had spoken one hour, Logan, unwilling to regard his friend as guilty of the heinous crimes attributed to him, and yet unable to disprove these charges, remarked, "All this is declamatory assertion without proof." Later on, as his blind faith in Hastings' innocence began to weaken under the convincing arguments of Sheridan, he was forced to admit that "Mr. Hastings has acted unjustifiably." At the conclusion he exclaimed, "Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings."

And thus it was with many who had not even for a moment doubted the integrity of Hastings or at least did not deem him capable of the crimes of which he was accused, until he was painted in his true colors by such men as Burke and Sheridan. Some, too, there were who would hardly believe that anyone bearing human form could commit such acts until, through the efforts of those illustrious patriots who fought so determinedly for "restoring character to England and happiness to India," they were stripped of their secrecy and exposed to the light of day in all their hideousness. In his cruelty and rapacity, Hastings was another Verres; and Sheridan's eloquent effort in condemnation of the atrocious deeds of the former was no less worthy of its object than that of the illustrious Roman when in the sublimest of oratory he condemned the tyrannical and inhuman acts of the infamous Verres, a traitor to his country and an enemy of the cause which he pretended to serve. Not only are the facts and circumstances of both cases somewhat similar but the manner of treatment and the vigorous style of oratory employed in each impeachment, bear a striking resemblance.

Most of this speech was delivered extempore and as Sheridan himself refused to write and publish it, there is extant only an imperfect report of it. But its mere delivery and the incomplete account which we have of it, are sufficient to class him among the best orators of the 18th century, and to have praises showered upon him not only by his friends but even by his bitterest political opponents. Byron has immortalized his name in the following beautiful lines of poetry:—

"When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to heaven, in her appeal to man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod—
The wrath—the delegated voice of God,
Which shook the nations through his lips and
blazed,
Till vanquished senates trembled as they
praised."

Though of an indolent and careless disposition, Sheridan was capable of soaring to lofty heights of oratory. On ordinary occasions, true it is, his speeches were marked by much levity, wit, humor and sarcasm; but when treating a great

question; as illustrated in his invective against Hastings he was eminently equal to the task, was ever the master of the situation. This noble burst of eloquence of his truly deserves to be ranked among the best invective discourses of ancient or modern times.

Sheridan's chief defect lay in his treatment of the pathetic. His conceptions were noble, sublime and soothing; but he was often betrayed into excesses and thus many passages in his best speeches which would otherwise be considered masterpieces, bear an overstrained and affected appearance, and thereby lose much of their effectiveness, pathos and beauty. Intense feeling can be supported but a short time, and hence it is that Sheridan though his sentiments are by times elevating and inspiring, fails when he attempts the pathetic.

In his later days Sheridan became the victim of intemperance, a vice which he had contracted in his early manhood and which, perhaps more than anything else, prevented him from rendering those services to his country for which his abilities so well suited him. His political influence was continually on the wane and in 1806 he was given the unimportant office of Treasurer of the Navy in the ministry of Fox and Grenville. Though a fervent friend of Catholic emancipation, he was unwilling to sacrifice office to principle, and when Lord Grenville espoused the cause of the Catholics, he found Sheridan a strenuous opponent. On one occasion, referring to the action of the Whigs in endeavoring to pass a measure of emancipation, he sarcastically remarked, "I have heard of people knocking out their brains against a wall; but never before knew of any one building a wall expressly for the purpose." Selfish intriguing unhappily marked the last years of Sheridan's political life,—a career, which for brilliancy has been seldom surpassed in the annals of the British parliament.

In 1807, he who had been for a time one of the idols of the English people, before whom "vanquished senates trembled as they praised," was relegated to the shades of private life by defeat in his own constituency. Some years prior to this the Drury Lane theatre, his only possession, was destroyed by fire, and he,

nopelessly involved in debt, was thrown upon the mercy of his creditors. From this until his death which occurred in 1816, indigence and misery brought on by extreme prodigality were his unhappy lot. Nor did the dignity of being a member of parliament any longer protect him from the hands of the law, and in 1815 he was arrested by his creditors.

His funeral was one grand array of dukes and marquises and counts, and those who in his day of want had ungratefully scorned him now exulted in his praise; a fact which prompted a French writer to say, "France is the place for an author to live in, and England the place for him to die in." Tom Moore, too, contrasting the inhuman cruelty of

the treatment he received before his death, with the magnificent funeral with which he was honored, has referred to it in the following words :

"How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and
sorrow !

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-mor-
row !"

Thus unhappily ended the life of one of England's greatest writers, and ere misfortune had visited him Sheridan had well merited to be called "the greatest dramatist, and one of the most brilliant orators of the 18th century."

J. P. FALLON, '96.



THE MANAGER'S DILEMMA.

SELECTED.



TELL you, child, you can do it, and I say you shall!"

The speaker was the fat hostess of an hotel in one of the principal streets of Naples; the time was the summer of 1812. The lady waddled back and forward with an air of importance, her hands on her hips. The person addressed was a lad, apparently sixteen years of age, and very tall and stout for his years. His beardless chin and boyish features, combined with a shuffling boastfulness in his deportment, did not tend to insure confidence in any great achievement to be expected from him.

"But, buona mia donna—" he began deprecatingly.

"I am a judge!" persisted the hostess, "Master Benevolo shall find you a treasure and the jewel of his company! Such a company! The princess is magnificent! Did not the Duke of Anhalt swear she was ravishing in beauty as in acting, with eyes like diamonds, and a figure majestic as Juno's?"

"Superb!" exclaimed the lad.

"And such an admirable comic actor; a figure that is one laugh, and a wit like Sancho Panza's; a genius, too, for the pathetic; he weeps to enchantment, and will bring tears to your eyes after a convulsion of mirth. An unrivalled troupe! A coronet of genius, wanting only an actor of tragedy!"

The boy sighed and cast his eyes on the ground.

"And you must travel," pleaded the landlady "You are not safe here in Naples. You may be taken and carried back to the Conservatorio."

This last argument had its effect. The lad sprang to his feet.

"Back to school to be punished for a runaway, when you might do such won-

ders! Come, you are ready, I see. There is no time to be lost."

She took the boy by the hand and led him into the grand salon of the hotel. Here sat the manager of an Italian theatrical company in absolute despair. He and his troupe were to leave Naples in an hour. For three days he has staid beyond his time, seeking what the city did not afford—an actor of tragedy; and he was now bitterly lamenting to his landlord his ill luck that would compel him to depart for Salerno destitute of so important an adjunct.

"What shall I do?" cried the impresario, wringing his hands, "without a Geronimo or a Falero?"

"You may yet find an actor," suggested the good-natured host.

"He must drop, then, from the clouds, and at once! My friends at Salerno have twice put off the performance waiting for me. Saint Antoino! to think of losing so much money!"

The corpulent hostess had entered the room, the bashful youth a few paces behind her.

"I have found you a tragedian, Master Benevolo," she cried; "a capital fellow. You have fatigued yourself running over Naples in search of one, and he has been waiting for you here since last evening."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both manager and landlord.

"You shall have your tragedian, all the rest is my secret. Oh! he is a great genius! If you had heard him last night! All the maids were in tears. Had he a robe and poignard he would have been terrific. He sang droll songs, too, and made us laugh till my sides ached. I should have told you of him before, but you went out so early."

"At what theatres has he appeared?" asked the manager, much interested.

"He has never been on the stage, but he will make his way. Such genius!

Such passion! He has left home to embrace the profession."

The impresario mused. "Let me see him," he said.

The landlady took the lad by the hand and pulled him forward. He stood with eyes cast down in the most awkward attitude.

"A mere boy!" exclaimed the disappointed director. "He—fit for an actor!" and with a look of contempt he surveyed the youth who aspired to represent the emperors of Rome and the Tyrants of Italian Republics.

"Everything has a beginning!" persisted the dame. "Louis, come forward, and show the maestro what you can do."

The overgrown lad hung his head bashfully, but on further urging, advanced a pace or two, flung over his arms the frayed skirt of his coat to serve as a drapery, and recited some tragic verses of Dante.

"Not bad!" cried the manager.

"What is your name?"

"Louis," replied the lad, bowing.

"Louis—what?"

"Louis only for the present," interposed the hostess, with an air of majesty.

"You are not to know his family name you see—he left home—"

"I understand: the runaway might be caught. Let me hear him in Othello," Louis, encouraged, recited a brilliant tragic scene. The manager followed his gestures with hands and head, and when he had ended, applauded loudly with flashing eyes.

"Bravo! bravo! he cried rubbing his hands. "That is what I want; you will make a capital Moor, set in shape a little! I engage you at once, at fifteen ducats a month, and here is the first month's pay in advance for your outfit—a suit of clothes to make you look like a gentleman. Go buy them, pack up to go with us, and I will have a mule ready for you."

While the impresario made his preparation for departure, the delighted hostess assisted Louis in his. He had spent two or three days roaming about Naples before he came to the hotel, and had some debts to pay. These liquidated, his bill paid at the hotel, and a new suit purchased, nothing remained of his fifteen ducats. In less than two hours the troupe was on its way out of Naples.

At Salerno the manager had advertisements struck off, announcing the *debut* of a new tragic actor—a wonderful genius—presented to the public as a phenomenon—in a popular part. Curiosity was soon excited to see him. In the evening the theatre was crowded. The director walked about rubbing his hands in ecstasy, and counting the piles of gold as they accumulated; Louis, arrayed in an emperor's costume of the middle ages, was practicing behind the scenes how to sustain the part of sovereign. A pretty young girl—one of the chorus—who may be called Rosina, stood watching him, and commenting freely on his performance. "Oh! that will not do at all, your majesty! she cried, as he made an awkward movement. "What an emperor! This is your style!" And she began mimicking his gestures so provokingly that Louis declared he would have his revenge in a kiss. He was presently chasing her around the scenes, to the disorder of his imperial robes.

The sound of voices and an unusual bustle startled him; he fancied the curtain was going to rise, and called lustily for his sword. But the noise was outside the private door of the theatre. It was flung open, and the lad's consternation may be imagined when he saw advancing towards him the vice-rector of his school, followed by six *shirri*. The manager was there, too, wringing his hands with gestures of grief and despair. Louis stood petrified till the officers laying a hand on his shoulder arrested him by an order from the king of Naples. The whole company had rushed together, and were astonished to hear that their tragedian was forthwith to be taken back to the "Conservatorio della Pietà dei Furchini," to be remanded to his musical studies under the great master Marcello Purino.

The emperor *in petto* forgot his dignity, and burst into tears; Rosina cried for sympathy, and there was a general murmur of dissatisfaction.

The manager strove to remonstrate. "Such a genius—tragedy is his vocation," he pleaded.

"His vocation just now is to go back to school," said the vice-rector gruffly. "But, signor, you are robbing the public." "Has not the graceless boy been robbing

his majesty, who was pleased to place him in the Conservatorio after his father's death?"

"He is in my service; I have paid him a month in advance."

"You were wrong to engage a raw lad whom you knew to be a runaway from his guardians. Come, Louis!"

The *shirri* roughly removed the imperial robes from the blubbing lad. The impressario was in an agony, for the assembled audience began to give signs of impatience.

"Let him only perform in this piece," he urged.

"Away with him!" answered the vice-rector.

Louis wiped away his tears. "Dear master Benevolo," he said, "I will yet be revenged. I will be a tragedian in spite of them!"

"And my losses—my fifteen ducats!" cried the director.

"I will make them up, I promise you." The vice-rector laughed scornfully, and the men forced the lad away. Rosina ran after him. "Stay, Louis!" she cried, putting her handkerchief into his hands, "you forgot this." Louis thanked her with a tender glance, and put her keepsake in his bosom.

When the party had disappeared, the manager went to pacify his impatient audience. He was consoled by the reflection that the vagabond had left his trunk behind. It was very large and heavy, and, before causing the lock to be broken next morning, Signor Benevolo called some of his friends to make an inventory of its contents. It was found filled with sand! The young *debutant* had resorted to this trick, that the servants at the inns where they stopped might believe the trunk contained gold and treat him with respect accordingly.

The impressario was in a towering passion. He railed at Louis, showering on him abusive epithets as a cheat and an impostor. He could only retaliate for the loss of his fifteen ducats by writing him a letter full of furious invectives, assuring him that so base a thief need never aspire to the honor of tragedy! The letter was read quietly by Louis, who made no answer, but applied himself diligently to his musical studies. His pro-

gress was so rapid that his master declared he bade fair to rival Bohrer on the violin cello and Tulou on the flute. As a reward for his efforts, a ball in the Conservatorio was arranged for the private representations of his pupils.

* * *

In the autumn of 1830, ex-manager Benevolo chanced to be in Paris. The beautiful Rosina was then noted as an admired singer. She had many conversations with the Italian, who was disgusted with the French actors, and declared that the best days of tragic art were past.

One day there was no small excitement at the announcement of the tragic opera of *Othello*. It was given out that a new artist of great reputation would appear at the Théâtre Italien. His progress through the Italian cities had been a continued triumph. On his first appearance in Paris the connoisseurs had been determined to show him no favor. As he came on the stage, his grand, imposing figure and good-humored countenance were prepossessing; but, when his magnificent voice rose swelling above the orchestra, there was a burst of rapturous applause. Powerful and thrilling, penetrating to the depths of pathos, that voice carried all before it; and he was voted by acclamation the first *basse-taille* of the age.

"You *must* hear him!" said Rosina, as the ex-manager protested that he did not care for it. He would be sure to condemn what pleased those fantastical Parisians.

"You must hear him in *Othello*!" persisted the fair singer. "Here is an invitation for you, written by himself."

"Why should he have sent this to me?" asked the gratified Italian.

"As a friend of mine," replied the singer, "he insisted to show you attention. You will be with me."

In the evening they went to the theatre. There was a thunderburst of applause as the colossal form of the actor moved across the stage.

"A noble figure for tragedy!" exclaimed Benevolo. "Ha! I would like him for the tyrant in *Anna Bolena*!" When the superb tones of his voice, full of power, yet exquisite in melody, filled

the house with the rich volume of sound, the Italian gave up his prejudices. In the deeper passion of the part he was carried away by enthusiasm like the audience. "Stupendo! Tragico!" he exclaimed, wiping his eyes, while the curtain descended. "You must speak with him!" insisted Rosina. And she drew Benevolo through the door leading behind the scenes. The great artist came to meet them. Benevolo gazed upon him in awe and astonishment! then, recovering himself, faltered forth the expression of his surprise and delight. It was "the king of tragedy," whom he had the honor of greeting!

"I am rejoiced to see you at last, my good master Benevolo!" cried the artist. "Tell me if you have really been pleased. Shall I ever make a tragic actor?"

"You are wonderful—the first in the world!" cried the enraptured ex-manager. "And Rosina says you are an Italian! I am proud of my countryman!"

"Ah! mio fratello! but you had once not so good an opinion of me! Do you not recognize your old acquaintance—the runaway Louis?"

Benevolo started in astonishment.

"I have grown somewhat since the affair at Salerno," said the artist, laughing, and clapping his stout sides.

"Ah! I forgot; you had good reason for being displeased with me. The fifteen ducats—and that heavy trunk of mine—

that gave you trouble for nothing! It ought to have been ransomed long ago; but I wanted to do it with my pay as a tragedian. I wanted to prove your prediction untrue! He drew out a paper from his pocket-book, and presented it.

"Here is an order for twelve hundred francs."

Signor Benevolo stammered a refusal. He could not accept so large a gift. "Take it, friend. It is your just due! Principal and interest—you know. My fortune has grown apace with my *emboupoint*."

"You are a noble fellow!" cried the ex-manager, grasping his hand. "Now, do me another favor, and tell me your real name. The one you act under is assumed, of course!"

"No, it is the same—Lablache."

"Lablache! Are you a Frenchman, then?"

"My father was a Frenchman, he fled from Marseilles at the time of the revolution. I was born in Naples. Are you satisfied?"

"I thought from the beginning," said Benevolo, "You were a nobleman in disguise. I know you, now, for a monarch in art."

Lablache thanked him cordially. "Now you must come home and sing with me, in the Rue Richelieu," he said "I have invited a few friends to meet you, and they will be waiting for us."



LEAVES FROM A STUDENT'S LOG.

"I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out."

—MILTON—at the age of 19.



HERE is no more thankless occupation than that of offering advice—I like to open up with a general statement of principle—

Advice is a "luxurious gift," thoroughly enjoyed only by the giver. Coming

from the young, it is impertinence; from the middle-aged, bombast; from the old, self-commendation. Offered to inferiors, it is tyranny; to equals, assurance; to superiors, rebellion. Man might be defined, an animal that loves to give advice, but hates to receive it. The sage never ventures unsought counsel; proffered service is often mal-odoriferous. So this is not to be a column of advice. While having no fault to find with Pope when he says:

Be niggards of advice on no pretence.
For the worst avarice is that of sense,

the writer does not feel that he possesses either the aptitude or the commission to reform the world. Neither does he desire to be categorized with that class of beings to which belongs the public critic—of whom someone has said, a useful animal enough, but one whom the superstitious infallibility of print exalts to a divinity; who, like the ox god Apis, now and then occupies a temple when he should be kept in a stable.

What then is the end proposed in this department, nobody seems to know. There will possibly be frequent disquisitions on the inexact sciences, whatever they may be, and the whole will fill Robert Browning's bill:—

Sundry jottings,
Stray leaves, fragments, blurs and blotings.

2—Grim Death has drawn his relentless sickle across the ham-strings of Mr. Huxley, and the great Agnostic has gone the way of all flesh. It must have pained

him to have been obliged to consent to dissolution and to yield up the ghost. He was so wrapped up in this world, so carelessly heedless and ignorantly indifferent regarding everything beyond. His departure reduces to one remaining representative that group of nineteenth-century scientists whose whole life-work seemed to be aimed at the destruction of existing systems and the substitution therefor of unproved hypotheses and impossible theories having their basis in personal vanity and drawing their arguments from intellectual pride. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer at one time dominated contemporary English thought; their influence was as great as their reputation, and it was world-wide. Darwin, the close student of nature, the careful observer, the tireless collector of scientific data, furnished the raw material from which the story of the origin of species and of man's descent was formed. But his work was largely fragmentary, and though he broached some comprehensive principles and made a few attempts at systematic generalization, the result was neither truly scientific nor even meagrely philosophical. He had little power of inductive reasoning and less of deductive, and seemed to have not the remotest idea of the perfect adequation that must exist between particular facts and the broad principle that is sought to be deduced from them. Darwin's great gift to natural science was not his theories but his example. To-day, "natural selection," "the survival of the fittest," and "the struggle for existence," are but formulæ of a school of thought that was, but is not; they have ceased to represent living realities; the historian of philosophy will take account of them and of their influence in the onward march of ideas. Fifty years hence their mention will excite much the same interest and enthusiasm as the

Gautama and Nirvana of Buddhistic philosophy do at the present day. Not that Evolutionism at bottom has not a fascination for the human mind—and ever will have. The problem of the origin and development of life is ever ancient and ever new. But Darwinism, as a scientific hypothesis, went no further than to add a few new principles to many that were very old, and if, as in most similar cases, what was good was not new, time seems to be deciding that what was new was not good. But the force of Darwin's example remains with us and, in a certain sense, it works for the advancement of science. Who can ever rightly estimate the beneficial impulse given to scientific research by the controversy that raged around the "Origin of Species," and the "Descent of Man"? Many a student may well feel grateful to Charles Darwin, even in repudiating his system. Zoology, Biology and Geology, while refusing to accept the Darwinian hypothesis, only honor themselves in placing its author in a niche in their Temple of Fame.

Intimately associated with Darwin's work, but, in my view, far less honest, and only in a very restricted way scientists, were John Tyndall and Thomas Huxley. Both did very much to popularize the evolutionary doctrines, but both were singularly unfitted for the impossible task they undertook to perform. So long as men remain within the lawful limits of science, by the methods of science must they be judged; nor can more than scientific knowledge be required of them. But when they venture into the domain of philosophy and theology, it is but elementary to expect them to know both sides of the questions on which they essay to instruct their fellows. Now Tyndall and Huxley were essentially one-sided men; in fact it may never have occurred to them, that there was more than one side to a discussion. At any rate they never allowed that the philosophical or theological, that is the Catholic, aspect of a question could be worthy of attention, and never favored it with more than the passing consideration of a sneer. Profoundly ignorant of and intensely prejudiced against the teleological view, they condemned it unheard. Such conduct must lose them the esteem and confidence

of all true scholars and right-thinking men.

Herbert Spencer alone remains of the great expounders of Evolution. He was the philosopher of the movement. Lauded by some as the mightiest mind since Aristotle; by others loathed as the most miserable apostate since Lucifer, he will probably be known to posterity as the brilliant representative of a century of unmeaning catchwords, unreal advance and elegant superficiality. Of the great quartette, all but Darwin lived to see their theories discarded by the multitude, ridiculed by scientists, and condemned by philosophers—yea, even abandoned in some measure by themselves. For, in the concluding volume of the Synthetic Philosophy, Mr. Spencer frankly admits that when it comes to the scientific treatment of the highest moral life of man, "the doctrine of evolution has not furnished guidance to the extent I had hoped." And Professor Huxley confesses that the formula of "the survival of the fittest" through the "struggle for existence" supplies no adequate guidance for the moral life, but that "the gladiatorial theory of existence" must be repudiated.

All of which might be summarized in a sentence: that Mr. Spencer's volumes and Mr. Huxley's investigations, and Mr. Tyndall's addresses are far surpassed in satisfactory conclusions and certain knowledge by Butler's five-cent catechism. Such is substantially Mr. Gladstone's answer to the author of a recent work on the present position of science and revealed religion. The noble old statesman, scholar and Christian writes: Dear Sir,—I thank you for your courtesy, and am reading the work with interest. You will, I am sure, forgive me for saying that I am grateful to science for all it has done and is doing, but Christianity stands in no need of it, and is able now, as ever, to hold its own ground.

3—Though the chiefs of Evolutionism are fast disappearing and leaving no worthy successors, there is still a multitude of scientific scribblers—glib little whiffets, Father Lambert would call them—who consent to serve the cause for a consideration. But of influence they have next to none. The day of Wallace, and Romanes, and Drummond is gone by. One other,

Grant Allen by name, and a native Canadian, gave fair promise for a while of attaining real eminence in Natural Science. But vain and delusive were the high hopes his friends formed of his future. His recent efforts have been but a combination of superficial science, false philosophy and atheistical theology, while in "The Woman Who Did," he has given us the most shocking piece of fiction that has been written in the last three decades. Having been accused of materialistic tendencies in his scientific writings, here is the brilliant defence which Mr. Grant Allen offers for himself:—"There are materialists by the thousands around us, but it is not in the ranks of the thinkers or philosophers that we shall have to look for them. They sell "short" in the city or slaughter grouse on purple moors in the highlands." From which it is clear that Mr. Allen fails to comprehend the fundamental and elementary principles of the commonest systems mentioned in the History of Philosophy. He does not seem to be able to distinguish between materialism and sensualism. The word materialism represents nothing to his mind save visions of roast goose, plum pudding and boiled turkey. Yet while defending himself from materialism Mr. Allen proves that he is a member of the rankest materialistic school. "They," he says, meaning his critics, "think that they themselves have souls, but that the universe at large is inert and lifeless. Against this gross materialism all thinking men revolt. They are impressed with the infinite mystery and majesty of the cosmos and do not believe the mass of matter only a little senseless dirt." If the belief that matter is not senseless does not make a man a materialist, then my reading has been all awry.

4—It is said that the most timid birds may be caught by shaking a little salt on their tails. So is it sometimes with the cleverest men. There is no denying the merits of W. T. Stead, the versatile editor of the Review of Reviews. His name is known, if not respected, wherever the English tongue is spoken, and he has attempted something in almost every sphere of intellectual activity. True, he once wrote an interview with His Holiness, Leo XIII, whom he had never seen,

and his work "If Christ came to Chicago" offended, without reforming, half a continent. But the climax of misfortune is reached by Mr. Stead in the September number of his Review. In the course of a brilliant character-sketch of the illustrious Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, Mr. Stead attributes the following feat to the patriotic prelate, who in his youth was noted for his athletic ability:—

"On one occasion he made a wager at the dinner table that on leaving the room he would run a mile in four minutes, then, without stopping to take breath, would walk three miles in twenty minutes, coming back over the four miles in twenty-four minutes and entering the drawing-room after he had covered four miles out and four miles back in forty-eight minutes. The wager was accepted. Young Croke there and then started, and in less than forty-eight minutes returned, winning the wager with a minute or two still in hand."

Now while delighted to concede to the great Irishman, all the athletic pre-eminence consistent with acquired and well-known records and his own performances, I must draw the line at the limit of the possible—or at least of the actual. No man ever ran a mile in four minutes; no man ever walked three miles in twenty minutes; nor did any man ever cover eight miles, on the conditions stated above, in forty-eight minutes. Some droll Tipperaryman has been fooling Mr. Stead to the top of his bent, and, I warrant you, there has been many a hearty laugh around some Irish hearth over the gullible Englishman who came across to "write up" the Archbishop.

A little farther on in the article occurs another paragraph which, though far more serious in its bearing, is at bottom not a whit more reliable. Here it is:—

"How about the education question?" I asked Dr. Croke. "That is the great touchstone which tests the liberality of men's opinions as to conflicting creeds."

"I think," replied Dr. Croke, "that the New Zealand system is the best in the world. The State provides an education solely secular, and ministers of all denominations are authorized to impart religious instruction to their pupils one day in the week. The Catholic priests in New Zealand attend regularly for one hour in the week to catechize the Catholic scholars in the public schools. The system works admirably—and why should it not? It is a mistake to be always mistaking dogmatic teaching into every kind of instruction. Religion can be all the better taught if it is not made too stale by a monotonous

repetition." A notable sentiment, indeed, from a Catholic Archbishop, and one which, were he other than what he is, would bring down on him the anathemas of no small section of his own Church.

Here again, of course, Mr. Stead is, deliberately or otherwise, leading his readers astray. Dr. Croke is too staunch a Catholic and too deep a philosopher to favor so unnatural a divorce as is found in the New Zealand system. Undoubtedly it is a mistake to be *always* thrusting *dogmatic* (i. e. religious) teaching into every kind of instruction, and religion can certainly be made too stale by a *monotonous* repetition. But where is this continuous thrusting found? In what system does this monotonous repetition exist? Mr. Stead is laboring under an hallucination: he is pursuing a figment of his imagination. But between the monotonous repetition—which is ridiculous—and the one hour a week's catechism—which is abominable—there lies the golden mean, the ideal, desired by the Catholic church, sought by Catholic prelates without exception, and realized wherever Catholic principles hold sway—where religion is given its proper dogmatic importance, but never usurps another's place, where its gentle presence is ever, though unconsciously, felt, but where also it stands ever ready to step forth in its glorious majesty and awe-inspiring force when the glory and honor of God or the interests of God's church seem to demand it. This is, I am sure, the position of the Archbishop of Cashel. Dr. Croke is as far from adopting the New Zealand system, "the best in the world," as he ever was from running a mile in four minutes. Catholic principles are in no greater danger from His Grace than athletic records.

5— Three octogenarians of much distinction walk still among our living poets, says a writer in the Saturday Review. There are Frederick Tennyson, Philip James Bailey and Aubrey De Vere. The first enjoys a sort of reflected greatness—much the same as Francis Newman derives from the memory of his illustrious brother John Henry. The Tennysons were a musical family. It will be remembered that Alfred's first essay in poetry was made in conjunction with his brother, Charles.

Strange to say, both Coleridge and Wordsworth placed a higher value on the work of Charles than on that of Alfred. Frederick Tennyson has never appeared a very cleverly marked, individual talent. But even now, though approaching his 90th year, the ruling passion is strong in him and it is announced that he is preparing a volume of poems for publication.

Philip James Bailey filled the public mind sixty years ago. The publication of his "Festus" took the reading world by storm; critics were unanimous in its praise and for some time its author was regarded as a dangerous rival of Tennyson and in every respect the superior of Browning. He was heralded as the poet of a new era and proclaimed the founder of a new school. So indeed he was. Literature knows him now as the first in the order of time and merit of the "spasmodic" poets, and the father of the "spasmodic" school. Bailey exhausted himself in his first effort and even the "Festus" is now all but unknown to any but the professed antiquarian in poetical literature.

Only as octogenarians may Frederick Tennyson and Bailey be named in the same breath with Aubrey De Vere, for as poets their inferiority is too manifest to afford even a semblance of controversy. I have never been able to explain satisfactorily to myself why De Vere is so little known. That any age should prefer the jingling rhymes of Swinburne and Watson to the sublime ideas and singularly happy diction of Aubrey De Vere can be accounted for only by blackest prejudice or basest taste. De Vere is an Irish Catholic and a convert at that; it may well be, also, that he is better than his time. But there can be no palliation for the comparative neglect with which he is treated by his own countrymen and co-religionists. None of her poets has sung so sweetly of Ireland. For him Ireland's glory is not political nor military nor literary. It is first and above all religious. Her constancy in the faith, the pathetic history of her sufferings for justice's sake, the noble example she has given the nations, and her sublime destiny, these are the themes that inspire Aubrey De Vere, that make his song chaste and eloquent and moving, and entitle him to be styled the first of Erin's singers. What

Irishman, what man can read unmoved the following beautiful lines in which the poet apostrophizes Ireland in 1851 after her deadly struggles with famine, fever and oppression? He makes of Erin a Christ amongst the nations, preaching the Cross and bearing the crown of thorns, and with the noble mission of announcing to the world the purifying and elevating influence of suffering undergone for truth's sake.

O Thou ! afflicted and beloved, O Thou !
 Who on thy wasted hands and bleeding brow—
 Dread miracle of Love—from reign to reign,
 Freshenest thy stigmata of sacred Pain :
 Lamp of the North when half the world was night ;
 Now England's darkness 'mid her noon of light ;
 History's sad wonder, whom all lands save one
 Gaze on through tears,—and name with gentler
 tone :

O Tree of God ! that burnest unconsumed ;
 O Life in Death ! for centuries entombed ;
 That art uprisen, and higher far shalt rise,
 Drawn up by strong attraction to the skies ;
 Thyself most weak, yet strengthened from above ;
 Smitten of God, yet not in hate, but love :—
 Thy love make perfect, and from love's pure hate
 The earthlier scum and airier froth rebate !
 Be strong ; be true ! Thy palms not yet are won ;
 Thine ampler mission is but now begun.
 Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—
 The crown of thorns. Preach thou that Cross
 thou bearest !

Go forth ! each coast shall glow beneath thy tread !
 What radiance bursts from heaven upon thy head ?
 What fiery pillar is before thee borne ?
 Thy loved—and lost ! They lead thee to thy
 morn !

They pave thy paths with light ! Beheld by man,
 Thou walkest—a shade, not a hape, beneath a ban.
 Walk on—work on—love on ; and, suffering cry,
 " Give me more suffering, I ord, or else I die."



AROUND THE FIRESIDE.

Around the fireside hearts should grow warm
 With acts of kindness. As in heaven's clime
 The sin freed spirit may forget the storm
 That oft assailed it in the olden time,
 So should the heart forget its earthly care
 While round the ever pleasant, cheerful blaze.
 The home should be a holy spot, since there
 Is spent the better part of life's sweet days,
 Around the fireside.

—HOWARD CARLETON TRIPP.



The Owl,

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THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

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THE OPENING.

We naturally look around to take a brief survey of the field before us as we stand prepared to do battle for the scholastic year '95-'96. Last year's engagement has deprived us of many valiant officers, tried and true. The University, of course, claims first place in the heart of every student past and present. The world is ever changing, the realities of to-day are the memories of to-morrow. We cannot expect that the college of '94-'95 will be the college of '95-'96, yet we must

regret the absence of those friendly faces that we had long since learned to love. Father Vaillancourt, late professor of Latin and Greek, who was so intimately connected with the college for the last twenty years, who was so unsparing and conscientious in his efforts to further the progress of the University and the students, that we had expected that he would remain here until the Good Master had called him to his eternal reward, has been forced to leave through sickness.

Fathers Murphy and MacRory who had won the esteem and respect of all with whom they had come in contact, have obeyed the voice of their superiors and gone to work in other fields in the vineyard of the Lord.

Then again we have lost the inestimable services of the learned Dr. Glas-macher, who has also been forced to withdraw from our professorial staff, owing to protracted illness. A graduate of the leading University of Germany, and with several years' experience in some colleges of the United States he came to Ottawa University as Professor of Rhetoric and Literature. He has ever shown the greatest interest in the welfare and advancement of his students and so endeared himself to them all, that his absence occasions feelings of the deepest regret. A profound scholar, a brilliant lecturer, a polished gentleman, the highest encomium we can bestow upon him is that those who knew him best esteemed him most.

Owing to the depression felt the wide world over several colleges are in somewhat straitened circumstances. It should then be most gratifying to every well-wisher of the University to learn that the students of the classical course are more numerous than ever before in the annals of the institution; in fact, the first form had to be divided into two sections owing to the great influx of new students. The

college authorities, even though they do not receive a single cent of government aid and have no thousand dollar donations on their list, have kept abreast of the times by constructing a fine suite of rooms for senior students.

But how goes it with *THE OWL*? The wise bird mourns the departure of two of its most gifted editors: John O'Brien '95 and Charles Mea '95; the former goes to McGill to study medicine, the latter enters the Grand Seminary, Montreal, to pursue a course of theology. *THE OWL* wishes them the unbounded success that is due to their untiring energy and devoted zeal. It trusts that the members of the present staff will follow in the footsteps of their predecessors and make the ninth volume in every way worthy of the eight that have gone before.

A ROARING FARCE.

Once upon a time there lived in the valley of the Tawato, a company of Wise Men. And some of them were very cunning, and they spoke not. But they pulled the wires. And they were very wise and they possessed all wisdom. Now the others were not so wise; for they were loud-voiced and talked much and they made noise with their mouths. One day they said to the Very Wise: "It is slow here; let us go on a time." But the very Wise, they who were cunning and pulled the wires, answered and said: "Rather let us teach the people wisdom, for they know not. Neither do their sisters, nor their cousins, nor their aunts—nor their Brothers."

And so the Very Wise wrote a Farce to teach wisdom; and it was writ. And they called it, "The Commissioner's Report." And they cast about them for actors to play the parts; for it was writ. But they found none in all the country of

the Tawato nor thereabouts. Then they despatched messengers afar off—for they pulled the wires—to the distant country of Otranto to seek players for the Farce. And after a long while they found them who would play the Farce, and they played it. And all the people laughed, for they understood not. And it was funny, so that even the little children laughed.

And when the Farce was played out, the people were wise. But they cried for more Farce and they clamored for more wisdom. And the Very Wise heard their clamors, and they heard them. And they gave them a Big Chunk of wisdom; and it was long; and it was broad; but above all it was High. And the people looked up at it, and they wondered and grew dizzy; for it was High. And now the people clamor no more for wisdom; but they cry out for a Play. And they will have a Comic Opera. And the Very Wise will sit in the front benches and take the High parts. For they like the first places. But the people will sing in the chorus. And when the Curtain falls, the people will pay for the orchestra. But now they must meet the gas bill and settle for the broken blow-pipes and put a new bellows in the Organ.

THAT COMMISSION.

THE OWL holds no brief from the Christian Brothers; neither it nor the institution whence it emanates is under any obligation whatsoever to defend that body of teachers. But *THE OWL* loves justice and hates iniquity, and it feels that the Christian Brothers have been made the victims of an intolerable amount of the latter in the formation, procedure and report of the recent commission appointed to examine into the workings of the Ottawa Catholic schools. It is not our business at present—though the task

would be neither difficult nor disagreeable—to show that the methods and results of the Christian Brothers' educational system are unsurpassed by any other body of teachers in this country. It is simply to our present purpose to inquire why the report of the Ontario commissioners has given rise in the minds of many to grave doubts regarding its fairness, honesty, accuracy and impartiality; why, from the first, numerous true friends of educational reform looked with suspicion on the composition of the commission, and cannot now accept its conclusions.

It is claimed that the Christian Brothers were inefficient: that they did not hold qualifying certificates; and that the teaching of English, as by law required, was neglected in the French schools. To inquire into these—and other—charges, a commission was appointed, and there the difficulty began. The Minister of Education appointed the members of the commission—but on whose suggestion? It is very important to have a satisfactory answer to this question—and to others. How came it that on both the first and second commission, there was at least one member notoriously unfriendly to the Christian Brothers? Were the accused or their friends consulted in any way regarding the formation of the commission? Why were graduates of the Brothers' schools carefully excluded from the commission? Were the commissioners at any time, directly or indirectly, under influences that might reasonably be considered hostile to the Brothers? Did the Commissioners ever see a Christian Brother teaching, or did they know anything about the Brothers' methods? Did any member of the commission ever have any difficulty with the Brothers, or had he any prejudices against them? Since a large majority of the schools and scholars to be examined were French, why were commissioners appointed

who had not the slightest practical knowledge of the French language? Did any member of the commission ever do any inefficient teaching himself? Did he ever neglect his school to look after his personal advancement? In fine, was the commission such as the commissioners themselves would like to be judged by? Was it honest? Was it impartial? Was it unprejudiced? Had it no axe to grind, no imaginary slight to avenge, no former course of action to justify? We await an answer to all of those questions before condemning the Christian Brothers and their Ottawa schools. One thing is certain, that if the enemies of a system or of an order, have had the naming of its judges, the verdict is not worth the paper on which it is written.

THE BITERS BITTEN.

The result of the recent investigations into the workings of the Ottawa separate schools has been given to the public in the form of an official report. The *True Witness* picks the following flaws in the form and matter of the document. We print the criticism with the greater pleasure, as the Editor of the *True Witness*, Dr. J. K. Foran, is one of our Alumni, and has, single-handed, raised his paper to a proud position among the Catholic journals of America.

“As the great object of the commission was to investigate the teaching of English in French schools, let us here give some attention to the English used by the very gentlemen who composed the commission.

(See report, page 19.) “On arriving at this school the next morning, Brother Director Mark informed them, etc.” Who arrived? Brother Mark or the commissioners?

(Page 21.) “The boys count their fingers.” Did the boys count their fingers or ON their fingers?

(Page 21.) “The boys were apparently taught nothing,” etc. Is “apparently” in its proper place?

(Page 43.) “Pick out the adverbs,” etc. What do the commissioners mean by “pick out”? Is it a dignified expression?

(Page 43.) "Give the boundaries of the different zones and account for the position of the Tropic of Cancer and the Arctic Circle." Is "Arctic" spelled correctly?

"I have never seen his brother before." Is NEVER properly used? Is "have seen" the correct tense?

(Page 43.) "Give three ways by which words are made to denote more than one," etc. What words? Nouns, prepositions, conjunctions, or what? "By which" should be "in which."

The commissioners say (page 33): "That the pupils were deficient in power to grasp the meanings of the questions," etc. This is not at all surprising if we judge from the above quotations.

(Page 33.) "The inadequate knowledge and the frequent mistakes of even the English-speaking teachers, showed that the literally qualifications of these teachers was not what IT should be." Is "was" correct in number and tense? What noun does "it" represent? Does it agree with the noun in number?

Do the many mistakes in grammar, composition and style, throughout the report of the commissioners, show that the literary qualifications of these commissioners ARE what THEY should be? It cannot be said, in palliation of the many glaring literary blunders, that they were mere slips, since these gentlemen spent six or seven weeks at the report.

(Page 32.) "The reasoning powers were not exercised." The commissioners do not tell us, however, whether they mean the reasoning powers of the teachers, or of the pupils or of both."

Comment is unnecessary. But we have no hesitation in saying that the framers of the report in question scarcely showed themselves qualified to pass judgment on the teaching of English. For those men to criticize errors in grammar and composition is but another case of Satan reproving sin.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Rev. Matthew Gaughren, O.M.I., Provincial of the Irish Oblates, is spending a few days at the University on his way back to England. The reverend gentleman is just returning from Australia, where he has been busy for the past eighteen months laying the foundation of what is to be the Oblate province of Australia.

Students who remember the magnificent sermons preached here by the Oblate Fathers Nicoll, O'Dwyer, Brady and Furlong in '91 and '92, will learn with regret of the death of Father O'Dwyer,

which took place in London, Eng, on the 16th inst. Father Furlong is at present in Ireland, and Fathers Nicoll and Brady are preaching missions in Australia.

The recent successes of Catholic students in Ireland offer a sharp and very eloquent reply to the many objections made against Catholic education. The *London Tablet* of August 3rd, commenting on the summer examinations, says: "St. Stephen's Green Catholic University College, has not only routed the Queen's Colleges of Galway and Cork, and cast farther ridicule on their pretension to the standing of University institutions, but wrested the enviable first position from its formidable and reputable rival, Queen's College, Belfast. The total number of distinctions won by St. Stephen's students, in the two University examinations, was 67; total gained by the Northern College, 57,—while the other Queen's colleges lag far behind, and must be pronounced woeful failures. The quality, of the distinctions, is not less remarkable than their number. In mathematics all first places go to St. Stephen's students. In classics their success is almost equally brilliant. Two first places and one second in Latin with first and second in Greek, have been awarded them. To these honors were added two first places in English and first places in Mathematical Physics and Chemistry. The solitary honor in Celtic goes to a student of University College." In the Royal University Medical examinations St. Stephen's again far outshines its rivals. Of the sixteen honors awarded, the students of this University carried off nine, while the other seven were divided between the Queen's Colleges of Cork and Belfast. The only honors in Botany and Zoology were obtained by St. Stephen's students.

Francesco Crispi is severely criticised in a vigorous article by "Ouida" in the *Contemporary Review*. Speaking in anything but flattering terms of the Italian premier's government, she says:—"The Government of Francesco has set the country back sixty years. By him and through him, all the old instruments of

torture are in use. Spies fill the cities, detectives scour the fields, informers listen to all speech public and private; packed juries condemn; venal judges sentence; military courts imprison civilians. There is a reign of terror from Alps to Etna, and the police, armed to the teeth, swarm everywhere, and the prisons are crowded with innocent citizens."

Although we never touch political questions nor pretend to offer our readers any solutions of the burning problems of the hour, yet we cannot but make a slight reference to the latest view of the Manitoba School difficulty, as given by Rev. Dr. Grant, Principal of Queen's University. Though not an advocate of Separate Schools, the doctor stoutly maintains that religious instruction should form part of the programme of studies in elementary schools supported by the public. Dr. Grant, while admitting that the schools of Manitoba before 1890 were far from being as proficient as they should be, gives very good reasons why this should have been the case. The country was sparsely settled, and is still so to a great extent, and the weather in winter is so severe that to this day in not a few sections the schools are closed from December to April; yet in spite of these defects the schools (before 1890) were as well taught and managed as was possible under such circumstances. The doctor comments with considerable severity on the action of the Provincial Government in making so radical and sudden a change effected by the School Acts of 1890. The rev. professor has taken a very liberal view of the question and we await with interest, the remaining contributions to the series of letters he has but begun in the *Toronto Globe*.

When addressing his congregation recently, Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, a Philadelphia Congregational minister, had no hesitation in letting his hearers know his opinion of Catholics. He said: "I am a Puritan through and through. But when I think of the increasing, self-sacrificing, persistent, steady work of the Roman Catholic Church, I am almost tempted to say that they deserve their

success. They build brick churches; you are too mean to even build wooden chapels to worship in. If you object to Catholic Churches why don't you build Protestant churches? You criticise the number of schools the Catholics build in the South; will you build similar schools? You complain of their work; why don't you go and do likewise? Contribute your money the way they do, send out missionaries like theirs—men who abandon everything for the cause they have adopted."

After forty years of ministerial life the venerable Oblate, Father McGrath, owing to growing infirmities, retires from the pastoral charge of the Holy Angels' Church, this city. He will remain, however, president of the College and Superior of the local community. Father McGrath's place as pastor will be taken by Father Quinn, who for upwards of two years has served as assistant in that church. The prayers of many will follow Father McGrath into his semi-retirement; and the brilliant Father Quinn will have the best wishes of numerous friends on his merited promotion—*Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*. The Father Quinn above referred to is well known to many students of Ottawa University, having for a number of years, filled a professor's chair in our class rooms, and also the office of Prefect of Discipline. THE OWL joins with Father Quinn's numerous friends in congratulations on his promotion.

At the closing exercises of St. Mary's College, San Antonio, Texas, June 25th, the address of the evening was delivered by Rev. C. J. Smith, O.M.I. The subject of the address was "Benefits accruing from Christian and deeply religious education." In opening his address the Rev. father compared the system of non religious education with that of the religious, showing how the former with the world for its object trained the youth, with indifference to God, and a care only for an intellectual generation and a supposed safe Republic, while the religious system, with God for its object, civilizes, christianizes and sanctifies the youth, and prepares him to properly fulfil the

duties of his future sphere in life. The address abounds with many interesting illustrations of the speaker's subject, while contentions are amply proven and objections ably refuted. In conclusion the Rev. Father said: "There is enough sense in the American people, a large quantity of wisdom in the legislators of the country, a splendid proportion of Christianity in the sectarian ministers, and there is especially the compact understanding of pastor and flock of the Catholic Church to leaven this whole mass in favor of religious education. They shall form one great phalanx, which will rout the few, who stand between the child and his God in the matter of education, and declare and maintain that America will be prosperous and glorious, provided the pupils in the school room hear the name of their father who is in heaven."

The fourth session of the Catholic Summer School of America closed during the early part of the present month, and its success has exceeded, the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. As in everything else, by those who know it all, the Summer School has its enemies, and many complaints were made as to its being superficial and hence of no educational value. Those who have so complained are either very bigoted or very jealous, they must at least be ignorant of the course of lectures set down in the programme or they would never utter such nonsense. Whatever its value as an educational institution, there must surely be some good accruing from it, when hundreds of young people prefer, to sit day after day listening to the many scientific and literary lectures delivered there, rather than squander their summer away at expensive summer resorts, listening to the newest scandals or devouring *summer* literature, save the mark. The School is only another sign of the progress and ever onward strides of the Catholic Church, and as the *Catholic Records* says "It is a reproach to the sluggards, but a joy to all who love Christ and His Church. It is doing work, splendid work, and the generous future shall call it blessed."

The "Life of Dr. Croke, Archbishop of

Cashel" is the subject of a brilliant article from the pen of the noted W. F. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews* for September. The personality of the sturdy and militant Archbishop is a fascinating one and while making the most of the interesting phrase of the subject, Mr. Stead gives a thorough and valuable account of the politico-religious history of the great prelate, and particularly of his active work for Home Rule. Mr. Stead begins his article with a scene in a provincial French town, in which the superior physical development of a young ecclesiastic saved two young fellow travellers from the imposition of an impertinent stage-driver; the young gentleman was the future Archbishop. Stead then tells us of the bond of love that always existed between Manning and Croke. In a paragraph headed "The Irishman Abroad," the Archbishop's travels are fully detailed. Croke, if we are to believe Mr. Stead, is an ardent admirer of the New Zealand school system where all ministers and priests are allowed one hour a week to instruct the children of their respective religious denominations. His ecclesiastical life and his patriotism form two very interesting sketches in this essay. His Grace's outlook of to-day, and his retirement from Irish politics, with the disunion of the Irish parliamentary, concludes Mr. Stead's article. Mr. Stead says he left Thurles with a very pleasant impression of this typical Irish Bishop. Genial, sociable, hospitable, one of the old school, anything but a fanatic, full of a kindly human tenderness and a charming affection for the dumb creation, which is one of the most endearing traits of his character—taken all in all there are few prelates who could fulfil so well the manifold functions of a post so important as does Dr. Croke, the Archbishop of Cashel."

THE CHANCELLOR'S VISIT.

On Thursday, the 19th inst., His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, paid his annual visit to the University. The Chancellor's visit is always regarded by the students as one of the most welcome events of the scholastic year, and this year as usual it

was celebrated with show and rejoicing.

At 8 a.m. His Grace, preceded by the Rev. Faculty, brilliantly arrayed in their academic robes, entered the University Chapel, and during High Mass assisted at the throne. After the Gospel was read His Grace preached with characteristic force and eloquence, taking for his text "Be ye therefore perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect," (Matt. V, 48). He showed the necessity of imitating in perfection the eternal Wisdom, as far as created nature is capable of doing so. In order to do this, religion must go hand in hand with education. The union between them is indissoluble, to educate is not merely to awaken by some means or other the dormant faculties of the soul, and to give them any training which may happen to strike the educator's fancy. Education must be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of christianity, and must conduce to the formation of character as well as to intellectual and physical culture.

After Mass the Profession of Faith was made by the professors with the usual solemnity. They then marched in procession to the Academic Hall where the Chancellor was greeted with loud cheering by the large concourse of students who thronged the hall.

Complimentary addresses were read in English and French by Messrs. J. J. Quilty and A. Bélanger respectively. Following is a copy of the English address :

To His Grace, the Most Rev'd Archbishop of Ottawa, and Chancellor of the University :

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP :

The students of the University of Ottawa rejoice at the thought that Your Grace's visit to day brings them the assurance of many blessings for the year they are commencing. The prayers you have offered up for us this morning, your words of advice and encouragement, and the Profession of Faith made in your presence by our professors, will all, we doubt not, contribute to bring us success and happiness.

We assure Your Grace that we fully appreciate the advantages we find here, and that we are determined to profit of them during the next ten months. Your

Grace, we are confident will remember us in your prayers, and thus con-
valesce your favors of to-day, by striving to obtain for us all, the perseverance which ever deserves success.

Your Grace's proposed visit to the Eternal City recalls to us the great privileges you have secured for our *Alma Mater*. We all hope and pray that your journey may be safe and pleasant, and that it may be productive of much good for the vast diocese of which you are first pastor.

We thank you once more for the kindly interest of which you have given us so many proofs. We always feel particularly honored and gratified to see you present at our festivals and entertainments, and we sincerely hope to have you often in our midst during the course of the present year. In conclusion we again ask Your Grace's blessing."

His Grace replied in suitable terms, thanking the students for the good wishes contained in their addresses. Alluding to his visit to the Eternal City, he said that when it was his privilege to kneel at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, he would be mindful of them and of their institution, already enriched with such great favors by His Holiness and on his return that he would be happy to impart to them the Apostolic Benediction.

OBITUARY.

WALTER BROPHY, '97.

The first issue of last year's Owl recorded the death of a student under sorrowful circumstances. This year also in the opening number it becomes our painful duty to chronicle the death of another of our students under circumstances even still more sorrowful.

Lake Duchesne at Aylmer has this summer again taken from us a bright companion in the person of Walter Brophy. Though not a boarder he was well and favorably known by all classes of students. The details of the sad drowning accident are too well known to need repetition. What he intended for a

day of pleasure became for him one of death, and from the waters of Lake Duchesne his soul winged its flight to the shores of eternity. Manly in life and in death, he did not desert his companions in the hour of their need, but gave his young life in the endeavor to save theirs, and though his efforts were fruitless nevertheless much praise is due to him. Of an amiable and cheerful disposition and always a hard-working and conscientious student, he won the gold medal in the commercial graduating class of '91; was one of the first on the list of the matriculants of '94, and had just passed a brilliant examination for McGill University before summoned by God to quit this life.

THE OWL avails itself of this first opportunity to express its sympathy with the bereaved parents and family and to pray that God may dry the mourners' eyes and wipe away all tears. His fellow students unite in saying from their hearts *Requiescat in Pace.*

FLORES.

Of last years graduates Mr. C. J. Mea has entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal, Mr. A. Gagnon has also donned the cassock and taken up his quarters in the eastern wing, while Mr. J. R. O'Brien, and J. Leveque pursue a course of medicine at McGill University. Mr. James Walsh is attached to St. Nicholas' Institute, Toronto.

Mr. J. Goodhall and F. Reynolds who matriculated last year will follow the medical course at McGill. Mr. Frank Murphy has returned to his home in British Columbia, and Mr. G. Oliver of the same class intends studying medicine at Old McGill.

Rev. C. J. Kennedy one of the first editors of the OWL is now P. P. of Hastings Mich.

Rev. Father Kelly, P. P. Trout Creek, Ont, paid his Alma Mater a short visit during the summer vacation.

Mr. W. Kehoe '89, who for some time past has been assistant editor of the *Syracuse Catholic Sun* has lately returned to his home in Ottawa.

Mr. M. Powers '94, leaves for McGill in a few days to resume his studies in medicine.

Rev. J. J. Griffin the founder of the Owl and for many years professor in the University has received a professorship of Chemistry in the Catholic University of Washington, D. C.

Rev. D. A. Campbell of the class of '90 and at present assistant curate in Cornwall was here for a short time in August.

Mr. H. Glassmacher has resigned his professorship in the University owing to ill health.

Mr. J. P. Smith '93, who for the past two years has been studying at Osgoode

Hall returned to this city during the summer.

Dr. L. N. Phelan, '86, paid us a visit a few days ago. Leo is a leading physician of Sioux City, Iowa, and professor of anatomy in the medical college at that place.

Messrs P. Nolan R. Greenfield and H. Glassmacher who matriculated here in '94 are studying Pharmacy with prominent druggists of the Capital.

Of last years commercial graduating class Mr. A. Barter is attending school in New Hampshire preparatory to taking a course in Harvard University; E. Bawlf is following a type-writing class in Winnipeg; A. Sylvain is clerk in the National Bank, Ottawa; and J. Cowan and O. Turcotte are assistant bookkeepers in their native cities of Lawrence and Quebec respectively.

Ottawa's defeat by the College on the 25th inst. was witnessed by Rev. Fathers Duncan McDonald and Ronald

MacDonald, both members of the champion fifteen in days gone by. THE OWL invites all our Alumni to Ottawa for the game with Montreal on the 12th prox.

Messrs H. Carrière, Quebec; A. Charlebois and P. Trottier, Laprarie, paid their Alma Mater a short visit during exhibition week.

Mr. J. P. Collins, '92 was admitted to the Suffolk County Bar at the examination held in June last. Accept our sincere congratulation and best wishes, James.

We chronicle with pleasure the marked success of Ottawa College students at the recent law examinations in Osgoode Hall. Mr. M. J. Griffin won the second scholarship. Mr. J. P. Smith passed his second primary and came withing two places of a scholarship. Mr. F. McDougall also passed his second primary. Messrs J. McDougall, J. R. O'Connor, J. Vincent, L. J. Kehoe and J. Phillion passed the first primary. Every one of our candidates was successful, making the record a most creditable one.

SOCIETIES.

Since the re-opening of the classes the organization of the various societies has been going on and soon all will be in working order. The reading room has been one of the first to be attended to, and at a meeting of the students last week the following officers were elected for this year:—Rev. J. Hainault O. M. I. Director; Mr. John Garland, President; Mr. Thos. Clancy, Secretary; Mr. E. Bolger, Treasurer; Messrs Jos. Dulin and M. J. McKenna, Librarians; Messrs J. Quilty, G. Prudhomme and H. Bisailon, Curators.

* * *

The Altar Boys Society which proved so beneficial last year has again been organized. Its object is to train boys to execute in a becoming way the ceremonies in the chapel, and the manner in which these have been performed through its instrumentality justifies its being made one of the standard societies of the College.

At a meeeting held on September 24th the following officers were elected. Rev. A. Antoine, O. M. I. Hon. President; Mr G. Prudhomme, President, Mr. J. Foley, 1st Vice President; Mr. R. Barter, 2nd Vice President, Mr. Chas. P. Hayes, Secretary, Messrs T. Morin and E. Bouchard, Masters of Ceremonies, Messrs M. Foley, J. Tobin, and J. Hanely, assistants. Rev. A. Coutlée, Director.

* * *

The Junior' Athletic Association has also been put on a business-like footing for the present season. At a meeting held on the 16th inst., the following were selected officers:—Mr. J. Larose, president; Messrs L. Bailly and T. Costello, vice-presidents; Mr. A. Martin, secretary; Mr. R. Barter, treasurer; and Messrs. E. Bouchard, J. Abbot and R. Lapointe, councillors. The series of matches arranged to be played against city teams promises a season of good sport for the Juniors.

ATHLETICS.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association held on the 10th inst. Mr. J. P. Fallon, '96 was elected manager of the football team and Mr. E. P. Gleason was re-elected captain. The success of the season depends largely on the efforts of these two gentlemen.

* * *

- Oct. 5. Ottawa College vs. Britannia, Ottawa College.
- Oct. 5. Montreal vs. Ottawa City, Montreal.
- Oct. 12. Ottawa College vs. Montreal, Ottawa College.
- Oct. 12. Britannia vs. McGill, Britannia.
- Oct. 19. Britannia vs. Ottawa City, Britannia.
- Oct. 26. Montreal vs. Britannia, Montreal.
- Oct. 26. Ottawa City vs. McGill, Ottawa City.
- Nov. 2. Ottawa City vs. Ottawa College, Ottawa City.
- Nov. 2. McGill vs. Montreal, McGill.
- Nov. 9. McGill vs. Ottawa College, McGill.

Above is presented the schedule of the Quebec Rugby Union for the season of 1895. A glance at the schedule of the Intermediate Lacrosse League will show that notwithstanding the remonstrances made last spring by football enthusiasts in order to prevent the clash in the fixtures of the two games, still an intrusion is

to be found which a little courtesy and consideration on the part of lacrosse men could have easily avoided. On October 5th the football season opens in Ottawa and Montreal, while on the same date the latter city also witnesses the close of the lacrosse season. Thus public interest is divided between the two games, and athletes who play both are obliged to renounce one, thereby leaving the suffering team more liable to be defeated. Thus both games are being played under disadvantages which should not necessarily exist and which it is to be hoped will be avoided in the future. With June, July, August and September at their disposal lacrosse men ought to be able to finish a lengthy schedule, and instead of monopolizing, should leave the few following available months to the devotees of football.

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As October approaches, the sport-loving public anxiously look forward to the first game of football, and many are already guessing as to what team is likely to secure the championship for the coming season. Montreal claims to have better material than last year, and has been practising faithfully since September 20th. Rumor speaks well for Britannia and McGill, and as to Ottawa City, never have they had better hopes for a successful season, never have they turned out with greater regularity and enthusiasm to their daily practises. Thus the supporters of each team have most sanguine hopes of victory; how reasonable those hopes are shall not be known until each team has triumphed or failed on Oct. 5. But to come nearer home, how about Ottawa College? Is she going to relinquish or retain the proud laurels she so well earned by heroic achievements in the past? The loss of five of last years players has added to the hopes and diminished the fears of her rivals. And this is but reasonable, for never did more dashing or successful players than Belanger, Levecque, McDougall, O'Brien and Vincent, work harder or more effectively in bringing the Dominion championship to Ottawa College. However, they are compelled to leave us and we are sensible of our great

loss. Whatever direction their future exertions shall take we wish them prosperity and should they ever again don the football jersey we are confident they will be to the teams that are so lucky as to secure their services, what they have always been to us, towers of strength in resisting the attacks of opponents. Who will fill their places remains yet to be seen. There are many candidates for the positions, all of them reliable players, but, if on account of their inexperience we can not expect as much from them as has been expected from their predecessors, this is but one reason why the remainder of the team should redouble their exertions. Concerning our chances for the championship they seem to be at least as good as they were at this time last year. Our players are more numerous, more speedy, and with practice will be equally as skilful with the ball. Along with this is the additional advantage of having a more favorable schedule. However even with these assurances it would be far from expedient to act as other teams have done in the past, who having an unbroken chain of victories to their credit, decided to win future struggles on the strength of their reputations. This sort of conduct would be foolishness in the extreme, for with such opponents in the field as those we will have to encounter this fall, nothing but the strictest attendance to practice will be able to save us from defeat.

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Although present indications give favorable prospects, still it is of the utmost importance, and the sooner it is impressed upon the mind of all the better for the team—it is of the utmost importance that each player should act in such a way as to get into proper condition as soon as possible. For this reason none of the field practices should be missed, while it would be greatly to their advantage, if all could attend the evening exercises in the gymnasium. Attend faithfully to the practices. Therein lies the secret of success. Obey these few injunctions and victory will repay the sacrifices they necessitate. Otherwise in vain shall we hope to retain the Dominion

Championship. However it would be well to remember that by faithful training Ottawa College has in the past, with material twenty percent inferior to what she now possesses, defeated teams equally as strong as any we will have to encounter. Let us follow then the example of our predecessors and like them shall we triumph.

* *

Attention has long ago been drawn to the manifest injustice of the rule which requires the final match of the provincial champions to be played alternately in Toronto and Montreal. Those are undoubtedly our leading cities, but we cannot see in them any particular qualifications as football centres, either on account of the quality of their players or the enthusiasm of the populace, that should have singled them out as they have been singled out by the Rugby Union. The absurdity of such a rule was very plainly seen last fall, when two teams were obliged to travel hundreds of miles to decide a game which could have been easily decided with less trouble and expense. Besides, at these games football is seen at its best, and we think that other cities as well as Toronto and Montreal should occasionally be entitled to witness such exhibitions. We would therefore venture to suggest that instead of the present unsatisfactory arrangement the final game should take place alternately in Ontario and Quebec, and always in the city of the then provincial champions.

* *

On the 25th instant occurred the first football match of the season. It was called a practice match and was between Ottawa City and Ottawa College. But there was just as much spirit shown as if the Canadian Championship were at stake. It was the old, old story. Ottawa had the call with the sporting men before the game began. Troy, an old College captain, was at half-back for the city team, and Smellie, the king of quarters, was behind the scrimmage. The city players averaged at least ten pounds per man more than their opponents. But somehow the College did the scoring; only once was the ball

within their 25 yards' line, and then its stay was short. Our players rolled up 25 points in half an hour, but the play was too fast for the umpire and he allowed only 14 points. Then the play slowed up perceptibly, though Ottawa could not score and the game ended 14 to 0 in favor of the champions. The feature of the match was the dethroning of Smellie and the coronation of Prudhomme as the new King. The following players represented Ottawa College:—

Back — Beaulieu. $\frac{1}{2}$ backs — Shea, Gleeson, Powers, $\frac{1}{4}$ back — Prudhomme. Forwards—Boucher, Clancy, McCredie. Wings—Lee, James, Ross, Foley, Tobin, Brennan and Lafleur. Morin and Bolger replaced Beaulieu and Brennan in the second half.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

With this number the curtain is rung up, and the new junior editor makes his best bow to what he hopes will be an indulgent audience. Full well we know that we can but follow in the shadow of the glory of our predecessor, yet that feeling of conscious inability has been partially dispelled by the merry laughter of the happy boys.

Many prominent members of the "small yard" are missing. Of our graduates, the majority have obtained lucrative positions in the marts of commerce, and others, desirous of conquering new worlds, have entered the classical course.

That fell destroyer—long pants—has robbed us of nearly all our ball twirlers, but the acquisition of the world renowned New York battery, has poured sweet balm upon our troubled spirits.

The reliable Gus and the inimitable Fatti have departed from our midst, to deliver a course of lectures on University Extension to the seniors.

The Hon. Tim has resigned his position as leader of our harmonica band, and will, in the future, wield the baton of Herr

Eight days ago we advertised on the University bulletin for a junior reporter. As this is the highest office within our gift, the contest waxes hot and furious, and we have been obliged to engage another suite of rooms to stow away the stock of applications that now confront us. The most prominent rivals for this honored position are: Todd Barclay, late of the Lethbridge Roller Mills, now High Ranger of the Hand Ball Alley; John Bawlf, President of the Winnipeg Board of Trade—his was a personal application, and as we cannot write more than 400 words per minute, we decided to exclude him from the contest; W. Davie, prospector for the Victoria Mining Co., captain of the celebrated B.C. lacrosse team, and sporting editor of the Lindsay *Warder*; Tom Costello, travelling agent for the Northwest Colonization Co., in Osceola. Tom maintains that his name spells success, and backs his claims by the astonishing statement that he has already been appointed by the editor-in-chief. Friend Tom, remember that we are an independent body, and, moreover, our chief repudiates your assertion. Tom's closing words are: "Give me the reporter's chair or give me death." Owing to our tender heart, we have decided to allow Tom ten days for serious consideration ere he commits suicide. Phaneuf, who intends to follow a special course in *hirsutics*.

If our department this month, resembles a funeral procession, minus the band, we implore our readers not to be too severe on us. We have lost our friend George Washington Fletcher, who is no more in the pitcher's box. We would die happy did we but know that G. W. was in Heaven, but alas, he is in the United States Senate! Oh George! so modest, so unassuming, why didst thou leave us?

The result of the election of officers for the Junior Athletic Association is recorded in another column. We sincerely hope that every officer of the incoming committees, and every member of the J.A.A., will put his shoulder to the wheel and make the old victory-grinding machine ring as it never did before. As we

attempted to be a prophet in the days of our early youth, and were proved to be a spurious article, we are extremely cautious in making any predictions about the things that are to be, yet we see in this month's display of muscular electricity, champion teams in baseball, football and lacrosse.

ULULATUS.

Arder, will you name three quadrupeds of that species?

Yes, Sir. Two dogs and a lion.

One who should know better, persists in talking about the *Superfluous* degree.

What is a point, Mr. N.?

A point is a-an-eh—

Come, come, Mr. N. did you ever see a point?

Yes, sir, Gatineau Point.

It is rumoured that the Ottawas have secured Wiggins' storm for their rush line.

In the recent game Troy was only twelve ounces to the pound. But his forwards were all avoirdupois and went 2240 pounds to the ton.

This is poetry from the Antigonish Casket:—

Slan gun ùth dhuit, a Mharcais,
 Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh;
 Da shuil ghorm fo d'chaol mhala,
 Nach d'fhas balachail, bronnach.
 Cheart cho cinnteach sam bas,
 Ged tha thur'n drast as an t-sealladh,
 Gu pheil mulad fo'd chliabh ort
 Mu bhas triath Ghhne-Garadh.

If any one should happen to interrogate, what we did to the Ottawas, simply answer not a thing.

Since the new dials have been placed in the third and fourth forms, the students have no longer any need to carry watches.

A student of history on being asked which quarter of a certain army received the most punishment, promptly answered. "The quarter back."

A letter was found in the corridor bearing the following amorous conclusion "Your Lovely Son, Joe."

We have three aspirants for the position of "away back" on the football team. The person who wears the best padded pants stands in favor, if he has the time.

Our quarter back's rubber face is the latest gag.

Welcome back, Pesky ; you're a little late, but guess *we will make room* for you.

Jack after first football match was heard to remark that he had hot company down in his home.

JOE—Say Muck, I bet the team Vanderbilt is backing will win.

MUCK—See the elevator boy, Joe, he will *take you up*.

Scene :—South Finch Depot.

JACK—Good bye, Alf, I may be down your way during the holidays.

ALF—That so? Well I live near the river. If you come that way, drop in.

DENNIE—Jack has a *garland* around his neck now.

HARRY—Oh, that's nothing ; Ross has a *cush* (i) on in his room.

The *King* says he judged the pike weighed 56 lbs. from the scales on its back.

TONY, (organizing game of baseball)—Did you practice pitching this summer Joe?

JOE—Yes sorr, wid a fork.

Mike looked in the *pink* (i.e.) condition with the white *socks*.

Strange to relate, the *cat* at last kicked and did not *come back*.

; Baptiste's version of the musical scale goes as follows :—Do-re-Fa-ri-ban--Saul-Lar-ry--Do-r--again.

