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## *MARY, MIRROR OF JUSTICE.*



Mary, mirror clear as Alpine lake

Cradled by mountains, in whose placid breast  
Alone reflections of their white crowns rest,  
Of sapphire skies, of dazzling suns that 'wake  
Responsive radiance, of bright stars that slake  
Their lofty fires in its tide's lustrous crest ;  
The dawn's white lily finds it pure and blest,  
The sunset's rose it fain would not forsake.

Mirror of Justice! as the angel stirred  
The pool of Bethsaida, and its sweet  
Life-giving waters the plague-ridden cured,  
So let compassion's angel thy heart's beat  
Move, that our stricken souls submerged therein  
May be renewed in grace and glory win.

E. C. M. T.

*SOME SPECIMENS OF INVECTIVE.*

**I**N the whole sphere of literature, both prose and poetry, perhaps no species of composition has had more able exponents or found more general popularity than the ever-welcome satire or the consummately arranged invective.

Needless to say, the admirers of this style of composition have not themselves been made the butts of ridicule, nor have they earned the unenviable immortality of standing pilloried in the stocks of blasting dunciads.

They have stood at safe distances and viewed with delight the exquisite thrusts with which the intellectual giant pierced the reputations of his less fortunate brethren and left them to lie on the field of literature, as striking object-lessons of puerile and inordinate ambition. But they have never challenged his magic blade, they have never received the incurable wound, which blasts forever all hopes of victory, which, as some affirm, brought a Keats to an untimely end, and which broke the heart of many a youth whose powers of rejoinder were impotent.

And yet such are not cowards. Intellectually inferior they may be to the giant censor who wields the rod, but they are undoubtedly competent to appreciate the justice of the castigation and to admire the nature of the punishment and the excellence of its application.

It is not at all uncharitable or unreasonable to distinguish good writers by discouraging the bad. In fact, it would seem an act of charity in relation to those upon whom the reflections are made.

True, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and transitory reputation, but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them to decline that for which they are so very unfit and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

While stating this as a commendation of satirical writing, we would not have it understood that we think the mediocre writer worthy of no consideration. No, far is this from our idea. We are at one with Dr. Johnson in No. 145 of the *Rambler*, when he says that, though such writers cannot aspire to honor, they may be exempted from ignominy and adopted in that order of men which deserve our kindness, though not our reverence. "These papers of the day—the ephemerae of learning—have uses more adequate to the purposes of common life than more pompous and durable volumes, and the humble author of journals and gazettes must be considered as a liberal dispenser of beneficial knowledge." Cowper voices similar sentiments in the lines:

"Unless a love of virtue light the  
flame,  
Satire is more than those he brands  
to blame;  
He hides behind a magnificent air  
His own offences, and strips others'  
bare."

True as this may be, it is not the whole truth. When poetasters, social humbugs, political opponents, or literary rivals attempt to "swim beyond their depth," when they attempt illegally to overthrow the rightful

throne of genius, and elect themselves presidents in the republic of letters, then must right assert itself, and censure the ambitious pretenders as severely as a thief or an impostor would be sentenced in a civil court of law.

Invective and satire have been used and allowed in all ages.

In Roman literature, Juvenal adopted the satiric style to wage a savage onslaught on the tremendous vices of the capital.

Each succeeding age in European literature may reasonably lay claim to professed satirists, whose line of demarkation is drawn by the nature of the subjects on which they wrote.

Religion and its ministers in the fourteenth and fifteenth, with the vices of society, politics and literary rivalry in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, formed the favorite themes of those whose wit and genius made them the terror of the evil-doers.

The limited scope of this essay will prevent our making an extended review of the progress of the satire; suffice it to say, that our English representatives in this school of writing have, in every age, proved incomparably superior to all their contemporaries.

In poetry, the works of Dryden, Pope, Byron and Burns; in prose, McAulay Burke, Newman and Webster are striking examples of superior excellence attained in satirical writing. Our object in this paper is merely to place before the reader a few short specimens of this style drawn from the English classics; and to call the attention of the student-body to the excellent results which may be derived from an extended study in this inviting field of literature. As man should practise the manly art of self-defence, that he

may successfully resist a physical aggressor, so should the ambitious student be intelligently acquainted with that style of writing, which is above all calculated to silence the vaporings of annoying or anonymous scribblers.

We have made selections from the standard authors only, authors whose excellence in invective is universally acknowledged, and we shall consider them in chronological order.

John Dryden is the first representative author of the present English school of satirists. When in 1681, partly at the instigation of Charles II and partly from his own impulse, he lifted up his powerful pen, and with wonderful facility and felicity wrote the satire of "Absalom and Achitophel," he rendered this style of writing instantly and irresistibly popular. This is a political satire written in the style of a scriptural narrative, in which the incidents of the rebellion of Absalom against David are admirably applied to Charles II, the Duke of Monmouth, and Shadwell, Earl of Shaftesbury.

In his description of Shaftesbury he is particularly happy. He says:

Of these the false Achitophel was first,

A name to all succeeding ages cursed:  
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;

Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;

Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;

In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:

Pleas'd with the danger when the waves ran high,

He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,

Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

And all to leave what with his toil he  
won,  
To that unfeathered, two-legged  
thing, a son ;  
In friendship false, implacable in  
hate,  
Resolved to ruin, or to rule the state.

This admirable bit of character painting is indicative of the whole poem, which must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. In the dialogue between Satan and the Duke of Monmouth, wherein reasons are adduced why the latter should rise in rebellion, a few lines relative to the succession are remarkably democratic, and prove that with Dryden, at least, the divine right of kings was a chimera.

The devil intimates that the next successor, whom he hates and fears, has been made unpopular and obnoxious to the state, and that certain sufficient sums of money might buy off his right until the king, Charles II, should be induced to pass Monmouth's title into law :

"If not, the people have a right  
supreme  
To make their kings, for kings are  
made for them ;  
All empire is no more than trust,  
Which when resumed can be no  
longer just ;  
Succession for the general good de-  
sign'd  
In its own wrong a nation cannot  
bind ;  
If altering that the people can relieve,  
Better one suffer than a nation  
grieve."

In the four books of the *Dunciad*, Pope has given us what is certainly the most perfect specimen of versified invective in the language. It is an epic of dunces, who had pestered him with their scurrilous scribblings, and whom he has held up in this

inimitable poem to the ridicule of succeeding ages. The author has drawn in this poem a life-size portrait of Dulness and her children.

The design of the second book includes not only bad poets, but likewise their patrons and encouragers, whom he considers as aiders and abettors in the treason against true poetry. Nor does he limit his criticism to England, but in the third book seems to embrace the whole world. Each unworthy class of writers are taken in turn and criticised without mercy. The plagiarist, the libellous novelist, the flattering dictator, the brawling critic, the dark and dirty party writer, and so on till he exhausts the tribe, and leaves them to hiss and fume in their ridiculous impotency.

The Goddess of Dulness in the third book institutes games, at which authors, booksellers and critics contest. In the booksellers' race, she sets up the phantom of a poet as the prize which they contend to overtake.

The word picture is beautifully drawn, and we quote it here as an instance of the unity and harmony of this author's style :

"With authors, stationers obey'd the  
call,  
The field of glory is a field for all,  
Glory and pain, the industrious tribe  
provoke,  
And gentle Dulness ever loves a  
joke.  
A poet's form she placed before  
their eyes,  
And bade the nimblest racer seize  
the prize ;  
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust  
and thin,  
In a dun night-gown of his own loose  
skin,  
But such a bulk as no twelve bards  
could raise,

Twelve starving bards of these degenerate days,  
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,  
 She formed this image of well-bodied air.  
 With pert, flat eyes, she window'd well its head,  
 A brain of feathers and a heart of lead;  
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,  
 But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!  
 Never was dashed out at one unlucky hit,  
 A poet, so just a copy of a wit;  
 So like, that critics said and courtiers swore  
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More."

In the fourth book, he shows the goddess coming in her majesty to destroy order and science, and to substitute the order of dulness on the earth. She recommends her votaries to find proper employment in the study of butterflies, shells, birds' nests, etc., but cautions them particularly against proceeding to any useful or extensive views of the author of nature.

In her speech to the assembled dunces, the goddess tells them what she expects from each, and concludes with a yawn, which is universally contagious, spreads over all the realm, and the poem ends with the restoration of night and chaos. The poet's description of this final scene is excellent:

In vain! in vain, the all-composing hour  
 Resistless falls; the muse obeys the power.  
 She comes! she comes, the sable throne behold

Of night primeval, and of Chaos old.  
 Thus at her felt approach and secret might,  
 Art after art goes out and all is night.  
 See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,  
 Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head.  
 Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,  
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.  
 Physic of metaphysic begs defence,  
 And metaphysic calls for aid on sense.  
 See mystery to mathematics fly,  
 In vain—they gape, turn giddy, rave and die.  
 Lo! thy dread empire Chaos is restored;  
 Light dies before thy uncreating word;  
 Thy hand great anarch, lets the curtain fall,  
 And universal darkness buries all."

Who can read the pungent retort entitled the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and not admire the phenomenal genius and indomitable courage of young Byron, who stood alone to defend his writings against the attacks of unmerciful censors. The self-constituted critics of the *Edinburgh Review* had undertaken to denounce beyond all reason the earliest efforts of the titled poet, to prejudice the minds of the reading public against his "House of Idleness," and thus securely nip the bud of his rising greatness with the frosts of their literary omnipotence.

However, Byron's force of character and praiseworthy self-confidence laughed to scorn their pigmy efforts, and penned that forceful answer, which has deservedly become a classic, as the following quotation will approve:

"Thus far I've held my undisturbed  
 career  
 Prepared for rancour, steel'd against  
 selfish fear;  
 This' hing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd  
 to own,  
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite  
 unknown;  
 My voice was heard again, though  
 not so loud,  
 My page, though nameless, never  
 disavow'd;  
 And now at once I tear the veil  
 away;—  
 Cheer on the pack! the quarry  
 stands at bay,  
 Unscared by all the din of Mel-  
 bourne House,  
 By Lambe's resentment, or by Hol-  
 land's spouse,  
 By Jeffrey's pistol, Hallam's rage,  
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone  
 page.  
 Our men in buckram shall have  
 blows enough,  
 And feel they, too, are "penetrable  
 stuff."  
 And though I hope not hence un-  
 scathed to go,  
 Who conquers me shall find a stub-  
 born foe.  
 The time hath been when no harsh  
 sound would fall  
 From lips that now may seem im-  
 bued with gall;  
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to  
 despise  
 The meanest thing that crawl'd be-  
 neath my eyes.  
 But now, so callous grown, so chang'd  
 since youth,  
 I've learned to think and sternly  
 speak the truth;  
 Learn'd to deride the critic's starch  
 decree,  
 And break him on the wheel he  
 meant for me.  
 Nay, more, though all my rival rhym-  
 sters frown,

I, too, can hunt a poetaster down;  
 And, armed in proof, the gauntlet  
 cast at once  
 To Scotch marauder and to Southern  
 dunce."

The ring and rhythm of this scathing rebuke is successfully upheld throughout the poem. One by one he brings the "metre ballad-mongers" forth to receive from his caustic pen their diplomas, engrossed estoperpetua as graduates of the cowardly school of envious detraction. The poem is a masterpiece in its line, and well deserves the closest scrutiny by every student whose ambition extends to the cultivating of this literary style. Yet it is not in poetry alone that our standard models of invective may be found. Some of our greatest prose writers have left us specimens which in excellence far outclass all similar efforts in foreign literature.

This may be accounted for by the remarkable adaptability, which the english vocabulary affords this special style of composition. The strength, force and power of expression of the english language are perhaps such as have never stood at the command of any other language of man.

As Max Muller says, every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England; and we might add nor had they to be taken away unsold, but found in the English people appreciative and liberal purchasers. Hence our literature teems with the excellences of all, and in no style to a greater degree than in the eloquent invective.

The authors from whom we quote, have been purposely selected from different fields of thought, that the

genius of the language in this particular line might be more strikingly portrayed. John Henry, Cardinal Newman, whose writings easily stand among the foremost prose works in the language, has left us in his "Lectures on the present position of Catholics in England" a model after which even the most ambitious might be satisfied to shape his literary efforts. The mildness of the invective, the power of carrying conviction, and at the same time of preserving the good favor of the unfriendly reader, stamps these lectures with the writer's individuality. Cardinal Newman was aware, that the readers to whom he wrote, were alienated from him by a chasm of prejudice and traditionary falsehoods, which ages of persecution has tended to widen; he knew that irony which often constitutes the most effective way of dealing with folly and falsity would embitter them the more, when he wished that the truth should reach their hearts; hence, he adopted that mild sarcasm, which gently yet none the less authoritatively reproved them for their injustice to Catholics, and the Catholic faith, while it at the same time gave a complete refutation of the manifold slanders, with which the church was assailed.

His success was as complete as the object of the lectures and the merits of the orator deserved. The English people were slowly awakened to realize the sophistry of Anglicanism and the logic of Roman Catholicism, so that in our day we see the Church of God daily adding volunteers to her army of converts, while the Establishment is falling to pieces from the heat of internal disension. No student, especially no catholic student can boast of a liberal nay even a medium education, who

is not intelligibly acquainted with the writings of this eminent Englishman. "It matters not" says Dr. Barry, "whether we look to the management of controversy, the lives of ancients saints, the witness of the first christian ages, or whether we have in view the ideals of education the principles of preaching, the color and form of private and public devotions, always cheer us in Cardinal Newman's array of volumes, a pattern on which we may shape our efforts." To illustrate the protestant slanders on Catholicism, Newman draws a parallel case in the Russian Count who undertook to harangue a Moscow audience on the principles of the British Constitution. The ridiculous interpretation of Blackstone's commentary and the enthusiasm with which the Russian audience believed and applauded it, are made to correspond admirably with the gullibility of the English people, in all matters that pertain to the Catholic Church.

We might quote passage after passage of this excellent lecture in support of Cardinal Newman's power of eloquent satire, but we feel that so admirably and symmetrically has the composition been constructed, that to disturb one passage mars the beauty of the whole. We earnestly exhort the reader to study the lectures for himself, that he may adequately appreciate the beauties of composition, the smoothness and delicacy of which, within the compass of a short essay, it is impossible to convey. In American literature we meet a name which with Edmund Burke and Francis Bacon, goes to make up a trio of eminent political orators and philosophers. Daniel Webster, in his day easily stood the first among the representatives of

the United States in annual congress assembled.

His many thrilling orations still delight the diligent reader, and force us to admit, that while in science we may have aggregated a greater number of valuable facts, than did our forefathers, yet in the field of oratory the names of Pitt, Fox, Webster and Calhoun, have no equals in the legislatures of to-day. Webster's splendid speech in reply to Haine, is throughout an admirable specimen of political oratory. Dignified yet masterfully cutting, savoring of American liberty, yet not affected by the parish politics of individual states, it was what we consider an admirably arranged invective, in answer to an unjust and violent attack on his political principles.

We cannot do better than allow a quotation to indicate the forcefulness of the speech.

In part he said. "Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and for other assemblies than this. Sir, this gentleman seems to forget where he is and what we are. This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence.

We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion, not an arena for the exhibition of champions.

I offer myself, Sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then Sir, since the honorable member has put the question in the manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him that holding myself to be the humblest of members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from

Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of *his* friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whatever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say on the floor of this House of Senate \* \* \* \*

Sir I shall not allow myself on this occasion, I hope on no occasion to be betrayed into any loss of temper, but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find, that in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant at least as his own; and that his impunity may possibly demand of him, whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I leave him to a prudent husbandry of his resources." In this slashing style he proceeds to answer Haine, and throughout the whole preserves that vigorous invective which disfigures his adversary at every thrust. The intense earnestness of the orator, the beauty of the diction, the harmony of the periods, when linked with the caustic criticism, rank this speech with the finest in the language. We now reach a name, whose rank was first among the greatest Englishmen when Wm. Pitt guided the realm, and the goddess of eloquence presided over the benches in the old historic court of St. James. A name equally great in literature and politics, whose influence was as wide as the empire, and to whom must be attributed in great measure, the inception of that policy, which can boast to-day, the greatest colonial empire in the history of the world.

Edmund Burke, the great Irish-



man, the eminent statesman, the political philosopher, has bequeathed to our literature some bursts of invective which have driven unsuccessful imitators mad with envy. His eloquent parliamentary speeches, both against the government of India, and in favor of the American Colonies; his ardent denunciatory eloquence against the principles of the French Revolution, afford excellent specimens of his powers of piquant satire and eloquent invective; but it is in that admirable essay, his "Letter to a Noble Lord, that he excells himself in this most difficult literary style. With the majority of Burke's readers this is probably the favorite of his works, and the one which they oftenest read. Burke is styled "the greatest master of metaphor that the world has ever seen" and he applies this striking figure with exquisite taste throughout this remarkable essay. For some time he had been in retirement from active life and the government unsolicited voted to him a considerable pension. This vote was stubbornly opposed in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford, who severely attacked the recognition in any manner of Burke's political career.

To this attack Burke replied, and most masterfully proved his titled enemy to be wholly dependent for his title and fortune on the unmerited gratuity of the crown.

After this manner he writes of him "The Duke of Bedford conceives that he is obliged to call the attention of the House of Peers, to His Majesty's grant to me, which he considers as excessive and out of all bounds. I know not how it has happened, but it really seems, that whilst His Grace was meditating his well-considered censure on me, he fell into a sort of sleep.

Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, His Grace preserved his idea of reproach to *me* but took the subject matter from the Crown grants to his own family. This is "the stuff of which dreams are made." In that way of putting things together his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the levia than among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood" he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with spray-everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favor?"

Thus he pillories his victim as a mushroom aristocrat, and traces his lineage back to a fawning minion in the service of Henry eighth, who obtained an extensive grant of confiscated abbey property as a reward for his servile obedience in executing the tyrannical laws of this lascivious despot.

In the limited space of this short essay no adequate idea can be given of that composition which scholars of correct taste continually read and re-read with the greatest pleasure. The style is so vigorous, the thought so chaste, the metaphor so picturesque and appropriate, that no student with pretensions above mediocrity can afford to be unacquainted with this masterpiece.

In the same style of writing we have another author, one of the most attractive, and in his day certainly the most popular of British essayists and critics. Lord Macaulay is a name to conjure by when aught of forceful English is at issue, and his published collection of critical and historical essays contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* are still unrivalled among the productions of that class of literature.

The brilliant period, the profound erudition, the unlimited vocabulary, characterize the writings of Macaulay, and exhibit the remarkable strength and compass of the English language when in the hands of a master artist. Of all his critical essays, perhaps the most suitable as a specimen of scathing invective is his excellent criticism on Barère. Barère, as all students of history well know, occupied in France the pedestal of power during that terrible period when the nation was drenched with the blood of its noblest citizens. Although in power for only two short years, yet his name was associated throughout Europe and America with every act which rendered the French Revolution detestable. Chameleon-like, Barère could change his party to suit the exigencies of the occasion, and he never hesitated to sacrifice his dearest comrades to the ravenous appetites of his newly-made friends. He loved slaughter for its own sake, and was never happier than when condemning his daily score of innocent victims to the horrors of the guillotine. In his fall he was as servile to Napoleon as he had before been haughty and tyrannical to the nation, and on the whole his character is one of the most despicable which the criminal side of any nation's history can produce. The vibrant and vigorous essay

from which we here quote exquisitely portrays the character of this fiend-like tyrant. We imagine we see the coward and traitor wincing and squirming under the leash of this well-merited punishment. The author sums up Barère's character in the following trenchant manner.

"Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the properties which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony.

There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met of them or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which we venture to say no parallel case can be found in history.

He had many associates in guilt; but he distinguished himself from them all by the bacchanalian exultation which he seemed to feel in the work of death. He was drunk with innocent and noble blood, laughed and shouted as he butchered, and howled strange songs, and reeled in strange dances amidst the carnage.

Then came a sudden and violent turn of fortune. The miserable man, was hurled from the height of power to hopeless ruin and infamy.

The fumes of his horrible intoxication passed away. But he was now so irrecoverably depraved that the discipline of adversity only drove him further into wickedness. Having appalled the whole world by great crimes perpetrated under the

pretence of zeal for liberty, he became the meanest of all the tools of despotism.

It is not easy to settle the order of precedence among his vices; but we are inclined to think that his baseness was on the whole, a rarer and more marvellous thing than his cruelty."

These few short and incomplete extracts will convey some idea of the wealth of invective contained in our English classics.

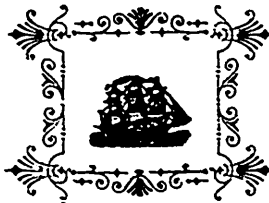
What student does not recognize the great accomplishment of being able to wield a trenchant pen in defence of one's own actions and cherished principles? Can any position be more unenviable than that of the professional man be he lay or cleric, who is unable to enter the field of controversy and aid in exposing the slanderer and vindicating the truth. We know of no better training than a study of such works as those from which we have quoted.

It may be said that invective is uncharitable, but this objection carries no weight. How often do we find, in people young and old that, folly which refuses to be corrected by blame or punishment, may laughed or derided into shame.

"Satire" says Pope, has always shone among the rest  
And is the boldest way, if not the best,  
To tell men freely of their faults;  
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts."

To us the study of these authors has afforded great pleasure and practical benefit, and if we shall have succeeded by the writing of this essay in inducing even one of our readers to systematically enter on this line of study, we shall feel that our efforts have not been in vain.

T. E. CULLEN, '99.



*AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

**I**N front of the hall of languages at Metcalfe College stood a group of upper-classmen, discussing the recent Easter examinations. These students were generally known as the "fast set," prominent in everything except class matters. At present, a young man of about twenty-three years occupied their attention with a rather fiery outburst against the faculty on account of its stern disapproval of hazing. By way of introduction, let us call this student Bob Stafford. The other members of the group need not be named, since we shall meet them but once.

With a springy step and a light heart, Frank Stevens was passing along the street to his chapter-house. Stevens was the most popular man in the college with both the professors and the student-body. A cheery "good morning, boys," greeted the group, and was as cheerily returned. As he passed out of ear-shot, a lad remarked, "I wish I were as sure of my degree as Stevens is." With a contemptuous sneer on his lips Stafford retorted quickly, "Why, that fellow hasn't a cent to his name. If it wasn't for my father, he would be down on the plantation overseeing blacks. That's where he ought to be, anyhow. This is no place for paupers." No one ventured a reply to this biting remark, for with all his faults, Stafford was by no means a coward physically. Soon the group dispersed, some going to their rooms, others to find amusement to while away the hours.

Stafford was the son of a wealthy

Southern planter, who had amassed an enormous fortune by his industry and thrift. Though denied the advantages of a good education himself, he had resolved to give to his only son what he had not himself. Accordingly, he sent Bob to the greatest institution of learning in the South. His son poorly repaid his father's love. Study was unknown to him, and it was only by the sheerest luck that he managed to pull through year after year until his final term.

Stevens also hailed from the old Dominion. His father and Stafford's had been most intimate acquaintances. But Frank's father was as improvident as Bob's was thrifty. Consequently, at his death nothing was left to his widow and son but a small estate and a few negro slaves. Mr. Stafford honorably offered to send Frank to the same college that his son attended. The offer was gladly accepted, and here we meet both young men on the eve, as it were, of their graduation.

A bond of love bound both on their entrance. But soon Bob formed many acquaintances of rather loose characters, and little by little the mild reprimands of Frank like so many files pierced the chain of friendship. The last link was soon broken, and they drifted farther and farther apart. From love Bob changed to hate as he watched Frank mount the ladder step by step. In class, in athletics Stevens was the man. Frank won by his perseverance and talents what Bob could not acquire with all his wealth.

—the confidence of his teachers, the respect of his fellow-students.

\* \* \* \* \*

The summer holidays have come and both Bob and Frank are at home; one the pride and joy of his widowed mother; crowned with the highest laurels in his class; the other the sorrow and disgrace of his doting father, branded with the shameful mark of an expelled student. Frank took up immediately the management of the paternal estate, while Bob lived the fast life of a gentleman of leisure.

Soon the mutterings of war's awful thunder disturbed the tranquility of Frank's life. A military company was formed of the young men in his neighborhood and for the position of captain two names were proposed Bob Stafford and Frank Stevens. The outcome of the voting was never for a moment in doubt and Frank was chosen captain and Bob lieutenant. The thought that poor Frank Stevens had defeated him served but to fan into a fierce flame the smouldering coals of hatred in Stafford's heart.

The war began. Stevens marched gaily away at the head of his gallant little band of boys in gray. The company was stationed at Fort Blank, the most important post in the lines of fortifications along the Thomson River. The Union forces were slowly but surely advancing until one day late in August their advance guards were within a few miles of the fort.

Stevens had had occasion several times to reprimand Stafford because of his lax discipline. Of course Stafford obeyed, but it was the obedience of fear, not of respect. At last a plan dawned upon him by which he could forever ruin Stevens without great danger to himself. He

called to his assistance an old soldier who had been a roustabout on his father's plantation. Whatever scruples the old fellow may have had were quickly silenced by a few dollars, and the knowledge that at last he was to have revenge upon Stevens who had often sent him to the guard house for intoxication.

Like Benedict Arnold in the revolutionary days, Stafford opened communications with the Federal commander with the object of betraying the fort. But he forged Stevens name to the letters and used the old soldier for his messenger. All was progressing nicely, until one evening when final arrangements were to be made, the sentinel on guard saw a soldier moving stealthily away from the fort. He challenged him, but received no answer. The soldier began to run, another challenge, a sharp report and then the sound of a body falling heavily was heard.

When the corpse of the soldier was brought within the fort a search was made of his clothing. A packet of letters was discovered giving all the information regarding the fort, and signed with the name of Frank Stevens, captain in the 12th regiment of Virginia C. S. A.

The young officer was immediately arrested and confined, and precautions were taken to prevent the capture of the fort. Stevens was to be tried by court martial on the first of September.

Indignation at his arrest caused Frank to be morose and sullen. His superior officer believed him in no way capable of such an action, but in the face of such damning testimony he was forced to treat Stevens as a traitor.

The days passed with tortuous slowness until the morning of the

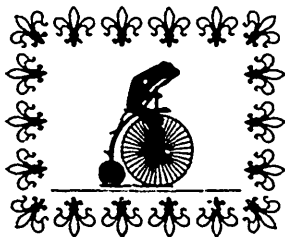
trial. The court had assembled and the proceedings were about to commence when the booming of cannon announced that the Federal troops were storming the fort. At once the court room was deserted and Stevens was left alone. Now he was alone and escape beckoned him on. But no, with a bound he reached the door, crossed the yard, and once more met his gallant company. He led them in a most courageous sally. The enemy were driven back with great loss and Stevens marched back with his little band now nearly decimated.

Just inside the fort, he saw the form of a soldier writhing in the agony of death. He stopped to comfort the poor fellow, and as his eyes met those of the soldier he saw

it was Stafford. "Oh, is it you Frank, give me your hand and say I am forgiven. Ah! thank you. No, no, do not move me. It was I who forged your name to those letters. Ah! had I followed your example I might not now be here. But say once more you forgive me." Tears dimmed Frank's eyes, and a sob choked his voice as he said "Bob, I forgive you."

A smile lighted up those features fast becoming rigid in death and he gasped "Thanks, give my love to my poor old father. Now once more your hand. Goodby forever." When Frank tenderly raised the lifeless body of Bob, he saw his commanding officer with uncovered head, holding out to him his sword.

JEROME.



*POSTAL PROGRESS OF CANADA.*

**I**N considering national progress, the attention of the diligent student of political economy and even that of the casual observer is the most apt to confine itself to those parts of government which are closely connected with the business life of a nation. Precisely for that reason the Post Office Department above all others claims the greatest public interest. Again, there is a continued agitation to obtain the best facilities for the inter communication of thought and though it is true the telegraph, the telephone and the cable have forced the post office aside by reason of their more rapid delivery, still the thousands of instances where none of these methods is practical prove the necessity for the development of an efficient postal service throughout the world.

In 1853, the Imperial Government transferred to the various provincial authorities the control of the colonial postal service, the advancement and general extension of which have since been most remarkable. Thus each province had its own laws regulating postal matters until 1868 when the Post Office Act was passed establishing uniform rates and regulations for the Dominion vesting the management and authority in an organized Department presided over by the Postmaster General. Looking back at these periods we are surprised at the great strides made in the service. The increase in this connection necessarily means improvement in many others; for from the postal progress of a nation we can conceive a fair and accurate idea of the development of trade and commerce, of its intellectual state and the height of its civilization, all of which is to a great extent the outcome of a strong union

and close intimacy existing between all classes of the community. During that short period from 1868, the changes in the Department have been many and in most cases beneficial. Unlike its English model, it is fully abreast of the times and is restricted only by constitutional measures, the object of which is that the service may best serve the public welfare in the transmission of its own mails. In all cases strict business principles have determined the purchase of supplies and political partnership has not influenced the practical efforts made by the officers of the Department to improve the service, while from foreign sources it has taken many practical ideas and progressive principles.

For the sake of brevity and clearness, it will be necessary to consider the two great divisions of the service namely the Inside and the Outside. The former regulates such functions as official appointments, the issue and supply of all postal requisites, the control of revenue and expenditure, mail contracts, official arrangements of savings bank and money order offices, while under the latter are included the actual transmission of mails and all that appertains thereto by postmasters, inspectors and railway mail clerks responsible to the Department at Ottawa. The Inside Service is divided into nine branches each presided over by a superintendent who is responsible to the Deputy Postmaster General. The Deputy is in reality the presiding authority for with him the Postmaster General confers regarding all official matters and likewise the different chiefs consult him on all the important affairs of their branches. Hence the position demands a man

who is thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the service, a sagacious, wide-awake, astute official and one who can thoroughly judge the requirements and possibilities of the service. What his trials are with the M. P. who is constantly looking for his share of patronage, with the persistent office seeker or with discontented contractors we have but a faint idea. The outside Service includes all the established post offices, railway mail service and Inspectors. Each of the fourteen divisions are presided over by an Inspector under whose supervision are the official inspection of offices, investigations and the opening and closing of post offices. The appointment of officials is purely a political matter though efforts have been made to relieve the service from such control, by this means preventing any possibility of the introduction of the "spoils system" now working such ruinous results in the United States service. The salaries of all superintendents, clerks, inspectors and postmasters of cities and large towns are fixed according to statute but in villages and small towns, they are determined according to the postal revenue.

There are few nations, and certainly no colonies, that surpass Canada in the matter of providing postal facilities. There are 9,191 offices for a population of 4,833,239 inhabitants, or one for about every 530, while in Great Britain there is one for every 2,007, and in Germany one for every 1,981 inhabitants. These figures show how favourably Canada compares with the great postal countries. The Department was not slow to recognize the possibilities of the Yukon district, for in January, 1894, an office was opened at Fort Cudahy, and at the present time the principal mining centres are supplied

with monthly mails by the Northwest Mounted Police. To reach the lonely settler and the distant miner in the remote regions of British Columbia and of the Territories, the most effective way yet devised is by the employment of couriers, who carry the mail in large cotton duck pouches over immense distances. In establishing such offices and postal routes, very little consideration is taken of the probable revenue, for the main motive is the desire for public welfare and accommodation.

In contrasting the Canadian service with that of England or of France, or with any of the well-governed countries of Europe, we are not surprised to learn that the revenue far exceeds the expenditure, while in Canada and the United States there are annual deficits, as instanced in our own Department for the year ending June 30th, 1897, when there was a shortage of \$586,539.92. If we consider the long distances over which the mails are carried during collection and transit, as well as the sparse population of the western part of Canada, it will be readily seen that it must be some time before the revenue can exceed or even equal the expenditure. And again, the officers of the Department, knowing that the service is for the general use and benefit of the public, must make additions and extensions of the postal system as the country gradually develops, and in order to provide postal facilities proportionate to the progress of settlement, it is necessary for them to establish new offices, the expenditure for which must, for a number of years, be in excess of the revenue derived therefrom. The importance of providing every part of the Dominion with postal communication should be properly understood by the



people, for it can be easily seen that as the progress of Canada increases and her population is augmented, a very long time cannot elapse before the service will be self-sustaining, and that the excess of expenditure in new districts will be covered by the revenue from the wealthier and more populous provinces. However, it is not a very pleasant duty for a cabinet minister to report so large a deficit as the following report shows: \*

POSTAL REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE  
OF CANADA FROM 1868 TO 1896.

Year ended 30th June.	Revenue.	Expenditure	Expendi- ture in excess of Revenue.	Amount per Head.			
				Rev- enue.	Ex- pend- iture.		
	\$	\$	\$	\$	c.	\$	c.
1868 ....	1,024,710	1,053,570	28,859	0	30	0	31
1869 ....	973,056	1,079,828	106,772	0	29	0	32
1870 ....	1,010,767	1,155,261	144,493	0	29	0	33
1871 ....	1,079,767	1,271,006	191,238	0	31	0	36
1872 ....	1,193,062	1,369,163	176,100	0	33	0	38
1873 ....	1,406,984	1,553,704	146,619	0	38	0	42
1874 ....	1,476,207	1,695,480	219,272	0	39	0	44
1875 ....	1,536,509	1,873,241	336,731	0	40	0	48
1876 ....	1,484,886	1,959,758	474,871	0	38	0	50
1877 ....	1,501,134	2,075,618	574,483	0	37	0	52
1878 ....	1,620,022	2,110,365	490,343	0	40	0	52
1879 ....	1,534,363	2,167,266	632,902	0	37	0	52
1880 ....	1,648,017	2,286,611	638,593	0	39	0	54
1881 ....	1,767,953	2,333,189	565,236	0	41	0	54
1882 ....	2,022,098	2,459,356	437,258	0	46	0	56
1883 ....	2,264,384	2,687,394	423,009	0	51	0	61
1884 ....	2,330,741	2,931,387	600,646	0	52	0	65
1885 ....	2,400,062	3,097,882	697,820	0	53	0	68
1886 ....	2,469,379	3,380,429	911,050	0	54	0	74
1887 ....	2,603,255	3,458,100	854,845	0	56	0	75
1888 ....	2,751,139	3,533,397	782,285	0	59	0	75
1889 ....	2,984,222	3,746,040	761,817	0	63	0	79
1890 ....	3,223,615	3,940,696	717,081	0	67	0	82
1891 ....	3,374,888	4,020,740	645,852	0	70	0	83
1892 ....	3,542,611	4,205,985	663,374	0	72	0	86
1893 ....	3,696,062	4,343,758	647,696	0	75	0	88
1894 ....	3,734,418	4,442,339	707,921	0	75	0	89
1895 ....	3,815,456	4,616,313	800,857	0	75	0	91
1896 ....	4,004,285	4,705,282	700,997	0	78	0	92
1897 ....	4,311,243	4,897,783	586,539				

\*The statistical Year-Book of Canada for 1896. Report of the Postmaster General for the year ended June 30th 1897.

One of the most important divisions of the Canadian postal organiza-

tions is its almost perfect railway mail service traversing a total distance of some 14,780 miles. The extensive growth of this part of the system convinced the Postmaster-General of the necessity of placing it under one superintendent and accordingly by an Order-in-Council of April 1st 1897, a Railway Mail Service Branch was established in charge of a Controller with headquarters at Ottawa. Although only a year has passed since its establishment, the increased efficiency and economy, and particularly the uniform manner in which the mails are received and despatched prove the wisdom of such a measure.

The institution of the Savings Bank Branch was of paramount importance to all classes of the country for in viewing the salutary results which have been accomplished in this division we can readily see what has been done by the government to foster and encourage among the people habits of thrift and frugality. In 1867, when the Post Office Act was passed the system was limited to Ontario and Quebec but in 1885 it was extended to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and at present there are 755 savings bank offices distributed over the several provinces. There are also 33 Government Savings Banks under the control of the Finance Department, but arrangements are made for their transfer to the Post Office Department according as the position of superintendent at each place becomes vacant. The absence of post office savings banks in the United States postal system makes one of the few radical differences between the Canadian and American services.

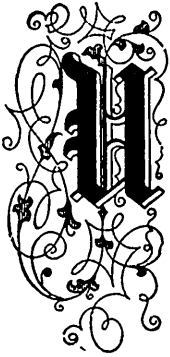
What are the possible changes in Canadian postal system is a difficult matter to determine. Though the

letter rate to all Postal Union countries, with the exception of United States and Canada, is five cents per half ounce, there is a near possibility of a reduction to the rate of three cents, a change which would have been accomplished this year had it not been for certain Imperial restrictions. By an unexpected way we are to have a reduction in the domestic letter rate, for on April 1st of this year, the Postmaster-General introduced a bill which provides for the reduction of the letter rate from three to two cents and a partial restoration of postage on newspapers which at present receive free transmission through the mails. However, this free delivery will not be totally abolished, but will be confined within a district of ten miles radius from the office of publication. Though the press of the country may strongly protest against this latter change, it may be said that the Government, after mature consideration, has taken the only and decisive step to wipe out the big annual deficit which has been customary since Confederation. It is argued that the revenue from newspaper postage will more than balance the loss in the reduction of the letter rate, and thus the Post-office will soon become a self-sustaining Department. The enormous tonnage of newspapers (16,557,490 pounds in 1897) carried under free transmission rules has come to weigh heavily upon the revenues of the country, and now there are frequent demands for increased railway subsidies, principally on account of the enormous volume of mail matter of

this nature. Then the Department must furnish to newspaper offices a very large supply of mail bags, and employ sorters and carriers to dispose of such matter—all at the expense of the Canadian ratepayer. Again, such a measure will wipe out, if not entirely at least to a very great extent, many questionable publications which at present receive the same consideration as the legitimate newspaper. Another proposed change is the decentralization of the dead letter branch. At present all misdirected or insufficiently-prepaid letters are sent by the different post-offices to the Department at Ottawa, and it is complained that loss and delay frequently result, but now the work will be performed at other convenient points throughout the Dominion.

It is hardly necessary to add that all these extensive operations can not be accomplished without the co-operation and assistance of a large staff of officials. Considering the operations of the service, the enormous quantity of its work and the important and arduous duties devolving upon them, it is extremely disappointing to consider that the present government can make no better provision for its postal employees than by the existing method throughout the whole Civil Service of withholding all statutory increases. Without such servants, the present postal service could scarcely be what it is—one of the most perfect organizations in the world.

MICHAEL E. CONWAY, '01.

*THE SLEEPING FAIRY.*

**U**NDERGROUND the fairy lay,  
 Sleeping in his house of clay ;  
 A thousand years he slept in peace,  
 While over head in rich increase  
 Fruits and grains ripened and fed  
 A stalwart race, whose cheeks were red  
 With health and joy, whose arms were strong  
 For honest toil, whose lives were long  
 And blest with tranquil happiness,  
 Whose lot no strife, no feuds distress.

But there came a fatal hour ;  
 A mortal wight with arm of power,  
 Oped the fairy's prison gate,  
 And in his golden robes of state  
 He 'rose a king, a tyrant, all  
 Subjugating to his thrall.

Alas! how changed the scene. Where bright  
 Glad children gathered blossoms white ;  
 Their sires as blithely gathering grain,—  
 There strifes and storms a haggard train  
 Deep in earth's torn and trampled breast,  
 Slaves of the sprite who there did rest.

CAMEO.

### CHARACTERIZATION IN "QUO VADIS."

FEW books in modern times have been so frequently noted in favorable criticism as the popular novel which affords a subject for this essay. "Quo Vadis" was translated from the Polish by an American writer, Jeremiah Curtin; but the author of the original work bears a name rather uninviting to a tongue not wont to expend its energy on anything more formidable than our plain and simple English. He signs himself Henryk Sienkeiwicz. But to become interested in the story this worthy has given us requires no such effort as the pronunciation of his name. From our first acquaintance with the characters to whom we are introduced, we anxiously follow their every move; as page after page unfolds its secrets to us we become more and more deeply interested in the progress of events; and for this reason we advise the conscientious student not to enter upon a perusal of "Quo Vadis" while other more important tasks call for much of his time or his attention, lest pleasing entertainment may lead him to turn a deaf ear to the call of duty.

The novel is of the historical type, the scene being laid in Rome during the reign of Nero, and from it the student may derive a more clear and correct knowledge of the customs and manners of that age than from any text-book on history likely to be placed in his hands. The absolute power of the fickle-minded emperor to pr side justly or unjustly as he chose over the destinies of the individual as well as of the state; the fawning adulation of servile courtiers,

vyng with one another in lavishing their flatteries upon the effeminate but brutal Nero, the devotedness of the early Christians secretly meeting in some sequestered nook to hear the "first of the Apostles" preach the faith which unjust laws forbade them openly to practice; all are charmingly interwoven into a very readable tale; all are so graphically set before the reader that any ordinary imagination can without difficulty deck them in the attractive garb of reality.

As a portrayer of character, the author deserves the highest commendation. His descriptions are very realistic, his conversations natural and animated, and as a result we are as well acquainted with all his characters as if we had known them in real life. Let us see what are the striking traits of the personages most prominent in the novel.

Nero is the hinge on which the whole plot turns. "His word is law;" and be that word tyrannical or just, the mandate is invariably and unhesitatingly put into execution. His personal appearance as depicted in "Quo Vadis" is likely to excite in the reader but very little envy towards this ruler of the world. "His face was wide; under his lower jaw hung a double chin, by which his mouth, always too near his nose, seemed to touch his nostrils. His bulky neck was protected, as usual, by a silk kerchief, which he arranged from moment to moment with a white and fat hand, grown over with red hair, forming, as it were, bloody stains. Measureless vanity was depicted then, as at all times, on his

face, together with tedium and suffering. On the whole, it was a face both terrible and silly." And his soul was scarce less ugly than his body. Whatever germs of humanity, tenderness, or virtue were implanted in him by nature had long since been overwhelmed by mountains of egotism, profligacy and crime. At the head of perhaps the mightiest empire the world has ever seen, Nero was a dastardly coward; even in crime he had no courage, for with power to act openly, he chose to commit his infamous deeds always under cover, so that appearances might be preserved. He had no strength of character, no stability; "in his head plans change as do winds in autumn;" and his favorites could, by a little flattery, obtain almost any boon. But it is as a public singer and musician that the "Divine One" poses most despicably before us. We can easily imagine what efforts it must have cost the courtiers to keep sober faces during the exhibitions by the great Imperial buffoon; but the thought that a moment's inattention or a single smile meant ignominious death must have aided them considerably in counterfeiting that look of admiring rapture so pleasing to the "Heavenly musician." In Nero we search in vain for anything commendable. His life was but a series of debaucheries and crimes, and we feel glad when it has ended; we feel relieved when the world is at length rid of that monster who "killed his mother, his wife, and his brother, who burned Rome and sent to Erebus all the honest men in his dominions."

But, though Nero is the central figure, though his influence is felt in almost every incident recorded in the novel, he is not by any means the only important character. Petronius, Vinicius, Lygia, and Chilo Chilonides

are brought before us even more frequently than the emperor. Vinicius is the hero of the tale, Lygia is the heroine; both are beautiful as the flowers in spring; in the very beginning of their troubles they enlist our sympathy on their behalf, and carry it with them to the very end. Having spent the early years of his manhood amid camps and battles, Vinicius possesses the qualities of a soldier rather than those of a courtier; his muscles are strong but his wit is dull; for him arms are ever preferable to arts. His innate irascibility united with the deference claimed by his high birth made him stubborn and impetuous, and his pagan ideas led him to look upon every show of opposition to his will or his desires as calling for immediate vengeance. But what a change is wrought in him as the softening influence of Christianity begins to act upon his soul. At first he "wished to accept the religion of Lygia, but his nature could not endure it"; still occasional rays of light penetrated the darkness which surrounded him; he was groping for an exit and could not find it. In time, however, he began to notice that his nature was different from what it had been; "formerly he had measured people and things only by his own selfishness, but now he was accustoming himself gradually to the thought that other eyes might see differently, and that justice did not always mean the same as personal profit." He no longer treated his slaves as miserable beasts; he no longer delighted in the feasts, the debaucheries, and the license of the Palatine, and his sentiments towards Lygia had given up the form of sensual passion for that of pure and wholesome love.

And worthy, indeed, was the object on which he bestowed his affections.

Almost perfect in face and figure, and just as beautiful in mind and soul, Lygia was certainly a rare gem amidst all the hollow shells which glittered in Roman society. We cannot but admire the ardor and constancy of her love for Vicinius, but still more praise-worthy is the strength of will, the moral courage she displayed in fleeing and hiding from the man she loved; at Cæsar's feast she had seen what life with him must be, and she unhesitatingly preferred wandering to shame, death to dishonor. Her amiable tenderness, her ready forgiveness, and the firmness of her faith in the religion she professed, proved edifying and inspiring to all with whom she came in contact; and when finally, through her efforts Vicinius was converted, the reader can scarcely help envying the young lovers the happiness likely to be theirs.

And inseparably connected with the lives of Lygia and Vicinius is that of Petronius. This eloquent, easy-going, young epicurean had long maintained first place in the favor of Nero. His wit, his quickness, his exquisite outlining of thought, and his splendid choice of apt phrases for every idea made him easily triumphant over every attack of his envious rivals; his æsthetic nature and the nicety of his judgment in all matters of taste won for him the desirable title "*arbiter elegantiarum*." Though he could brook no opposition nor anything that ruffled his calmness, he was not revengeful; he was too refined to be cruel; and whether through culture or indolence, he never used his power to the detriment or destruction of others. Ever cool, a man of inexhaustible resources, he frequently elicited the admiration of his fellow-courtiers by the surprising dexterity with which he

extricated himself from nets of circumstances which seemed to portend his inevitable ruin. "At moments he ventured to criticise Cæsar to his face, and when others judged that he was going too far, or simply preparing his own ruin, he was able to turn the criticism suddenly in such a way that it came out to his profit; he aroused amazement in those present, and the conviction that there was no position from which he could not issue in triumph."

But what an empty bauble is life without religion! Petronius had often thought over questions relating to the soul; the acuteness of his reasoning powers had led him to reject the gods of the pagans; but those same powers were nonplused by the spiritual snarls pointed out by Vicinius. He could accept nothing without seeing plainly the reason of it; he was too indolent to search earnestly for truth, and, as a consequence, dropped into the state of indifferent scepticism. Still, he had no dread of death, but since he expected nothing from it, he had no wish to invite it. In his own words we see his whole philosophy. "I will fill my life with happiness, as a goblet with the foremost wine which the earth has produced, and I will drink till my hand becomes powerless and my lips grow pale. What will come I care not." What a dreary prospect! And how dejected it makes us feel, that one of such noble qualities of head and heart should be rushing thus blindly forward toward the yawning chasm of destruction. "One wonders almost sadly in the story," says a critic, with regard to this point, "as one does at certain mysterious dispensations in the life about us, when the light of faith and the grace of martyrdom are vouchsafed at last to the despicable Chilo."

Chilonides, and not to Petronius."

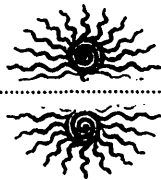
For in Chilo we have a perfect picture of the smooth-tongued hypocrite, the fawning traitor, the cunning villain. He has no principle, no religion; he assumes the role of physician, philosopher or Christian, according to which is most suitable to his designs. Avarice is his only passion. He will do anything for money, provided it entails no danger to his person; but this condition is always stipulated, for Chilo is a consummate coward. No injury is too great for him to inflict upon the Christians, for he knows that their religion does not permit killing, that one of its leading tenets enjoins forgiveness. His eloquence on some occasions, when imploring mercy from those whom he has betrayed, almost changes our scorn to pity; and he invariably displays such shrewdness and subtlety of mind as excite our admiration even in their abuse.

And such are the leading personages in "Quo Vadis." The other characters are only of minor importance, but all are well and carefully delineated. The tenderness, the

persistent love in Acte, Nero's superceded but not discarded favorite; the child-like simplicity and wondrous strength of Ursus, the lion-limbed barbarian; the graceful Eunice in her consecration to her master, Petronius; Aulus Plautus, the patriot and veteran of many wars, and his faithful and virtuous wife, Pomponia, - all are remarkably true to life and appeal to us most strongly. St. Peter and St. Paul appear frequently in the story, not the less saints on account of their human tenderness and their ever-present memory of their own forgiven sins.

In "Quo Vadis" no unnatural situations are forced upon us; the dramatic interest of the novel never flags. Without any inartistic moralizing, the author shows us how beautiful is virtue, how abominable is vice; and as we witness with pitiful repulsion the bloody spectacles of the arena, we are unconsciously drawn more and more closely to that religion from which not most cruel torments nor most bitter death could deter the noble Christians of ancient Rome.

JOHN T. HANLEY, '98.



## THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

### AN OUTLINE.

**H**ISTORY informs us that it was a universal belief in the early ages that the deaf and dumb were "incapable of receiving education"; and, that this belief was supported by philosophical teaching, especially by the dictum of Aristotle "that of all the senses, hearing contributes the most to intelligence and knowledge." There is no doubt that we are to infer from the above quoted phrase that there were no known means by which the deaf could be educated, and not that their mental capacity was such as not to admit of their receiving instruction, for, deaf-mutes in those times must have given evidence that they were rational beings, as the uneducated deaf-mutes continually do at the present day; but, how the teaching of Aristotle referred to is sufficient proof to substantiate either supposition is not evident. This false notion of the mental capacity of the deaf must necessarily have resulted from a wrong conception of their psychical condition. Indeed, in our own times, very peculiar ideas exist among those who are not intimately acquainted with those unfortunates, regarding their state, and the difficulties of mental development consequent upon their affliction.

Deafness has often been likened to blindness, but, neither in their nature, nor in the results that follow from them are they similar. Blindness is an affliction of a physical nature, for the most part; it does not effect the main channel by which

knowledge is conveyed to the mind. Deafness may be said to be deplored entirely on account of the isolated condition into which it throws the intellectual faculties. Deafness is either congenital or adventitious. Under the first may be included not only those who were born deaf, but also those who have lost their hearing at such an early age that they never acquired a knowledge of language. Hence this class of the deaf know nothing—they apprehend objects and actions, but they have no language by means of which they could associate these objects and actions with the idea produced, and, moreover, for the same reason, they are unable to receive ideas. The adventitiously deaf, or those who have lost their hearing after having acquired language, are not to be compared with the congenital deaf in the matter of intellectual development.

Taking into consideration that the philosophical teaching of early pagan philosophers, among whom we may instance: Plato, was: a perfect society; deformed and afflicted children should be destroyed, it is easy to conceive the unfavorable manner in which the deaf were looked upon; and, taking this into account is it not reasonable to suppose that in the early ages referred to, no earnest endeavor was made to educate them; that the impossibility of doing so was a rash assumption; and, that they were consequently looked upon as imbeciles and treated as such?



As a natural result of this treatment they sank into a despondent, morose and sullen state which seemed to confirm the erroneous view entertained of them, and which delayed for some centuries any enlightened and benevolent movement being made in their behalf. Under the Mosaic law the only recognition they received seems to have been protection from violence and insult; the laws founded upon the philosophical teaching of Brahma did not entrust the deaf with property, but imposed their support upon the other heirs; and, in Rome, before the Christian era, they were treated very much in the same manner: all those who were congenitally deaf were denied the rights of citizenship, and, although they were allowed to possess property for their own support, they could not dispose of it as they wished. Throughout the countries founded upon the ruins of the Roman Empire they were excluded from the right of inheritance as the system of land tenure, known as the Feudal System, which prevailed in those countries, exacted duties from the vassals of the crown that were impossible for the deaf to fulfil.

The first authentic account of a deaf-mute having been instructed is recorded by the Venerable Bede in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, and dates back about the year 700 A.D. At that time St. John of Beverly, bishop of Hagulstadt, in the North of England, taught a poor boy to speak some words, and instructed him in religion. In this attempt it is altogether probable that the bishop employed not only articulation, but natural signs and a manual alphabet of some description, for, in a work, *De Loquela per Gestum Digitorum*, Bede gave drawings of a manual alphabet that is the first of which there is

any account. Although considerable success seems to have attended this effort, seven centuries were allowed to elapse before another similar attempt was made. In the meantime, however, a great deal of speculation was indulged in by philosophers and scientists, as to whether speech was impossible to the deaf; also, whether the latter could be taught lip-reading, and to understand written language. In the early part of the 16th Century Jerome Cadran, a native of Pavia, in Lombardy, reasoning that there is a relation between writing and speech, and, also between speech and thought, concluded that there must necessarily exist a connection between written characters and ideas without any intervention of sound. He therefore declared that "the education of the deaf was difficult but possible," yet he never put his theory into practice, and it is to Pedro de Ponce, a monk of the monastery of Sahagun, in Spain, that the honor of reducing the instruction of the deaf to a systematic basis is due. Ponce taught several deaf persons, among whom were two sons of a Spanish noble named De Velasco, to read and write Spanish and Latin. His pupils were able to speak fluently, and to read on the lips with ease. Half a century later another Spanish monk, Juan Pablo Bonet, merited great distinction by his endeavors in behalf of this afflicted class. He wrote the first formal treatise on the teaching of the deaf, *Reduccion de las Letras y Arte para Ensenar a Hablar a los Mudos*, and in this work he gave engravings of a manual alphabet which is almost identical with the single-hand alphabet now in use. Bonet laid down rules for the teaching of articulation, but proficiency in lip-reading, he main-

tained, depended entirely upon the pupils' keenness of sight. He also employed gestures to explain words that were not names of visible objects. His work shows that he comprehended and solved the difficulties that beset the way of the teacher of the deaf. So true is this, that at the present day his views are endorsed, and his principles admitted to be true. In the early part of the seventeenth century another Spanish educator named Carrion appeared. This man is credited with having accomplished the wonderful task of teaching his pupils, among whom he numbered Emanuel Philibert, prince of Carignan, to write and speak four languages. Hence, it is seen that to Spain is due the honor of producing the men who led the way in the noble work of rescuing the deaf mind from mental and moral darkness, and the stimulus which was given to the work in that country, was not lost, but had the effect of awakening an interest in the deaf in other lands. Sir Kenelm Digby, on his return from Spain—whither he had accompanied Charles I when the latter as Prince of Wales, visited the Spanish court to win the hand of a certain princess,—aroused the enthusiasm of some professors at Oxford by his accounts of the wonderful success achieved by Bonet. One Wallis, Professor of Geometry, deserves mention for the efforts he put forth, and the success which attended them. At first he devoted his attention chiefly to articulation and lip-reading, adopting the principles of Bonet, but he afterward resorted to other expedients. In 1661 George Dalgarno, a philologist, who was educated at the University of Aberdeen, published, *Ars Signorum*, and followed this in 1680, with, *Didascalocophus*, or the Deaf, and Dumb

Man's Tutor, a work of greater merit, in which he theorized on the question of deaf-mute education, and also gave two manual alphabets; the first was a double-hand, the other a single-hand alphabet. The latter, however, bears no resemblance, and, moreover, is inferior to that of Bonet of which Dalgarno seems never to have heard. The former is the basis from which the present British Two-hand alphabet was evolved. Bonet's single-hand alphabet, slightly improved, is used throughout the continent of Europe, and in America at present. In some countries it is modified to express characters peculiar to their language, as for instance the German ä, ö and ü.

Passing over some names of lesser note whose chief merits are in their theorizing and speculation, rather than in any practical efforts, we come to the renowned de l'Épée, a name dear to every deaf-mute, so much so, indeed, that he is justly called "The Father of the Deaf and Dumb." In 1754 Abbé de l'Épée, a French priest, then stationed in Paris, happened to meet two deaf young women, and his kind heart being touched by their unfortunate condition, he resolved at once, to devote himself to the task of instructing them. He made diligent search and inquiry for others, and soon gathered many around him. At first he attempted to teach by means of articulation, but finding the progress of his pupils slow, and the results insignificant, he abandoned any effort in that line. Seeing that the deaf already communicated with each other by means of gestures, the thought occurred to him that were this natural gesture language enlarged and perfected, it could be used as a medium by which they

could be taught a conventional language. He immediately put his idea to the test, and the success which crowned his work was ample evidence of its practicability. Unlike many of his predecessors in the work, this noble-minded man sought not to surround his art with an air of mystery, nor to conceal his methods. On the contrary he gave great attention to the training of suitable persons to spread and continue the work which he had begun; and, moreover, he used every possible occasion to excite public interest in his undertaking, and to win support and friends for those to whom he had devoted his life and fortune. Such, indeed, was the zeal of this benevolent man, that, when offered the revenues of an estate by Joseph II of Austria, he requested instead, that a school be established for the education of the deaf. De l'Épée died in 1789, and to-day, before the great Cathedral of his native city, Versailles, there stands a statue erected to his memory. In the garden of the Paris Institution also, there is another statue, the workmanship and donation of a deaf-mute sculptor named Martin. Here de l'Épée is represented holding in his left hand a tablet bearing the divine name, Dieu, and below this is its dactylographic representation. With his right hand he makes the initial letter D, while his eyes are bent affectionately upon the figure of a youth, who with intent gaze on the tablet before him, is eagerly endeavoring to imitate the characters thereon. De l'Épée's labors were not lost. His mantle fell upon worthy shoulders in the person of the Abbé Sycard, a man of great energy and acute reasoning faculties. Sycard retained in general, the system of de l'Épée, making such additions,

however, as he deemed important and beneficial. His *Cours d'Instruction*, an admirably written work, develops his principles and processes. In another of his publications, *Théorie des Signes*, he gave an ideological vocabulary together with instructions designed to give the reader a knowledge of the sign language. This, however, cannot be accomplished by means of any written work, but can be acquired only through the personal instruction of a teacher. Sycard died in 1822, leaving the charge which had been intrusted to him, in a healthy and prosperous condition, and, it is pleasing to note that it still retains the same vigor.

A few years after de l'Épée had entered upon the work in France, a German soldier, named Heiniche, was attracted in the same direction. While serving as a soldier in the Saxon army, he chanced upon a deaf and dumb boy whom he endeavored to teach. After quitting the army he attended the University of Jena for a year, in order to qualify himself as a teacher. In 1772 he was given charge of the first institution established by the government in Germany. Heiniche taught by means of pictures, originally, but, afterwards he adopted the system of Amman, a Swiss physician of Harlem, who maintained that without speech, thought and language were impossible. Hence, Heiniche was practically, as Amman was theoretically, the founder of the Pure Oral System which still prevails in Germany, and is often called the German System. The German Schools, though numerous and well supported by the government, are generally small, and there is a lack of unanimity among the teachers. Conventional signs and dactylography are ex-

cluded, notwithstanding that they all admit that many deaf-mutes cannot receive any benefit from articulation. In 1891, the adult deaf-mutes of Germany addressed a petition to the Emperor asking that "the sign language be introduced into their instruction." They also complained of the pain experienced in their repeated endeavors to articulate; of the unreasonably severe discipline of the German schools, and of the meagre results derived from the Oral Method. The Emperor referred the petition to the Minister of Clerical, Educational and Medical Affairs, whose answer amounted to: your assertions are unfounded, and you are incapable of judging what is most beneficial for yourselves. They then addressed a second petition to the Minister requesting a special commission of inquiry, asserting that they had declarations to make that "would arouse a storm of indignation." About the same time a Mr. Heidsiek commented upon the thoroughness of Minister Bosse's investigation in a book entitled, "The Deaf-Mute's Cry of Distress." As a result Mr. Heidsiek was called upon to answer to a charge of libel. The trial took place at Breslau, and Mr. Heidsiek was not only acquitted, but commended for having brought the matter to light. Notwithstanding, however, we have yet to learn of the desired reforms in the system of instruction in that country.

In 1760, Thos. Braidwood, a teacher of elocution in Edinburgh attempted to teach a deaf boy, following the theory of Wallis. He soon won the favor of distinguished men, and the success of his school was assured. His methods were for many years, kept a close secret in his family, and disclosed solely upon the consideration of exorbitant

sums, secrecy being also imposed upon the purchaser. His pupils were of the wealthy class exclusively. How unlike de l'Épée who was devoted entirely to the indigent, and whose greatest care was that no wealthy pupil should encroach upon the rights of one of his poor children. It is evident that Braidwood was not actuated by philanthropic motives, but unlike the majority of teachers of the deaf with whom I have been associated, he was in the business for his "health."

The first steps toward the founding of a school in America were taken in 1815. In that year some benevolent men in Connecticut finding that there were many deaf persons in the state, decided to open an institution for them at Hartford, and with this object in view, it was resolved to send some competent person to England to become acquainted with the methods in use there. Rev. T. H. Gallaudet volunteered for the undertaking and was accepted. Upon his arrival in England he used every effort to induce those engaged in the work in that country, to reveal their art to him, but they, being under contract with the Braidwoods, could not accede to his solicitations. Being invited by Sycard, he visited the Paris Institution early the following year, and he was here afforded every opportunity and facility to fulfil his desire. After a few months, he returned to America accompanied by a pupil of Sycard named Clerc, and on the 15th of April 1817, the Hartford Asylum, the first school for the deaf in the new world, was opened. The next year, the New-York Institution entered upon its career, followed two years later by the Pennsylvania Institution. Other schools rapidly sprang

into existence in different parts of the country, and to-day every state provides for the education of its deaf population, their right to instruction being regarded as equal to that of their more fortunate brothers, and as their tuition in the common schools would entail a great outlay, institutions are established at certain places where they are not only instructed, but maintained at the state's expense. There are ninety-five schools throughout the Union, twenty-two of which are public and day schools, and seventeen denominational and private schools. The largest institution is that at Jacksonville, Illinois, which was for many years presided over by the venerable Dr Gillett, but is at present under the supervision of S. T. Walker, M. A. The number of pupils attending this institution is about five hundred, and, as at all the large institutions, the pupils receive not only an intellectual training, but are instructed in many of the mechanical industries. The Ohio, Michigan and Indiana institutions, presided over by J. W. Jones, M. A., F. D. Clark, M. A., and Prof. R. O. Johnson, respectively, are scarcely second to this, and if so, in number of pupils and teachers only. In 1864, the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., was established by the National Government, and placed under the charge of the Rev. E. M. Gallaudet, son of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, already alluded to. Its aim is the higher education of the deaf, particularly to qualify them as teachers.

The first institution in Canada was established at Montreal in 1848, by the Sulpician Fathers; its chief executive officer at present is the Rev. A. Belanger, C. S. V. In 1851, the nuns opened another institution in the same city, for female

pupils. The pioneer of deaf-mute education in Upper Canada was John Barret McGann, two daughters of whom are still engaged in the work, Mrs. H. E. Ashcroft, Superintendent of the Mackay (Protestant) Institution of Montreal, and Mrs. J. G. Terril, a teacher in the Ontario Institution at Belleville. Besides the above mentioned schools, there are three others in the Dominion, one at Halifax, N. S., another at Fredericton, N. B., and the third at Winnipeg, Manitoba, making seven in all. Of these the Ontario and Manitoba institutions are supported entirely by the government of their respective province. The Quebec Legislature, acting on the principle that the parent has the right to educate his child according to the dictates of conscience, allows the Protestants to have a school for themselves, and gives a grant toward its maintenance as it does to the Catholic institutions. In Ontario there is but one school, that at Belleville, which is the largest in Canada. Its average attendance is about two hundred and sixty pupils; seventeen teachers are employed, and of this number *one* is a Catholic, Prof. Denys, who holds classes in religious instruction for the Catholic pupils, twice a week, outside of his ordinary class hours. The Halifax and Fredericton schools are yet small; both receive partial support from their provincial governments.

The system of education followed by the vast majority of the American schools is known as the Combined, or sometimes as the French system, on account of the degree of perfection to which it was brought by de l'Épée and Sycard, although the originator of the system was the Spaniard, Bonet. Eight schools are conducted according to the Oral

method; one, according to the Oral and Manual; one according to the Oral and Combined; two according to the Manual; and, one according to the Manual Alphabet Method. In several of the Combined schools the Articular Method also receives attention. To give a short and at the same time, complete explanation of these methods, I cannot do better than quote from the "American Annals of the Deaf," a publication under the direction of a committee of superintendents and principals of American schools for the deaf.

I. *The Manual Method.*—Signs, the manual alphabet, and writing are the chief means used in the instruction of the pupils, and the principal objects aimed at are mental development and facility in the comprehension and use of written language. The degree of relative importance given to these three means varies in different schools; but it is a difference only in degree, and the end aimed at is the same in all.

II. *The Oral Method.*—Speech and speech-reading, together with writing, are made the chief means of instruction, and facility in speech and speech-reading, as well as mental development and written language, is aimed at. There is a difference in different schools in the extent to which the use of natural signs is allowed in the early part of the course, and also in the prominence given to writing as an auxiliary to speech and speech-reading in the course of instruction; but they are differences only in degree, and the end aimed at is the same in all.

III. *The Manual Alphabet Method.*—The general instruction of the pupils in and out of school is carried on by means of the orthographic and phonetic manuals, and by writing and speech.

IV. *The Auricular Method.*—The hearing of semi-deaf pupils is developed and improved to the greatest possible extent, and, with or without the aid of artificial appliances, their education is carried on chiefly through the use of speech and hearing, together with writing. The aim of the method is to graduate its pupils as hard-of-hearing speaking people, instead of deaf-mutes.

V. *The Combined System.*—Speech and speech reading are regarded as very important, but mental development and the acquisition of language are regarded as still more important. It is believed that in many cases mental development and the acquisition of language can be best promoted by the Manual method, and, so far as circumstances permit, such method is chosen for each pupil as seems best adopted for his individual case. Speech and speech-reading are taught where the measure of success seems likely to justify the labor expended, and in some of the schools some of the pupils are taught wholly by the Oral method or by the Auricular method."

In almost every country of Europe, except in Great Britain, the state, deeming it a primary duty to care for the deaf, as well as for its other afflicted members, generously contributes to the support of institutions for their education; and, it is to be hoped that before long Great Britain moved by a philanthropic and enlightened Christian spirit, will follow the example of her sister nations, and grant the aid so long withheld. Notwithstanding the fact that they have to depend upon their own resources, there are many large and flourishing schools throughout the Kingdom, and in all of them the Manual Alphabet Method prevails, although some attention is given to

Oralism. In Germany as we have seen, the Oral method reigns supreme. In France it is prescribed as the method to be followed in the government schools, but the Combined System predominates. Much attention is also devoted to Oralism in all the continental countries of Europe; the Oral schools of Austria and Italy being among the best in the world.

Between the Oralists and the advocates of the Combined System a great deal of hot shot is often exchanged as to the respective merits of the two systems. The Oralists maintain that speech is the only medium of association between thought and words, and that writing and dactylogy can represent thought only where speech exists. While admitting the use of natural signs as a means to arrive at a primary understanding, they say that these should be discarded as soon as possible, and that new words should be explained by means of those already known. They declare, moreover, that signs do not permit the mind to think in the same order as speech; that articulation, though slower, gives sufficient compensation for the time and labor expended; and, that it alone restores the deaf-mute to society. On the other hand it can be argued in favor of the Combined System, that speech is not the universal and absolute vehicle of thought; that thought can be expressed in visible forms or signs, and that is so expressed by deaf-mutes, who grasp ideas through the medium of signs more readily than through that of words, because signs are apprehended through the sense of sight. Intellectual progress is thus accelerated by their use in regard to the deaf-mute, as well as

in the case of a hearing person endeavoring to acquire a foreign tongue. Signs, the enthusiastic Combinists maintain, can give expression to the loftiest and most abstract ideas. However, as a means of communication they far surpass lip-reading in point of precision and rapidity; whereas, a degree of perfection in articulation which renders it of practical use, is impossible except to the semi-deaf, semi-mute, and to a very small number of deaf-mutes. Speech is rendered unnatural by the deaf: modulation is beyond their control, and the sounds which they produce are generally harsh and discordant to the ear, and intelligible to those alone who are familiar with the individual. Another strong point in favor of signs to which due importance is seldom if ever attached, is that they constitute an international language whereby deaf persons educated in one country are enabled to communicate with those educated in another. But leaving superiority from a theoretical point of view aside, and looking at the practical results, the unbiased mind must decide in favor of the Combined System. It adopts the method best suited to the capacity of the pupil. It employs Oralism in the case of pupils who give evidence of profiting thereby, but the entire school hours of these are not spent in the acquisition of speech and speech-reading; a considerable portion of their time is devoted to the study of language by means of the sign language, manual alphabet and writing. The graduates of school where this system is used, make, with few exceptions, very creditable showings, while the number of passable graduates turned out by the Pure Oral Schools are the exceptions.

The ultimate aim of every system is the acquisition of language, and in effecting this the pupil is gradually made acquainted with arithmetic, grammar, history, geography, etc. First the concept is formed in the mind of the pupil, then comes its embodiment in word or words. Under the Combined System (which may be said to embrace all others) writing is immediately introduced, and signs and the manual alphabet are employed. A knowledge of language generally begins with names of visible objects and their obvious properties, i, e, color, size and physical perfection, then follows numerals and verbs of action, and in the imparting of all this, illustration, objective examples, and physical actions are employed. Of course different teachers proceed in different ways. Some begin with sentences as units of thought, and from them

deduce the individual words, and vice versa. Others start out by teaching a copious vocabulary, while more frame sentences as soon as the pupil has acquired a knowledge of a few words. Difficulties are numerous and great; the character and capacity of the pupil must be studied and taken into consideration, for, the process that succeeds in one case may be of no avail in another. The successful teacher of the deaf must therefore, possess a vast amount of tact without which conventional method will accomplish little; he must possess tact necessary to excite the interest of his pupils, for in the class-room of the deaf, as well as in every other sphere of instruction, the key-note of success is: excite the interest of those whom you would instruct.

R. A. O'MEARA, '99.





*VOICES OF SPRING.*

HE South wind warm from climes of summer,  
 Sweet from isles of spice,  
 Murmurs in the wake of winter ;  
 " Hearts long chilled, rejoice !"  
 " His voice was not in crumbling earthquakes,  
 Not in tempests wild ;  
 But in the gentle breeze it whispered,  
 Soft and low and mild."

List the deep, melodious thunder  
 When the stars are bright,  
 Sounds of pleasant fountains falling  
 In the silent night,  
 " As the voice of many waters  
 Was the chant they sung ;  
 Many harps and many harpers  
 Heaven's choirs among."

Birds in all the budding beeches  
 Sing, in rapture, sing ;  
 Radiant morn and eve their speeches  
 All are of the spring.  
 " The shining heavens proclaim His glory,  
 His fame is on the hills."  
 O sons of men, take up the story  
 To Him, your joy who fills.

ETHAN HART MANNING.

*HIS MOTHER'S LOVE.*

(St. Peter's Magazine)

IT was on a typical November evening that a priest was returning to his presbytery after his usual round of visitations. A soft, wetting rain was falling and the lamps glimmered faintly in the murky atmosphere, when he turned into the comparatively bright hall of his abode. Very wet were pavement and street, very wet above and below, and very glad he was to find light and shelter. He was met by his housekeeper who welcomed him with not an unusual salutation—

"You had better not change your clothes, Father; here is a sick call."

The word of God is promulgated in "earthen vessels" and the priest was not in the most dulcet of dispositions.

"A sick call?" he said. "Whose?"

"This lady will tell you" replied the housekeeper, and as she spoke an elderly lady advanced and said, "you need not bring the Sacrament, Father, but it is a sick call of great importance, and I will show you the house in Dash Street."

"Not bring the Sacraments?" urged the priest "Then why will not to-morrow do just as well? and, besides, there are very few Catholics in Dash Street, and there are none sick among them"

"There is a Catholic there you do not know," replied the lady; "and this is a very important sick call" she added with great firmness.

"Well," said the priest, "I suppose I had better go just as I am, but what is the number of the street?"

"I will go before you and show you," said the lady; and they emerged into the dark sloppy street.

His guide walked swiftly before him, and it was as much as he could do to keep up with her as she led him to the dull, respectable Dash Street where so few Catholics, at present, resided.

It had been once the street of borough merchants and traders, but as these migrated to country villas it was now left to those tenants who wanted large rooms at comparatively cheap rents, and was then occupied by single men who went into the City every day, widows, half-pay officers, and retired tradesmen. It was not a cheerful street and the November "brief day fell" very "chill and dun" on Dash Street.

The lady proceeded to nearly the middle of the street, when she stood still and pointed to the house opposite. "That," she said to the priest, "is the house—No. 15. You see the bright knocker, No. 15," and she passed away up the street.

The priest crossed the road and knocked and rang at No. 15.

A bright looking maid opened the door, and the priest said, "I think there is some one ill in this house, and I have just been sent for to attend to the case."

"No Sir," returned the girl, "there is no one ill here; perhaps it is next door."

"No, no" said the priest, impatiently. "I was distinctly referred to this house to make enquiries. I am

sure there is a sick person here."

"There are three persons in the house—my master, Mrs. Smith, and myself." returned the maid. "Mrs. Smith is in the kitchen, quite well, my master is upstairs, and here am I."

"This is really too bad" exclaimed the priest. "I have been sent for on this dreadful night to a very particular sick call, and I find it a mistake after all; it is really too bad."

"What is the matter?" said a young man, leaning over the bannisters, who had been disturbed by the altercation in the hall. Then on seeing the priest, "What is the matter, Father?—Come in I beseech you."

"Matter enough," rejoined the priest. "I have been distinctly directed to this house as the place of a case of illness, and I am now told that there is no one ill at all. Are you sure there is no one else in the house?"

"Certain" said the young man. "There is no one else in the house besides us three, and we are well thank God; but come upstairs and dry yourself anyhow."

The priest followed his host upstairs, and found himself in a snugger, where warmth and comfort soon had a beneficial effect both on his clothes and his temper. The room was spacious and comfortable enough for a bachelor, and was divided by folding doors from the back drawing-room, and when the two rooms were in combination, a very handsome apartment was obtained.

The priest soon warmed and dried himself, and gazed around on the masculine elements in his host's winter retreat,—the easy chairs, the books, the smoking appliances, and

the general worn out and flowerless appearance of the furniture.

"Yes," said the young man, guessing the thoughts of his guest, "this is a thorough man's den, but I have got all the pretty things my mother left me in the other rooms. She has been dead some three years now, and I keep the front drawing-room much as she left it, for you see, Father, that I am nearly always here, and only use the other rooms when I have got some fellows here, or want fresh air in the summer time."

"You keep on calling me "Father," observed the priest. "Surely, you are not a Catholic?"

"Oh, yes, I am, Father; but I am not surprised at your not knowing me, for I am sorry to say I have neglected my duties for a long time. I go into the city every day, and I am a very busy man. As long as my dear mother lived I kept right, but that was before your time. Ever since, I fell away, and got from bad to worse, first giving up the Sacraments, and then not even going to Mass. It is a matter of sheer neglect."

"Well," said the priest, "this is not exactly the sick call I expected when I was directed here, but souls can be sick as well as bodies."

"What I want to know," said his young host, "is this: Who on earth was the lady who brought you here?"

"I don't know," answered the priest. "Probably some one who knows you without knowing me, living in this street, for all I can tell. But look here. Why should my visit be fruitless? You are out of the Church, and I can put you straight before I go home. Don't neglect the opportunity."

"Oh, but I want time for prepara-

tion and examination of conscience. I have not been since my mother died.

"Examination of conscience, of course; but you have your prayer book, and I will leave you alone. You can prepare yourself here just as well as anywhere else. I will go into the other room and look at all your pretty things; and you look through the sins against God, your neighbour, and self and I will come back and hear you. Make a good act of contrition; above all, there is plenty of time—you need not hurry."

The priest went into the front drawing-room, leaving the folding doors open, and the young man was soon asking himself the questions which the "Key of Heaven" suggested. Among the ornaments which decorated the disused room there were many which arrested the priest's attention. There were curious cabinets, a collection of coins, and the walls were crowded with pictures of more or less excellence.

The young man had almost finished his examination, when he was disturbed by an exclamation from the priest in the adjoining room.

"What is the matter, Father?" he exclaimed.

The priest, as pale as death, turned to him. "Who is that lady?" he said, pointing to a portrait of an elderly lady before him.

"Oh, that is my mother, of whom I spoke to you just now, and very like her it is."

"Why" said the priest, coming towards him, "that is the lady who brought me to this house."

"Nonsense, Father—why, my mother has been dead these three years, before you came into the parish."

"I can only say, and I could repeat it on oath, that the lady who

came to the presbytery and brought me opposite this house, and clearly indicated it, is the same as that depicted upon the wall. I clearly saw her face in the gaslight."

"It is very odd," muttered the young man, "but I think you imagined it. However, I am quite ready now to make my confession if you will hear me."

The sacred rite was soon accomplished, and when he had given absolution the priest prepared to return home.

"After this extraordinary meeting," he said, "let us know each other better. Come to Holy Communion to-morrow morning and I will give you breakfast afterwards. You can take me on your way to the City, for the omnibus passed my door, so that will save you returning home. Mind you are punctual—eight o'clock sharp, and I give Communion before Mass, so that you can make your thanksgiving during Mass, and when I have made mine I will join you at breakfast."

"Thank you very much, and good-night Father," said the young man leaving over the bannisters once more. "I cannot tell you what you have done for me. I shall turn up at eight o'clock without fail. Good-night again."

The priest went home, his heart full of that peculiar joy which is the privilege of priest alone—to be the instrument of the greatest miracle God ever works, the raising to life of a dead soul.

Next morning the priest duly cautioned his house-keeper as to the expected guest, and even in the sacristy told the serving boy there certainly will be a Communion before Mass, even if the few women who generally presented themselves were deterred by the November fog.

He vested and went to the altar, but the faithful few alone were there and not the man. "Perhaps he is late" thought the priest, "I can give it to him in the Mass."

But when after the priest's Communion, he paused, expecting the "confiteor," the boy advanced with the cruets for the first ablution—he was not there. At breakfast he enquired most anxiously whether a gentleman was not lingering in the church. But no—no one had called, and no one was in the building.

"It is the old story" said the priest to himself, "the old story of disappointment; but I was sure he was in earnest."

He could not rest, but set out for the now familiar Dash Street and almost ran up the steps of No. 15 with the bright knocker. He had not noticed the blinds of the house were all drawn down. The weeping maid met him at the door.

"Oh, Father!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come—such an awful thing has happened. Master was found dead in his bed this morning."

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, it was so. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, declared he had been dead some hours—"An aneurism which must have taken him off quite suddenly, and probably without much pain."

A few days afterwards the priest was walking before his coffin, while the beautiful "In Paradisum" was being sung. "How wonderful are God's ways!" he thought. "How often have I found that those who wilfully neglect the sacraments of the living in health are deprived of them in the hour of death. And then we are a spectacle to men and angels! and we are come to an innumerable company of angels and spirits of the just made perfect! No wonder they burst in from behind the veil sometimes. The wonder is that they do not burst in oftener."

But the brightest thought that occupied the priest's breast was the everlasting text, "Whatever thou shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven."



# The Owl.

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## AN APOLOGY.

The OWL owes an apology to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. Some weeks ago that representative Irish newspaper was quoted throughout the length and breadth of this continent as hostile to the United States in its conflict with Spain, and as asserting that Ireland would send regiments of soldiers to fight Spain's battles. It now turns out that the *Freeman's Journal* never expressed any such opinion. The whole story was manufactured by the Cable Liar, in order to injure the Irish people in the United States. The *Freeman's Journal* has been from the beginning consistent-

ly and outspokenly favorable to America. This is as it should be. Ireland owes nothing to Spain or to any other continental European nation; that she has not paid ten times over. True, Spain, France and Austria were hospitable to Irish exiles in the dark days of the penal laws. But those unfortunate sons of Erin wiped out the debt of gratitude by the lavish shedding of their blood on many a battle field in the defence of their adopted country. And, in return, what did Ireland ever receive from Spain, France or Austria; for the prodigal generosity of her expatriated children? Little else save the airy nothingness of post-prandial eulogy, of sweet words and smiling faces. Any action ever taken by Continental Europe against Ireland's oppressors was conceived in jealous national hatred of England, and had for sole purpose the crippling of British power and influence. Love of Ireland or sympathy with Ireland's cause was not a determining motive.

On the other hand the kindly feeling of the United States towards Ireland has ever been shown in practice more than in theory, in deeds rather than in words.

And the United States may rest assured that in a conflict with any European nation, except Great Britain, the practically unanimous support of the Irish people at home and abroad will be with America and against Europe.

As to a quarrel between Great Britain and the United States, may

God forbid it. Rather may He draw those two great nations ever closer and closer together, uniting them by the powerful bonds of the same blood, a common speech and a noble destiny. Thus will the reign of law and order, of progress and liberty and common sense, be established over the earth, and we shall see that day of which the poet sang:

“When the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled

“In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.



### THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

During Holy Week, 1871, a deputation of the leading lay Catholics of England presented an address to the then Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX. In it they expressed their unbounded devotion and loyalty to the Holy See and their utter abhorrence of the sacrilegious spoliation of the Papal States. His Holiness was pleased to deliver a most touching reply. It is worth while to recall a few of his remarks. Among other things, he said:

*“I am filled with love, with affection, with gratitude, in answering the noble sentiments you have just expressed. The sight of you recalls to my mind one of my great predecessors—who loved you well—who loved England dearly—Gregory the Great. I am his successor. I cannot compare myself with him in virtues,*

*in elegance, in learning; but I in no wise yield to him in my love for you, for your country, for England. I have done all that was possible for me to do, in order to extend and expand the Church in that England which was once the Island of Saints, and which even to our own times has displayed so much power in the world and in society. . . . . I accompany you with my blessing. I give it to you with all my heart. I have already said that I love England; and I repeat that St. Gregory is my superior in science and virtue; but as to love for England, I am equal with St. Gregory. May my benedictions be with you throughout your lives; may they remain upon you, and upon your land and your possessions. O my God! grant that the Catholic Church may flourish in England!”*

The prayer of the holy and venerable Pontiff has been heard and answered with a fulness that has surpassed the brightest expectations. Not only in Great Britain, but in every part of the world-wide British Empire, Catholicity is advancing and expanding with a rapidity that sets all bounds at defiance. According as the faith decays and dies in the so-called Catholic countries of Europe, it is becoming ardent, enthusiastic and aggressive in the British Empire and in the United States. Humanly speaking, the triumphs of Catholicity during the century that is just dawning will be won among the peoples of those two great nations. With the fine insight of a

Prophet and the great heart of a universal Father, Leo XIII, successor to Pius IX, perceives this, and during his whole pontificate has set himself to preparing the ways and making straight the paths, that no obstacle may impede the glorious work of God in moulding the religious destinies of future ages.

The latest act, by which Our Holy Father has shown his practical interest in this momentous and sacred work, is his becoming an active member of the League of Prayer for the Conversion of England. This action of the Sovereign Pontiff should stimulate every Catholic to renewed effort for the speedy "coming home" of that illustrious and powerful nation which was once so beautifully and so appropriately styled "Our Lady's Dowry."



### EDITORIAL NOTES

In Nichol's life of Byron, in the series "English Men of Letters," we are told that the great poet Byron desired that his daughter "should be a Roman Catholic which I look upon as the best religion."

Walter Savage Landor thus epigrammatically sums up the work of the Reformation: "The Reformation has effected little more than melting down the gold lace of the old wardrobe to make it enter the pocket more conveniently.

A name not unfamiliar to many Canadians is that of Mr. Wm. Johnson, M. P., better known as the Belfast Orangeman. As this name would indicate, Mr. Johnson has

been a powerful enemy of all things Catholic, but he is now apparently about to receive the reward of his many blatant utterances. According to the latest reports received in Canada, it is asserted that his daughter has lately been received into the Catholic Church. Mr. Johnson now claims that many anti-Catholic sayings have been attributed to him without any foundation whatever.

In an editorial dealing with the Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Corrigan, of New-York, the *Catholic Standard and Times* closes with the following lines: "One by-event in this celebration makes it stand out from all its predecessors. It was the spontaneous outburst of patriotism elicited by our own Archbishop's starting at the banquet the singing of a national anthem. As by an electric impulse the whole assembly of five hundred bishops and priests rose to their feet and the ringing melody of "The Red, White and Blue," resounding through the noble hall told this continent and told the world that the pulse of Catholic America throbs with the national heart. It was a thrilling episode and one not to be mistaken or forgotten."

The trans-Atlantic excursion which was to be held in July on the occasion of the centenary celebration of the Rebellion of '98 has been postponed on account of the present Spanish-American war. The patriotic spirit possessed by Irish-Americans forbade them to leave their country when it appeared that their services might at any time be required in defense of the land. Great disappointment will likely be felt in Ireland by the loss of so many visitors from this side, as great prepara-



tions had been made to entertain them. However it is thought probable that the excursion has not been altogether abandoned, but will be held in July 1899.

Complaints have recently been heard from certain quarters because of the fact that the Holy Father has tried to mediate between the United States and Spain. The people who make these complaints have not enough humanity in their natures to see that it is the duty of every true Christian to do all he can to prevent the dreadful bloodshed which war occasions. But if they were to refer to facts of history they would find that the Popes have more than once acted as arbiters between Catholic and Protestant nations, and their judgments have never been objected to as unjust no matter which nation benefited by the decision.

The following figures which are taken from the *Catholic News* should serve as an inviting morsel to some of those writers whose original views on the "Decay of Rome" are so often brought before the public. Notwithstanding all the difficulties with which she has had to contend, the Catholic Church still retains her noble qualities, not the least important of which is her *catholicity*. This table gives the number of Catholics for each century since the advent of Christianity :

Century.	No. of Catholics.
First .....	500,000
Second.....	2,000,000
Third.....	5,000,000
Fourth.....	10,000,000
Fifth.....	15,000,000
Sixth.....	20,000,000
Seventh.....	25,000,000
Eighth.....	30,000,000
Ninth.....	40,000,000
Tenth.....	56,000,000

Century.	No. of Catholics.
Eleventh.....	70,000,000
Twelfth.....	80,000,000
Thirteenth.....	85,000,000
Fourteenth.....	90,000,000
Fifteenth.....	100,000,000
Sixteenth.....	125,000,000
Seventeenth.....	185,000,000
Eighteenth.....	250,000,000
Nineteenth.....	280,000,000

The advocates of godless schools should ponder over the words of Mr. Seeley in the *Educational Review*. The writer places the number of Protestant children in the United States as over 19,000,000, while the number who attend the Sunday-schools is only 10,890,092, or about one half the total. Mr. Seeley continues thus: "The meaning of these figures is simply overwhelming. More than one-half of the children in this Christian land receive practically no religious instruction! For but few parents who fail to send their children to Sunday-schools are careful about the religious training of their children in the home. Even this feature does not show all of the truth. It seems to admit that the fifty per cent who attend Sunday-school are receiving proper religious instruction: but every one knows that this cannot be granted. With less than one hour instruction per week, with irregular attendance, with lack of study on the part of the children, and with so many untrained teachers, is it any wonder that even among those who attend Sunday-school, there is still a woeful ignorance of the Bible?"

We often hear it said, especially by those who are strangers to the perfection of the English tongue, that the ordinary ideas of philosophy cannot be expressed in the English language. However it is a grievous fallacy to assert that our language is

not well adapted to express the abstractions of metaphysical science. Take for instance the following passage in which, in the *Dublin Review* for January 1871, Wm. Geo. Ward summarizes the teachings of Thomistic ontology, which he says is founded upon the plainest experimental processes. He then proceeds: "The sense presents an object. The first thing that the mind does is to perceive that it is. It is a being. By further experience, it perceives that it changes from time to time; that it is now of one color, now of another, first round and then square. Two new conceptions are the result; that of accident or mode, which expresses that permanent thing in which the modes inhere. But the mind, considering further, sees that if all mode were to disappear, there would be nothing left but an abstraction; and from this it obtains the idea of Individuation. Considering next the concept, just gained, of substance, it cannot help seeing that there is a difference between substance and substance; for it sees that there are some substances which are so completely *sui juris* that they do not require another substance for their existence and operation; others, on the contrary, are not their own, but are the property, so to speak, of another, of which they, in a certain sense, form part, and to which their operations are attributed. In this way Socrates, for instance, is different from his arm or his head. This discrimination furnishes the mind with the idea of a Suppositum, or Person, as distinguished from a nature or substance which has not suppositality or personality. Looking now at the substance, essence, or nature (these words are distinguishable and distinct, but not for our present purpose), the

mind perceives that this can change into another substance or essence; that bread, for instance, may become flesh; one activity, or group of activities disappears, and another succeeds; with this peculiar feature, however, that those activities thus succeeding one another have this in common, that they are also passive. This analysis results in those two horns of the Peripatetics, form and matter, terms which are employed, by analogy, in many other genera besides that of substance. But to proceed. The mind, having made out the idea, Form, looks at it by itself, irrespective of what we call matter. Even now it is limited; it is not infinite; it is made up of activity, and some kind of passivity. The mind generalizes once more. Every being is made up of Act and Power (potentiality). Especially, it is made up of what is and its existence; for its essence does not imply actual existence. But suppose that it should? Then the mind conceives the idea of a being that is Pure Act, without any admixture of potentiality, and whose very existence is to be. This is God."



#### OBITUARY.

To the Rev. Father Rousseau the OWL extends the sympathy of the student-body and his fellow professors of the faculty on the death of his mother. Across the wide Atlantic came the news from fair France of the demise of his beloved parent. Again do we proffer our sympathy to Father Rousseau and breathe a fervent prayer for the repose of his mother's soul.

\*  
\*  
\*

Another of our graduates has also felt the hand of God laid heavily

upon him; another son has lost his mother. To Mr. J. R. O'Brien, '95, a former member of its editorial staff the OWL tenders its condolence in the name of the students and faculty of Ottawa University.

*Requiescant in pace.*



### OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Monday, May 2nd, the day set apart for our Rector's feast, was celebrated in a most befitting manner. On that evening a complimentary dinner was given at the University to many of her old graduates now clergymen in this part of the country, as well as many other priests living in the vicinity. The reunion was a very enjoyable one; tales and reminiscences of former days proved excellent relishes for the more material part of the bill of fare; and short but interesting speeches were made by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Rev. Canon Michel, of Buckingham, Father Ryan of Pembroke, and Father Constantineau, Rector of the University.

At eight o'clock, the banquetters repaired to the Academic Hall where the Dramatic Society repeated "Richelieu" before a large and select audience. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen were present, together with many other distinguished personages. The parts were one and all remarkably well taken, the performance was even better than when the same play was presented some weeks ago. At the end His Excellency made a few remarks highly complimentary to the actors, as well as to those who had taken part in the vocal and instrumental music rendered between acts, and the audience left the hall well satisfied with the entertainment.

As a sort of compensation for their pains-taking efforts throughout the season, the members of the Dramatic Society were given permission to stage the "Persecuted Brothers" at Arnprior. Accordingly on May 4th, thirty merry students boarded a north-going train, and with laughter and song beguiled the hours until they found themselves at their destination. The audience was not so large as was expected, but the performance was such that even the most cynical could scarce find room for censure.

After the play the actors partook of a sumptuous banquet prepared for them, where all present enjoyed themselves as only students can; and all returned to Ottawa next day, somewhat wearied it is true, but still ready to recount the many incidents of their short trip, and to fill with envy their less fortunate companions whom circumstances prevented from accompanying them.

The students take this opportunity of tendering their sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill, the kind host and hostess, for their cheering hospitality and their untiring efforts to entertain their visitors.



### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Archdiocese of New York is making great preparations for the celebration of Archbishop Corrigan's Jubilee; consequently this month's issues of the Catholic Magazines published in the great metropolis have much of their space devoted to accounts of the progress of the church during the term of his apostleship. The following is, in part, what the editor of Donahoe's says concerning the labors of the venerable prelate: "Under his wise and strong hand the mighty metropolitan

see has been magnificently developed and solidified. Its churches, convents, schools, hospitals and various other institutions are to-day so many monuments of the wisdom and zeal of the great prelate. But it is to the splendid pile on the brow of Valentine Hill, the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, that posterity will turn as the crowning work of Dr. Corrigan.

Matchless for situation and unequal in the world for the completeness and fitness of its appointments Dunwoodie Seminary shall abide a majestic memorial of the gentle firm Bishop, whose greatest solicitude was for the young men who are to be the priests of to-morrow. The faithful every where felicitate His Grace upon his jubilee. *Ad multos annos!*

The current issue of the Catholic World contains a short criticism on some of the characters to be found in the works of the celebrated author of "Quo Vadis." The writer holds that Sienkiewicz has been greatly influenced by Shakespeare's dramas, that many of his heroes very closely resemble some of the creations of the great English poet. Thus for instance.—"The self-torturing dilettante Plozowski is not Hamlet, but he is like him, and yet no one could say there is a mood of the jaded Pole, with his dead hopes and banished illusions taken from the melancholy Dane." Like Shakespeare, Sienkiewicz has the gift of painting characters which are true to life. "The merit of Sienkiewicz essentially is that he creates real men and women; he does this with a certainty of touch that never loses power, never blurs the image in the mind, never pours one into another's mould." Among the remaining contributions is a scientific paper enti-

led "The Life of Sleep," by William Seton, LL.D., and a critical sketch by Robert J. Mahon, entitled "The New Departure in Citizenship."



### OUR BRETHREN.

Western education is by no means poorly represented in College journalism. Manitoba sends some creditable publications to our table, among them the *Vox Wesleyana*. Some of the articles in the *Vox Wesleyana* are an evidence of the good material it possesses, and render, therefore, the trivial and senseless things that are found in its pages inexcusable.

It is perhaps the neat appearance the April number of *The Fordham Monthly* presents that pleases us rather than the merit of its literary articles. Its verse is quite up to the standard of college poetry, but the only prose article that claims attention is "The Library of Congress."

The writer of "An Actor's Reward" in the *Abbey Student* should leave the treatment of such subjects as he has undertaken to handle to abler pens. He certainly has not improved on the numbers of similar stories, whereas he has introduced a priest into a situation that ill befits him and that reflects no credit whatever on him.

*The Yale Literary Magazine* is only an occasional visitor. If invitations can avail aught, we extend a most hearty one to *The Yale Literary Magazine* and promise a cordial reception on each appearance.

The following is a fair specimen of *The Dial's* verse:

TO MARY, MOTHER.

The stately lily's cooling purity,  
The silver mists on sunbeam stains  
of space,

Losing themselves in heaven's huge  
 embrace,  
 The glancing foam-wraiths of a  
 rock-bound sea,  
 Blast-sifted snows—all these do  
 clothe thy form  
 In raiment beautiful, my gracious  
 Queen!  
 Thou art of royal yet of humble  
 mien,  
 Sweet as the flower and mighty as  
 the storm.  
 And thou art Mother and I thy  
 feeble child!  
 Before that Son, who is my Judge,  
 thou art  
 Forever interceding, Mother mild,  
 For one who knows not well his own  
 small heart.  
 Dear Mother, pray for me! and to  
 thy son  
 Stretch forth thy hand when all his  
 sands are run.



PRIORUM TEMPORUM  
 FLORES.

Mr. F. J. McDougall, '93, one of our most distinguished alumni in Ottawa, has recently entered into law partnership with Mr. Taylor McVeity, City-Solicitor. To him and his partner we wish unlimited success and prosperity.

Mr. John Louis O'Neill, a commercial graduate of '95, has recently informed the Bird that he is soon to become a member of the Benedicts. May happiness and contentment be the lot of Mr. O'Neill and his bride through life.

THE OWL extends its sympathy to Rev. E. C. Cornell, O. M. I., on the serious accident which happened to his brother. We are informed that though the accident nearly proved fatal, Mr. Cornell is improving slowly.

We hope to soon hear of his complete recovery.

In a recent issue of the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times* an interesting account is given of the presentation of a flag to the soldiers at Fort Porter about to leave for Tampa, by the pupils of the Holy Angels, school in that city. This school is connected with the Holy Angels, Church which is under the care of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Among the names of the fathers mentioned as assisting at the services we find those of Fathers Dorgan, Dacey and Tighe. Father Tighe has been absent from us but a short time, and though we feel his loss, we rejoice to hear that every success is attending him in his new field. Father Dacey has been obliged to give up professorial duties for a time owing to some trouble with his eyes. We hope his recovery will be immediate and complete. We always rejoice to hear of Father Dorgan on whom we count as one of our staunchest friends.

At the presentation of *Richelieu* on Very Rev. Father Superior's feast day there were many old students present to do honor to our rector. We find among them the following names, a very imperfect list of those that were here on that evening: Rev. R. J. McEachan, Mt. St. Patrick; Rev. D. D. McMillan, Alexandria; Rev. I. French, Pembroke; Rev. D. R. Macdonald, Chrysler; Rev. E. Groulx, Cathedral Ottawa; Rev. F. X. Brunette, St. Malachi; Rev. A. Motard, Cantley; Rev. C. Poulin, Chelsea; Rev. F. L. French, Brudenell; Rev. P. T. Ryan, Renfrew; Rev. F. J. McGovern, Richmond; Rev. J. C. Dunn and Rev. W. Cavanagh, Gloucester; Rev. P. Corkery, Huntley; Rev. O.

Cousineau, Sarsfield ; Rev. E; Charlebois, Cantley ; Rev. J. Sloan, Fallowfield.



### ATHLETICS.

The spring practices came to a close on May 2, when the teams captained by Bolger and Dulin, met to decide the championship. Up to this time neither side had lost a match, and the preceding games had been so closely contested, that a mighty struggle was expected for the deciding encounter. But such hopes were disappointed. Dulin's men worked strenuously, but owing to the weakness of their scrimmage, the ball could not reach the half-backs, who, in consequence, were obliged to stand for most of the time as anxious spectators. Their opponents, on the contrary, got the ball out freely, repeatedly, rushing over the line for a try. 16 to 0 was the score at the end of play. Capt. Bolger had his men well instructed in the game, and the showing his team made in the last contest is to a great extent to be attributed to his excellent coaching. The winning team was composed of the following players : P. Sims, F. Sims, Bonin, Foley, McGuire, McTighe, Kennedy, Dontigny, Courtney, Cortes, McCarthy, Day, Cade, Moran, McGee, Bolger.

Taken as a whole, the spring practices were a success. There was not, perhaps, the same spirited rivalry shown among the teams as has been customary. However if all appearance of roughness was absent, skill certainly was not. Leaving other considerations aside, College never has had such a number of speedy men as appeared upon the campus this year. With proper

training, several of the players will make worthy recruits next fall for the senior fifteen.

News has come from Montreal announcing the application of the Granites of Kington for admission to the ranks of the Quebec Rugby Union. They desire to play under the system in operation last fall ; that is having home and home matches. The Montrealers have already expressed themselves as favourable to the admission of the Kingstonians. We see no reason why College should not be similarly disposed. A three-club league ought to make a very interesting schedule. The Granites have a fairly strong team, and no doubt would endeavour to improve their strength if allowed into the Quebec Union. Besides we think the position of Kington with regard to Montreal and Ottawa suggests advantages that should strongly recommend their application.

The baseballers opened the season's work by defeating the Hull team on the grounds of the latter. The batting and fielding of the students were far superior to that of the Hullites, and an easy victory was won by a score of 20 to 3. The College players were : Morin, C., Ruane, P., Shanahan, 1st B., McGuire, 2nd B., Lawless, S.S., McGuckin, 3rd B., Kearney, L. F., O'Connell, C. F., Mortell, R. F.

There is rumor of an encounter that took place somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rideau Canal, and which resulted disastrously to the College fleet. No official notice has yet been received from Commodore Morin, whose officers are said to have deliberately cut the cable, after having made an unsuccessful attempt to cut a figure. News via, "Letter O" confirms the

above, stating in addition, that 25 of our ships have sunk with 13 of the enemy's. It further informs us that the defeat of the College forces is mainly attributable to excitability and general lack of system. Several times two Captains rushed blindly in pursuit of an object, when but one was needed. The result was invariably a collision, followed by the escape of the expected prize. The flag-ship was of course Morin evidence than the rest, while others occasionally dealt destructive blows to the Lawless foe. However we suffered most of the Ruane, the torpedo boat "Irish Liberator," having been rendered powerless early in the fight. Notable features of the contest were the force exhibited by the McGuckin projectile, as well as the skill shown by Lieutenant Kearney in intercepting a flying six-pounder. The sloop "Shanahan" and the "McGuire" clung well to their basis of supply. The battery worked considerable damage among the ranks of the enemy, but at times was weak and ineffective. Nothing was killed, except the reputations of a few; while the feelings of many were Mortellé wounded. Notwithstanding the decisiveness of our defeat, the honor of the Garnet and Grey has been maintained, and Admiral Foley has already formulated plans by which he expects to retrieve our loss, and redeem the spoils taken on Saturday last. With an addition of one or two modern guns, College may be relied upon to give a good account of itself.



### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

John Baptiste II, better known as Leon Charliewood, is the prime mover of a constituency, whose platform is the discountenancing of all

American sympathizers in the present war. The first public meeting was held in the eastern corner of the small yard, under the spreading branches of the Charter Oak, so named by Arthur Wadsworth McGirr on account of the striking resemblance it bears to the original, which grew in "our back yard." Occupying prominent places on the front benches were, Don Quixote Blais, Juan Perez Simard, Marco Polo Carriere, Pedro Brazeau, and Shock Ette. When a vast concourse had assembled, Blais addressed a few well chosen words on the important issues at stake and the necessity of selecting a chairman, who should do honor to the cause and to his native land. What other was so well qualified as John Baptiste II, who accordingly took the chair, without awaiting the formality of an invitation. The chairman's speech was a gem.

"Ma Frens.—When I stand before you like this to-night, it is no for make the speech but to dispel the obscurity, which envelope the island Philopena. The island, as the name indicate, was intend to be divided between the Spaniard and the American, and the American to give forfeit. (A voice: Who cracks de nut?) I tells you Shock Ette, I spoil the nose on your face, if you interrupt the chair. If you have no self-respect for your parents, I will teach to you a little. I say Americans no goods. What did they done? They say that mule was shot on Mantanzas, but, frens, let me tell you the despatches from times to times say he was struck in the solar plexus by a bar-shot and was only lie down and wait for the gong to sound time. (Terrific applause.) I tells you that fourteen or forty Spaniards are able to beat sixteen or twenty-two Amer-

icans, at any times. They can do it to-day; they can do it to-morrow; they can do it yesterday. They can do it at 8 o'clock in the morning, 8 o'clock at noon, or 8 o'clock at night. (A howl of derision from the back seats followed by the prompt ejection of Marra, with an advice to Call Aghain.) Frens: I never know many Americans but one who was a brave man. His name was Joe Clarke. You know there were two Joe Clarke; this man what I mean, his name was Pete. I contemplate to make you a good sermon to-night, but Joe Clarke, who make promise to accompany me with a brass band, is not here, so you excuse me, if I have made some fault, but I know I use the best language you all speak."

At this juncture, our reporter was carried out, suffering from an attack of lock-jaw, and this column was deprived of what promised to be the most brilliant oratorical effort since the days of Demosthenes. The persuasion of Baptiste's eloquence may best be estimated by the fact that the meeting broke up three hours after midnight, with all voices singing the praises of the "Star Spangled Banner."

At the last meeting of the "Society for the Preservation of Slang and Impertinence," Marra and Sammonds were received with open arms. Their manifold qualifications were so apparent that the President did not deem it necessary to "trot out" the goat.

On May 4th the football campus was the scene of the only match game, that has been played this spring. The teams were known as the Externs and Father Campeau's Pets. After a battle-royal of two hours, the Externs were declared victors. In the second half, while

attempting a rush down the field, M. Lapointe was telescoped into the score board and we are consequently unable to give the official score. O'Leary's work at centre-scriim was of the apple-pie order; the pie was for the opposing scrimmage. A charge of clerical intimidation has been entered against the Pets' full-back.

"I challenge you to mortal combat." Godfroi hissed the words through his clenched teeth. Bah: snorted Shock Ette through his nose, a duel is it? Yes; by the Great Horn Spoon, cried Godfroi with a fierce grimace. Har, Har, Har, pealed forth the demoniacal laugh of Shock Ette. Pistols or swords? No; a mortal combat, shrieked Godfroi, brandishing his feet in the face of his enemy; go, join the Externs and meet me in the ranks of Father Campeau's Pets. With a heartrending moan of awful terror, Shock Ette fell to the ground and never afterwards was seen to smile.

The case of "Queen vs. Fineone" came up before the Supreme Court of the small yard. His Honor Justice Daly presided. Counsel for the prosecution: Dupuis, Carriere, Simard: for the defence: McGirr, Sammons and Mara. The court was called to order and the clerk Call Aghain proceeded to read the charge, which was to the effect that during the progress of a baseball game in Hull, the accused had wilfully abducted one of the residents of that town, in the person of a venerable goat. The evidence adduced went to prove, that during his forlorn rambles Fineone had fallen in with the Billy, and his goatship, actuated by generous motives, insisted on escorting Jimmie home.



So persistent were the goat's attentions, that Jimmie preferred to stand all evening with his face to the wall of the Rec., rather than occupy his accustomed chair in the study-hall. His Honor dismissed the case.



### ULULATUS.

The treasurer of the Athletic Association is a bitterly disappointed man. He expected *toby morin* by twelve dollars after the recent so-called baseball match.

The shelling of Manilla by Dewey's squadron wasn't a circumstance to the bombardment of Ruane by the Ottawa battery.

It was not an ordinary *ruane*; it was a whole flood—a deluge.

Joe says it was Dinny's fault and Dinny says it was Joe's. At any rate it was a very *lawless* proceeding and a *short-top* should be put to it.

The diamond was a scene of frightful *carney-age* after the ninth innings.

Jimmie gave his reputation a *mortelle* wound.

The centre fielder might as well have been asleep on the top of the C. A. R. round house.

Was ever a pitcher struck so hard and so often without being smashed to pieces?

Make Wire says he will never Michigan. He shouldn't. His conduct was *two base* for anything. If he Michigan, he ought not to play again.

When Joker H.—perceived the man working at the new cross, he remarked: "There's a man with *towering genius*."

Lap.—Say Pat, have you written any poetry lately?

Pat.—No, all my poetic genius is "Ode to America."

The Siamese Twins will leave to fulfil their engagements with the Von Hoffer Copper, a company in Germany

Dewey (To Queen regent).—I have got Philippine on you.

Queen.—Well what would you care for as forfeit?

Dewey.—Oh, I'll take Cuba.

Chauncy is doing excellent work in the box and should remain there until the day before the next game.

The A. S. C. [Anti-Spaniard Contingent] under Col. Millie Havana Wartin is the best drilled corps in the house. Cap. M-l-s directs his entire attention to naval matters, such as floating matches down the water spout.

When Pete upheld the Spaniards there was a representation of the charge of the "Light Brigade," foes in front of him, foes on right of him, behind him and on left of him.

Some say that the "Persecuted Brothers" is without light parts; but M—C—r—y thinks his and Doc's parts were not heavy.

You may talk about sidewalks, granite walks or any other kind of walk; but the T. C. and J. McG-cake-walk admits of no comparison.

Frank.—I heard of a man to-day who buried a wife and child in the morning and attended a theatre that night.

Pat.—He was a brute?

Frank.—No, an undertaker.

Cyr—l (reading composition). The rabbit is a pretty white quadruped with pink eyes and one anecdote.

Teacher.—What do you mean by

an anecdote?

Cyr—l.—A short funny tail.

Bill.—Say?

Joe.—What is it.

Bill.—Is an ocean greyhound some sort of bark?

M. O'C was lately caught breaking into a song. He had just got through the first two bars when F. L. came up and hit him with a plane.

"Can't go home in June, Ose."

"You're dead on me, Bert."

*Pat Riot* is something more than a nominal insurgent.

One of the professors was heard to remark after a recent game of football, Dunlop played well yesterday but he did not shine so much as the *day* before.

Our short-haired poet refuses to write for this column on the plea that all his genius is *owed* to America.

"He's insulting your flag" said Pat Ma—h—n—y, thus persuading O M—ll—y to save him from a mauling. When the danger was

passed Pat explained "Here are the stripes" (pointing to his streaked shirt) "and I'm the star."

"The Harp that once *threw* Tara's halls" sang Shorty, and he got completely rattled because some one innocently inquired whether it was in a fair open fight or a scrimmage.

Prof.—"Mr. P—r, who preached the first Crusade?"

Third Form Historian—"Martin Luther."

But perhaps he was only trying to *guy* the new professor.

Willie Martin and Willie Billiams are Seargents nit Arms of the newly formed bazoo shooters.

M. O'C (to Umpire) Why did you not rule that Cade off?

Umpire.—Oh, I thought you squealed to let the grand-stand hear your voice.

Returning from evening's entertainment—Tom—Say B—g—r, we'll read you an address to-morrow.

G—l—n—Oh, never mind, he'll be *at rest* in less than an hour.

